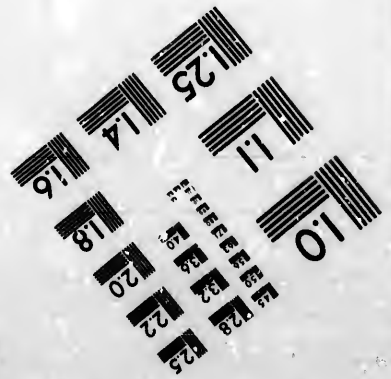
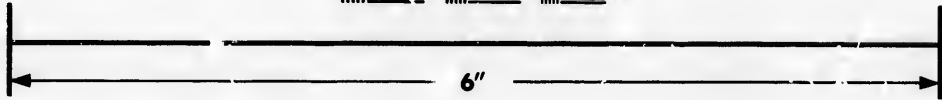
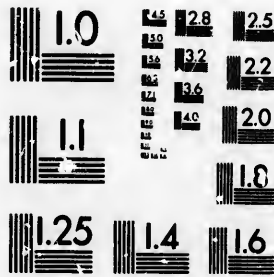


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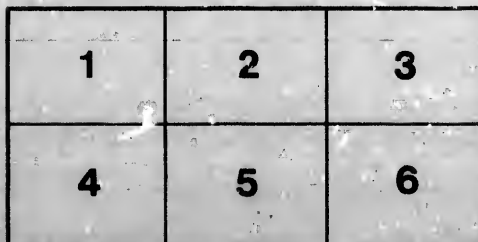
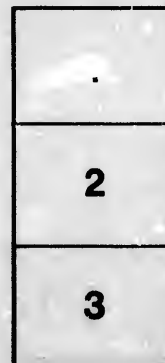
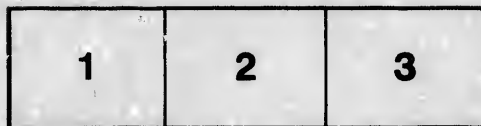
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SELECT POEMS

SCOTT

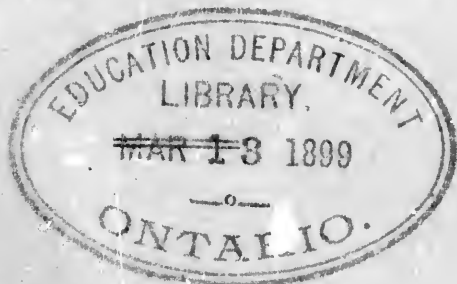
THE LADY OF THE LAKE

EDITED WITH

INTRODUCTIONS AND ANNOTATIONS

BY

FREDERICK HENRY SYKES, M.A., PH.D.



Toronto

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1898

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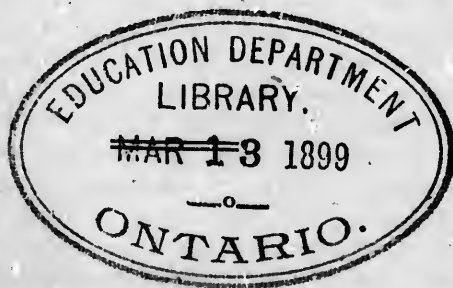
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P R E F A C E .

THIS edition of *Select Poems of Wordsworth and Scott's "Lady of the Lake"* is designed as an aid to the study of English literature. It is more especially intended for students preparing for University Matriculation and the higher examinations of the Education Departments of various Provinces of the Dominion. The present volume follows the general plan of its predecessors—"Select Poems of Tennyson," "Select Poems of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Campbell, Longfellow," and "Select Poems of Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Scott, Keats, Shelley, Byron,"—and endeavours, by bringing together from many quarters whatever critical apparatus elementary students require, to make possible for such as use it a serious, intelligent, and systematic study of the poetry it contains.

The text of the Poems has been taken from authoritative editions, chiefly authors' editions. As far as possible, the history of the text through its revisions has been given by means of a list of variant readings, which are of interest to readers and of some use in the study of literary expression. Care has been taken to cite, at times, the sources of poetical passages, not only that a clearer sense of poetic excellence may be attained, but also that an insight may be afforded into some phases of poetic composition.

The Appendix contains many poems that will serve as useful comparisons to the Selections; in the main, however, it is designed merely as a collection of poetry suitable for literary study, without the aid of notes or other critical apparatus.

With respect to the study of the two authors represented by the poems here published, it will be found best to pursue

two distinct methods of work. Wordsworth is a reflective poet; he is intensely subjective. The study of his poetry must, therefore, be personal. We must take his point of view—realize the conditions under which he wrote, his philosophic conceptions, his aims in poetry and life. Our study of Wordsworth, to be effective, must be largely a biographical study in which each particular poem is made to reveal—which we may confirm elsewhere if we can—Wordsworth's interpretation of nature and human life. Scott, on the other hand, is frankly objective, and any attempt at subjective study could not easily be made effective. "The Lady of the Lake" requires broad objective treatment. It should be read once rapidly, if possible aloud and with spirit, using only the map of its scene of action to ensure a clear idea of the relation of the incidents and localities. It should be read a second time for the study of details, when the aim should be to define and fill in those general ideas of the scenes, the characters and their interrelations, the plan and plot of the poem, which the first reading has afforded. Then attention should be confined to the "purple patches"—the chief descriptions and most striking incidents—when Scott's art as a descriptive and narrative poet may be studied. Short illustrations from other of his poems would here be helpful and appropriate. The examination of the form of the poem, the relation of the historical and romantic elements, its composition, its value as an expression of Scott's mind and ideals of life, and, in a slight degree, its place in his works, would complete a sound fundamental study of the work.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
INTRODUCTIONS :	
William Wordsworth	ix.
Sir Walter Scott	xxxi.
TEXTS :	
Wordsworth—	
<i>To My Sister</i>	1 (245)
<i>Expostulation and Reply</i>	3 (249)
<i>The Tables Turned</i>	5 (251)
<i>Influence of Natural Objects</i>	7 (253)
<i>Nutting</i>	10 (255)
<i>Michael</i>	12 (257)
<i>Composed by the Sea-side, near Calais, 1802</i>	28 (264)
<i>Composed on the Beach near Calais</i>	29 (267)
<i>It is Not to be thought of that the Flood</i>	30 (268)
<i>To the Daisy</i>	31 (268)
Bright Flower, whose home is everywhere!	
<i>At the Grave of Burns</i>	32 (269)
<i>Thoughts Suggested the Day following</i>	36 (273)
<i>The Solitary Reaper</i>	39 (275)
<i>Ode to Duty</i>	41 (277)
<i>Elegiac Stanzas</i>	43 (281)
<i>Character of the Happy Warrior</i>	46 (284)
<i>Personal Talk</i>	49 (288)
I. I am not One who much or oft delight.	
III. Wings have we,—and as far as we can go.	
IV. Nor can I not believe but that hereby.	
<i>O Nightingale! Thou Surely Art</i>	51 (289)
<i>To the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth</i>	52 (292)
The Minstrels played their Christmas tune.	

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.	TEXT. NOTES.
TEXTS :		
Wordsworth (continued)—		
<i>After-thought</i>	55	(295)
<i>Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned</i>	56	(296)
<i>The Primrose of the Rock</i>	57	(299)
<i>On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott from</i> <i>Abbotsford for Naples</i>	59	(301)
<i>A Poet! He hath put his heart to school</i> ..	60	(303)
Scott—Introductory Notes		(304)
<i>Introduction to the Edition of 1833</i>	61	(311)
<i>The Lady of the Lake</i>	69	(318)
ANNOTATIONS	245	
APPENDIX	417	

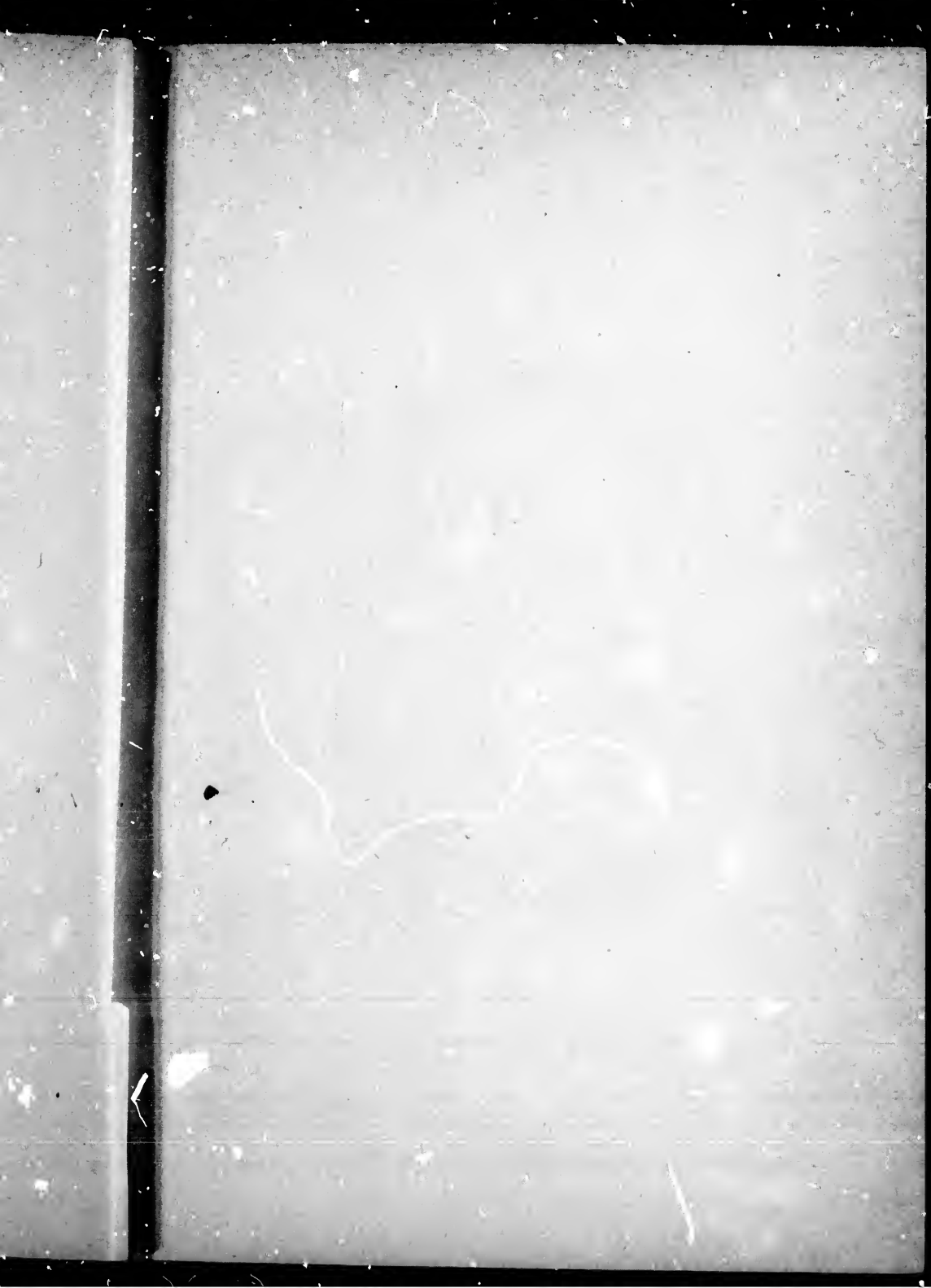
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(296)
(299)

(301)
(303)
(304)
(311)
(313)

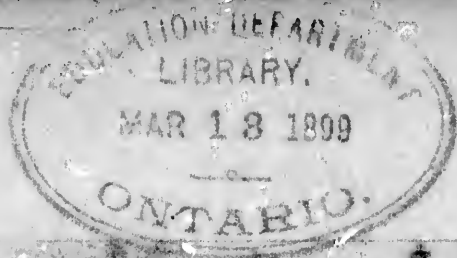
INTRODUCTIONS.







WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



HAWKEHEAD LAKE AND WORDSWORTH'S LODGINGS, HAWKEHEAD.

INTRODUCTIONS.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[1770-1850]

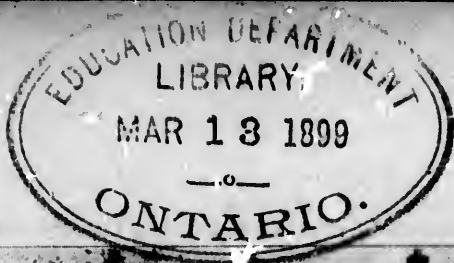
The Romantic movement, of which Wordsworth is the chief English exponent, may be studied with the aid of Phelps's *Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement*; Courthope's *Liberal Movement in English Literature*; and Dowden's *French Revolution and English Literature*.

A geographical study of Wordsworth must be chiefly based on Wordsworth's *Preluda*, an invaluable study of the poet's own development, and his autobiographical *Memoranda of 1817*. Other works of value are *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, by Christopher Wordsworth; *Palgrave, Biographia Literaria*; De Quincey, *Lake Poets*; Hazlitt, *Acquaintance with Poets*; Knight, *Life of W. W.* (vols. ix., x., xi. of *Works*), *Memoirs of Coleridge*; *Proceed. Words. Soc.* (six vols., selections of which are in *Wordsworthiana*); Myers, *Wordsworth*, "English Men of Letters" series; Symington, *William Wordsworth*; Sutherland, *William Wordsworth*, 2nd ed., 1902; Elizabeth Wordsworth, *William Wordsworth*; Legouis, *Early Life of W. W.*, 1770-1798.

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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



ESTHWAITE LAKE AND WORDSWORTH'S LODGINGS, HAWKSHEAD.

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Bagehot, *Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning*; Hutton, *Essays*, etc. The best brief introduction to Wordsworth is Magnus, *Primer of Wordsworth*. Studies of the Lake Country are afforded by Knight, Brooke (*Dove Cottage*), Burroughs (*Fresh Fields*), Conway (*Harper's*, Dec. 1880, Jan., Feb. 1881), etc.

The best editions are Knight, eleven vols., 1887-1889; Dowden, seven vols., 1892-3; Morley, one vol., 1894; annotated editions of selected poems, Eoife (*Harpers*), Rowe and Webb (*Macmillan*), Dowden (*Ginn*).

THE ideals of the eighteenth century are far removed from those of the nineteenth, whether we consider manners, government, or poetry. The men of the eighteenth century were enamoured of urban life. London life had acquired for them unequalled zest by the introduction of coffee-houses, which served as centres of discussion and sociability; by the growing importance of newspapers, in which the news of the day was of less interest than the witty essays of Addison and Steele; by the factional fights of Whigs and Tories that followed the introduction of government by party. On the whole, eighteenth century life was devoid of high aims—bishops were politicians, statesmen held power by bribes, gentlemen could be polished rakes—and unaware of their low-thoughted existence, they had a cheerful belief that theirs was the best possible world.

Literature reflected this life. It had an unquestioning belief that it had reached the acme of poetry. Boileau was the legislator of the English as well as the French Parnassus, and with Boileau good taste, good sense, polish, elegance were the crowning virtues. Clearness, sanity, directness, are great literary virtues, but they are not the greatest virtues of poetry. In the conventional, narrow-thoughted, self-sufficient life of the age, imagination, lofty sentiment, spiritual fire, were lost. The theme of literature was limited to man the social

being, and the supreme treatment, following the tone of society, was the most deadly of all possible modes of thought—the satiric. The form of poetry likewise reflected the age. Poets found in the iambic couplet a form of versification that allowed all their virtues to be manifest—polish, symmetry, clarity, the epigrammatic brilliancy in which satire delights, the formal movement that suited their ideals of life.

The group of writers who dominated the first half of the eighteenth century—Addison, Pope, Swift—were succeeded by a second group—Goldsmith, Churchill, Johnson—who possessed in the main the very characteristics of their predecessors—their restricted sympathies, their urban tastes, their social tendencies, their ideals of correctness founded on a narrow interpretation of the classics, their limited sense of beauty of form as indicated by the continued reign of the heroic couplet as the orthodox and almost universal mode of poetic expression.

Thus, for a hundred years, song, to use Mr. William Watson's words, had wandered down from celestial heights, ignobly perfect, barrenly content.—

“Unflushed with ardour and unblanched with awe,
Her lips in profitless derision curled,
She saw with dull emotion—if she saw—
The vision of the glory of the world.

The human masque she watched, with dreamless eyes
In whose clear shallows lurked no troubling shade,
The stars, unkennd by her, might set and rise,
Unmarked by her, the daisies bloom and fade.”

But contemporary with these writers—visible, indeed, even in Goldsmith—there are signs of a new movement that will bear us on in an ever rising flood to Wordsworth and Coleridge, and the literary awakening of the end of the century.

The latter half of the eighteenth century was a time of transition and enfranchisement. The Seven Years' War brought with it the foundation of the colonial empire of Great Britain; the growth of science evoked theories of life and government—a belief in human perfectibility and in the corruption of the existing social state—that could end only in revolution; democracy was vindicated in the United States of America; the rise of Methodism sent a fresh stream of moral emotion and philanthropy into church and people; everywhere one saw the spread of Rousseauism—subjectivity, individuality, passion for solitude, for nature, return to simple, primitive human life:—all these permeated men's minds, forcing a new outlook on life, fresh interests, and bold innovations.

As the eighteenth century wore on, the classical style was felt to be less and less effective as a means of poetic expression. Men grew tired of the monotony of form and expression in literature, just as they grew tired of formal, urban life and a narrow range of feeling and experience. Reaching out for relief from the heroic couplet, they resumed old forms of versification, the blank verse of Milton, the epic stanza of Spenser, the ode, the ballad, and the sonnet. In place, too, of a narrow horizon of civic life, they lifted up their eyes and saw either a glorious past or an enchanting future. The chivalric ages, viewed beneath the glamour of Spenser and the new German dramatists; the northern nations, with their ancient mythology and misty mountain scenery, brought within range by Macpherson's *Ossian* and Gray's *Odes*; the very life of the people, expressed in the traditional poetry of England and Scotland, and made accessible by the publication of numerous collections of ballads; even the supernatural, not unknown to the ballad, but specially

cultivated by tales of mystery and spectral romance transplanted from Germany; the aspects of nature, not the cool grotto and trim hedges, but the mountain, the storm, the winter landscape:—these were the objects filling the new horizon that opened to men's minds; and to this fresh world they came with minds increasingly sensitive. All Europe was stirring with new emotion, everywhere Rousseau was hailed as the apostle of the feelings and of nature. The ecstasies of Goethe's *Werther* met with "vehement acceptance." The Revolution in men's minds was in progress, passing, before the end of the century, in France, into Political Revolution.

This movement of men's minds towards the picturesque past, towards nature and the supernatural, towards emotion, towards beauty, constitutes the Romantic Movement, to which in this nineteenth century we owe our best literature.

With the beginning of the full glory of English Romanticism, two names are indissolubly associated—Wordsworth and Coleridge. Others prepared the way; others revealed more or less tentatively some of the characteristics of the movement. Traces of it may be found in Thomson, whose *Seasons* were completed in 1730; traces of it may be found in Gray, who died in 1771, and whose *Journal in the Lakes* displays a spirit kindred to that of the poet of Grasmere; traces of it may be found in Burns, in whom tender feeling and passion join with appreciation of the beauty possible in the meanest flower and the humblest life. Cowper, the gentlest of poets, was, like Burns, a revolutionist in his political leanings and in his liking for the simplicity of country life; he, too, felt the thrill of communion with Nature, and had a heart that went out to all weak and helpless creatures. Thom-

son, Gray, Burns, and Cowper, then, all felt the impulse of a new life; but this new life was first manifested in its power in two poets, Wordsworth and Coleridge.

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, April 7th, 1770, the second son of John Wordsworth, attorney-at-law, and of Anne Wordsworth, daughter of William Cookson, mercer of Penrith—persons of good yeoman descent and of unpretentious circumstances. His mother early noted the strong character of her son. Of her five children, she said, the only one about whose future life she was anxious was William: he would be remarkable either for good or for evil, for he was, as he said, “of a stiff, moody, and violent temper.” His school-days were spent at Cockermouth, Penrith, and Hawkshead. His childhood truly showed that in him at least the boy was father to the man. Throughout his youthful years he had a passion for out-of-door life. Cockermouth is near the Derwent, that blent

A murmur with my nurse's song,
And sent a voice
That flowed along my dreams.

Bathing in the mill-race, plundering the raven's nest, skating, nutting, fishing, such were the golden days of happy boyhood; and the activities of boyhood lived on in the man. Wordsworth, Elizabeth Wordsworth says, could cut his name in the ice when quite an elderly man. Hawkshead overlooks the near-by Esthwaite lake, and there, in the house of Dame Anne Tyson, Wordsworth spent nine happy years until he reached the age of seventeen. *The Arabian Nights*, Fielding, Cervantes, Le Sage,

and Swift were his first favourite books. His father interested himself in his training, and through his guidance Wordsworth as a boy could repeat by heart much of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton.

But Wordsworth was taught by a greater teacher than books. Nature entwined with all his life the sights and sounds of a beautiful and varied country. Before the town of Hawkshead, at a distance of half a mile, lies little Esthwaite lake amidst its meadows; a league to the east the greater Windermere divides Lancashire and Westmoreland; six miles to the north Grasmere and Rydal Mere reflect the shadows of Helvellyn; to the west past Coniston lake and Coniston Old Man lies the Irish Sea. The distant line of mountains, the mists rolling down the valleys, the solitary cliffs, the trembling lakes, cascades of mountain brooks, autumn woods—by these he held

“Unconscious intercourse with beauty old as creation.”

It was, “a time of rapture,” a “seed-time,” yielding “unfailing recollections”:

“Ye mountains and ye lakes
And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds
That dwell among the hills where I was born.
If in my youth I have been pure in heart,
If, mingling with the world, I am content
With my own modest pleasures, and have lived
With God and Nature communing, removed
From little enmities and low desires—
The gift is yours.”

There was something, too, in the humble aspects of his childhood years at Hawkshead—the cottage in which he lived, his frugal fare, the village children his companions, the shepherds' huts he visited—to impress him with an

appreciation of the native strength of things, and to establish his spirit kindred with that of Burns,—

“ Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
And showed my youth
How Verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.”

On the death of his father in 1783, Wordsworth came into the charge of his uncles, who some years later sent him to Cambridge. He entered St. John's College in October, 1787, and found his simple north-country life exchanged for one of “invitations, suppers, wine and fruit.” He “sauntered, played, or rioted” with his fellow-students, taking little interest in the narrow range of academic pursuits. However, he read classics diligently, studied Italian and the older English poets—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton. Throughout his college life he was a dreamer, feeling he “was not for that hour, nor for that place.” Vacation released him—once to return to his loved valley of Hawkshead and his boyhood's friends and the “frank-hearted maids of Cumberland”—now seen with clearer but not less loving eye; again, to explore the valley of the Dove, Eamont, and other dales of Yorkshire and Cumberland; again, to traverse on foot France, Switzerland, and Northern Italy, seeing, as from a distance, the nations awakening to battle in the cause of liberty.

In the first of these vacation rambles, returning homeward to Hawkshead at dawn from some frolic,—

The morning rose, in memorable pomp...
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds...
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapours, and the melodies of birds,

And labourers going forth to till the fields.
 Ah! need I say, dear Friend! that to the brim
 My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
 Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
 Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
 A dedicated Spirit. On I walked
 In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

Yet though henceforth a dedicated spirit, Wordsworth was still far from seeing clearly the purport of his dedication. At the age of ten he had began to feel the charm and power of verse. In the last days of his Hawkshead life, he felt the stirrings of poetic composition. His first long poem, *An Evening Walk*, written in college vacations, preserves his early consciousness of the natural appearances of the Derwent, Grasmere, and Rydal, and shows the spirit of nature moving below the literary bondage of Pope.

The song of mountain-streams, unheard by day,
 Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward way.
 Air listens, like the sleeping water, still,
 To catch the spiritual music of the hill.

Some aspects of life at Cambridge had prompted Wordsworth to verse beside Cam and Thames, but he left college without a definite future. Some months in London, a tour in Wales, then France—France given up to all the hopes and aspirations of the dreamers of universal liberty and a regenerate humanity. Like other young poets of his time, he watched with beating heart the emancipation of human life and spirit in the Revolution.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
 But to be young was very Heaven!

For thirteen months Wordsworth saw the Revolution in progress, a friend of one of its leaders, an eye-witness of its atrocities. It was the crisis of his life. When Eng-

land took part against France, he had a "sense of woes to come" and "sorrow for human kind." All things seemed to need new judging—government, precepts, creeds; and the burden of an unintelligible world weighed him down utterly.

Recalled from France at the close of the year 1792, Wordsworth had still the choice of his profession to make, and for neither church nor law could his perturbed spirit find any liking. At this juncture the influence of his sister Dorothy saved him for his real mission.

She whispered still that brightness would return;
She, in the midst of all, preserved me still
A poet, made me seek beneath that name,
And that alone, my office upon earth.

Wordsworth was never ungrateful to that noblest of women. In the midst of troubles she never flagged, in the moments of literary aspiration she was by his side, with sympathetic heart and equal mind.

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.

In 1793 he published his first volumes, *An Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches*, the latter occupied with his experiences among the Alps. Only two choice minds seem to have noticed their appearance—Coleridge and De Quincey. "Seldom, if ever," said the former, "was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced."

Nature, books, the genial ministrations of his sister, who won him to "a more refined humanity" and "regard for common things," gradually brought composure to his mind. The political deeds of Napoleon

completed the disillusionment of his early republican hopes of the school of Rousseau. Clinging to the good as he found it, he became, as years went past, less and less desirous of changes for prospective good, and from the time of Waterloo he opposed all the later efforts of liberalism, even in the best of causes.

The publication of *Descriptive Sketches* was followed by years of uncertainty—journeyings to and fro—in the Isle of Wight, Salisbury Plain, and along the Wye to North Wales. One of his rambles with his sister Dorothy led him from Kendal to Grasmere, and from Grasmere to Keswick,—“the most delightful country we have ever seen,” she said. He projected a monthly miscellany, republican but not revolutionary, and was completely out of money when his good friend Raisley Calvert died, leaving him a legacy of 900*l.* This was the turning point of his fortune. Inspired by his sister, Wordsworth resolved to take up that plain life of high poetic thought which was to result in a pure and lasting fame.

In the autumn of 1795 the brother and sister settled in Racedown Lodge, Crewkerne, Dorset, in a delightful country, with “charming walks, a good garden, and a pleasant home.” There Wordsworth wrote his *Imitations of Juvenal, Salisbury Plain*, and commenced *The Borderers*. Henceforth he was dedicated to poetry.

Meanwhile, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the son of a Devonshire clergyman, had passed through Christ's Hospital and Cambridge and various projects for reforming the world; such as Pantisocracy, and had finally settled down to matrimony and authorship. He had first established himself at Clevedon, near Bristol, where he eked out a poor living with hack-work, lecturing,

tutoring, varied by some attempts at publishing periodicals and poetry. Early in 1797 he removed to Nether Stowey.

Nether Stowey lies at the foot of the Quantocks, Somersetshire, a few miles from the Bristol Channel, in a country of clear brooks and wooded hills. In June, 1797, Coleridge visited the Wordsworths at Racedown: The two poets read their compositions to each other,—Coleridge his tragedy of *Osorio*, and Wordsworth his tragedy of *The Borderers*. Thus began the friendship of these two men, a friendship that meant much for themselves, much for English literature. Charmed by the scenery of the Quantocks and the opportunity of being near Coleridge, Wordsworth and his sister took up their abode at Alfoxden, some three miles distant from Stowey and two from the Bristol Channel. The mutual influence of these two great and original minds can hardly be appreciated with exactness; but there can be no doubt that the imaginative and philosophic spirit of Coleridge's nature was the ultimate touch that wrought Wordsworth's genius to the finest issues. His kindred influence, said Wordsworth, found its way to his heart of hearts.

Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved
Unchecked, or loltered 'mid her sylvan combs,
Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,
Did'st chant the vision of that Ancient Man,
The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
Did'st utter of the Lady Christabel.

The period of companionship and mutual stimulus that ensued was marked by the production of poems that are the unmistakable manifestations of the presence of that new spirit of poetry which was to dominate the first half of the century to come.

In the spring of 1798 the two poets planned a pedestrian tour to Linton, purposing to defray its cost by a joint composition, *The Ancient Mariner*, which after discussion fell entirely into Coleridge's hands. The project of one poem expanded and took form in a volume of poems, to which Coleridge contributed a few pieces dealing with the supernatural, and Wordsworth the main body of poems depicting nature and humble life under the modifying colours of the imagination. As Coleridge defined Wordsworth's part: "Subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life: the characters and incidents were such as will be found in every village and its vicinity where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves." The poems *To My Sister, Expostulation and Reply, The Tables Turned* (see pp. 1-6) are characteristic of Alfoxden life and Wordsworth's new vision of poetry. The memorable volume, opening with *The Ancient Mariner* and closing with *Tintern Abbey*, was called *Lyrical Ballads*, and was published in Bristol in 1798.*

Its immediate influence was very slight. The *Monthly Review* considered *The Ancient Mariner* the strangest cock and bull story, a rhapsody of unintelligible wildness and incoherence, though admitting exquisite poetical touches; in general it called upon the author of the volume to write on more elevated subjects and in a more cheerful disposition. Cottle parted with most of his five hundred copies at a loss, and on going out of business returned the copyright to Wordsworth as valueless. De Quincey and John Wilson were perhaps alone in recognizing the value of the volume. Originality, it has been

* Wordsworth issued a second edition in 1800, which, with other poems, contained *Nutting* (see p. 10), *Michael* (p. 12).

said, must create the taste by which it is to be appreciated, and it was some years before a taste for the new poetry was created.

At Alfoxden, then, *Lyrical Ballads* was written, and there, too, *The Borderers* was finished. The latter was Wordsworth's one effort at dramatic composition. It was rejected by the Covent Garden Theatre; concerning which circumstance the poet remarked:

"The moving accident is not my trade;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts;
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts."

The Rural Cottage, which became, later, the first book of the *Excursion*, was of a different quality—a sympathetic poem of nature and human life in their interrelations—Wordsworth's especial sphere. Lamb and Hazlitt, who came down to visit Coleridge, were taken of course to see Wordsworth. Hazlitt, hearing Coleridge read some of his friend's poems, "felt the sense of a new style and a new spirit of poetry come over him."

On the publication of *Lyrical Ballads*, Coleridge and Wordsworth were enabled through the generosity of the Wedgwoods, sons of the great potter, to carry out a long-cherished project of a pilgrimage to Germany, then the shrine of literary devotion. Coleridge parted company with the Wordsworths on reaching the Continent, passing on to Ratzeburg and Göttingen, while the latter buried themselves in Goslar, on the edge of the Hartz Forest. Wordsworth got little pleasure from German society, literature, climate, or tobacco. Driven back upon himself, he took inspiration from the memories of Hawkshead and Alfoxden, and wrote some of his best poems—*Influence of Natural Objects* (see p. 7), *Nutting* (p. 10), *The*

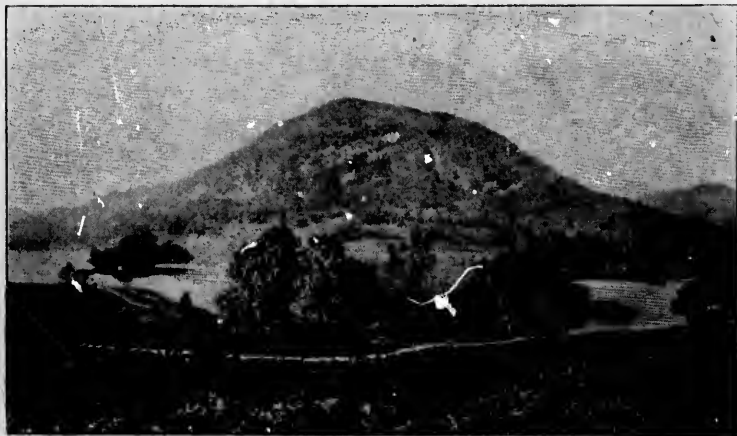
Poet's Epitaph, The Fountain, Two April Mornings, Ruth, and the five poems grouped about the name of Lucy. There, too, to depict the history of his mind and of his dedication to poetry, he began *The Prelude*. His stay in Germany ended in July, 1799. In the autumn of that year the brother and sister made excursions through Cumberland and Westmoreland, and were led by the natural beauty of those shires to take up their abode, December, 1799, in Grasmere, Westmoreland, in Dove Cottage, at the extremity of the village known as Town-end.



DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE, AND RYDAL MOUNT.

Gray has described the Grasmere scenery and De Quincey the Wordsworth cottage—a little white cottage, sheltered in trees, overhung by the lofty mountain ascending behind it; in front, the quiet crystal of Grasmere water and the stretching meadow-vale in which lies the village with its embowered houses: all about the encircling eternal hills, and in their bosom, in those days, quiet peace.

During 1800 the poet wrote *Poems on the Naming of Places*, *The Brothers*, *The Pet Lamb*, and that impassioned narrative, breathing the spirit of the Cumberland mountains—*Michael* (p. 10). In 1802 he paid a flying visit to France, the memorials of which are the group of sonnets that includes those written at Calais (see pp. 28–29). The same year he married Mary Hutchinson, a school-mate of his childhood, a wife worthy of her husband and his sister and of the poem *She was a Phantom of Delight*, depicting that perfect woman nobly planned.



RYDAL MERE AND NAB SCAR, WESTMORELAND.

In 1807 several volumes of his poems were published, embracing an almost unequalled body of lyric verse, fruits of seven years perfected by domestic ties, meditation of human nature, human events, and human lives, and study of the meaning and beauty of nature in flower and bird, mountain and stream. Of these volumes are some noble sonnets dealing with contemporary life, such as the Calais sonnets and *It is not to be thought of that the Flood* (pp.

28-30), *To the Daisy* (p. 31), *The Solitary Reaper* (p. 39), *Ode to Duty* (p. 41), *Elegiac Stanzas* (p. 43), *Character of a Happy Warrior* (p. 46), *Personal Talk* (pp. 49-50), *O Nightingale! thou surely art* (p. 51), and many other perfect lyrics.

In Dove Cottage until 1808, then for a few years at Allan Bank, a mile away, and the Grasmere parsonage; finally, in a large house, Rydal Mount, overlooking Rydal Mere, nearest neighbour to Grasmere, Wordsworth lived his long life. Friends were about him. Coleridge was at times in Keswick, fifteen miles away (they loved to walk such distances in those days), where Southey also was living; De Quincey took the Dove Cottage when Wordsworth moved to Allan Bank; "Christopher North" was at Elleray, nine miles distant; Dr. Arnold built himself a house at Ambleside, an hour's walk from Rydal Mount. Occasionally the poet left his home for long trips to the Continent or to Scotland and Wales, steadily composing under the influences of suggestive scenes. To his tour in 1803 belong the poems referring to Burns (pp. 32-38). *Memorials of a Tour in Scotland* (1814), *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent* (1820), *Yarrow Revisited* (1835, see p. 59), and *Memorials of a Tour in Italy* (1837), are collections due to various excursions. His sonnets, many of which are gems of lyrical beauty unsurpassed, are chiefly in three series, *Ecclesiastical Sketches*, *On the River Duddon* (see pp. 52-55), and *Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty*. Of his other chief works, *Peter Bell*, written in 1798, was not published till 1819; the *Excursion*, composed in 1795-1814, was published in 1814; *The White Doe of Rylstone*, written in 1807, was issued in 1815; while *The Prelude* begun in 1799 and finished in

1805, was printed only after his death. In general, in his later work, in almost all that is subsequent to 1808, Wordsworth failed to retain the imagination and passion of the earlier period ; he grew more and more didactic and ecclesiastic, and the joy of poetry took flight from his verse.



GRASMERE CHURCH AND THE ROTHA.

About 1830 the years of neglect and ridicule, which Wordsworth had borne with serene mind and unfaltering trust, changed for years of honour and fame. Oxford bestowed on him a doctor's degree ; the nation, with one voice, on the death of Southey in 1843, crowned him with the laurel, "as the just due of the first of living poets"; and the best minds of England, such as Arnold, George Eliot, Mill, acknowledged the strength and blessedness of his influence. When he died, April 23rd,

1850, the greatest English poet of this century, greatest in original force, sincerity, and beauty of thought, greatest as the interpretative voice of Nature, greatest in power of transfiguring human life with the glory of imagination, had passed away from the world and from Grasmere that guards and the Rotha that murmurs beside his grave.

The best personal sketch of the poet is that of Thomas Carlyle, as Wordsworth appeared about 1840: "He talked well in his way; with veracity, easy brevity, and force; as a wise tradesman would of his tools and workshop, and as no unwise one could. His voice was good, frank, and sonorous, though practically clear, distinct and forcible, rather than melodious; the tone of him business-like, sedately confident, no discourtesy, yet no anxiety about being courteous: a fine wholesome rusticity, fresh as his mountain breezes, sat well on the stalwart veteran, and on all he said and did. You would have said he was a usually taciturn man, glad to unlock himself, to audience sympathetic and intelligent, when such offered itself. His face bore marks of much, not always peaceful, meditation; the look of it not bland or benevolent, so much as close, impregnable, and hard; a man *multa tacere loquive paratus*, in a world where he had experienced no lack of contradictions as he strode along! The eyes were not brilliant, but they had a quiet clearness; there was enough of brow, and well-shaped; rather too much of cheek ('horse-face,' I have heard satirists say), face of a squarish shape and decidedly longish, as I think the head itself was (*its* length, going *horizontal*): he was large-boned, lean, but still firm-knit, tall and strong-looking when he stood; a right good old steel-grey figure, a voracious *strength* looking through him which might

have suited one of those old steel-grey *Margravs*
whom Henry the Fowler set up to ward the marches."

The genius of Wordsworth has had no better critic in its weaknesses and its strength than Coleridge. The prominent defects of his poems according to Coleridge are:—First, the inconstancy of his style, its sudden transitions from lines of peculiar felicity, to a style not only unimpassioned but undistinguished; second, a not infrequent *matter-of-factness* in certain poems—laborious minuteness, insertion of accidental circumstances; third, an undue predilection for the dramatic form in certain poems; fourth, occasional prolixity, repetition, arising from an intensity of feeling disproportionate to the value of the objects described; fifth, thoughts and images too great for the subject—a sort of mental bombast.

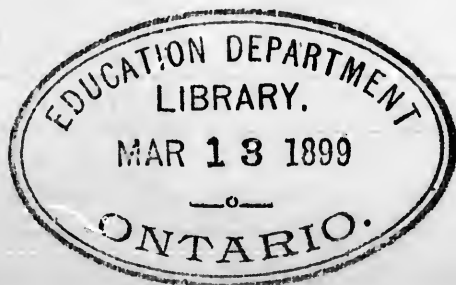
Against these defects Coleridge places very great excellences:—First, an austere purity of language, a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning; second, a correspondent weight and sanity of the thought and sentiments—won, not from books, but from the poet's own meditative observation; third, the sinewy strength and originality of single lines and passages: the frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction; fourth, the perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions as taken immediately from nature; fifth, a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility, a sympathy with man as man, the sympathy of a contemplator from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of nature; no injuries of wind or weather, of toil, or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine; lastly, and pre-eminently, the gift of imagination in the highest sense of the word. In fancy not always graceful; in imaginative power, he

stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakspeare and Milton; and yet in a kind perfectly unborrowed. He does indeed to all thoughts and to all objects—

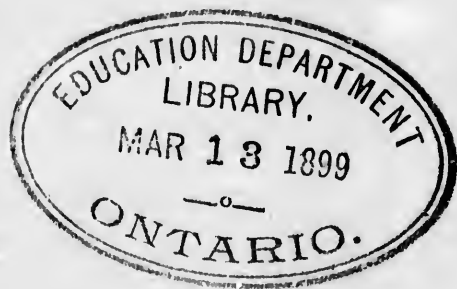
Add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream.



WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE, GRASMERE CHURCHYARD.







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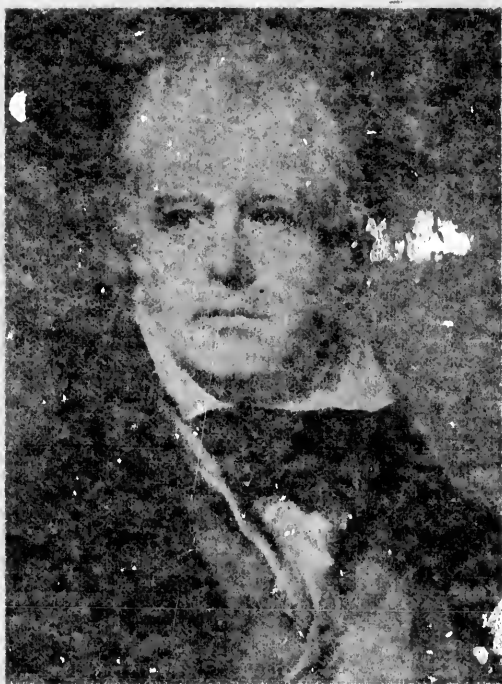
SIR WALTER SCOTT.



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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

For general accounts of Scott's life are those of the *Dictionary of Biography* (art. Scott) and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. For a memoir, likewise, in the Globe ed. of Scott's poems. For popular biographies, with appreciations, are Hutton's *Scott in the Letters series* and Young's in *Greater Writers series*; the latter to be preferred. The authorities for all lives of Scott are *Scott's Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott* (the original) and there is an abridgment in the *Illustrated Library—Journal of Sir Walter Scott*. Scott's biography and his literary work is found in the *Essay on the Life of Sir Walter Scott* and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, edd. of 1838. For a history of Scott's poetry is afforded by Jeffrey's *Essays in the Edinburgh Review* (1827-1833); Hazlitt, *Spirit of the Age*; Carlyle, *Sir Walter Scott* (1849); Leslie Stephen, *Hours in a Library*; Boyle, *Lectures on Poetry*; Sharp, *Aspects of Poetry*; and *Scott's Painters*; Courthope, *Liberal Movement*, etc. The best ed. of Scott is that of 1838ff. The best one-vol. ed. is the Globe ed. (Macmillan). Annotated edd. of *The Lady of the Lake* are those of Rolfe (Houghton, Mifflin, Stuart (Macmillan) and the Longmans Press, etc.



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Criticism of Scott's poetry is afforded by Jeffrey's Essays in the *Edinburgh Review* (1805-1813); Hazlitt, *Spirit of the Age*; Carlyle, *Sir Walter Scott* (in *Miscellaneous Essays*); Leslie Stephen, *Hours in a Library*; Sir Francis Doyle, *Lectures on Poetry*; Shairp, *Aspects of Poetry*; Ruskin, *Modern Painters*; Courthope, *Liberal Movement*, etc.

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IN Wordsworth the movement of romanticism and liberalism showed itself in a reaction from complex urban civilization in favour of life in more primitive conditions; in the choice of character—simple people in close association with a sympathetic environment of nature; in the application of the imagination to nature and simple life, so that they are viewed in the irradiating glow of a passionate, sensitive mind. In Walter Scott we see a phase of romanticism that, compared with eighteenth century poetry, is even more significant, namely, the interest in the picturesque past—its manners, its art, its chivalry—and in picturesque landscape.

Scott was born on the 15th of August, 1771, being the ninth of the twelve children of Walter Scott, an Edinburgh attorney, and connected "with ancient families both on my father's and mother's side." Scott has recorded in his autobiography the circumstances of his early life, by which it is made certain that with him as with Wordsworth childhood moulded the character of the man. A slight early lameness and a certain weakness of constitution predisposed him, as a child, to reading. The tales of his grandfather, the accounts of the depredations of his Border ancestors narrated by his grandmother, the ballads read him by his aunt, his lying out among the sheep on the hillside of his grandfather's farm, the stories of the German wars of veteran Dalgetty, his mother's warm inclination to poetry,—all these took their share in making the great minstrel. Here are some lines from *Marmion*, descriptive of Scott's life at the sheep-farm of Sandy Knowe, that present the distinctive features of Scott's genius characteristic even in infancy—

" And well the lonely infant knew
 Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
 And honeysuckle loved to crawl
 Up the low crag and ruined wall . . .
 And still I thought the shattered tower
 The mightiest work of human power ;
 And marvelled as the aged hind
 With some strange tale bewitched my mind,
 Of forayers, who, with headlong force,
 Down from that strength had spurred their horse,
 Their southern rapine to renew
 Far in the distant Cheviots blue . . .
 And ever, by the winter hearth,
 Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
 Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
 Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms ;
 Of patriot battles, won of old
 By Wallace might and Bruce the bold."

The first poems he read were ballads, Pope's translation of Homer, and the songs of Allan Ramsay's collections. "Green be the grave of honest Allan," cried Scott, "at whose lamp Burns lighted his brilliant torch!"—greener be it, too, for the sake of Scott. At the high school Scott did not make any great figure: "I glanced like a meteor from one end of the class to the other, and commonly disgusted my master as much by my negligence and frivolity, as I occasionally pleased him by flashes of intellect and talent." But, he tells us, his tales used to assemble an admiring audience round Lucky Brown's fireside, and "happy was he that could sit next to the inexhaustible narrator." He gained some recognition for metrical versions of the classics; and "in the intervals of my school hours," he says, "I . . . perused with avidity such books of history or poetry or voyages and travels as chance presented to me—not forgetting the usual, or ten times the usual, quantity of fairy tales, eastern stories, romances." Finding some

odd volumes of Shakspeare, he would sit up reading them with "rapture." Through an old friend he became acquainted with Ossian and Spenser—"Spenser I could have read forever"—and he memorized enormous quantities of the latter's verse. "My memory," said Scott, "seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a favourite passage of poetry, a play-house ditty, or, above all, a Border-raid ballad." Technicalities of history escaped him, the philosophy of history did not appeal, but he fastened instinctively on "what was striking and picturesque in historical narrative." On leaving school Scott's reading extended to Hoole's Tasso and Percy's *Reliques of Early English Poetry*. The day he first read the volumes of Percy was memorable—he recalls the arbour under the plane-tree at Kelso, the entrancement of that intellectual banquet—"nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm." The novels of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett followed. Everywhere we clearly see the romantic poet and novelist in the making.

The months he spent at Kelso were memorable, too, for the first awakening of a delight in the beauty of natural objects. Kelso lies at the junction of the Tweed and the Teviot, streams enriched with associations of history and ballad poetry and by the neighbourhood of the ruins of Melrose and Roxburgh Castle, and the mansion of Fleurs. Scott's romantic nature seized on this landscape and its legendary associations with reverent passion. "From this time the love of natural beauty," he said, "more especially when combined with ancient ruins, or remains of our fathers' piety and splendour, became with me an insatiable passion."

Scott returned to Edinburgh, being then in his thir-

teenth year, to enter the university in November, 1783. He had fallen behind in Greek, and was pronounced duncie by his professor. Latin he forswore with Greek; mathematics he neglected; and made some progress only in ethics and history. To compensate, in part, he read insatiably the poetical romances of knight errantry. Still he always regretted his fragmentary education, and lamented his lack of "a sound foundation of learning and science." College life ended in 1785, when he was apprenticed to the law in his father's office.

As a law student, Scott disliked, but did not avoid, the drudgery of office work, for he was both ambitious and desirous of pleasing his father. But his steady devotion was to books, especially to works of fiction of an adventurous and romantic type. In search of the literature of romance he learnt Italian and French, and became familiar with the works of many of the great authors in those languages. On collections of old songs and romances he "fastened like a tiger." For amusement he had, as a rule, excursions on foot and horseback into the surrounding country in search of romantic scenery. His father told him that he was "born to be a strolling pedlar." These avocations were varied by attempts—both vain—to learn drawing and music, and by participation in Edinburgh "literary societies," and convivial meetings with his hosts of ready friends. In 1789, making a choice of barrister as his profession, Scott read "with ardour and perseverance," for four years, and in July of 1792 assumed the gown of a Scottish advocate.

The autumn of that year was noteworthy for the beginning of the famous "Liddesdale Raids," as Scott's seven yearly expeditions into that then almost inaccessible district were called. Under the guidance of his friend,

Mr. Shortreed, Scott explored every nook of the country, living with shepherd and minister, and gathering the material of literature and life afterwards to be incorporated into his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* and his greater novels. "He was makin' himsell a' the time," said Mr. Shortreed, "but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed."

Scott's interest in the law continued for fourteen years; his practice was never very extensive, but it was carefully maintained, for literature, he said, was to be his staff and not his crutch. His marriage in 1793 to Miss Charlotte Carpenter made his devotion to the so-called practical life still more necessary. Out of terms he spent his time in Lasswade Cottage, on the Esk, within six miles of Edinburgh, and amidst beautiful scenes and a happy domestic life took up the interests that led to his career of letters, and, later on, to the abandonment of law. At the close of 1799 he received the appointment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire through the influence of the head of his house, the Duke of Buccleuch, and could feel the independence that a settled income affords. At that time he had made his first beginnings as a poet.

In 1788 Henry Mackenzie, "the Man of Feeling," lecturing to the Royal Society of Edinburgh on German literature, had introduced a new stream of intellectual interest into the life of the Northern Athens. The extravagant German dramas of the *Sturm und Drang* period, the spectre and blue flame ballads of the early German romanticism were the objects of much enthusiasm. Scott was one of the leaders in this new study from 1792. Bürger's ballad of *Lenore*, itself called forth by Percy's *Reliques*, returned to pay its literary debt. Scott became interested in it, and wrote a version one night of April,

1796, in honour of his friend Miss Cranstoun, who thereupon declared, "Walter Scott is going to turn out a poet." This he followed with a translation of Bürger's *Wild Huntsman*, and the two ballads were printed in Edinburgh in October, 1796. This step led to a brief connection with a small idol of contemporary letters, Matthew Gregory Lewis, who had achieved temporary fame in 1795 by a romance called *The Monk*, which introduced into English the weird and supernatural elements of the prose, and, in its interspersed verse, the form and manner of the ballad poetry of contemporary Germany. Lewis prevailed upon Scott to contribute to his new "goblin repast" called *Tales of Wonder*, and to publish in 1796 a version of Goethe's early drama *Goetz von Berlichingen*, the theme of which—the struggle of the feudal lord against imperial power—especially appealed to Scott's sympathy. "If genius could be communicated like instruction," said Carlyle, "we might call this work of Goethe's the prime cause of *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake*, with all that has followed from the same creative hand." "Who does not recognize," said Lockhart, "in Goethe's drama, the true original of the death-scene of *Marmion*, and the storm in *Ivanhoe*?" From translation to imitation is but a step. Neglecting certain lyrics, born of a deep and unsuccessful love passion, we may begin Scott's original verse with *Glenfinlas*, a ballad of "blood" and "ghastly laughter," the scenery of which he drew from the district afterwards made famous in *The Lady of the Lake*. A second ballad, *The Eve of St. John*, recalling the tower of Smailholm of Scott's infant days, is truer in poetic touch. Then *Cadyow Castle*, by virtue of its rapidity of movement and delight in marshalling in arms, begins the

Scott that we now know. A literary undertaking of a more important character was the publication, in 1802, of *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, for which Scott's tastes and occupations since boyhood had peculiarly fitted him. The character of the selections, the learning and research which Scott expended on the introductions and notes, and the vigour of some added ballads of his own, made *The Minstrelsy* a distinguished success. It had in it "the elements of a hundred historical romances"—from which, in many directions, his works were to flow.

Still, Scott could but feel that the ballad was but a revival, and its capacities for rhythm and narration limited. Fortune co-operated in Scott's favour at this time to give him not only a new theme of poetry, but a fit measure for its expression. Lady Dalkeith had no sooner enjoined on him the task of making a ballad on the local legend of Gilpin Horner than he gained through John Stoddard a notion of the fine metrical experiment in four-accent verse instituted by Coleridge in his *Christabel*. The poem rapidly outgrew its ballad origin that it might do the greater honour to the young Countess and the House of Scott, so that when at last it appeared, in 1805, it was as a metrical romance in six cantos, sung by a sole surviving singer of an older day—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

The main interest of *The Lay* is attached to the attack on Branksome Castle by the Southerners desirous of punishing William of Deloraine for march-treason, and to the love of Lord Cranstoun for the young Margaret Scott of Branksome, whose family is at feud with the Cranstouns. The bravery of Cranstoun cuts the knot, clears Deloraine, and wins the lady's hand. But the plot is not

well knit. The pranks of the Goblin Page only divert the interest and retard the movement of the story. The characters move amidst all the pomp of feudal life and among scenes of fresh natural beauty and romantic associations. The versification—the four-accent couplet that Scott had made his own—proved an admirable instrument of expression for the simple, direct, and vigorous emotions of the poem. The great success of *The Lay* was not unwarranted by its merit; but a contributory cause was the absolute dearth of worthy poetry at that time, if we except the work of Wordsworth and Coleridge, which was too novel for immediate acceptance. *The Lay* was followed in 1808 by *Marmion*. Here we have a tale of Flodden Field united with the love intrigues of the English Knight Marmion. Here, too, the scenic interest is woven throughout into the story, till we can believe that Marmion's journey from Norham Castle to Edinburgh is less for the sake of the incidents than of the descriptions. In *The Lady of the Lake*, 1810, the tale involves the feud of Highlands and Lowlands in the time of James V. of Scotland, in the midst of which are portrayed the romantic adventures of Fitz-James and the love of Ellen Douglas and the Græme. *Don Roderick*, 1811, fails in an attempt to make a romantic treatment of contemporary Spanish affairs. Scott's own comment on his chief poems is: "I would say, if it is fair for me to say anything, that the force in *The Lay* is thrown on style, in *Marmion* on description, and in the *Lady of the Lake* on incident." In *Rokeby*, his last important work, he sought to throw the stress on character. This poem, published in 1813, is a story of the times of Marston Moor; the plot is one of intrigue and assassination, lightened by the love of Wilfred Wycliffe for Margaret, heiress of

Rokeby. The scene is laid in the beautiful valley of the Greta in North Yorkshire, whose beauties are fitly celebrated by the poet. *The Bridal of Triermain*, interesting as one of the earliest versions of Arthurian story by the Romantic poets, belongs to the same year. *The Lord of the Isles*, a tale of Bruce, having its scenes laid from Skye and Arran to Stirling, was published in 1815. *Harold the Dauntless*, in 1817, completes the well-known series of Scott's poems. Meanwhile, Byron, with a fascinating personality and fresh themes of verse, had captured the public ear. In 1822, in the full tide of other successes, Scott bade farewell to his muse,

Vain thy enchantments, O queen of wild numbers,
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er.

Even better known than his poetry, possessing much higher power in the delineation of manners, in the creation of character, in Shaksperian pictures of honour and sympathy, and in wide and living learning, is the series of novels begun by *Waverley*, 1814, and ended only by Scott's untimely death in 1832.

The circumstances that precipitated that calamity can be here only briefly touched on. In 1809 Scott became interested as a partner in the printing firm of Ballantyne and Company, whose speculative enterprises rapidly involved the careless author in hopeless insolvency. He had no sooner satisfied his proud and romantic dream of founding a family estate by the creation of Abbotsford than the clouds of financial embarrassment settled over him. With unrivalled power, industry, and resolution Scott fought with his pen the long battle against insolvency. When the crash came in 1825, he found himself responsible for £117,000. In two years he had earned

by his novels one-third of the sum, in five years his liabilities were reduced one half. But paralysis had struck the valiant and overburdened man, and the night fell upon an unfinished but heroic labour.

Scott's poetry is the poetry of the picturesque. He turns to the past because there his imagination can delight in feudal life with all its pomp and colour, sentiment, love of war and devotion to woman. Its architecture, venerable with the associations of time and history, fascinates his mind, interested from youth onwards in the antiquities of his land. His poetry consequently sums up and ends the feudalism of the Lowlands. He crowds his canvas with landscape, dwelling upon the scenes endeared to him by all the memories of an impressionable youth, and by that love of Scotland—

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood!

which is one of the primal instincts of every Scotchman. But even here Scott's fancy turns rather to that aspect of nature usually denoted as romantic, than to the more homely, human scenes that Burns's verse suggests. How picturesque, too, are the men he loves — splendid in physique, proud, fearless, skilled in war and its exercises, and good lovers of the fair—a Marmion, a Winton, a Roderick Dhu. And his women—all beautiful, loving, gentle yet fearless, standing ready, when the rough path of true love is surmounted, to reward the brave that alone deserve them. And in the actions of his characters, what picturesque energy and situation are presented—the headlong race of a Deloraine or a Fitz-James, the shock of mortal combat, onset of battle in Flodden or Beal' an Duine, the pomp of the royal court, or the dim

procession of the cloisters. We feel the poet's spirit breaking through the verse when the minstrel sings—

I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
 I see the Moray's silver star,
 Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon War...
 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life
 One glance at their array!

It is as the poet of action that Scott, with his "strong, pithy poetry," has taken most hold of his readers.

But the limitations of Scott's verse are even more marked than its virtues. Aiming at vigour, picturesqueness, general effect, Scott was curiously negligent of the minute graces of composition. He had none of that feeling for the rare and happy phrase, which we find, for example, in Keats, and which is the high faculty of the great poets alone. There is in Scott none of that inevitableness which Matthew Arnold notes as the mark of poetry of the highest order. If he touches nature, he describes it with a perfect eye for colour and local truth, but without atmosphere, without recognition of any infinite and pervading spirit with which his spirit may commune. His work is, rather, what Ruskin calls it, "surface-painting." In character he reveals picturesquely the chivalric soldier or highland chief or well-born beauty, but without getting further than bold outlines in somewhat conventional setting. Of modern analysis of motive, the human tragedies that are enacted only within the theatre of the mind, which, after all, are those that most deeply move, Scott gives us nothing. Never is there any touch of the "fine phrenzy" of poetry. Scott looked too much at the general interests of active life to win those highest gifts that come only with supreme devotion. "I am sensible,"

said Scott, with, indeed, too great humility, "that if there be anything good about my poetry or prose either, it is a hurried frankness of composition, which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active dispositions." Wholesome, helpful verse it is, redeeming a mediocre beauty by vigour, virility, movement, picturesque. Scott's poetry, indeed, was but the prelude and preparation for his great novels. Great as these last are, his life, it must be remembered, was equal to them.—"God bless thee, Walter, my man! Thou hast risen to be great, but thou wert always good!"



ST. MARY'S AISLE, DRYBURGH ABBEY, IN WHICH IS SCOTT'S TOMB





DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

WORDSWORTH.

TO MY SISTER.

It is the first mild day of March :
Each minute sweeter than before
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

5

My sister ! ('tis a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign ;
Come forth and feel the sun.

10

Edward will come with you—and, pray,
 Put on with speed your woodland dress;
 And bring no book: for this one day 15
 We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
 Our living calendar:
 We from to-day, my Friend, will date
 The opening of the year. 20

Love, now a universal birth,
 From heart to heart is stealing,
 From earth to man, from man to earth:
 —It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more 25
 Than years of toiling reason:
 Our minds shall drink at every pore
 The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts may make,
 Which they will long obey: 30
 We for the year to come may take
 Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls
 About, below, above,
 We'll frame the measure of our souls: 35
 They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister! come, I pray,
 With speed put on your woodland dress;
 And bring no book: for this one day
 We'll give to idleness. 40

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

“ WHY, William, on that old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away ?

Where are your books ?—that light bequeathed 5
To Beings else forlorn and blind !
Up ! up ! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

You look round on your Mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you ; 10
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you ! ”

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake, 15
And thus I made reply :

“ The eye—it cannot choose but see ;
We cannot bid the ear be still ;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against, or with our will. 20

Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress ;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum 25
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking? √

—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may, 30
I sit upon this old grey stone,
And dream my time away.”

THE TABLES TURNED.

5

THE TABLES TURNED.

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head, 5
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife: 10
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throistle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things, 15
Let Nature be your teacher.

✓ She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness. 20

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING THE IMAGINATION
IN BOYHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH.

WISDOM and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought!
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! not in vain,
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn 5
Of childhood did'st thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man;
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature; purifying thus 10
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recognise
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me 15
With stinted kindness. In November days,
When vapours rolling down the valleys made
A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods
At noon; and mid the calm of summer nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling lake, 20
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine:
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,

And by the waters, all the summer long.
 And in the frosty season, when the sun 25
 Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
 The cottage-windows through the twilight blazed,
 I heeded not the summons : happy time
 It was indeed for all of us ; for me
 It was a time of rapture ! Clear and loud 30
 The village-clock tolled six—I wheeled about,
 Proud and exulting like an untired horse
 That cares not for his home.—All shod with steel
 We hissed along the polished ice, in games
 Confederate, imitative of the chase 35
 And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
 The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.
 So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
 And not a voice was idle : with the din
 Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ; 40
 The leafless trees and every icy crag
 Tinkled like iron ; while far-distant hills
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound
 Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the stars,
 Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west 45
 The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
 Into a silent bay, or sportively
 Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
 To cut across the reflex of a star ; 50
 Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
 Upon the glassy plain : and oftentimes,
 When we had given our bodies to the wind,
 And all the shadowy banks on either side
 Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still 55

The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

NUTTING.

—It seems a day
 (I speak of one from many singled out)
 One of those heavenly days that cannot die ;
 When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
 I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth 5
 With a huge wallet o'er my shoulder slung,
 A nutting-crook in hand ; and turned my steps
 Tow'rd the far-distant wood, a Figure quaint,
 Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds,
 Which for that service had been husbanded, 10
 By exhortation of my frugal Dame—
 Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
 At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,—and, in truth,
 More ragged than need was ! O'er pathless rocks,
 Through beds of matted fern, and tangled thickets, 15
 Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough
 Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
 Of devastation ; but the hazels rose
 Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung, 20
 A virgin scene !—A little while I stood,
 Breathing with such suppression of the heart
 As joy delights in ; and, with wise restraint,
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
 The banquet ;—or beneath the trees I sate 25
 Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played ;
 A temper known to those, who, after long

And weary expectation, have been blest
 With sudden happiness beyond all hope.
 Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves 30
 The violets of five seasons re-appear
 And fade, unseen by any human eye ;
 Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
 For ever ; and I saw the sparkling foam,
 And—with my cheek on one of those green stones 35
 That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees,
 Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep—
 I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
 In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
 Tribute to ease ; and, of its joy secure, 40
 The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
 Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,
 And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
 And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash
 And merciless ravage : and the shady nook 45
 Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
 Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
 Their quiet being : and, unless I now
 Confound my present feeling with the past ;
 Ere from the mutilated bower I turned 50
 Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
 I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
 The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky.—
 Then, dearest Maiden, move along these shades
 In gentleness of heart ; with gentle hand 55
 Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

MICHAEL.

A PASTORAL POEM.

If from the public way you turn your steps
 Up the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,
 You will suppose that with an upright path
 Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent
 The pastoral mountains front you, face to face. 5
 But, courage! for around that boisterous brook
 The mountains have all opened out themselves,
 And made a hidden valley of their own.
 No habitation can be seen; but they
 Who journey thither find themselves alone 10
 With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites
 That overhead are sailing in the sky.
 It is in truth an utter solitude;
 Nor should I have made mention of this Dell
 But for one object which you might pass by, 15
 Might see and notice not. Beside the brook
 Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones:
 And to that simple object appertains,
 A story—unenriched with strange events,
 Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside, 20
 Or for the summer shade. It was the first
 Of those domestic tales that spake to me
 Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
 Whom I already loved.—not verily
 For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills 25

Where was their occupation and abode.
 And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
 Careless of books, yet having felt the power
 Of Nature, by the gentle agency
 Of natural objects, led me on to feel 30
 For passions that were not my own, and think
 (At random and imperfectly indeed)
 On man, the heart of man, and human life.
 Therefore, although it be a history
 Homely and rude, I will relate the same 35
 For the delight of a few natural hearts ;
 And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
 Of youthful Poets, who among these hills
 Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale 40
 There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name ;
 An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.
 His bodily frame had been from youth to age
 Of an unusual strength : his mind was keen,
 Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs, 45
 And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
 And watchful more than ordinary men.
 Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,
 Of blasts of every tone ; and, oftentimes,
 When others heeded not, he heard the South 50
 Make subterraneous music, like the noise
 Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
 The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
 Bethought him, and he to himself would say,
 "The winds are now devising work for me !" 55
 And, truly, at all times, the storm, that drives
 The traveller to a shelter, summoned him

Up to the mountains : he had been alone
 Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
 That came to him, and left him, on the heights. 60
 So lived he till his eightieth year was past.
 And grossly that man errs, who should suppose
 That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,
 Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.
 Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed 65
 The common air ; the hills, which with vigorous step
 He had so often climbed ; which had impressed
 So many incidents upon his mind
 Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear ;
 Which, like a book, preserved the memory 70
 Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved,
 Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts,
 The certainty of honorable gain ;
 Those fields, those hills, —what could they less?—had laid
 Strong hold on his affections, were to him 75
 A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
 The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in singleness.
 His Helpmate was a comely matron, old—
 Though younger than himself full twenty years. 80
 She was a woman of a stirring life,
 Whose heart was in her house : two wheels she had
 Of antique form ; this large, for spinning wool ;
 That small, for flax ; and if one wheel had rest
 It was because the other was at work. 85
 The Pair had but one inmate in their house,
 An only Child, who had been born to them
 When Michael, telling o'er his years, began
 To deem that he was old,—in shepherd's phrase,

MICHAEL.

15

With one foot in the grave. This only Son, 90
With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,
The one of an inestimable worth,
Made all their household. I may truly say,
That they were as a proverb in the vale
For endless industry. When day was gone, 95
And from their occupations out of doors
The Son and Father were come home, even then,
Their labour did not cease; unless when all
Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there,
Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk, 100
Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes,
And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when their meal
Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named)
And his old Father both betook themselves
To such convenient work as might employ 105
Their hands by the fire-side; perhaps to card
Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair
Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling by the chimney's edge, 110
That in our ancient uncouth country style
With a huge and black projection overbrowed
Large space beneath, as duly as the light
Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a lamp;
An aged utensil, which had performed 115
Service beyond all others of its kind.
Early at evening did it burn—and late,
Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,
Which, going by from year to year, had found,
And left the couple neither gay perhaps 120
Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,

Living a life of eager industry.
 And now, when Luke had reached his eighteenth year,
 There by the light of this old lamp they sate,
 Father and Son, while late into the night 125
 The Housewife plied her own peculiar work,
 Making the cottage through the silent hours
 Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.
 This light was famous in its neighbourhood,
 And was a public symbol of the life 130
 The thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced,
 Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
 Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
 High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,
 And westward to the village near the lake ; 135
 And from this constant light, so regular
 And so far seen, the House itself, by all
 Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
 Both old and young, was named THE EVENING STAR.

Thus living on through such a length of years, 140
 The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
 Have loved his Helpmate ; but to Michael's heart
 This son of his old age was yet more dear—
 Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
 Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all— 145
 Than that a child, more than all other gifts
 That earth can offer to declining man,
 Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,
 And stirrings of inquietude, when they
 By tendency of nature needs must fail. 150
 Exceeding was the love he bare to him,
 His heart and his heart's joy ! For oftentimes
 Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,

Had done him female service, not alone
 For pastime and delight, as is the use 155
 Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
 To acts of tenderness ; and he had rocked
 His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy
 Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love, 160
 Albeit of a stern unbending mind,
 To have the Young-one in his sight, when he
 Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool,
 Sate with a fettered sheep before him stretched
 Under the large old oak, that near his door 165
 Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade,
 Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,
 Thence in our rustic dialect was called
 The CLIPPING TREE, a name which yet it bears.
 There, while they two were sitting in the shade, 170
 With others round them, earnest all and blithe,
 Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
 Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
 Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep
 By catching at their legs, or with his shouts 175
 Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up
 A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek
 Two steady roses that were five years old ;
 Then Michael from a winter coppice cut 180
 With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped
 With iron, making it throughout in all
 Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
 And gave it to the Boy ; wherewith equipt

He as a watchman oftentimes was placed 185
 At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock ;
 And, to his office prematurely called,
 There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
 Something between a hindrance and a help ;
 And for this cause, not always, I believe, 190
 Receiving from his Father hire of praise ;
 Though nought was left undone which staff, or voice,
 Or looks, or threatening gestures, could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand
 Against the mountain blasts, and to the heights, 195
 Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,
 He with his Father daily went, and they
 Were as companions, why should I relate
 That objects which the Shepherd loved before
 Were dearer now ? that from the Boy there came 200
 Feelings and emanations—things which were
 Light to the sun and music to the wind :
 And that the old Man's heart seemed born again ?

Thus in his father's sight the Boy grew up :
 And now, when he had reached his eighteenth year, 205
 He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household lived
 From day to day, to Michael's ear there came
 Distressful tidings. Long before the time
 Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound 210
 In surety for his brother's son, a man
 Of an industrious life, and ample means ;
 But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly

Had prest upon him ; and old Michael now
 Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture, 215
 A grievous penalty, but little less
 Than half his substance. This unlooked-for claim,
 At the first hearing, for a moment took
 More hope out of his life than he supposed
 That any old man ever could have lost. 220
 As soon as he had armed himself with strength
 To look his trouble in the face, it seemed
 The Shepherd's sole refuge to sell at once
 A portion of his patrimonial fields.
 Such was his first resolve ; he thought again, 225
 And his heart failed him. " Isabel," said he,
 Two evenings after he had heard the news,
 " I have been toiling more than seventy years,
 And in the open sunshine of God's love
 Have we all lived ; yet if these fields of ours 230
 Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think
 That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
 Our lot is a hard lot : the sun himself
 Has scarcely been more diligent than I ;
 And I have lived to be a fool at last 235
 To my own family. An evil man
 That was, and made an evil choice, if he
 Were false to us ; and if he were not false,
 There are ten thousand to whom loss like this
 Had been no sorrow. I forgive him ;—but 240
 'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.

When I began, my purpose was to speak
 Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
 Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel ; the land
 Shall not go from us, and it shall be free ; 245

He shall possess it, free as is the wind
 That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
 Another kinsman—he will be our friend
 In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
 Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall go, 250
 And with his kinsman's help and his own thrift
 He quickly will repair this loss, and then
 He may return to us. If here he stay,
 What can be done? Where every one is poor,
 What can be gained?"

At this the old man paused, 255
 And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
 Was busy, looking back into past times.
 There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself,
 He was a parish-boy—at the church-door
 They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence 260
 And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought
 A basket, which they filled with pedlar's wares;
 And, with this basket on his arm, the lad
 Went up to London, found a master there,
 Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy 265
 To go and overlook his merchandise
 Beyond the seas; where he grew wondrous rich,
 And left estates and monies to the poor,
 And, at his birth-place, built a chapel, floored
 With marble, which he sent from foreign lands. 270
 These thoughts, and many others of like sort,
 Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,
 And her face brightened. The old Man was glad,
 And thus resumed:—"Well, Isabel! this scheme
 These two days, has been meat and drink to me. 275
 Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
 —We have enough—I wish indeed that I

Were younger ;—but this hope is a good hope.
 —Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best
 Buy for him more, and let us send him forth 280
 To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night :
 —If he *could* go, the Boy should go to-night."

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth
 With a light heart. The Housewife for five days
 Was restless morn and night, and all day long 285
 Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
 Things needful for the journey of her son.
 But Isabel was glad when Sunday came
 To stop her in her work : for, when she lay
 By Michael's side, she through the last two nights 290
 Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep :
 And when they rose at morning she could see
 That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon
 She said to Luke, while they two by themselves
 Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not go : 295
 We have no other Child but thee to lose,
 None to remember—do not go away,
 For if thou leave thy Father he will die."
 The Youth made answer with a jocund voice ;
 And Isabel, when she had told her fears, 300
 Recovered heart. That evening her best fare
 Did she bring forth, and all together sat
 Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work ;
 And all the ensuing week the house appeared 305
 As cheerful as a grove in Spring : at length
 The expected letter from their kinsman came,

With kind assurances that he would do
 His utmost for the welfare of the Boy ;
 To which, requests were added, that forthwith 310
 He might be sent to him. Ten times or more
 The letter was read over ; Isabel
 Went forth to show it to the neighbours round ;
 Nor was there at that time on English land
 A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel 315
 Had to her house returned, the old Man said,
 "He shall depart to-morrow." To this word
 The Housewife answered, talking much of things
 Which, if at such short notice he should go,
 Would surely be forgotten. But at length 320
 She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,
 In that deep valley, Michael had designed
 To build a Sheep-fold ; and, before he heard
 The tidings of his melancholy loss, 325
 For this same purpose he had gathered up
 A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's edge
 Lay thrown together, ready for the work.
 With Luke that evening thitherward he walked :
 And soon as they had reached the place he stopped, 330
 And thus the old Man spake to him :—" My Son,
 To-morrow thou wilt leave me : with full heart
 I look upon thee, for thou art the same
 That wert a promise to me ere thy birth
 And all thy life hast been my daily joy. 335
 I will relate to thee some little part
 Of our two histories ; 'twill do thee good
 When thou art from me, even if I should touch
 On things thou canst not know of.—After thou

First cam'st into the world—as oft befalls 340
 To new-born infants—thou didst sleep away
 Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue
 Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,
 And still I loved thee with increasing love.
 Never to living ear came sweeter sounds 345
 Then when I heard thee by our own fireside
 First uttering, without words, a natural tune ;
 While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy
 Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed month,
 And in the open fields my life was passed 350
 And on the mountains ; else I think that thou
 Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.
 But we were playmates, Luke : among these hills,
 As well thou knowest, in us the old and young
 Have played together, nor with me didst thou 355
 Lack any pleasure which a boy can know.”
 Luke had a manly heart ; but at these words
 He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped his hand,
 And said, “ Nay, do not take it so—I see
 That these are things of which I need not speak. 360
 —Even to the utmost I have been to thee
 A kind and a good Father : and herein
 I but repay a gift which I myself
 Received at others' hands ; for, though now old
 Beyond the common life of man, I still 365
 Remember them who loved me in my youth.
 Both of them sleep together : here they lived,
 As all their Forefathers had done ; and when
 At length their time was come, they were not loth
 To give their bodies to the family mould. 370
 I wished that thou should'st live the life they lived :
 But, 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,

And see so little gain from threescore years.
 These fields were burthened when they came to me ;
 Till I was forty years of age, not more 375
 Than half of my inheritance was mine.

I toiled and toiled ; God blessed me in my work,
 —And till these three weeks past the land was free.
 It looks as if it never could endure
 Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke, 380
 If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
 That thou should'st go."

At this the old Man paused ;
 Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood,
 Thus, after a short silence, he resumed :
 "This was a work for us ; and now, my Son, 385
 It is a work for me. But, lay one stone—
 Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.
 Nay, Boy, be of good hope ;—we both may live
 To see a better day. At eighty-four
 I still am strong and hale ;—do thou thy part ; 390
 I will do mine.—I will begin again
 With many tasks that were resigned to thee :
 Up to the heights, and in among the storms,
 Will I without thee go again, and do
 All works which I was wont to do alone, 395
 Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless thee, Boy !
 Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast
 With many hopes ; it should be so—yes—yes—
 I knew that thou could'st never have a wish
 To leave me, Luke : thou hast been bound to me 400
 Only by links of love : when thou art gone,
 What will be left to us !—But, I forget
 My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,
 As I requested ; and hereafter, Luke,

When thou art gone away, should evil men 405
 Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,
 And of this moment ; hither turn thy thoughts,
 And God will strengthen thee : amid all fear
 And all temptations, Luke, I pray that thou
 May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived, 410
 Who, being innocent, did for that cause
 Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well—
 When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see
 A work which is not here : a covenant
 'Twill be between us ;—but, whatever fate 415
 Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
 And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

The Shepherd ended here ; and Luke stooped down,
 And, as his Father had requested, laid
 The first stone of the Sheep-fold. At the sight 420
 The old Man's grief broke from him ; to his heart
 He pressed his Son, he kissèd him and wept ;
 And to the house together they returned.
 —Hushed was that House in peace, or seeming peace,
 Ere the night fell :—with morrow's dawn the Boy 425
 Began his journey, and when he had reached
 The public way, he put on a bold face ;
 And all the neighbours, as he passed their doors,
 Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,
 That followed him till he was out of sight. 430

A good report did from their Kinsman come,
 Of Luke and his well-doing : and the Boy
 Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news,
 Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were throughout

"The prettiest letters that were ever seen." 435
 Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.
 So, many months passed on; and once again
 The Shepherd went about his daily work
 With confident and cheerful thoughts; and now
 Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour 440
 He to that valley took his way, and there
 Wrought at the Sheep-fold. Meanwhile Luke began
 To slacken in his duty; and, at length,
 He in the dissolute city gave himself
 To evil courses: ignominy and shame 445
 Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
 To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
 'Twill make a thing endurable, which else 450
 Would overset the brain, or break the heart:
 I have conversed with more than one who well
 Remember the old Man, and what he was
 Years after he heard this heavy news.
 His bodily frame had been from youth to age
 Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks 455
 He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud,
 And listened to the wind; and, as before,
 Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep,
 And for the land, his small inheritance.
 And to that hollow dell from time to time 460
 Did he repair, to build the Fold of which
 His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
 The pity which was then in every heart
 For the old Man—and 'tis believed by all
 That many and many a day he thither went, 465
 And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheep-fold, sometimes was he seen
Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
The length of full seven years, from time to time, 470
He at the building of this Sheep-fold wrought,
And left the work unfinished when he died.
Three years, or little more, did Isabel
Survive her husband : at her death the estate
Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand. 475
The Cottage which was named THE EVENING STAR
Is gone—the ploughshare has been through the ground
On which it stood ; great changes have been wrought
In all the neighbourhood :—yet the oak is left
That grew beside their door ; and the remains 480
Of the unfinished Sheep-fold may be seen
Beside the boisterous brook of Green-head Ghyll.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR CALAIS.
AUGUST, 1802.

FAIR Star of evening, Splendour of the west,
Star of my Country!—on the horizon's brink
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink
On England's bosom; yet well pleased to rest,
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest, 5
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,
Should'st be my Country's emblem; and should'st wink,
Bright Star! with laughter on her banners, drest
In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot
Beneath thee, that is England; there she lies. 10
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot,
One life, one glory!—I, with many a fear
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
Among men who do not love her, linger here.

COMPOSED ON THE BEACH NEAR CALAIS.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea : 5
Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear Child ! dear Girl ! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought, 10
Thy nature is not therefore less divine :
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year ;
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF THAT THE
FLOOD.

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
 Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
 Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
 Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
 Roused though it be full often to a mood 5
 Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
 That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
 Should perish; and to evil and to good
 Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
 Armoury of the invincible Knights of old: 10
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
 Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

TO THE DAISY.

BRIGHT Flower, whose home is everywhere!
Bold in maternal Nature's care,
And all the long year through the heir
 Of joy or sorrow ;
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
 The forest thorough !

5

Is it that Man is soon deprest?
A thoughtless Thing ! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
 Or on his reason,
And thou would'st teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind
 And every season ?

10

15

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,
With friends to greet thee, or without,
 Yet pleased and willing ;
Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
And all things suffering from all,
Thy function apostolical
 In peace fulfilling.

20



THE HOME AND MAUSOLEUM OF BURNS, AT DUMFRIES.

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS.

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH.

I SHIVER, Spirit fierce and bold,
 At the thought of what I now behold :
 As vapours breathed from dungeons cold
 Strike pleasure dead,
 So sadness comes from out the mould
 Where Burns is laid. 5

And have I, then, thy bones so near,
 And thou forbidden to appear ?
 As if it were thyself that's here
 I shrink with pain ; 10
 And both my wishes and my fear
 Alike are vain.

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS.

33

Off, weight—nor press on weight!—away,
Dark thoughts!—they came, but not to stay:
With chastened feelings would I pay
 The tribute due
To him, and aught that hides his clay
 From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
He sang, his genius “glinted” forth,
Rose like a star that touching earth,
 For so it seems,
Doth glorify its humble birth
 With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
The struggling heart, where be they now?—
Full soon the Aspirant of the plough,
 The prompt, the brave,
Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
 And silent grave.

I mourned with thousands, but as one
More deeply grieved, for He was gone,
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
 And showed my youth
How Verse may build a princely throne
 On humble truth.

Alas! where'er the current tends,
Regret pursues and with it blends,—
Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
 By Skiddaw seen,—
Neighbours we were, and loving friends
 We might have been:

True friends though diversely inclined ;
 But heart with heart and mind with mind
 Where the main fibres are entwined, 45
 Through Nature's skill,
 May even by contraries be joined
 More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow ;
 Thou "poor Inhabitant below," 50
 At this dread moment—even so—
 Might we together
 Have sate and talked where gowans blow,
 Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been placed 55
 Within my reach ; of knowledge graced
 By fancy what a rich repast !
 But why go on ?—
 Oh ! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,
 His grave grass-grown. 60

There, too, a Son, his joy and pride,
 (Not three weeks past the Stripling died,)
 Lies gathered to his Father's side,
 Soul-moving sight !
 Yet one to which is not denied 65
 Some sad delight :

For *he* is safe, a quiet bed
 Hath early found among the dead,
 Harboured where none can be misled,
 Wronged, or distrest ; 70
 And surely here it may be said
 That such are blest.

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS.

35

And oh for Thee, by pitying grace
Checked oft-times in a devious race,
May He who halloweth the place
 Where Man is laid
Receive thy Spirit in the embrace
 For which it prayed !

75

Sighing, I turned away ; but ere
Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,
Music that sorrow comes not near,
 A ritual hymn,
Chaunted in love that casts out fear
 By Seraphim.

80

THOUGHTS.

37

Yes, freely let our hearts expand,
Freely as in youth's season bland,
When side by side, his book in hand,
 We wont to stray,
Our pleasure varying at command
 Of each sweet Lay.

28

30

How oft inspired must he have trod
These pathways, yon far-stretching road !
There lurks his home ; in that Abode,
 With mirth elate,
Or in his nobly-pensive mood,
 The Rustic sate.

35

Proud thoughts that Image overawes,
Before it humbly let us pause,
And ask of Nature, from what cause
 And by what rules
She trained her Burns to win applause
 That shames the Schools.

40

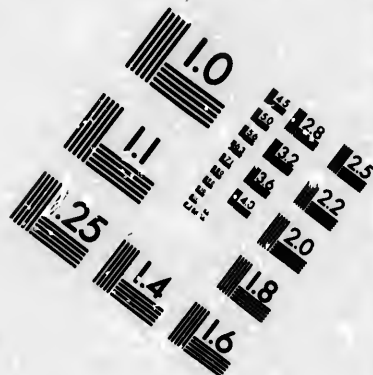
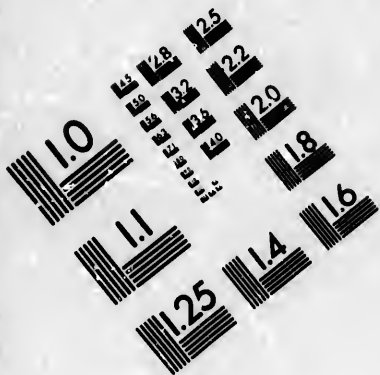
Through busiest street and loneliest glen
Are felt the flashes of his pen :
He rules mid winter snows, and when
 Bees fill their hives ;
Deep in the general heart of men
 His power survives.

45

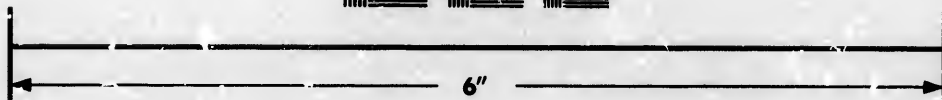
What need of fields in some far clime
Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime,
And all that fetched the flowing rhyme
 From genuine springs,
Shall dwell together till old Time
 Folds up his Wings ?

50





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10

- Sweet Mercy ! to the gates of Heaven 55
This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven ;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
 With vain endeavour,
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven
 Effaced for ever. 60
- But why to Him confine the prayer,
When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
On the frail heart the purest share
 With all that live ?--
The best of what we do and are, 65
 Just God, forgive !

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain, 5
And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands 10
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas 15
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago : 20
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang 25
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;—
I listened, motionless, and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill, 30
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
 O Duty! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove;
 Thou who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe;
 From vain temptations dost set free;
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them; who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth:
 Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
 Who do thy work, and know it not:
 Oh! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them
 cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed;
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried:
 No sport of every random gust,

Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust :
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred 30
 'The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control ; 35
 But in the quietness of thought :
 Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
 I feel the weight of chance-desires :
 My hopes no more must change their name,
 I long for a repose that ever is the same. 40

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face :
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds 45
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
 And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh
 and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
 I call thee : I myself commend 50
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
 Oh, let my weakness have an end !
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
 The confidence of reason give ; 55
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live !

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE IN A STORM,
PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky. so quiet was the air! 5
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was there;
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! It seemed no sleep;
No mood, which season takes away, or brings: 10
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

Ah! THEN,—if mine had been the Painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land, 15
The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile,
Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss. 20

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine
 Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—
 Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
 The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease, 25
 Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
 No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
 Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
 Such Picture would I at that time have made : 30
 And seen the soul of truth in every part,
 A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more;
 I have submitted to a new control:
 A power is gone, which nothing can restore; 35
 A deep distress hath humanised my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
 A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
 This, which I know, I speak with mind serene. 40

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the
 Friend,
 If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,
 This work of thine I blame not, but commend;
 This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate Work—yet wise and well, 45
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
 That Hulk which labours in the deadly swell,
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves, 50
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!
Such happiness, wherever it be known, 55
Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne !
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here. —
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn. 60

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be?
 —It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought : 5
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light
 That makes the path before him always bright :
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there, 10
 But makes his moral being his prime care ;
 Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train !
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;
 In face of these doth exercise a power 15
 Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives :
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate
 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate ; 20
 Is placable—because occasions rise
 So often that demand such sacrifice ;
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
 As tempted more ; more able to endure,
 As more exposed to suffering and distress ; 25
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
 —'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends

Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
 To evil for a guard against worse ill, 30
 And what in quality or act is best
 Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
 He labours good on good to fix, and owes
 To virtue every triumph that he knows :
 — Who, if he rise to station of command, 35
 Rises by open means ; and there will stand
 On honourable terms, or else retire,
 And in himself possess his own desire ;
 Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ; 40
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
 For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state ;
 Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all :
 Whose powers shed round him in the common strife, 45
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
 But who, if he be called upon to face
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind, 50
 Is happy as a Lover ; and attired
 With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired ;
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
 Or if an unexpected call succeed, 55
 Come when it will, is equal to the need :
 — He who, though thus endued as with a sense
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,
 Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ; 60

Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
 Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
 It is his darling passion to approve ;
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love :—
 'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high, 65
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity, —
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one 70
 Where what he most doth value must be won :
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 Looks forward, persevering to the last, 75
 From well to better, daily self-surpast :
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must fall to sleep without his fame,
 And leave a dead unprofitable name— 80
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :
 This is the happy Warrior ; this is He
 That every Man in arms should wish to be. 85

PERSONAL TALK.

I.

I AM not One who much or oft delight
 To season my fireside with personal talk,—
 Of friends, who live within an easy walk,
 Or neighbours, daily, weekly in my sight:
 And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies bright, 5
 Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk,
 These all wear out of me, like Forms with chalk
 Painted on rich men's floors for one feast night.
 Better than such discourse doth silence long,
 Long, barren silence, square with my desire; 10
 To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
 In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
 And listen to the flapping of the flame,
 Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

III.

WINGS have we,—and as far as we can go
 We may find pleasure: wilderness and wood,
 Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
 Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
 Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know, 5
 Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
 Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
 Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
 There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,

Matter wherein right voluble I am, 10
 To which I listen with a ready ear ;
 Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear :—
 The gentle lady married to the Moor ;
 And heavenly Una, with her milk-white Lamb.

IV.

NOR can I not believe but that hereby
 Great gains are mine ; for thus I live remote
 From evil-speaking ; rancour, never sought,
 Comes to me not ; malignant truth, or lie.
 Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I 5
 Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought :
 And thus from day to day my little boat
 Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.
 Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares— 10
 The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !
 Oh ! might my name be numbered among theirs,
 Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

O NIGHTINGALE! THOU SURELY ART.

O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art
A creature of a 'fiery heart':—
These notes of thine—they pierce and pierce;
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!
Thou sing'st as if the God of wine 5
Had helped thee to a Valentine;
A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dews, and silent night;
And steady bliss, and all the loves
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves. 10

I heard a Stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale, this very day;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come-at by the breeze:
He did not cease; but cooed—and cooed, 15
And somewhat pensively he wooed:
He sang of love, with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith, and inward glee:
That was the song—the song for me! 20

TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON, AND OTHER
POEMS IN THIS COLLECTION, 1820.

THE Minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage eaves ;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen, 5
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings :
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
Nor check, the music of the strings ; 10
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand !

And who but listened ?—till was paid
Respect to every Inmate's claim ;
The greeting given, the music played, 15
In honour of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "Merry Christmas" wished to all !

O Brother ! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills ; 20
And it is given thee to rejoice :
Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that Thou, with me and mine, 25
Hadst heard this never-failing rite;
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light
Which Nature and these rustic Powers,
In simple childhood, spread through ours! 30

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds;
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door 35
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark, 40
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise 45
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid.

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright 50
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared
The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence, 55
 Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
 Remnants of love whose modest sense
 Thus into narrow room withdraws;
 Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
 And ye, that guard them, Mountains old! 60

Bear with me, Brother! quench the thought
 That slights this passion, or condemns;
 If thee fond Fancy ever brought
 From the proud margin of the Thames,
 And Lambeth's venerable towers, 65
 To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,
 Short leisure even in busiest days;
 Moments, to cast a look behind,
 And profit by those kindly rays 70
 That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
 And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial City's din
 Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
 A pleased attention I may win 75
 To agitations less severe,
 That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
 But fill the hollow vale with joy!

AFTER-THOUGHT.

I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away.—Vain sympathies !
For, backward, Duddon ! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide ;
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide ; 5
The Form remains, the Function never dies ;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish ;—be it so !
Enough, if something from our hands have power 10
To live, and act, and serve the future hour ;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent
dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.

SCORN NOT THE SONNET; CRITIC, YOU HAVE
FROWNED.

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
 Mindless of its just honours; with this key
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound:
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
 With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief;
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
 His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
 To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

A Rock there is whose homely front
The passing traveller slights ;
Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,
Like stars. at various heights :
And one coy Primrose to that Rock 5
The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,
What kingdoms overthrown,
Since first I spied that Primrose-tuft
And marked it for my own ; 10
A lasting link in Nature's chain
From highest heaven let down !

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,
Their fellowship renew :
The stems are faithful to the root, 15
That worketh out of view ;
And to the rock the root adheres
In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,
Though threatening still to fall ; 20
The earth is constant to her sphere ;
And God upholds them all :
So blooms this lonely Plant, nor dreads
Her annual funeral.

* * * * *

Here closed the meditative strain ; 25
 But air breathed soft that day,
 The hoary mountain-heights were cheered,
 The sunny vale looked gay,
 And to the Primrose of the Rock
 I gave this after-lay. 30

I sang—Let myriads of bright flowers,
 Like Thee, in field and grove
 Revive unenvied ;—mightier far
 Than tremblings that reprove
 Our vernal tendencies to hope, 35
 Is God's redeeming love ;

That love which changed—for wan disease,
 For sorrow that had bent
 O'er hopeless dust, for withered age—
 Their moral element, 40
 And turned the thistles of a curse
 To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,
 The reasoning Sons of Men,
 From one oblivious winter called 45
 Shall rise, and breathe again ;
 And in eternal summer lose
 Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends
 This prescience from on high, 50
 The faith that elevates the just,
 Before and when they die ;
 And makes each soul a separate heaven,
 A court for Deity.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT
FROM ABBOTSFORD, FOR NAPLES.

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height :
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight ; 5
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners ! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes ;
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue 10
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope !

A POET! HE HATH PUT HIS HEART TO SCHOOL.

A POET!—He hath put his heart to school,
 Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff
 Which Art hath lodged within his hand—must laugh
 By precept only, and shed tears by rule.
 Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff,
 And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool, 5
 In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool
 Have killed him, Scorn should write his epitaph.
 How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
 Because the lovely little flower is free 10
 Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;
 And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
 Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
 But from its *own* divine vitality.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

TO

THE MOST NOBLE

JOHN JAMES

MARQUIS OF ABERCORN

&c. &c. &c.

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

ARGUMENT.

The Scene of the following Poem is laid chiefly in the vicinity of Loch Katrine, in the Western Highlands of Perthshire. The time of Action includes Six Days, and the transactions of each Day occupy a Canto.

THE LAWYER AND THE LITIGANT

The lawyer's duty is to represent his client to the best of his ability, and to see that the client's interests are protected. This duty is not limited to the courtroom, but extends to all phases of the litigation process.

The lawyer must also be honest and ethical in his dealings with the courts and the public. He must not engage in any conduct that would bring the profession into disrepute.

The lawyer's role is to provide legal advice and representation to his client, and to ensure that the client's rights are protected. This role is essential to the functioning of the legal system.

SCOTT.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

INTRODUCTION TO THE EDITION OF 1830.*

After the success of "Marmion," I felt inclined to exclaim with Ulysses in the *Odyssey* :—

Οὗτος μὲν δὴ ἄεθλος ἀάατος ἐκτετέλεσται·
Νῦν αὖτε σκοπὸν ἄλλον,

Odys. χ. l. 5.

5

"One venturous game my hand has won to-day—
Another, gallants, yet remains to play."

The ancient manners, the habits and customs of the aboriginal race by whom the Highlands of Scotland were inhabited, had always appeared to me peculiarly adapted to poetry. The change in their manners, too, had taken place almost within my own time, or at least I had learned many particulars concerning the ancient state of the Highlands from the old men of the last generation. I had always thought the old Scottish Gael highly adapted for poetical composition. The feuds, and political dissensions, which, half a century earlier, would have rendered the richer and

* The original edition of 1810 had no introduction.

wealthier part of the kingdom indisposed to countenance a poem, the scene of which was laid in the Highlands, were now sunk in the generous compassion which the English, 20 more than any other nation, feel for the misfortunes of an honourable foe. The Poems of Ossian had, by their popularity, sufficiently shown, that if writings on Highland subjects were qualified to interest the reader, mere national prejudices were, in the present day, very unlikely to inter- 25 fere with their success.

I had also read a great deal, seen much, and heard more, of that romantic country, where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the recollection of many a dear 30 friend and merry expedition of former days. This poem, the action of which lay among scenes so beautiful and so deeply imprinted on my recollections, was a labour of love, and it was no less so to recall the manners and incidents introduced. The frequent custom of James IV., and particularly of James 35 V., to walk through their kingdom in disguise, afforded me the hint of an incident, which never fails to be interesting if managed with the slightest address or dexterity.

I may now confess, however, that the employment, though attended with great pleasure, was not without its doubts 40 and anxieties. A lady, to whom I was nearly related, and with whom I lived, during her whole life, on the most brotherly terms of affection, was residing with me at the time when the work was in progress, and used to ask me, what I could possibly do to rise so early in the morning 45 (that happening to be the most convenient to me for composition). At last I told her the subject of my meditations; and I can never forget the anxiety and affection expressed in her reply. "Do not be so rash," she said, "my dearest cousin. You are already popular—more so, perhaps, than 50 you yourself will believe, or than even I, or other partial friends, can fairly allow to your merit. You stand high—do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk

of a fall; for, depend upon it, a favourite will not be permitted even to stumble with impunity." I replied to this affectionate expostulation in the words of Montrose—

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."

60

"If I fail," I said, for the dialogue is strong in my recollection, "it is a sign that I ought never to have succeeded, and I will write prose for life: you shall see no change in my temper, nor will I eat a single meal the worse. But if I succeed,

65

Up with the bonnie blue bonnet,
The dirk, and the feather, and a'!

Afterwards I showed my affectionate and anxious critic the first canto of the poem, which reconciled her to my imprudence. Nevertheless, although I answered thus confidently, with the obstinacy often said to be proper to those who bear my surname, I acknowledge that my confidence was considerably shaken by the warning of her excellent taste and unbiassed friendship. Nor was I much comforted by her retraction of the unfavourable judgment, when I recollected how likely a natural partiality was to effect that change of opinion. In such cases, affection rises like a light on the canvas, improves any favourable tints which it formerly exhibited, and throws its defects into the shade.

I remember that about the same time a friend started in 80 to "heeze up my hope," like the "sportsman with his cutty gun," in the old song. He was bred a farmer, but a man of powerful understanding, natural good taste, and a warm poetical feeling, perfectly competent to supply the wants of imperfect or irregular education. He was a passionate 85 admirer of field sports, which we often pursued together.

As this friend happened to dine with me at Ashestiel one day, I took the opportunity of reading to him the first canto of "The Lady of the Lake," in order to ascertain the

effect the poem was likely to produce upon a person who was 90
 but too favourable a representative of readers at large. It is
 of course to be supposed that I determined rather to guide
 my opinion by what my friend might appear to feel, than
 by what he might think fit to say. His reception of my
 recitation, or prelection, was rather singular. He placed 95
 his hand across his brow, and listened with great attention
 through the whole account of the stag-hunt, till the dogs
 threw themselves into the lake to follow their master, who
 embarks with Ellen Douglas. He then started up with a
 sudden exclamation, struck his hand on the table, and de- 100
 clared, in a voice of censure calculated for the occasion, that
 the dogs must have been totally ruined by being permitted
 to take the water after such a severe chase. I own I was
 much encouraged by the species of r. verie which had pos-
 sessed so zealous a follower of the sports of the ancient Nim- 105
 rod, who had been completely surprised out of all doubts of
 the reality of the tale. Another of his remarks gave me less
 pleasure. He detected the identity of the King with the
 wandering knight, Fitz-James, when he winds his bugle to
 summon his attendants. He was probably thinking of the 110
 lively, but somewhat licentious, old ballad, in which the
 denouement of a royal intrigue takes place as follows:—

“He took a bugle frae his side,
 He blew both loud and shrill,
 And four and twenty belted knights 115
 Came skipping ower the hill,
 Then he took out a little knife,
 Let a’ his duddies fa’,
 And he was the bravest gentleman
 That was amang them a’ 120
 And we’ll go no more a-roving.” etc.

This discovery, as Mr. Pepys says of the rent in his camel-
 let cloak, was but a trifle, yet it troubled me; and I was
 at a good deal of pains to efface any marks by which I
 thought my secret could be traced before the conclusion, 125
 when I relied on it with the same hope of producing effect,

with which the Irish post-boy is said to reserve a "trot for the avenue."

I took uncommon pains to verify the accuracy of the local circumstances of this story. I recollect, in particular, that¹³⁰ to ascertain whether I was telling a probable tale, I went into Perthshire, to see whether King James could actually have ridden from the banks of Loch Vennachar to Stirling Castle within the time supposed in the poem, and had the pleasure to satisfy myself that it was quite practicable. ¹³⁵

After a considerable delay, "The Lady of the Lake" appeared in June, 1810; and its success was certainly so extraordinary as to induce me for the moment to conclude that I had at last fixed a nail in the proverbially inconstant wheel of Fortune, whose stability in behalf of an individual who had¹⁴⁰ so boldly courted her favours for three successive times had not as yet been shaken. I had attained, perhaps, that degree of public reputation at which prudence, or certainly timidity, would have made a halt, and discontinued efforts by which I was far more likely to diminish my fame than to increase¹⁴⁵ it. But, as the celebrated John Wilkes is said to have explained to his late Majesty, that he himself, amid his full tide of popularity, was never a Wilkite, so I can, with honest truth, exculpate myself from having been at any time a partisan of my own poetry, even when it was in the highest¹⁵⁰ fashion with the million. It must not be supposed that I was either so ungrateful, or so superabundantly candid, as to despise or scorn the value of those whose voice had elevated me so much higher than my own opinion told me I deserved. I felt, on the contrary, the more grateful to the¹⁵⁵ public, as receiving that from partiality to me, which I could not have claimed from merit; and I endeavoured to deserve the partiality, by continuing such exertions as I was capable of for their amusement.

It may be that I did not, in this continued course of scrib-¹⁶⁰bling, consult either the interest of the public or my own. But the former had effectual means of defending themselves,

and could, by their coldness, sufficiently check any approach to intrusion; and for myself, I had now for several years dedicated my hours so much to literary labour that I should¹⁶⁵ have felt difficulty in employing myself otherwise; and so, like Dogberry, I generously bestowed all my tediousness on the public, comforting myself with the reflection, that if posterity should think me undeserving of the favour with which I was regarded by my contemporaries, "they could¹⁷⁰ not but say I *had* the crown," and had enjoyed for a time that popularity which is so much coveted.

I conceived, however, that I held the distinguished situation I had obtained, however unworthily, rather like the champion of pugilism, on the condition of being always ready¹⁷⁵ to show proofs of my skill, than in the manner of the champion of chivalry, who performs his duties only on rare and solemn occasions. I was in any case conscious that I could not long hold a situation which the caprice, rather than the judgment, of the public, had bestowed upon me, and pre-¹⁸⁰ferred being deprived of my precedence by some more worthy rival, to sinking into contempt for my indolence, and losing my reputation by what Scottish lawyers call the *negative prescription*. Accordingly, those who choose to look at the Introduction to Rokeby, will be able to trace the steps by¹⁸⁵ which I declined as a poet to figure as a novelist; as the ballad says, Queen Eleanor sunk at Charing-Cross to rise again at Queenhithe.

It only remains for me to say, that, during my short pre-eminence of popularity, I faithfully observed the rules of¹⁹⁰ moderation which I had resolved to follow before I began my course as a man of letters. If a man is determined to make a noise in the world, he is as sure to encounter abuse and ridicule, as he who gallops furiously through a village must reckon on being followed by the curs in full cry. Experienced¹⁹⁵ persons know, that in stretching to flog the latter, the rider is very apt to catch a bad fall; nor is an attempt to chastise a malignant critic attended with less danger to the author.

On this principle, I let parody, burlesque, and squibs find their own level; and while the latter hissed most fiercely, I was cautious never to catch them up, as schoolboys do, to throw them back against the naughty boy who fired them off, wisely remembering that they are, in such cases, apt to explode in the handling. Let me add, that my reign (since Byron has so called it) was marked by some instances of good-nature as well as patience. I never refused a literary person of merit such services in smoothing his way to the public as were in my power: and I had the advantage, rather an uncommon one with our irritable race, to enjoy general favour without incurring permanent ill-will, so far as is known to me, among any of my contemporaries.

W. S.

ABBOTSFORD, *April*, 1830.



BEN LEDI AND THE BRIDGE OF CALLANDER.



THE BRIGG OF TURK.

SCOTT.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FIRST.

The Chase.

HARP of the North ! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string, —
O minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep ?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep ?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon, 10
 Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
 When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
 Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
 At each according pause was heard aloud,
 Thine ardent symphony sublime and high ! 15
 Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bowed ;
 For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
 Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's match-
 less eye.

O wake once more ! how rude soe'er the hand
 That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray ; 20
 O wake once more, though scarce my skill command
 Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay :
 Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
 And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
 Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway, 25
 The wizard note has not been touched in vain.
 Then silent be no more ! Enchantress, wake again !

I.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
 Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
 And deep his midnight lair had made 30
 In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ;
 But, when the sun his beacon red
 Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
 The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
 Resounded up the rocky way, 35
 And faint, from farther distance borne,
 Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

II.

As Chief, who hears his warder call,
 "To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"
 The antlered monarch of the waste 40
 Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
 But, ere his fleet career he took,
 The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
 Like crested leader proud and high
 Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky; 45
 A moment gazed adown the dale,
 A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
 A moment listened to the cry,
 That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
 Then, as the headmost foes appeared, 50
 With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
 And, stretching forward free and far,
 Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

III.

Yelled on the view the opening pack;
 Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back; 55
 To many a mingled sound at once
 The awakened mountain gave response.
 A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
 Clattered a hundred steeds along,
 Their peal the merry horns rung out, 60
 A hundred voices joined the shout;
 With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
 No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
 Far from the tumult fled the roe,
 Close in her covert cowered the doe, 65
 The falcon, from her cairn on high,
 Cast on the rout a wondering eye,

Till far beyond her piercing ken
 The hurricane had swept the glen.
 Faint, and more faint, its failing din 70
 Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
 And silence settled, wide and still,
 On the lone wood and mighty hill.

IV.

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
 Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var, 75
 And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,
 A giant made his den of old ;
 For ere that steep ascent was won,
 High in his pathway hung the sun,
 And many a gallant, stayed perforce, 80
 Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
 And of the trackers of the deer
 Scarce half the lessening pack was near ;
 So shrewdly on the mountain side
 Had the bold burst their mettle tried. 85

V.

The noble stag was pausing now
 Upon the mountain's southern brow,
 Where broad extended, far beneath,
 The varied realms of fair Menteith.
 With anxious eye he wandered o'er 90
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
 And pondered refuge from his toil,
 By far Lochard or Aberfoyle:
 But nearer was the copsewood grey
 That waved and wept on Loch Achray, 95
 And mingled with the pine-trees blue

On the bold cliffs of Benvenue,
 Fresh vigour with the hope returned,
 With flying foot the heath he spurned,
 Held westward with unwearied race, 100
 And left behind the panting chase.

VI.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
 As swept the hunt through Cambus-more ;
 What reins were tightened in despair,
 When rose Benledi's ridge in air ; 105
 Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
 Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith,—
 For twice that day, from shore to shore,
 The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
 Few were the stragglers, following far, 110
 That reached the lake of Vennachar ;
 And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
 The headmost horseman rode alone.

VII.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
 That horseman plied the scourge and steel ; 115
 For jaded now, and spent with toil,
 Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
 While every gasp with sobs he drew,
 The labouring stag strained full in view.
 Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed, 120
 Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,
 Fast on his flying traces came,
 And all but won that desperate game ;
 For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
 Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds staunch ; 125

Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
 Nor farther might the quarry strain.
 Thus up the margin of the lake,
 Between the precipice and brake,
 O'er stock and rock their race they take. 130

VIII.

The Hunter marked that mountain high,
 The lone lake's western boundary,
 And deemed the stag must turn to bay,
 Where that huge rampart barred the way ;
 Already glorying in the prize, 135
 Measured his antlers with his eyes ;
 For the death-wound and death-halloo
 Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew ;—
 But thundering as he came prepared,
 With ready arm and weapon bared, 140
 The wily quarry shunned the shock,
 And turned him from the opposing rock ;
 Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
 Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
 In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook 145
 His solitary refuge took.
 There, while close couched, the thicket shed
 Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head,
 He heard the baffled dogs in vain
 Rave through the hollow pass amain, 150
 Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

IX.

Close on the hounds the Hunter came,
 To cheer them on the vanished game ;

But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell. 155
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more;
Then, touched with pity and remorse, 160
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.
"I little thought, when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed ! 165
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant grey !"

X.

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace, 170
The sulky leaders of the chase ;
Close to their master's side they pressed,
With drooping tail and humbled crest ;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle-note. 175
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seemed an answering blast ;
And on the Hunter hied his way, 180
To join some comrades of the day,
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it showed.

XI.

The western waves of ebbing day
 Rolled o'er the glen their level way ; 185
 Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
 Was bathed in floods of living fire.
 But not a setting beam could glow
 Within the dark ravines below,
 Where twined the path, in shadow hid, 190
 Round many a rocky pyramid,
 Shooting abruptly from the dell
 Its thunder-splintered pinnacle ;
 Round many an insulated mass,
 The native bulwarks of the pass, 195
 Huge as the tower which builders vain
 Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
 The rocky summits, split and rent,
 Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
 Or seemed fantastically set 200
 With cupola or minaret,
 Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
 Or mosque of Eastern architect.
 Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
 Nor lacked they many a banner fair ; 205
 For, from their shivered brows displayed,
 Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
 All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,
 The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
 And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes 210
 Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

XII.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.

Here eglantine embalmed the air;
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there; 215
 The primrose pale and violet flower
 Found in each clift a narrow bower;
 Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
 Emblems of punishment and pride,
 Grouped their dark hues with every stain 230
 The weather-beaten crags retain.
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,
 Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;
 Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock; 225
 And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
 His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
 Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
 His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced, 230
 Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
 The wanderer's eye could barely view
 The summer heaven's delicious blue;
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
 The scenery of a fairy dream. 235

XIII.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
 A narrow inlet, still and deep,
 Affording scarce such breadth of brim,
 As served the wild duck's brood to swim.
 Lost for a space, through thickets veering, 240
 But broader when again appearing,
 Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
 Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;
 And farther as the Hunter strayed,

Still broader sweep its channels made. 245
 The shaggy mounds no longer stood
 Emerging from entangled wood,
 But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
 Like castle girdled with its moat ;
 Yet broader floods extending still 250
 Divide them from their parent hill,
 Till each, retiring, claims to be
 An islet in an inland sea.

XIV.

And now, to issue from the glen,
 No pathway meets the wanderer's ken 255
 Unless he climb, with footing nice,
 A far projecting precipice.
 The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
 The hazel saplings lent their aid ;
 And thus an airy point he won, 260
 Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
 One burnished sheet of living gold,
 Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
 In all her length far winding lay,
 With promontory, creek, and bay, 265
 And islands that, empurpled bright,
 Floated amid the livelier light,
 And mountains, that like giants stand,
 To sentinel enchanted land.
 High on the south, huge Benvenue 270
 Down on the lake in masses threw
 Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
 The fragments of an earlier world ;
 A wildering forest feathered o'er
 His ruined sides and summit hoar, 275

While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

XV.

From the steep promontory gazed
The Stranger, raptured and amazed.
And, "What a scene were here," he cried, 280
"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 grey. 285
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 290
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, 295
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. 300

XVI.

"Blithe were it then to wander here!
But now,—beshrew yon nimble deer,—
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
The copse must give my evening fare;
Some mossy bank my couch must be, 305

Some rustling oak my canopy.
 Yet pass we that ; the war and chase
 Give little choice of resting-place ;—
 A summer night, in greenwood spent,
 Were but to-morrow's merriment : 310
 But hosts may in these wilds abound,
 Such as are better missed than found ;
 To meet with Highland plunderers here
 Were worse than loss of steed or deer.—
 I am alone ;—my bugle-strain 315
 May call some straggler of the train ;
 Or, fall the worst that may betide,
 Ere now this falchion has been tried."

XVII.



SILVER STRAND AND EAST SHORE OF LOCH KATRINE.

But scarce again his horn he wound,
 When lo ! forth starting at the sound, 320
 From underneath an aged oak,
 That slanted from the islet rock,
 A Damsel guider of its way,
 A little skiff shot to the bay,

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

81

That round the promontory steep 325
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow. 330
The boat had touched this silver strand,
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood concealed amid the brake
To view the Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again 335
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head up-raised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art, 340
In listening mood, she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

XVIII.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face! 345
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to shew 350
Short glimpses of a breast of snow :
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew ; 355

E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
 Elastic from her airy tread :
 What though upon her speech there hung
 The accents of the mountain tongue, —
 Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear, 360
 The list'ner held his breath to hear !

XIX.

A Chieftain's daughter seemed the maid ;
 Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
 Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
 And seldom was a snood amid 365
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
 Whose glossy black to shame might bring
 The plumage of the raven's wing ;
 And seldom o'er a breast so fair
 Mantled a plaid with modest care, 370
 And never brooch the folds combined
 Above a heart more good and kind,
 Her kindness and her worth to spy,
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye ;
 Not Kassandra, in her mirror blue, 375
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true
 Than every free-born glance confessed
 The guileless movements of her breast ;
 Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
 Or woe or pity claimed a sigh, 380
 Or filial love was glowing there,
 Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
 Or tale of injury called forth
 The indignant spirit of the North.
 One only passion unrevealed, 385
 With maiden pride the maid concealed,

Yet not less purely felt the flame ;—
O need I tell that passion's name !

XX.

Impatient of the silent horn,
Now on the gale her voice was borne :— 390
"Father !" she cried ; the rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
A while she paused, no answer came,—
"Malcolm, was thine the blast ?" the name,
Less resolutely uttered, fell. 395
The echoes could not catch the swell.
"A stranger I," the Huntsman said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar,
Pushed her light shallop from the shore, 400
And when a space was gained between,
Closer she drew her bosom's screen ;
(So forth the startled swan would swing,
So turn to prune his ruffled wing.)
Then safe, though fluttered and amazed, 405
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
Not his the form, nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens went to fly.

XXI.

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage, 410
Yet had not quenched the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth ;
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare,
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire, 415
Of hasty love or headlong ire.

His limbs were cast in manly mould,
 For hardy sports or contests bold ;
 And though in peaceful garb arrayed,
 And weaponless, except his blade, 420
 His stately mien as well implied
 A high-born heart, a martial pride,
 As if a Baron's crest he wore,
 And sheathed in armour trod the shore.
 Slighting the petty need he showed, 425
 He told of his benighted road ;
 His ready speech flowed fair and free,
 In phrase of gentlest courtesy ;
 Yet seemed that tone, and gesture bland,
 Less used to sue than to command. 430

XXII.

A while the maid the Stranger eyed,
 And, reassured, at length replied,
 That Highland halls were open still
 To wildered wanderers of the hill.
 "Nor think you unexpected come 435
 To yon lone isle, our desert home ;
 Before the heath had lost the dew,
 This morn, a couch was pulled for you ;
 On yonder mountain's purple head
 Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled, 440
 And our broad nets have swept the mere
 To furnish forth your evening cheer."—
 "Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,
 Your courtesy has erred," he said ;
 "No right have I to claim, misplaced, 445
 The welcome of expected guest.
 A wanderer, here by fortune tost,

My way, my friends, my courser lost,
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,
Till on this lake's romantic strand,
I found a fay in fairy land!"—

450

XXIII.

"I well believe," the maid replied,
As her light skiff approached the side,—
"I well believe, that ne'er before
Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore;
But yet, as far as yesternight,
Old Allan-bane foretold your plight,—
A grey-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent.
He saw your steed, a dappled grey,
Lie dead beneath the birchen way;
Painted exact your form and mien,
Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,
That tasseled horn so gaily 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 echo o'er the lake was borne."—

455

460

465

470

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,

475

I'll lightly front each high emprise
 For one kind glance of those bright eyes.
 Permit me, first, the task to guide 480
 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 : 485
 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.
 Nor frequent does the bright oar break 490
 The darkening mirror of the lake,
 Until the rocky isle they reach,
 And moor their shallop on the beach.

XXV.

The Stranger viewed the shore around ;
 'Twas all so close with copsewood bound, 495
 Nor track nor pathway might declare
 That human foot frequented there,
 Until the mountain-maiden shewed
 A clambering unsuspected road,
 That winded through the tangled screen, 500
 And opened on a narrow green,
 Where weeping birch and willow round
 With their long fibres swept the ground.
 Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
 Some chief had framed a rustic bower. 505

XXVI.

It was a lodge of ample size,
 But strange of structure and device ;

Of such materials as around
 The workman's hand had readiest found.
 Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared, 510
 And by the hatchet rudely squared,
 To give the walls their destined height,
 The sturdy oak and ash unite,
 While moss and clay and leaves combined
 To fence each crevice from the wind. 515
 The lighter pine-trees, overhead,
 Their slender length for rafters spread,
 And withered heath and rushes dry
 Supplied a russet canopy.
 Due westward, fronting to the green, 520
 A rural portico was seen,
 Aloft on native pillars borne,
 Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
 Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
 The ivy and Idæan vine, 525
 The clematis, the favoured flower
 Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
 And every hardy plant could bear
 Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
 An instant in this porch she stayed, 530
 And gaily to the Stranger said,
 "On heaven and on thy lady call,
 And enter the enchanted hall!"—

XXVII.

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
 My gentle guide, in following thee!"— 535
 He crossed the threshold—and a clang
 Of angry steel that instant rang.
 To his bold brow his spirit rushed,

But soon for vain alarm he blushed,
 When on the floor he saw displayed, 540
 Cause of the din, a naked blade
 Dropped from the sheath, that careless flung
 Upon a stag's huge antlers swung ;
 For all around, the walls to grace,
 Hung trophies of the fight or chase : 545
 A target there, a bugle here,
 A battle-axe, a hunting spear,
 And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
 With the tusked trophies of the boar.
 Here grins the wolf as when he died, 550
 And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
 The frontlet of the elk adorns,
 Or mantles o'er the bison's horns ;
 Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
 The blackening streaks of blood retained, 555
 The deer-skins, dappled, dun and white,
 With otter's fur and seal's unite,
 In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
 To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

XXVIII.

The wondering Stranger round him gazed, 560
 And next the fallen weapon raised :—
 Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
 Sufficed to stretch it forth at length.
 And as the brand he poised and swayed,
 "I never knew but one," he said, 565
 "Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield
 A blade like this in battle-field."
 She sighed, then smiled and took the sword ;

" You see the guardian champion's sword :
 As light it trembles in his hand 570
 As in my grasp a hazel wand ;
 My sire's tall form might grace the part
 Of Ferragus, or Ascabart ;
 But in the absent giant's hold
 Are women now, and menials old." 575

XXIX.

The mistress of the mansion came,
 Mature of age, a graceful dame ;
 Whose easy step and stately port
 Had well become a princely court ;
 To whom, though more than kindred knew, 580
 Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
 Meet welcome to her guest she made,
 And every courteous rite was paid
 That hospitality could claim,
 Though all unasked his birth and name. 585
 Such then the reverence to the guest
 That fellest foe might join the feast,
 And from his deadliest foeman's door
 Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er.
 At length his rank the Stranger names, 590
 " The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James ;
 Lord of a barren heritage,
 Which his brave sires, from age to age,
 By their good swords had held with toil ;
 His sire had fallen in such turmoil. 595
 And he, God wot, was forced to stand
 Oft for his right with blade in hand.
 This morning with Lord Moray's train
 He chased a stalwart stag in vain,

Outstripped his comrades, missed the deer, 600
 Lost his good steed, and wandered here."

XXX.

Fain would the Knight in turn require
 The name and state of Ellen's sire.
 Well shewed the elder lady's mien,
 That courts and cities she had seen ; 605
 Ellen, though more her looks displayed
 The simple grace of sylvan maid,
 In speech and gesture, form and face,
 Shewed she was come of gentle race.
 'Twere strange in ruder rank to find 610
 Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
 Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,
 Dame Margaret heard with silence grave ;
 Or Ellen, innocently gay,
 Turned all enquiry light away :— 615
 "Weird women we ! by dale and down
 We dwell, afar from tower and town.
 We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
 On wandering knights our spells we cast ;
 While viewless minstrels touch the string, 620
 'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing."
 She sung, and still a harp unseen
 Filled up the symphony between.

XXXI.

Song.

"Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking : 625
 Dream of battled fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strowing,
 Fairy strains of music fall, 630
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more:
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking. 635

“ No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping. 640
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
 At the daybreak from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here. 645
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.”

XXVII.

She paused—then, blushing, led the lay
 To grace the stranger of the day.
 Her mellow notes awhile prolong 650
 The cadence of the flowing song,
 Till to her lips in measured frame
 The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

Song continued.

“ Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye, 655

Dream not, with the rising sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
 Sleep! the deer is in his den;
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen 660
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 Think not of the rising sun,
 For at dawning to assail ye
 Here no bugles sound reveillé." 665

XXXIII.

The hall was cleared—the Stranger's bed,
 Was there of mountain heather spread,
 Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
 And dreamed their forest sports again.
 But vainly did the heath-flower shed 670
 Its moorland fragrance round his head;
 Not Ellen's spell had lulled to rest
 The fever of his troubled breast.
 In broken dreams the image rose
 Of varied perils, pains, and woes; 675
 His steed now flounders in the brake,
 Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
 Now leader of a broken host,
 His standard falls, his honour's lost.
 Then,—from my couch may heavenly might 680
 Chase that worst phantom of the night!—
 Again returned the scenes of youth,
 Of confident, undoubting truth;
 Again his scul he interchanged
 With friends whose hearts were long estranged. 685
 They come, in dim procession led,

The cold, the faithless, and the dead ;
 As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
 As if they parted yesterday.
 And doubts distract him at the view, 690
 O were his senses false or true !
 Dreamed he of death, or broken vow,
 Or is it all a vision now !

XXXIV.

At length, with Ellen in a grove
 He seemed to walk, and speak of love ; 695
 She listened with a blush and sigh,
 His suit was warm, his hopes were high.
 He sought her yielded hand to clasp,
 And a cold gauntlet met his grasp :
 The phantom's sex was changed and gone, 700
 Upon its head a helmet shone ;
 Slowly enlarged to giant size,
 With darkened cheek and threatening eyes,
 The grisly visage, stern and hoar,
 To Ellen still a likeness bore.— 705
 He woke, and, panting with affright,
 Recalled the vision of the night.
 The hearth's decaying brands were red,
 And deep and dusky lustre shed,
 Half showing, half concealing, all 710
 The uncouth trophies of the hall.
 Mid those the Stranger fixed his eye
 Where that huge falchion hung on high,
 And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
 Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along, 715
 Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
 He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

XXXV.

The wild-rose, eglantine, and broom
 Wasted around their rich perfume ;
 The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm ; 720
 The aspens slept beneath the calm ;
 The silver light, with quivering glance,
 Played on the water's still expanse,—
 Wild were the heart whose passion's sway
 Could rage beneath the sober ray ! 725
 He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
 While thus he communed with his breast :—
 " Why is it, at each turn I trace
 Some memory of that exiled race ?
 Can I not mountain-maiden spy, 730
 But she must bear the Douglas eye ?
 Can I not view a Highland brand,
 But it must match the Douglas hand ?
 Can I not frame a fevered dream,
 But still the Douglas is the theme ?— 735
 I'll dream no more—by manly mind
 Not even in sleep is will resigned.
 My midnight orisons said o'er,
 I'll turn to rest, and dream no more."
 His midnight orisons he told, 740
 A prayer with every bead of gold,
 Consigned to heaven his cares and woes,
 And sunk in undisturbed repose ;
 Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
 And morning dawned on Benvenue. 745



ELLEN'S ISLE, LOCH KATRINE.

CANTO SECOND.

The Island.

I.

AT morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
 'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
All Nature's children feel the matin spring
 Of life reviving, with reviving day ;
And while yon little bark glides down the bay, 5
 Wafting the stranger on his way again,
Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel grey,
 And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,
Mixed with the sounding harp, O white-haired Allan-
 bane !

II.

Song.

“Not faster yonder rowers' might 10
 Flings from their oars the spray,
Not faster yonder rippling bright,
That tracks the shallop's course in light,
 Melts in the lake away,

Than men from memory erase 15
 The benefits of former days ;
 Then, Stranger, go ! good speed the while,
 Nor think again of the lonely isle.

“ High place to thee in royal court,
 High place in battle line, 20
 Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport,
 Where beauty sees the brave resort,
 The honoured meed be thine !
 True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
 Thy lady constant, kind, and dear, 25
 And lost in love's and friendship's smile
 Be memory of the lonely isle.

III.

Song continued.

“ But if beneath yon southern sky
 A plaided stranger roam,
 Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh, 30
 And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
 Pine for his Highland home ;
 Then, warrior, then be thine to show
 The care that soothes a wanderer's woe ;
 Remember then thy hap erewhile, 35
 A stranger in the lonely isle.

“ Or if on life's uncertain main
 Mishap shall mar thy sail ;
 If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
 Woe, want, and exile thou sustain 40
 Beneath the fickle gale ;

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

97

Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
On thankless courts, on friends estranged,
But come where kindred worth shall smile,
To greet thee in the lonely isle."

45

IV.

As died the sounds upon the tide,
The shallop reached the mainland side,
And ere his onward way he took,
The Stranger cast a lingering look,
Where easily his eye might reach
The Harper on the islet beach,
Reclined against a blighted tree,
As wasted, grey, and worn as he.
To minstrel meditation given,
His reverend brow was raised to heaven,
As from the rising sun to claim
A sparkle of inspiring flame.
His hand, reclined upon the wire,
Seemed watching the awakening fire;
So still he sat as those who wait
Till judgment speak the doom of fate;
So still, as if no breeze might dare
To lift one lock of hoary hair;
So still, as life itself were fled,
In the last sound his harp had sped.

50

55

60

65

V.

Upon a rock with lichens wild,
Beside him Ellen sate and smiled.—
Smiled she to see the stately drake
Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,
While her vexed spaniel, from the beach,

70

Bayed at the prize beyond his reach ?
 Yet teil me, then, the maid who knows,
 Why deepened on her cheek the rose ?—
 Forgive, forgive, Fidelity !
 Perchance the maiden smiled to see 75
 Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,
 And stop and turn to wave anew ;
 And, lovely ladies, ere your ire
 Condemn the heroine of my lyre,
 Show me the fair would scorn to spy, 80
 And prize such conquest of her eye !

VI.

While yet he loitered on the spot,
 It seemed as Ellen marked him not ;
 But when he turned him to the glade,
 One courteous parting sign she made ; 85
 And after, oft the knight would say,
 That not when prize of festal day
 Was dealt him by the brightest fair
 Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,
 So highly did his bosom swell 90
 As at that simple mute farewell.
 Now with a trusty mountain-guide,
 And his dark stag-hounds by his side,
 He parts—the maid, unconscious still,
 Watched him wind slowly round the hill ; 95
 But when his stately form was hid,
 The guardian in her bosom chid—
 “Thy Malcolm ! vain and selfish maid !”
 ’Twas thus upbraiding conscience said, —
 “Not so had Malcolm idly hung 100
 On the smooth phrase of Southern tongue ;

Not so had Malcolm strained his eye
 Another step than thine to spy."—
 "Wake, Allan-bane," aloud she cried
 To the old minstrel by her side, — 105
 "Arouse thee from thy moody dream!
 I'll give thy harp heroic theme,
 And warm thee with a noble name;
 Pour forth the glory of the Græme!"
 Scarce from her lips the word had rushed, 110
 When deep the conscious maiden blushed;
 For of his clan, in hall and bower,
 Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower.

VII.

The Minstrel waked his harp—three times
 Arose the well-known martial chimes, 115
 And thrice their high heroic pride
 In melancholy murmurs died.
 "Vainly thou bid'st, O noble maid,"
 Clapping his withered hands, he said,
 "Vainly thou bid'st me wake the strain, 120
 Though all ungent to bid in vain.
 Alas! than mine a mightier hand
 Has tuned my harp, my strings has spanned!
 I touch the chords of joy, but low
 And mournful answer notes of woe; 125
 And the proud march, which victors tread,
 Sinks in the wailing for the dead.
 O well for me, if mine alone
 That dirge's deep prophetic tone!
 If, as my tuneful fathers said, 130
 This harp, which erst Saint Modan swayed,

Can thus its master's fate foretell,
Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

VIII.

“But ah! dear lady, thus it sighed,
The eve thy sainted mother died; 135
And such the sounds which, while I strove
To wake a lay of war or love,
Came marring all the festal mirth,
Appalling me who gave them birth,
And, disobedient to my call, 140
Wailed loud through Bothwell's bannered hall,
Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,
Were exiled from their native heaven.—
O! if yet worse mishap and woe
My master's house must undergo, 145
Or aught but weal to Ellen fair
Brood in these accents of despair,
No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling
Triumph or rapture from thy string;
One short, one final strain shall flow, 150
Fraught with unutterable woe,
Then shiver'd shall thy fragments lie,
Thy master cast him down and die!”

IX.

Soothing she answered him: “Assuage,
Mine honoured friend, the fears of age; 155
All melodies to thee are known,
That harp has rung or pipe has blown,
In Lowland vale or Highland glen,
From Tweed to Spey—what marvel, then,
At times, unbidden notes should rise, 160

Confusedly bound in memory's ties,
 Entangling, as they rush a'long,
 The war-march with the funeral song?—
 Small ground is now for boding fear;
 Obscure, but safe, we rest us here. 165
 My sire, in native virtue great,
 Resigning lordship, lands, and state,
 Not then to fortune more resigned
 Than yonder oak might give the wind;
 The graceful foliage storms may reave, 170
 The noble stem they cannot grieve.
 For me"—she stooped, and, looking round,
 Plucked a blue harebell from the ground,—
 "For me, whose memory scarce conveys
 An image of more splendid days, 175
 This little flower, that loves the lea,
 May well my simple emblem be;
 It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
 That in the King's own garden grows;
 And when I place it in my hair, 180
 Allan, a bard is bound to swear
 He never saw coronet so fair."
 Then playfully the chaplet wild
 She wreathed in her dark locks, and smiled.

X.

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway, 185
 Wiled the old harper's mood away.
 With such a look as hermits throw,
 When angels stoop to soothe their woe,
 He gazed, till fond regret and pride
 Thrilled to a tear, then thus replied: 190
 "Loveliest and best! thou little know'st

The rank, the honours, thou hast lost !
 O might I live to see thee grace,
 In Scotland's court, thy birthright place,
 To see my favourite's step advance, 195
 The lightest in the courtly dance,
 The cause of every gallant's sigh,
 And leading star of every eye,
 And theme of every minstrel's art,
 The Lady of the Bleeding Heart !"— 200

XI.

"Fair dreams are these," the maiden cried,
 (Light was her accent, yet she sighed),
 "Yet is this mossy rock to me
 Worth splendid chair and canopy ;
 Nor would my footsteps spring more gay 205
 In courtly dance than blithe strathspey,
 Nor half so pleased mine ear incline
 To royal minstrel's lay as thine.
 And then for suitors proud and high,
 To bend before my conquering eye, 210
 Thou, flattering bard ! thyself will say,
 That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.
 The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,
 The terror of Loch Lomond's side,
 Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay 215
 A Lennox foray—for a day."—

XII.



HOLY-ROOD PALACE, NEAR EDINBURGH.

The ancient bard her glee repressed ;
 " Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest !
 For who, through all this western wild,
 Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled ? 220
 In Holy-Rood a knight he slew ;
 I saw, when back the dirk he drew,
 Courtiers give place before the stride
 Of the undaunted homicide ;
 And since, though outlawed, hath his hand 225
 Full sternly kept his mountain land.
 Who else dared give—ah ! woe the day,
 That I such hated truth should say—
 The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
 Disowned by every noble peer, 230

Even the rude refuge we have here?
 Alas, this wild marauding Chief
 Alone might hazard our relief,
 And now thy maiden charms expand, 235
 Looks for his guerdon in thy hand ;
 Full soon may dispensation sought,
 To back his suit, from Rome be brought.
 Then, though an exile on the hill,
 Thy father, as the Douglas, still
 Be held in reverence and fear ; 240
 And though to Roderick thou'rt so dear
 That thou might'st guide with silken thread,
 Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread,
 Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refrain !
 Thy hand is on a lion's mane."— 245

XIII.

"Minstrel," the maid replied, and high
 Her father's soul glanced from her eye,
 "My debts to Roderick's house I know :
 All that a mother could bestow
 To Lady Margaret's care I owe, 250
 Since first an orphan in the wild .
 She sorrowed o'er her sister's child ;
 To her brave chieftain son, from ire
 Of Scotland's king who shrouds my sire,
 A deeper, holier debt is owed ; 255
 And, could I pay it with my blood,
 Allan ! Sir Roderick should command
 My blood, my life,—but not my hand.
 Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell
 A vctares in Maronnan's cell ; 260
 Rather through realms beyond the sea,

Seeking the world's cold charity,
Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,
An outcast pilgrim will she rove,
Than wed the man she cannot love.

265

XIV.



BRACKLINN FALLS.

“Thou shak'st, good friend, thy tresses gray,
That pleading look, what can it say
But what I own?—I grant him brave,
But wild as Bracklinn's thundering wave; 270
And generous,—save vindictive mood,

Or jealous transport, chafe his blood :
 I grant him true to friendly band,
 As his claymore is to his hand ;
 But O ! that very blade of steel 275
 More mercy for a foe would feel :
 I grant him liberal, to fling
 Among his clan the wealth they bring,
 When back by lake and glen they wind,
 And in the Lowland leave behind, 280
 Where once some pleasant hamlet stood,
 A mass of ashes slaked with blood.
 The hand that for my father fought
 I honour, as his daughter ought ;
 But can I clasp it reeking red 285
 From peasants slaughtered in their shed ?
 No ! wildly while his virtues gleam,
 They make his passions darker seem,
 And flash along his spirit high,
 Like lightning o'er the midnight sky. 290
 While yet a child, — and children know,
 Instinctive taught, the friend and foe, —
 I shuddered at his brow of gloom,
 His shadowy plaid, and sable plume ;
 A maiden gown, I ill could bear 295
 His haughty mien and lordly air :
 But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,
 In serious mood, to Roderick's name,
 I thrill with anguish ! or, if e'er
 A Douglas knew the word, with fear. 300
 To change such odious theme were best, —
 What think'st thou of our stranger guest ? " —

XV.

"What think I of him?—woe the while
 That brought such wanderer to our isle!
 Thy father's battle-brand, of yore 305
 For Tine-man forged by fairy lore,
 What time he leagued, no longer foes,
 His Border spears with Hotspur's bows,
 Did, self-unsabarded, foreshow
 The footstep of a secret foe. 310
 If courtly spy hath harboured here,
 What may we for the Douglas fear?
 What for this island, deemed of old
 Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold?
 If neither spy nor foe, I pray 315
 What yet may jealous Roderick say?
 Nay, wave not thy disdainful head,
 Bethink thee of the discord dread
 That kindled when at Beltane game
 Thou led'st the dance with Malcolm Græme; 320
 Still, though thy sire the peace renewed,
 Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud:
 Beware!—But hark! what sounds are these?
 My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,
 No weeping birch, nor aspens wake, 325
 Nor breath is dimpling in the lake;
 Still is the canna's hoary beard,
 Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—
 And hark again! some pipe of war
 Sends the bold pibroch from afar." 330

XVI.

Far up the lengthened lake were spied
 Four darkening specks upon the tide,

That, slow enlarging on the view,
 Four manned and masted barges grew, 335
 And, bearing downwards from Glengyle,
 Steered full upon the lonely isle ;
 The point of Brianchoil they passed,
 And, to the windward as they cast,
 Against the sun they gave to shine
 The bold Sir Roderick's bannered Pine. 340
 Nearer and nearer as they bear,
 Spears, spikes, and axes flash in air.
 Now might you see the tartans brave,
 And plaids and plumage dance and wave :
 Now see the bonnets sink and rise, 345
 As his tough oar the rower plies ;
 See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
 The wave ascending into smoke ;
 See the proud pipers on the bow,
 And mark the gaudy streamers flow 350
 From their loud chanters down, and sweep
 The furrowed bosom of the deep,
 As, rushing through the lake amain,
 They plied the ancient Highland strain.

XVII.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud 355
 And louder rung the pibroch proud.
 At first the sounds, by distance tame,
 Mellowed along the waters came,
 And, lingering long by cape and bay,
 Wailed every harsher note away, 360
 Then bursting bolder on the ear
 The cian's shrill Gathering they could hear,
 Those thrilling sounds that call the might

Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.
Thick beat the rapid notes, as when 365
The mustering hundreds shake the glen,
And hurrying at the signal dread,
The battered earth returns their tread.
Then prelude light, of livelier tone,
Expressed their merry marching on, 370
Ere peal of closing battle rose,
With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows ;
And mimic din of stroke and ward,
As broadsword upon target jarred ;
And groaning pause, ere yet again, 375
Condensed, the battle yelled amain :
The rapid charge, the rallying shout,
Retreat borne headlong into rout,
And bursts of triumph, to declare
Clan-Alpine's conquest—all were there. 380
Nor ended thus the strain, but slow
Sunk in a moan prolonged and low,
And changed the conquering clarion swell
For wild lament o'er those that fell.

XVIII.

The war-pipes ceased ; but lake and hill 385
Were busy with their echoes still ;
And, when they slept, a vocal strain
Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,
While loud a hundred clansmen raise
Their voices in their Chieftain's praise. 390
Each boatman, bending to his oar,
With measured sweep the burden bore,
In such wild cadence, as the breeze
Makes through December's leafless trees.

The chorus first could Allan know,
 "Roderick Vich Alpine, ho! iro!"
 And near, and nearer as they rowed,
 Distinct the martial ditty flowed.

395

XIX.

Boat Song.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
 Honoured and blessed be the ever-green Pine! 400
 Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
 Heaven send it happy dew,
 Earth lend it sap anew,
 Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow, 405
 While every Highland glen
 Sends our shout back again,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade; 410
 When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the
 mountain,
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
 Moored in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow; 415
 Menteith and Bradalbane, then,
 Echo his praise again,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

XX.

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
 And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied; 420

Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
 And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side.
 Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid,
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe; 425
 Lennox and Leven-glen
 Shake when they hear again,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row for the pride of the Highlands!
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine! 430
 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,
 Honoured and blessed in their shadow might grow! 435
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from the deepest glen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

XXI.

With all her joyful female band,
 Had Lady Margaret sought the strand. 440
 Loose on the breeze their trèsses 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, 445
 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 wreathe a victor's brow ?" 450
 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, 455
 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, 460
 And, eagerly while Roderick scanned,
 For her dear form, his mother's band,
 The islet far behind her lay,
 And she had landed in the bay.

XXII.

Some feelings are to mortals given 465
 With less of earth in them than heaven;
 And if there be a human tear
 From passion's dross refined and clear,
 A tear so limpid and so meek
 It would not stain an angel's cheek, 470
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed
 Upon a duteous daughter's head!
 And as the Douglas to his breast
 His darling Ellen closely pressed,
 Such holy drops her tresses steeped, 475
 Though 'twas a hero's eye that weeped.
 Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
 Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
 Marked she that fear—affection's proof—
 Still held a graceful youth aloof; 480

No! not till Douglas named his name,
Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.

XXIII.

Allan, with wistful look the while,
Marked Roderick landing on the isle;
His master piteously he eyed, 485
Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride,
Then dashed, with hasty hand, away
From his dimmed eye the gathering spray;
And Douglas, as his hand he laid
On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said, 490
"Canst thou, young friend, no meaning spy
In my poor follower's glistening eye?
I'll tell thee:—he recalls the day
When in my praise he led the lay
O'er the arched gate of Bothwell proud, 495
While many a minstrel answered loud,
When Percy's Norman pennon, won
In bloody field, before me shore,
And twice ten knights, the least a name
As mighty as yon Chief may claim, 500
Gracing my pomp, behind me came.
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
Was I of all that marshalled crowd,
Though the waned crescent owned my might,
And in my train trooped lord and knight, 505
Though Blantyre hymned her holiest lays,
And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,
As when this old man's silent tear,
And this poor maid's affection dear,
A welcome give more kind and true 510
Than aught my better fortunes knew.

Forgive, my friend, a father's boast,—
O; it out-beggars all I lost!"

XXIV.

Delightful praise!—like summer rose,
That brighter in the dew-drop glows, 515
The bashful maiden's cheek appeared,
For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.
The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,
The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide;
The loved caresses of the maid 520
The dogs with crouch and whimper paid;
And, at her whistle, on her hand
The falcon took his favourite stand,
Closed his dark wing, relaxed his eye,
Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly. 525
And, trust, while in such guise she stood,
Like fabled Goddess of the Wood
That if a father's partial thought
O'erweighed her worth and beauty aught,
Well might the lover's judgment fail 530
To balance with a juster scale;
For with each secret glance he stole,
The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

XXV.

Of stature fair, and slender frame,
But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme. 535
The belted plaid and tartan hose
Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose;
His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,
Curled closely round his bonnet blue.
Trained to the chase, his eagle eye 540

The ptarmigan in snow could spy ;
 Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,
 He knew, through Lennox and Menteith ;
 Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe,
 When Malcolm bent his sounding bow, 545
 And scarce that doe, though winged with fear,
 Outstripped in speed the mountaineer :
 Right up Ben-Lomond could he press,
 And not a sob his toil confess.
 His form accorded with a mind 550
 Lively and ardent, frank and kind ;
 A blither heart, till Ellen came,
 Did never love nor sorrow tame ;
 It danced as lightsome in his breast,
 As played the feather on his crest. 555
 Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,
 His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,
 And bards, who saw his features bold,
 When kindled by the tales of old,
 Said, were that youth to manhood grown, 560
 Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown
 Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,
 But quail to that of Malcolm Græme.

XXVI.

Now back they wend their watery way,
 And, " O my sire !" did Ellen say, 565
 " Why urge thy chase so far astray ?
 And why so late returned ? And why "—
 The rest was in her speaking eye.
 " My child, the chase I follow far,
 'Tis mimicry of noble war ; 570
 And with that gallant pastime reft

Were all of Douglas I have left.
 I met young Malcolm as I strayed
 Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade ;
 Nor strayed I safe, for, all around, 575
 Hunters and horsemen scoured the ground.
 This youth, though still a royal ward,
 Risked life and land to be my guard,
 And through the passes of the wood
 Guided my steps, not unpursued ; 580
 And Roderick shall his welcome make,
 Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.
 Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen,
 Nor peril aught for me again."

XXVII.

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came, 585
 Reddened at sight of Malcolm Græme,
 Yet, not in action, word, or eye,
 Failed aught in hospitality.
 In talk and sport they whiled away
 The morning of that summer day ; 590
 But at high noon a courier light
 Held secret parley with the knight,
 Whose moody aspect soon declared
 That evil were the news he heard.
 Deep thought seemed toiling in his head ; 595
 Yet was the evening banquet made
 Ere he assembled round the flame
 His mother, Douglas, and the Græme,
 And Ellen, too ; then cast around
 His eyes, then fixed them on the ground, 600
 As studying phrase that might avail
 Best to convey unpleasant tale.

Long with his dagger's hilt he played,
Then raised his haughty brow, and said :

XXVIII.

“ Short be my speech ;—nor time affords, 605
Nor my plain temper, glozing words.
Kinsman and father,—if such name
Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim ;
Mine honoured mother ; Ellen—why,
My cousin, turn away thine eye?— 610
And Græme, in whom I hope to know
Full soon a noble friend or foe,
When age shall give thee thy command,
And leading in thy native land,—
List all !—The King's vindictive pride 615
Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,
Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came
To share their monarch's sylvan game,
Themselves in bloody toils were snared ;
And when the banquet they prepared, 620
And wide their loyal portals flung,
O'er their own gateway struggling hung.
Loud cries their blood from Mèggat's mead,
From Yarrow braes, and banks of Tweed,
Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide, 625
And from the silver Teviot's side ;
The dales, where martial clans did ride,
Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide.
This tyrant of the Scottish throne,
So faithless and so ruthless known, 630
Now hither comes ; his end the same,
The same pretext of sylvan game.
What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye

By fate of Border chivalry.
 Yet more ; amid Glenfinlas green, 635
 Douglas, thy stately form was seen.
 This by espial sure I know :
 Your counsel in the streight I show."

XXIX.

Ellen and Margaret fearfully
 Sought comfort in each other's eye, 640
 Then turned their ghastly look, each one,
 This to her sire, that to her son.
 The hasty colour went and came
 In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme ;
 But from his glance it well appeared 645
 'Twas but for Ellen that he feared ;
 While, sorrowful, but undismayed,
 The Douglas thus his counsel said :
 "Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,
 It may but thunder and pass o'er ; 650
 Nor will I here remain an hour,
 To draw the lightning on thy bower ;
 For well thou know'st, at this grey head
 The royal bolt were fiercest sped.
 For thee, who, at thy King's command, 655
 Canst aid him with a gallant band,
 Submission, homage, humbled pride,
 Shall turn the Monarch's wrath aside.
 Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,
 Ellen and I will seek, apart, 660
 The refuge of some forest cell,
 There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
 Till on the mountain and the moor
 The stern pursuit be passed and o'er."—

XXX.

"No, by mine honour," Roderick said, 665
 "So help me Heaven, and my good blade!
 No, never! Blasted be yon Pine,
 My father's ancient crest and mine,
 If from its shade in danger part
 The lineage of the Bleeding Heart! 670
 Hear my blunt speech: grant me this maid
 To wife, thy counsel to mine aid;
 To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,
 Will friends and allies flock enow;
 Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief, 675
 Will bind to us each Western Chief.
 When the loud pipes my bridal tell,
 The Links of Forth shall hear the knell,
 The guards shall start in Stirling's porch;
 And, when I light the nuptial torch, 680
 A thousand villages in flames
 Shall scare the slumbers of King James!
 —Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away,
 And, mother, cease these signs, I pray;
 I meant not all my heat might say.— 685
 Small need of inroad or of fight,
 When the sage Douglas may unite
 Each mountain clan in friendly band
 To guard the passes of their land,
 Till the foiled King from pathless glen 690
 Shall bootless turn him home again."

XXXI.

There are who have, at midnight hour,
 In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,
 And, on the verge that beetled o'er

The ocean-tide's incessant roar, 695
 Dreamed calmly out their dangerous dream,
 Till wakened by the morning beam ;
 When, dazzled by the eastern glow,
 Such startler cast his glance below,
 And saw unmeasured depth around, 700
 And heard unintermitted sound,
 And thought the battled fence so frail,
 It waved like cobweb in the gale ;—
 Amid his senses' giddy wheel,
 Did he not desperate impulse feel, 705
 Headlong to plunge himself below,
 And meet the worst his fears foreshow ?—
 Thus Ellen, dizzy and astound,
 As sudden ruin yawned around,
 By crossing terrors wildly tossed, 710
 Still for the Douglas fearing most,
 Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,
 To buy his safety with her hand.

XXXII.

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy
 In Ellen's quivering lip and eye, 715
 And eager rose to speak—but ere
 His tongue could hurry forth his fear,
 Had Douglas marked the hectic strife,
 Where death seemed combating with life ;
 For to her cheek, in feverish flood, 720
 One instant rushed the throbbing blood,
 Then ebbing back with sudden sway
 Left its domain as wan as clay.
 "Roderick, enough ! enough !" he cried,
 "My daughter cannot be thy bride ; 725

Not that the blush to wooer dear,
 Nor paleness that of maiden fear.
 It may not be—forgive her, Chief,
 Nor hazard aught for our relief.
 Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er 730
 Will level a rebellious spear.
 'Twas I that taught his youthful hand
 To rein a steed and wield a brand;
 I see him yet, the princely boy!
 Not Ellen more my pride and joy; 735
 I love him still, despite my wrongs
 By hasty wrath and slanderous tongues.
 O, seek the grace you well may find,
 Without a cause to mine combined!"—

XXXIII.

Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode; 740
 The waving of his tartans broad,
 And darkened brow, where wounded pride
 With ire and disappointment vied,
 Seemed, by the torch's gloomy light,
 Like the ill Demon of the night, 745
 Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway
 Upon the nighted pilgrim's way:
 But, unrequited Love! thy dart
 Plunged deepest its envenomed smart,
 And Roderick, with thine anguish stung, 750
 At length the hand of Douglas wrung,
 While eyes that mocked at tears before
 With bitter drops were running o'er.
 The death-pangs of long-cherished hope
 Scarce in that ample breast had scope, 755
 But, struggling with his spirit proud,

Convulsive heaved its checkered shroud,
 While every sob—so mute were all—
 Was heard distinctly through the hall.
 The son's despair, the mother's look, 760
 Ill might the gentle Ellen brook ;
 She rose, and to her side there came,
 To aid her parting steps, the Græme.

XXXIV.

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke :—
 As flashes flame through sable smoke, 765
 Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,
 To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,
 So the deep anguish of despair
 Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air.
 With stalwart grasp his hand he laid 770
 On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid :
 "Back, beardless boy !" he sternly said,
 "Back, minion ! hold'st thou thus at naught
 The lesson I so lately taught ?
 This roof, the Douglas, and that maid, 775
 Thank thou for punishment delayed."—
 Eager as greyhound on his game,
 Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme.
 "Perish my name, if aught afford
 Its Chieftain safety save his sword !"— 780
 Thus as they strove their desperate hand
 Griped to the dagger or the brand,
 And death had been—but Douglas rose,
 And thrust between the struggling foes
 His giant strength :—"Chieftains, forego ! 785
 I hold the first who strikes my foe.—
 Madmen, forbear your frantic jar !

What! is the Douglas fallen so far,
 His daughter's hand is deemed the spoil
 Of such dishonourable broil!"— 790
 Sullen and slowly they unclasp,
 As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,
 And each upon his rival glared,
 With foot advanced and blade half bareç.

XXXV.

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung, 795
 Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung,
 And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,
 As faltered through terrific dream.
 Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword,
 And veiled his wrath in scornful word. 800
 "Rest safe till morning; pity 'twere
 Such cheek should feel the midnight air!
 Then may'st thou to James Stuart tell,
 Roderick will keep the lake and fell,
 Nor lackey, with his freeborn clan, 805
 The pageant pomp of earthly man.
 More would he of Clan-Alpine know,
 Thou canst our strength and passes show.—
 Malise, what ho!"—his henchman came;
 "Give our safe-conduct to the Græme."— 810
 Young Malcolm, answered, calm and bold:
 "Fear nothing for thy favourite hold;
 The spot an angel deigned to grace
 Is blessed, though robbers haunt the place.
 Thy chur'ish courtesy for those 815
 Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.
 As safe to me the mountain way
 At midnight as in blaze of day,

Though with his boldest at his back
 Even Roderick Dhu beset the track. — 820
 Brave Douglas,—lovely Ellen,—nay,
 Naught here of parting will I say.
 Earth does not hold a lonesome glen
 So secret but we meet again. —
 Chieftain! we too shall find an hour.”— 825
 He said, and left the sylvan bower.

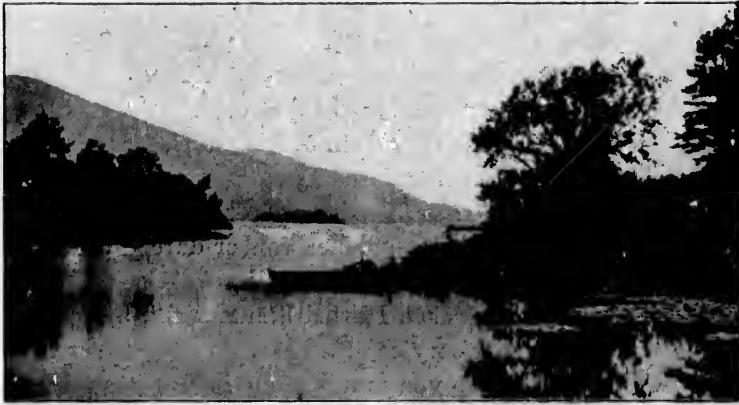
XXXVI.

Old Allan followed to the strand—
 (Such was the Douglas’s command,)
 And anxious told, how, on the morn,
 The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn, 830
 The Fiery Cross should circle o’er
 Dale, glen, and valley, down, and moor.
 Much were the peril to the Græme
 From those who to the signal came ;
 Far up the lake ’twere safest land, 835
 Himself would row him to the strand.
 He gave his counsel to the wind,
 While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,
 Round dirk and pouch and broadsword rolled,
 His ample plaid in tightened fold, 840
 And stripped his limbs to such array
 As best might suit the watery way.

XXXVII.

Then spoke abrupt: “Farewell to thee,
 Pattern of old fidelity!”
 The Minstrel’s hand he kindly pressed,— 845
 “O! could I point a place of rest!
 My sovereign holds in ward my land,

My uncle leads my vassal band ;
To tame his foes, his friends to aid,
Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade. 850
Yet, if there be one faithful Græme
Who loves the Chieftain of his name,
Not long shall honoured Douglas dwell
Like hunted stag in mountain cell ;
Nor, ere yon pride-swollen robber dare, — 855
I may not give the rest to air !
Tell Roderick Dhu I owed him naught,
Not the poor service of a boat,
To waft me to yon mountain side.”
Then plunged he in the flashing tide. 860
Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,
And stoutly steered him from the shore ;
And Allan strained his anxious eye,
Far mid the lake his form to spy,
Darkening across each puny wave, 865
To which the moon her silver gave.
Fast as the cormorant could skim,
The swimmer plied each active limb ;
Then, landing in the moonlight dell,
Loud shouted of his weal to tell. 870
The Minstrel heard the far halloo,
And joyful from the shore withdrew.



LOCH LOMOND.

CANTO THIRD.

The Gathering.

I.

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
 Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
 And told our marvelling boyhood legends store
 Of their strange ventures happed by land or sea,
 How are they blotted from the things that be! 5
 How few, all weak and withered of their force,
 Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse
 To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless
 course.

Yet live there still who can remember well, 10
 How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,

Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
 And solitary heath, the signal knew ;
 And fast the faithful clan around him drew,
 What time the warning note was keenly wound, 15
 What time aloft their kindred banner flew,
 While clamorous war-pipes yelled the gathering sound,
 And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.

II.

The summer dawn's reflected hue
 To purple changed Loch Katrine blue; 20
 Mildly and soft the western breeze
 Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
 And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
 Trembled but dimpled not for joy ;
 The mountain-shadows on her breast 25
 Were neither broken nor at rest ;
 In bright uncertainty they lie,
 Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
 The water-lily to the light
 Her chalice reared of silver bright; 30
 The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
 Begemmed with dewdrops, led her fawn ;
 The grey mist left the mountain side,
 The torrent showed its glistening pride ;
 Invisible in fleckèd sky 35
 The lark sent down her revelry ;
 The blackbird and the speckled thrush
 Good-morrow gave from brake and bush ;
 In answer cooed the cushat dove
 Her notes of peace and rest and love. 40

III.

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
 Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.
 With sheathèd broadsword in his hand,
 Abrupt he paced the islet strand, 45
 And eyed the rising sun, and laid
 His hand on his impatient blade.
 Beneath a rock, his vassals' care
 Was prompt the ritual to prepare,
 With deep and deathful meaning fraught ;
 For such Antiquity had taught 50
 Was preface meet, ere yet abroad
 'The Cross of Fire should take its road.
 The shrinking band stood oft aghast
 At the impatient glance he cast ;—
 Such glance the mountain eagle threw, 55
 As, from the cliffs of Benvenue,
 She spread her dark sails on the wind,
 And, high in middle heaven reclined,
 With her broad shadow on the lake,
 Silenced the warblers of the brake. 60

IV.

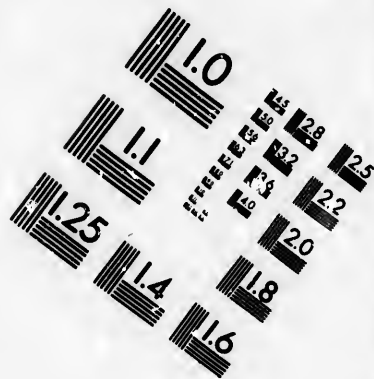
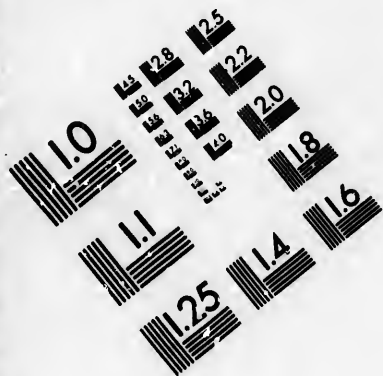
A heap of withered boughs was piled,
 Of juniper and rowan wild,
 Mingled with shivers from the oak,
 Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.
 Brian, the Hermit, by it stood, 65
 Barefooted, in his frock and hood.
 His grizzled beard and matted hair
 Obscured a visage of despair ;
 His naked arms and legs, scamed o'er,

The scars of frantic penance bore. 70
 That Monk, of savage form and face,
 The impending danger of his race
 Had drawn from deepest solitude,
 Far in Benharrow's bosom rude.
 Not his the mien of Christian priest, 75
 But Druid's, from the grave released,
 Whose hardened heart and eye might brook
 On human sacrifice to look ;
 And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore
 Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er ; 80
 The hallowed creed gave only worse
 And deadlier emphasis of curse.
 No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,
 His cave the pilgrim shunned with care ;
 The eager huntsman knew his bound, 85
 And in mid chase called off his hound ;
 Or if, in lonely glen or strath,
 The desert-dweller met his path,
 He prayed, and signed the cross between,
 While terror took devotion's mien. 90

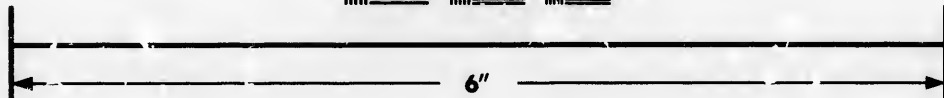
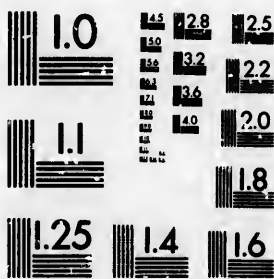
V.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.
 His mother watched a midnight fold,
 Built deep within a dreary glen,
 Where scattered lay the bones of men,
 In some forgotten battle slain, 95
 And bleached by drifting wind and rain.
 It might have tamed a warrior's heart
 To view such mockery of his art !
 The knot-grass fettered there the hand
 Which once could burst an iron band ; 100





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Beneath the broad and ample bone
 That bucklered heart to fear unknown,
 A feeble and a timorous guest,
 The fieldfare framed her lowly nest ;
 There the slow blindworm left his slime 105
 On the fleet limbs that mocked at time ;
 And there, too, lay the leader's skull,
 Still wreathed with chaplet, flushed and full,
 For heath-bell with her purple bloom
 Supplied the bonnet and the plume. 110
 All night, in this sad glen, the maid
 Sat shrouded in her mantle's shade :
 —She said, no shepherd sought her side,
 No hunter's hand her snood untied,
 Yet ne'er again to braid her hair 115
 The virgin snood did Alice wear ;
 Gone was her maiden glee and sport,
 Her maiden girdle all too short,
 Nor sought she, from that fatal night,
 Or holy church or blessed rite, 120
 But locked her secret in her breast,
 And died in travail, unconfessed.

VI.

Alone, among his young compeers,
 Was Brian from his infant years ;
 A moody and heart-broken boy, 125
 Estranged from sympathy and joy,
 Bearing each taunt which careless tongue
 On his mysterious lineage flung.
 Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale
 To wood and stream his hap to wail, 130
 Tili, frantic, he as truth received

What of his birth the crowd believed,
And sought, in mist and meteor fire,
To meet and know his Phantom Sire!
In vain, to soothe his wayward fate, 135
The cloister oped her pitying gate;
In vain the learning of the age
Unclasped the sable-lettered page;
Even in its treasures he could find
Food for the fever of his mind. 140
Eager he read whatever tells
Of magic, cabala, and spells,
And every dark pursuit allied
To curious and presumptuous pride;
Till with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung, 145
And heart with mystic horrors wrung,
Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,
And hid him from the haunts of men.

VII.

The desert gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the spectre's child. 150
Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,
He watched the wheeling eddies boil,
Till from their foam his dazzled eyes
Beheld the River Demon rise:
The mountain mist took form and limb 155
Of noontide hag or goblin grim;
The midnight wind came wild and dread,
Swelled with the voices of the dead;
Far on the future battle-heath
His eye beheld the ranks of death: 160
Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurled,
Shaped forth a disembodied world.

One lingering sympathy of mind
 Still bound him to the mortal kind ;
 The only parent he could claim 165
 Of ancient Alpine's lineage came.
 Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,
 The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream ;
 Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast
 Of charging steeds, careering fast 170
 Along Benharrow's shingly side,
 Where mortal horsemen no'er might ride ;
 The thunderbolt had split the pine, --
 All augured ill to Alpine's line.
 He girt his loins, and came to show 175
 The signals of impending woe,
 And now stood prompt to bless or ban,
 As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

VIII.

'Twas all prepared ;—and from the rock
 A goat, the patriarch of the flock, 180
 Before the kindling pile was laid,
 And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.
 Patient the sickening victim eyed
 The life-blood ebb in crimson tide
 Down his clogged beard and shaggy limb, 185
 Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.
 The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,
 A slender crosslet framed with care,
 A cubit's length in measure due ;
 The shaft and limbs were rods of yew, 190
 Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave
 Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,
 And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,

Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep,
 The Cross thus formed he held on high, 195
 With wasted hand and haggard eye,
 And strange and mingied feelings woke,
 While his anathema he spoke.

IX.

"Woe to the clansman who shall view
 This symbol of sepulchral yew, 200
 Forgetful that its branches grew
 Where weep the heavens their holiest dew
 On Alpine's dwelling low!
 Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
 He ne'er shall mingle with their dust, 205
 But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
 Each clansman's execration just
 Shall doom him wrath and woe."
 He paused;—the word the vassals took,
 With forward step and fiery look, 210
 On high their naked brands they shook,
 Their clattering targets wildly strook;
 And first in murmur low,
 Then, like the billow in his course,
 That far to seaward finds his source, 215
 And fling to shore his mustered force,
 Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,
 "Woe to the traitor, v e!"
 Ben-an's grey scalp the accents knew,
 The joyous wolf from covert drew, 220
 The exulting eagle screamed afar,—
 They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

X.

The shout was hushed on lake and fell,
 The Monk resumed his muttered spell,
 Dismal and low its accents came, 225
 The while he scathed the Cross with flame;
 And the few words that reached the air,
 Although the holiest name was there,
 Had more of blasphemy than prayer.
 But when he shook above the crowd 230
 Its kindled points, he spoke aloud :—
 “ Woe to the wretch who fails to rear
 At this dread sign the ready spear !
 For, as the flames this symbol sear,
 His home, the refuge of his fear, 235
 A kindred fate shall know ;
 Far o'er its roof the volumed flame
 Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,
 While maids and matrons on his name
 Shall call down wretchedness and shame, 240
 And infamy and woe.”—
 Then rose the cry of females, shrill
 As goshawk's whistle on the hill,
 Denouncing misery and ill,
 Mingled with childhood's babbling trill 245
 Of curses stammered slow ;
 Answering, with imprecation dread,
 “ Sunk be his home in embers red !
 And cursèd be the meanest shed
 That e'er shall hide the houseless head 250
 We doom to want and woe ! ”
 A sharp and shrieking echo gave,
 Coir-Uriskin, thy goblin cave !

And the grey pass where birches wave
On Beala-nam-bo.

255

XI.

Then deeper paused the priest anew,
And hard his labouring breath he drew,
While, with set teeth and clenched hand,
And eyes that glowed like fiery brand,
He meditated curse more dread,
And deadlier, on the clansman's head
Who, summoned to his Chieftain's aid,
The signal saw and disobeyed.

260

The crosslet's points of sparkling wood
He quenched among the bubbling blood,
And, as again the sign he reared,
Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard :
" When flits this Cross from man to man,
Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,
Burst be the ear that fails to heed !
Palsied the foot that shuns to speed !
May ravens tear the careless eyes,
Wolves make the coward heart their prize !
As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,
So may his heart's-blood drench his hearth !
As dies in hissing gore the spark,
Quench thou his light, Destruction dark !
And be the grace to him denied,
Bought by this sign to all beside !"
He ceased ; no echo gave again
The murmur of the deep Amen.

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XII.

Then Roderick, with impatient look,
 From Brian's hand the symbol took :
 "Speed, Malise, speed!" he said, and gave
 The crosslet to his henchman brave. 285
 "The muster-place be Lanrick mead—
 Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed!"—
 Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,
 A barge across Loch Katrine flew :
 High stood the henchman on the prow ; 290
 So rapidly the barge-men row,
 The bubbles, where they launched the boat,
 Were all unbroken and afloat,
 Dancing in foam and ripple still,
 When it had neared the mainland hill ; 295
 And from the silver beach's side
 Still was the prow three fathom wide,
 When lightly bounded to the land
 The messenger of blood and brand.

XIII.

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide 300
 On fleeter foot was never tied.
 Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste
 Thine active sinews never braced.
 Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
 Burst down like torrent from its crest ; 305
 With short and springing footstep pass
 The trembling bog and false morass ;
 Across the brook like roebuck bound,
 And thread the brake like questing hound ;
 The crag is high, the scour is deep, 310
 Yet shrink not from the desperate leap :

Parched are thy burning lips and brow,
Yet by the fountain pause not now ;
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career ! 315
The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace
With rivals in the mountain race ;
But danger, death, and warrior deed 320
Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed !

XIV.

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise ;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
They poured each hardy tenant down. 325
Nor slack'd the messenger his pace ;
He showed the sign, he named the place,
And, pressing forward like the wind,
Left clamour and surprise behind.
The fishermen forsook the strand, 330
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand ;
With changèd cheer, the mower blithe
Left in the half-cut swathe his scythe ;
The herds without a keeper strayed,
The plough was in mid-furrow stayed, 335
The falconer tossed his hawk away,
The hunter left the stag at bay ;
Prompt at the signal of alarms,
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms ;
So swept the tumult and affray 340
Along the margin of Achray.
Alas, thou lovely lake ! that e'er

Thy banks should echo sounds of fear !
 The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep
 So stilly on thy bosom deep, 345
 The lark's blithe carol from the cloud
 Seems for the scene too gayly loud.

XV.

Speed, Malise, speed ! The lake is past,
 Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
 And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen, 350
 Half hidden in the copse so green ;
 There may'st thou rest, thy labour done,
 Their lord shall speed the signal on.—
 As stoops the hawk upon his prey,
 The benchman shot him down the way. 355
 —What woeful accents load the gale !
 The funeral yell, the female wail !
 A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,
 A valiant warrior fights no more.
 Who, in the battle or the chase, 360
 At Roderick's side shall fill his place !—
 Within the hall, where torches' ray
 Supplies the excluded beams of day,
 Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
 And o'er him streams his widow's tear. 365
 His stripling son stands mournful by,
 His youngest weeps, but knows not why ;
 The village maids and matrons round
 The dismal coronach resound.

XVI.

Coronach.

He is gone on the mountain, 370
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.

The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow, 375
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper 380
Wails manhood in glory.

The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest. 385

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain, 390
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever!

XVII.

See Stumah, who, the bier beside,
His master's corpse with wonder eyed, 395
Pocr Stumah! whom his least halloo

Could send like lightning o'er the dew,
 Bristles his crest, and points his ears,
 As if some stranger step he hears.
 'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread, 400
 Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,
 But headlong haste or deadly fear
 Urge the precipitate career.
 All stand aghast:—unheeding all,
 The henchman bursts into the hall; 405
 Besore the dead man's bier he stood;
 Held forth the Cross besmeared with blood;
 "The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
 Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!"

XVIII.

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line, 410
 Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.
 In haste the stripling to his side
 His father's dirk and broadsword tied;
 But when he saw his mother's eye
 Watch him in speechless agony, 415
 Back to her opened arms he flew,
 Pressed on her lips a fond adieu—
 "Alas!" she sobbed,—“and yet be gone,
 And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son!”—
 One look he cast upon the bier, 420
 Dashed from his eye the gathering tear,
 Breathed deep to clear his labouring breast,
 And tossed aloft his bonnet crest,
 Then, like the high-bred colt, when, freed,
 First he essays his fire and speed, 425
 He vanished, and o'er moor and moss
 Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.

Suspended was the widow's tear
 While yet his footsteps she could hear ;
 And when she marked the henchman's eye 430
 Wet with unwonted sympathy,
 "Kinsman," she said, "his race is run
 That should have sped thine errand on ;
 The oak has fallen,—the sapling bough
 Is all Duncraggan's shelter now. 435
 Yet trust I well, his duty done,
 The orphan's God will guard my son.—
 And you, in many a danger true,
 At Duncan's hest your blades that drew,
 To arms, and guard that orphan's head ! 440
 Let babes and women wail the dead."—
 Then weapon-clang and martial call
 Resounded through the funeral hall,
 While from the walls the attendant band
 Snatched sword and targe, with hurried hand ; 445
 And short and fitting energy
 Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,
 As if the sounds to warrior dear
 Might rouse her Duncan from his bier.
 But faded soon that borrowed force ; 450
 Grief claimed his right, and tears their course.

XIX.

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
 It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.
 O'er dale and hill the summons flew,
 Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew ; 455
 The tear that gathered in his eye
 He left the mountain-breeze to dry ;
 Until, where Teith's young waters roll

Betwixt him and a wooded knoll
 That graced the sable strath with green, 460
 The chapel of Saint Bride was seen.
 Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,
 But Angus paused not on the edge ;
 Though the dark waves danced dizzily,
 Though reeled his sympathetic eye, 465
 He dashed amid the torrent's roar ;
 His right hand high the crosslet bore,
 His left the pole-axe grasped, to guide
 And stay his footing in the tide.
 He stumbled twice—the foam splashed high, 470
 With hoarser swell the stream raced by ;
 And had he fallen,—forever there,
 Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir !
 But still, as if in parting life,
 Firmer he grasped the Cross of strife, 475
 Until the opposing bank he gained,
 And up the chapel pathway strained.

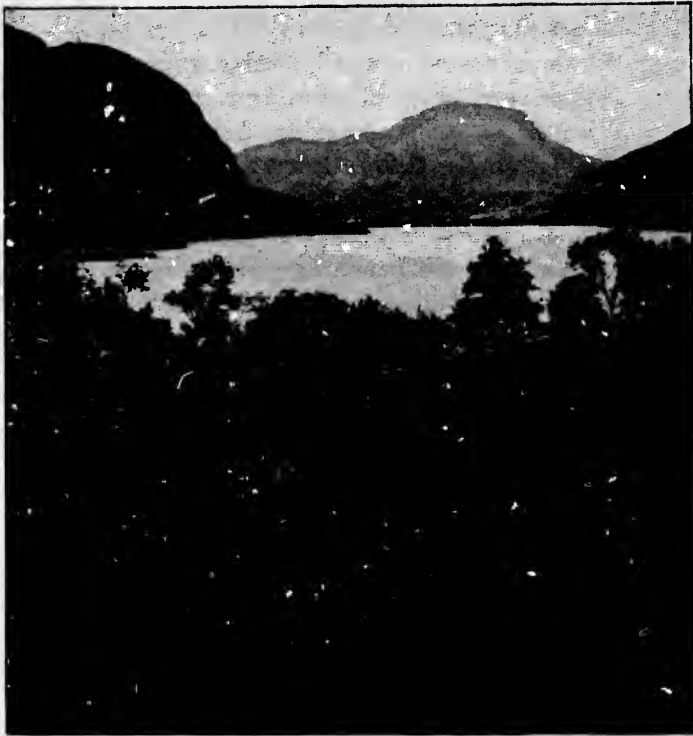
XX.

A blithesome rout that morning-tide
 Had sought the chapel of Saint Bride.
 Her troth Tombea's Mary gave 480
 To Norman, heir of Armandave,
 And, issuing from the Gothic arch,
 The bridal now resumed their march.
 In rude but glad procession came
 Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame ; 485
 And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,
 Which snooded maiden would not hear ;
 And children, that, unwitting why,
 Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry ;

And minstrels, that in measures vied 490
Before the young and bonny bride,
Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
The tear and blush of morning rose.
With virgin step and bashful hand
She held the kerchief's snowy band. 495
The gallant bridegroom by her side
Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
And the glad mother in her ear
Was closely whispering word of cheer.

XXI.

Who meets them at the churchyard gate? 500
The messenger of fear and fate!
Haste in his hurried accent lies,
And grief is swimming in his eyes.
All dripping from the recent flood,
Panting and travel-soiled he stood, 505
The fatal sign of fire and sword
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word :
"The muster-place is Lanrick mead ;
Speed forth the signal ! Norman, speed !"—
And must he change so soon the hand, 510
Just linked to his by holy band,
For the fell Cross of blood and brand?
And must the day, so blithe that rose,
And promised rapture in the close,
Before its setting hour, divide 515
The bridegroom from the plighted bride?
O fatal doom !—it must ! it must !
Clan Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust,
Her summons dread, brook no delay ;
Stretch to the race—away ! away ! 520



LOCH LUBNAIG.

XXII.

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,
And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,
Until he saw the starting tear
Speak woe he might not stop to cheer ;
Then, trusting not a second look,
In haste he sped him up the brook,
Nor backward glanced, till on the heath
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith.

—What in the racer's bosom stirred?
 The sickening pang of hope deferred, 531
 And memory, with a torturing train
 Of all his morning visions vain.
 Mingled with love's impatience, came
 The manly thirst for martial fame;
 The stormy joy of mountaineers, 535
 Ere yet they rush upon the spears;
 And zeal for Clan and Chieftain burning,
 And hope, from well-fought field returning,
 With war's red honours on his crest,
 To clasp his Mary to his breast. 540
 Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,
 Like fire from flint he glanced away,
 While high resolve and feeling strong
 Burst into voluntary song.

XXIII.

Song.

The heath this night must be my bed, 545
 The bracken curtain for my head,
 My lullaby the warder's tread,
 Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
 My couch may be my bloody plaid, 550
 My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
 It will not waken me. Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now,
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
 I dare not think upon thy vow. 555
 And all it promised me, Mary.
 No fond regret must Norman know;

When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
 His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, Mary. 560

A time will come with feeling fraught,
 For, if I fall in battle fought,
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
 And if returned from conquered foes, 565
 How blithely will the evening close,
 How sweet the linnet sing repose,
 To my young bride and me, Mary !

XXIV.

Not faster o'er the heathery braes,
 Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze, 570
 Rushing, in conflagration strong,
 Thy deep ravines and dells along,
 Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,
 And reddening the dark lakes below ;
 Nor faster speeds it, nor so far, 575
 As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.
 The signal roused to martial coil
 The sullen margin of Loch Voil,
 Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source,
 Alarmed, Balvaig, thy swampy course ; 580
 Thence southward turned its rapid road
 Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,
 Tili rose in arms each man might claim
 A porticn in Clan-Alpine's name,
 From the grey sire, whose trembling hand 585
 Could hardly buckle on his brand,
 To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow

Were yet scarce terror to the crow.
 Each valley, each sequestered glen,
 Mustered its little horde of men, 500
 That met as torrents from the height
 In Highland dales their streams unite,
 Still gathering, as they pour along,
 A voice more loud, a tide more strong,
 Till at the rendezvous they stood 505
 By hundreds, prompt for blows and blood;
 Each trained to arms since life began,
 Owing no tie but to his clan,
 No oath, but by his Chieftain's hand,
 No law, but Roderick Dhu's command. 600

XXV.

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu
 Surveyed the skirts of Benvenue,
 And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,
 To view the frontiers of Menteith.
 All backward came with news of truce; 605
 Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce,
 In Rednock courts no horsemen wait,
 No banner waved on Cardross gate,
 On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,
 Nor scared the herons from Loch Con; 610
 All seemed at peace.—Now, wot ye why
 The Chieftain, with such anxious eye,
 Ere to the muster he repair,
 This western frontier scanned with care?—
 In Benvenue's most darksome cleft, 615
 A fair, though cruel, pledge was left;
 For Douglas, to his promise true,
 That morning from the isle withdrew,

And in a deep sequestered dell
 Had sought a low and lonely cell. 620
 By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,
 Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung ;
 A softer name the Saxons gave,
 And called the grot the Goblin-cave.

XLVI.

It was a wild and strange retreat, 625
 As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.
 The dell, upon the mountain's crest,
 Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast ;
 Its trench had staid full many a rock,
 Hurl'd by primeval earthquake shock 630
 From Benvenue's grey summit wild,
 And here, in random ruin piled,
 They frowned incumbent o'er the spot,
 And formed the rugged sylvan grot.
 The oak and birch, with mingled shade, 635
 At noontide there a twilight made,
 Unless when short and sudden shone
 Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
 With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
 Gains on thy depth, Futurity. 640
 No murmur waked the solemn still
 Save tinkling of a fountain rill ;
 But when the wind chafed with the lake,
 A sullen sound would upward break,
 With dashing hollow voice, that spoke 645
 The incessant war of wave and rock.
 Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,
 Seemed nodding o'er the cavern grey.
 From such a den the wolf had sprung,

In such the wild cat leaves her young ; 650
 Yet Douglas and his daughter fair
 Sought for a space their safety there.
 Grey Superstition's whisper dread
 Debarred the spot to vulgar tread ;
 For there, she said, did fays resort, 655
 And satyrs hold their sylvan court,
 By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
 And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

XXVII.

Now eve, with western shadows long,
 Floated on Katrine bright and strong, 660
 When Roderick, with a chosen few,
 Repassed the heights of Benvenue.
 Above the Goblin-cave they go,
 Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo ;
 The prompt retainers speed before 665
 To launch the shallop from the shore,
 For cross Loch Katrine lies his way
 To view the passes of Achray,
 And place his clansmen in array.
 Yet lags the chief in musing mind, 670
 Unwonted sight, his men behind.
 A single page, to bear his sword
 Alone attended on his lord ;
 The rest their way through thickets break,
 And soon await him by the lake. 675
 It was a fair and gallant sight,
 To view them from the neighbouring height,
 By the low-levelled sunbeam's light !
 For strength and stature, from the clan
 Each warrior was a chosen man, 680

As even afar might well be seen,
 By their proud step and martial mien.
 Their feathers dance, their tartans float,
 Their targets gleam, as by the boat
 A wild and warlike group they stand, 685
 That well became such mountain strand.

XXVIII.

Their Chief, with step reluctant, still
 Was lingering on the craggy hill,
 Hard by where turned apart the road
 To Douglas's obscure abode. 690
 It was but with that dawning morn
 That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn
 To drown his love in war's wild roar,
 Nor think of Ellen Douglas more ;
 But he who stems a stream with sand, 695
 And fetters flame with flaxen band,
 Has yet a harder task to prove—
 By firm resolve to conquer love !
 Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost,
 Still hovering near his treasure lost ; 700
 For though his haughty heart deny
 A parting meeting to his eye,
 Still fondly strains his anxious ear
 The accents of her voice to hear.
 And inly did he curse the breeze 705
 That waked to sound the rustling trees.
 But hark ! what mingles in the strain ?
 It is the harp of Allan-bane,
 That wakes its measure slow and high,
 Attuned to sacred minstrelsy. 710

What melting voice attends the strings?
'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

XXIX.

Hymn to the Virgin.

Ave Maria! maiden mild!

Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear though from the wild, 715
Thou canst save amid despair.

Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banished, outcast, and reviled—

Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child! 720

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share
Shall seem with down of eider piled,
If thy protection hover there.

The murky cavern's heavy air 725

Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;

Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,

Mother, list a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Stainless styled!

Foul demons of the earth and air, 730

From this their wonted haunt exiled,

Shall flee before thy presence fair.

We bow us to our lot of care,

Beneath thy guidance reconciled;

Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer, 735
 And for a father hear a child!
Ave Maria!

XXX.

Died on the harp the closing hymn--
 Unmoved in attitude and limb,
 As listening still Clan-Alpine's lord
 Stood leaning on his heavy sword, 740
 Until the page, with humble sign,
 Twice pointed to the sun's decline.
 Then while his plaid he round him cast,
 "It is the last time—'tis the last,"
 He muttered thrice,—"the last time e'er 745
 That angel-voice shall Roderick hear!"—
 It was a goading thought—his stride
 Hied hastier down the mountain-side;
 Sullen he flung him in the boat,
 And instant cross the lake it shot. 750
 They landed in that silvery bay,
 And eastward held their hasty way,
 Till, with the latest beams of light,
 The band arrived on Lanrick height,
 Where mustered, in the vale below, 755
 Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

XXXI.

A various scene the clansmen made,
 Some sat, some stood, some slowly strayed;
 But most, with mantles folded round,
 Were couched to rest upon the ground, 760
 Scarce to be known by curious eye

From the deep heather where they lie,
So well was matched the tartan screen
With heath-bell dark and brackens green ;
Unless where, here and there, a blade, 765
Or lance's point, a glimmer made,
Like glow-worm twinkling through the shade.
But when, advancing through the gloom,
They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide, 771
Shook the steep mountain's steady side.
Thrice it arose, and lake and fell
Three times returned the martial yell ;
It died upon Bochart's plain.
And Silence claimed her evening reign. 775



COIR-NAN-URISKIN, THE GOBLIN-CAVE, BENVENUE.



PASS OF THE TROSSACHS.

CANTO FOURTH.

The Prophecy.

I.

“The rose is fairest when ’tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears, 5
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years!”
Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,
What time the sun arose on Vennachar’s broad wave.

II.

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung, 10
 Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue.
 All while he stripped the wild-rose spray,
 His axe and bow beside him lay,
 For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood
 A wakeful sentinel he stood. 15
 Hark!—on the rock a footstep rung,
 And instant to his arms he sprung.
 "Stand, or thou diest!—What, Malise?—soon
 Art thou returned from Braes of Doune.
 By thy keen step and glance I know, 20
 Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe."
 (For while the Fiery Cross hied on,
 On distant scout had Malise gone.)
 "Where sleeps the Chief?" the henchman said
 "Apart, in yonder misty glade; 25
 To his lone couch I'll be your guide."—
 Then called a slumberer by his side,
 And stirred him with his slackened bow—
 "Up, up, Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho!
 We seek the Chieftain; on the track 30
 Keep eagle watch till I come back."—

III.

Together up the pass they sped:
 "What of the foemen?" Norman said.—
 "Varying reports from near and far;
 This certain,—that a band of war 35
 Has for two days been ready boune,
 At prompt command to march from Doune;
 King James the while, with princely powers,
 Holds revelry in Stirling towers.

Soon will this dark and gathering cloud 40
 Speak on our glens in thunder loud.
 Inured to bide such bitter bout,
 The warrior's plaid may bear it out ;
 But, Norman, how wilt thou provide
 A shelter for thy bonny bride? "— 45
 " What ! know ye not that Roderick's care
 To the lone isle hath caused repair
 Each maid and matron of the clan,
 And every child and aged man
 Unfit for arms ; and given his charge, 50
 Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge,
 Upon these lakes shall float at large,
 But all beside the islet moor.
 That such dear pledge may rest secure? "—

IV.

" 'Tis well advised—the Chieftain's plan 55
 Bespeaks the father of his clan.
 But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu
 Apart from all his followers true? "—
 " It is because last evening-tide
 Brian an augury hath tried, 60
 Of that dread kind which must not be
 Unless in dread extremity,
 The Taghairm called ; by which, afar,
 Our sires foresaw the events of war.
 Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew,"— 65

MALISE.

" Ah ! well the gallant brute I knew !
 The choicest of the prey we had
 When swept our merry men Gallangad.

His hide was snow, his horns were dark,
 His red eye glowed like fiery spark ; 70
 So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,
 Sore did he cumber our retreat,
 And kept our stoutest kerns in awe,
 Even at the pass of Beal 'maha.
 But steep and flinty was the road, 75
 And sharp the hurrying pikeman's goad,
 And when we came to Dennon's Row
 A child might scathless stroke his brow."—

V.

NORMAN.

"That bull wæs slain ; his reeking hide
 They stretched the cataract beside, 80
 Whose waters their wild tumult toss
 Adown the black and craggy boss
 Of that huge cliff whose ample verge
 Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.
 Couched on a shelf beneath its brink, 85
 Close where the thundering torrents sink,
 Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
 And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
 Midst groan of rock and roar of stream,
 The wizard waits prophetic dream. 90
 Nor distant rests the Chief ;—but hush !
 See, gliding slow through mist and bush,
 The Hermit gains yon rock, and stands
 To gaze upon our slumbering bands.
 Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost, 95
 That hovers o'er a slaughtered host ?
 Or raven on the blasted oak,

That, watching while the deer is broke,
His morsel claims with sullen croak?"

MALISE.

—"Peace! peace! to other than to me 100
Thy words were evil augury;
But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade
Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,
Not aught that, gleaned from heaven or hell,
Yen fiend-begotten Monk can tell. 105
The Chieftain joins him, se . . . and now
Together they descend the brow."

VI.

And, as they came, with Alpine's Lord
The Hermit Monk held solemn word:
"Roderick! it is a fearful strife, 110
For man endowed with mortal life,
Whose shroud of sentient clay can still
Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,
Whose eye can stare in stony trance,
Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance,— 115
'Tis hard for such to view, unfurled,
The curtain of the future world.
Yet, witness every quaking limb,
My sunken pulse, mine eyeballs dim,
My soul with harrowing anguish torn, 120
This for my Chieftain have I borne!—
The shapes that sought my fearful couch
An human tongue may ne'er avouch;
No mortal man,—save he, who, bred
Between the living and the dead, 125
Is gifted beyond nature's law,—

Had e'er survived to say he saw.
 At length the fateful answer came
 In characters of living flame !
 Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll, 130
 But borne and branded on my soul :—
 WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S LIFE,
 THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE."

VII.

" Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care !
 Good is thine augury, and fair. 135
 Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood
 But first our broadswords tasted blood.
 A surer victim still I know,
 Self-offered to the auspicious blow :
 A spy has sought my land this morn,— 140
 No eve shall witness his return !
 My followers guard each pass's mouth,
 To east, to westward, and to south ;
 Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,
 Has charge to lead his steps aside, 145
 Till, in deep path or dingle brown,
 He light on those shall bring him down.
 —But see, who comes his news to show !
 Malise ! what tidings of the foe ?"—

VIII.

" At Doune, o'er many a spear and glaive 150
 Two Barons proud their banners wave.
 I saw the Moray's silver star,
 And marked the sable pale of Mar."—
 " By Alpine's soul, high tidings those !
 I love to hear of worthy foes. 155

When move they on?—"To-morrow's noon
 Will see them here for battle boune."—
 "Then shall it see a meeting stern!—
 But, for the place,—say, could'st thou learn
 Nought of the friendly clans of Earn? 160
 Strengthened by them, we well might bide
 The battle on Benledi's side.
 Thou could'st not?—well! Clan-Alpine's men
 Shall man the Trosachs' shaggy glen;
 Within Loch Katrine's gorge we'll fight, 165
 All in our maids' and matrons' sight,
 Each for his hearth and household fire,
 Father for child, and son for sire,
 Lover for maid beloved!—But why—
 Is it the breeze affects mine eye? 170
 Or dost thou come, ill-omened tear!
 A messenger of doubt or fear?
 No! sooner may the Saxon lance
 Unfix Benledi from his stance,
 Than doubt or terror can pierce through 175
 The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu!
 'Tis stubborn as his trusty targe.—
 Each to his post!—all know their charge."
 The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,
 The broadswords gleam, the banners dance, 180
 Obedient to the Chieftain's glance.
 —I turn me from the martial roar,
 And seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

IX.

Where is the Douglas?—he is gone;
 And Ellen sits on the grey stone 185
 Fast by the cave, and makes her moan;

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

161

While vainly Allan's words of cheer
Are poured on her unheeding ear.—
“He will return—dear lady, trust!—
With joy return;—he will—he must. 190
Well was it time to seek afar
Some refuge from impending war,
When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm
Are cowed by the approaching storm.
I saw their boats with many a light, 195
Floating the livelong yesternight,
Shifting like flashes darted forth
By the red streamers of the north;
I marked at morn how close they ride,
Thick moored by the lone islet's side, 200
Like wild ducks couching in the fen
When stoops the hawk upon the glen.
Since this rude race dare not abide
The peril on the mainland side,
Shall not thy noble father's care 205
Some safe retreat for thee prepare?”—

X.

ELLEN.

“No, Allan, no! Pretext so kind
My wakeful terrors could not blind.
When in such tender tone, yet grave,
Douglas a parting blessing gave, 210
The tear that glistened in his eye
Drowned not his purpose fixed and high.
My soul, though feminine and weak,
Can image his; e'en as the lake,
Itself disturbed by slightest stroke, 215

Reflects the invulnerable rock.
 He hears reports of battle rife,
 He deems himself the cause of strife.
 I saw him redden, when the theme
 Turned, Allan, on thine idle dream. 220
 Of Malcolm Græme, in fetters bound,
 Which I, thou said'st, about him wound.
 Think'st thou he trowed thine omen aught?
 Oh no! 'twas apprehensive thought
 For the kind youth—for Roderick too— 225
 (Let me be just) that friend so true;
 In danger both, and in our cause!
 Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.
 Why else that solemn warning given,
 'If not on earth, we meet in heaven!' 230
 Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane,
 If e'er return him not again,
 Am I to hie, and make me known?
 Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne,
 Buys his friend's safety with his own;— 235
 He goes to do—what I had done,
 Had Douglas' daughter been his son!"—

XI.

"Nay, lovely Ellen!—dearest, nay!
 If aught should his return delay,
 He only named yon holy fane 240
 As fitting place to meet again.
 Be sure he's safe; and for the Græme,—
 Heaven's blessing on his gallant name!—
 My visioned sight may yet prove true,
 Nor bode of ill to him or you. 245
 When did my gifted dream beguile?

Think of the stranger at the isle,
 And think upon the harpings slow,
 That presaged this approaching woe !
 Sooth was my prophecy of fear ; 250
 Believe it when it augurs cheer.
 Would we had left this dismal spot !
 Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot.
 Of such a wondrous tale I know—
 Dear lady, change that look of woe, 255
 My harp was wont thy grief to cheer.”—

ELLEN.

“ Well, be it as thou wilt ; I hear,
 But cannot stop the bursting tear.”
 The Minstrel tried his simple art,
 But distant far was Ellen’s heart. 260

XII.

Ballad.

ALICE BRAND.

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
 When the mavis and merle are singing,
 When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
 And the hunter’s horn is ringing.
 “ O Alice Brand, my native land 265
 Is lost for love of you ;
 And we must hold by wood and wold,
 As outlaws wont to do.
 “ O Alice, ’twas all for thy locks so bright,
 And ’twas for all thine eyes so blue, 270
 That, on the night of our luckless flight,
 Thy brother bold I slew.

“ Now must I teach to hew the beech
 The hand that held the glaive,
 For leaves to spread our lowly bed
 And stakes to fence our cave. 75

“ And for vest of pall, thy fingers small.
 That wont on harp to stray,
 A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer
 To keep the cold away.”— 280

“ O Richard ! if my brother died,
 ’Twas but a fatal chance ;
 For darkling was the battle tried,
 And fortune sped the lance.

“ If pall and vair no more I wear,
 Nor thou the crimson sheen,
 As warm, we’ll say, is the russet grey,
 As gay the forest-green. 285

“ And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
 And lost thy native land, 290
 Still Alice has her own Richard,
 And he his Alice Brand.”

XIII.

Ballad continued.

’Tis merry, ’tis merry, in good greenwood ;
 So blithe Lady Alice is singing ;
 On the beech’s pride and the oak’s brown side 95
 Lord Richard’s axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
 Who woned within the hill,—
 Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
 His voice was ghostly shrill. 300

“Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
 Our moonlight circle’s screen?
 Or who comes here to chase the deer
 Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
 Or who may dare on wold to wear 305
 The fairies’ fatal green?”

“Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
 For thou wert christened man;
 For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
 For muttered word or ban. 310

“Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
 The curse of the sleepless eye;
 Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
 Nor yet find leave to die.”

XIV.

Ballad continued.

’Tis merry, ’tis merry, in good greenwood, 315
 Though the birds have stilled their singing;
 The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
 And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
 Before Lord Richard stands, 320
 And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
 “I fear not sign,” quoth the grisly elf,
 “That is made with bloody hands.”

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear, — 325
“And if there’s blood upon his hand,
’Tis but the blood of deer.”—

“Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood, 330
The blood of Ethert Brand.”

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign, —
“And if there’s blood on Richard’s hand,
A spotless hand is mine. 335

“And I conjure thee, Demon elf,
By Him whom Demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here?”—

XV.

Ballad continued.

“’Tis merry, ’tis merry, in Fairy-land, 340
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch’s side,
With bit and bridle ringing :

“And gayly shines the Fairy-land—
But all is glistening show, 345
Like the idle gleam that December’s beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

“And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

167

Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

350

“It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away
To the joyless Elfin bower.

355

“But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
As fair a form as thine.”

360

She crossed him once—she crossed him twice—
That lady was so brave ;
The foxier grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold ;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mould
Her brother, Ethert Brand !

365

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline grey,
When all the bells were ringing.

370

XVI.

Just as the minstrel sounds were stayed,
A stranger climbed the steepy glade ;
His martial step, his stately mien,
His hunting-suit of Lincoln green,
His eagle glance, remembrance claims—

375

'Tis Snowdoun's Knight, 'tis James Fitz-James.
 Ellen beheld as in a dream,
 Then, starting, scarce suppressed a scream : 380
 " O Stranger ! in such hour of fear
 What evil hap has brought thee here ?"—
 " An evil hap how can it be
 That bids me look again on thee ?
 By promise bound, my former guide 385
 Met me betimes this morning-tide,
 And marshalled, over bank and bourne,
 The happy path of my return."
 " The happy path !—what ! said he naught
 Of war, of battle to be fought, 390
 Of guarded pass ?"—" No, by my faith !
 Nor saw I aught could augur scathe."—
 " O haste thee, Allan, to the kern,
 —Yonder his tartans I discern ;
 Learn thou his purpose, and conjure 395
 That he will guide the stranger sure !—
 What prompted thee, unhappy man ?
 The meanest serf in Roderick's clan
 Had not been bribed, by love or fear,
 Unknown to him to guide thee here."— 400

XVII.

" Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,
 Since it is worthy care from thee ;
 Yet life I hold but idle breath
 When love or honour's weighed with death.
 Then let me profit by my chance, 405
 And speak my purpose bold at once.
 I come to bear thee from a wild
 Where ne'er before such blossom smiled,

By this soft hand to lead thee far
 From frantic scenes of feud and war. 410
 Near Bochastle my horses wait ;
 They bear us soon to Stirling gate.
 I'll place thee in a lovely bower,
 I'll guard thee like a tender flower—"
 " O hush, Sir Knight ! 'twere female art, 415
 To say I do not read thy heart ;
 Too much, before, my selfish ear
 Was idly soothed my praise to hear.
 That fatal bait hath lured thee back,
 In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track ; 420
 And how, O how, can I atone
 The wreck my vanity brought on !—
 One way remains—I'll tell him all—
 Yes ! struggling bosom, forth it shall !
 Thou, whose light folly bears the blame, 425
 Buy thine own pardon with thy shame !
 But first—my father is a man
 Outlawed and exiled, under ban ;
 The price of blood is on his head,
 With me 'twere infamy to wed. 430
 Still would'st thou speak?—then hear the truth !
 Fitz-James, there is a noble youth,—
 If yet he is !—exposed for me
 And mine to dread extremity—
 Thou hast the secret of my heart ; 435
 Forgive, be generous, and depart !"

XVIII.

Fitz-James knew every wily train
 A lady's fickle heart to gain,
 But here he know and felt them vain.

There shot no glance from Ellen's eye, 440
 To give her steadfast speech the lie ;
 In maiden confidence she stood,
 Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
 And told her love with such a sigh
 Of deep and hopeless agony, 445
 As death had sealed her Malcolm's doom
 And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.
 Hope vanished from Fitz-James's eye,
 But not with hope fled sympathy.
 He proffered to attend her side, 453
 As brother would a sister guide.—
 " O little know'st thou Roderick's heart !
 Safer for both we go apart.
 O haste thee, and from Allan learn
 If thou may'st trust yon wily kern." 455
 With hand upon his forehead laid,
 The conflict of his mind to shade,
 A parting step or two he made ;
 Then, as some thought had crossed his brain,
 He paused, and turned, and came again. 460

XIX.

" Hear, lady, yet a parting word !—
 It chanced in fight that my poor sword
 Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.
 This ring the grateful Monarch gave,
 And bade, when I had boon to crave, 465
 To bring it back, and boldly claim
 The recompense that I would name.
 Ellen, I am no courtly lord,
 But one who lives by lance and sword,
 Whose castle is his helm and shield, 470

His lordship the embattled field.
 What from a prince can I demand,
 Who neither reck of state nor land ?
 Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine ;
 Each guard and usher knows the sign. 475
 Seek thou the King without delay ;
 This signet shall secure thy way :
 And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,
 As ransom of his pledge to me."
 He placed the golden circlet on, 480
 Paused—kissed her hand—and then was gone.
 The aged Minstrel stood aghast,
 So hastily Fitz-James shot past.
 He joined his guide, and wending down
 The ridges of the mountain brown, 485
 Across the stream they took their way
 That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

xx.

All in the Trosachs' glen was still,
 Noontide was sleeping on the hill :
 Sudden his guide whooped loud and high— 490
 "Murdoch ! was that a signal cry ?"—
 He stammered forth,—“ I shout to scare
 Yon raven from his dainty fare.”
 He looked—he knew the raven's prey,
 His own brave steed :—“ Ah ! gallant grey ! 495
 For thee—for me, perchance—'twere well
 We ne'er had seen the Trosachs' dell.—
 Murdoch, move first—but silently ;
 Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die !”—
 Jealous and sullen on they fared, 500
 Each silent, each upon his guard.

XXI.

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge
 Around a precipice's edge,
 When lo ! a wasted female form,
 Blighted by wrath of sun and storm, 505
 In tattered weeds and wild array,
 Stood on a cliff beside the way,
 And glancing round her restless eye
 Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
 Seemed naught to mark, yet all to spy. 510
 He. brow was wreathed with gaudy broom ;
 With gesture wild she waved a plume
 Of feathers, which the eagles fling
 To crag and cliff from dusky wing ;
 Such spoils her desperate step had sought, 515
 Where scarce was footing for the goat.
 The tartan plaid she first descried,
 And shrieked till all the rocks replied ;
 As loud she laughed when near they drew,
 For then the Lowland garb she knew ; 520
 And then her hands she wildly wrung,
 And then she wept, and then she sung—
 She sung !—the voice, in better time,
 Perchance to harp or lute might chime ;
 And now, though strained and roughened, still 525
 Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

XXII.

Song.

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
 They say my brain is warped and wrung—
 I cannot sleep on Highland brae,

I cannot pray in Highland tongue. 530
 But were I now where Allan glides,
 Or heard my native Devan's tides,
 So sweetly would I rest, and pray
 That Heaven would close my wintry day!

'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid, 535
 They made me to the church repair;
 It was my bridal morn they said,
 And my true love would meet me there.
 But woe betide the cruel guile
 That drowned in blood the morning smile! 540
 And woe betide the fairy dream!
 I only waked to sob and scream.

XXIII.

"Who is this maid? what means her lay?
 She hovers o'er the hollow way,
 And flutters wide her mantle grey, 545
 As the lone heron spreads his wing,
 By twilight o'er a haunted spring."—
 "'Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said,
 "A crazed and captive Lowland maid,
 Ta'en on the morn she was a bride, 550
 When Roderick forayed Devan-side.
 The gay bridegroom resistance made,
 And felt our Chief's unconquered blade.
 I marvel she is now at large,
 But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge.— 555
 Hence, brain-sick fool!"—He raised his bow:—
 "Now, if thou strik'st her but one blow,
 I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far
 As ever peasant pitched a bar!"—

"Thanks, champion, thanks!" the Maniac cried, 560
 And pressed her to Fitz-James's side.
 See the grey pennons I prepare,
 To seek my true love through the air!
 I will not lend that savage groom,
 To break his fall, one downy plume! 565
 No!—deep amid disjointed stones,
 The wolves shall batten on his bones,
 And then shall his detested plaid,
 By brush and brier in mid-air stayed,
 Wave forth a banner fair and free, 570
 Meet signal for their revelry."—

XXIV.

"Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!"—
 "O! thou look'st kindly, and I will.—
 Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
 But still it loves the Lincoln green; 575
 And, though mine ear is all unstrung,
 Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

"For O my sweet William was forester true,
 He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
 His coat it was all of the greenwood hue, 580
 And so blithely he trilled the lowland lay! . . .

"It was not that I meant to tell . . .
 But thou art wise and guessest well."—
 Then, in a low and broken tone,
 And hurried note, the song went on. 585
 Still on the Clansman fearfully
 She fixed her apprehensive eye,
 Then turned it on the Knight, and then
 Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

XXV.

“The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set, — 500
 Ever sing merrily, merrily ;
 The bows they bend and the knives they whet,
 Hunters live so cheerily.

“It was a stag, a stag of ten,
 Bearing his branches sturdily ; 595
 He came stately down the glen, —
 Ever sing hardily, hardily.

“It was there he met with a wounded doe,
 She was bleeding deathfully ;
 She warned him of the toils below, 600
 O, so faithfully, faithfully !

“He had an eye, and he could heed, —
 Ever sing warily, warily ;
 He had a foot, and he could speed, —
 Hunters watch so narrowly.” 605

XXVI.

Fitz-James's mind was passion-tossed,
 When Ellen's hints and fears were lost ;
 But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,
 And Blanche's song conviction brought. —
 Not like a stag that spies the snare, 610
 But lion of the hunt aware,
 He waved at once his blade on high,
 “Disclose thy treachery, or die!” —
 Forth at full speed the Clansmen flew,
 But in his race his bow he drew. 615
 The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,
 And thrilled in Blanche's faded breast. —

Murdoch of Alpine ! prove thy speed,
 For ne'er had Alpine's son such need ;
 With heart of fire, and foot of wind, 620
 The fierce avenger is behind !
 Fate judges of the rapid strife—
 The forfeit death, — the prize is life !
 Thy kindred ambush lies before,
 Close crouched upon the heathery moor ; 625
 Them could'st thou reach !—it may not be—
 Thine ambushed kin thou ne'er shalt see,
 The fiery Saxon gains on thee !
 --Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,
 As lightning strikes the pine to dust ; 630
 With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain,
 Ere he can win his blade again.
 Bent o'er the fallen, with falcon eye,
 He grimly smiled to see him die ;
 Then slower wended back his way, 635
 Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

XXVII.

She sat beneath the birchen tree,
 Her elbow resting on her knee ;
 She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
 And gazed on it, and feebly laughed ; 640
 Her wreath of broom and feathers grey,
 Draggled with blood, beside her lay.
 The Knight to stanch the life-stream tried,—
 "Stranger, it is in vain !" she cried.
 "This hour of death has given me more 645
 Of reason's power than years before ;
 For, as these ebbing veins decay,
 My frenzied visions fade away.

A helpless injured wretch I die,
 And something tells me in thine eye, 650
 That thou wert mine avenger born.—
 Seest thou this tress?—O, still I've worn
 This little tress of yellow hair,
 Through danger, frenzy, and despair!
 It once was bright and clear as thine, 655
 But blood and tears have dimmed its shine.
 I will not tell thee when 'twas shired,
 Nor from what guiltless victim's head—
 My brain would turn;—but it shall wave
 Like plumage on thy helmet brave. 660
 Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,
 And thou wilt bring it me again.—
 I waver still!—O God! more bright
 Let reason beam her parting light!—
 O, by thy knighthood's honoured sign, 665
 And for thy life preserved by mine,
 When thou shalt see a darksome man,
 Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's clan,
 With tartans broad and shadowy plume,
 And hand of blood, and brow of gloom, 670
 Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
 And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong!—
 They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .
 Avoid the path . . . O God! . . . farewell."

XXVIII.

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James; 675
 Fast poured his eyes at pity's claims;
 And now, with mingled grief and ire,
 He saw the murdered maid expire.
 "God, in my need, be my relief,

As I wreak this on yonder Chief !” 680
 A lock from Blanche’s tresses fair
 He blended with her bridegroom’s hair ;
 The mingled braid in blood he dyed,
 And placed it on his bonnet-side :
 “ By Him whose word is truth ! I swear, 685
 No other favour will I wear,
 Till this sad token I imbrue
 In the best blood of Roderick Dhu !
 —But hark ! what means yon faint halloo ?
 The chase is up, —but they shall know, 690
 The stag at bay’s a dangerous foe.”
 Barred from the known but guarded way,
 Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must stray,
 And oft must change his desperate track,
 By stream and precipice turned back. 695
 Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,
 From lack of food and loss of strength,
 He couched him in a thicket hoar,
 And thought his toils and perils o’er :—
 “ Of all my rash adventures past, 700
 This frantic feat must prove the last !
 Who e’er so mad but might have guessed,
 That all this Highland hornet’s nest
 Would muster up in swarms so soon
 As e’er they heard of bands at Doune ?— 705
 Like bloodhounds now they search me out,—
 Hark, to the whistle and the shout !—
 If farther through the wilds I go,
 I only fall upon the foe :
 I’ll couch me here till evening grey, 710
 Then darkling try my dangerous way.”

XXIX.

The shades of eve come slowly down,
 The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
 The owl awakens from her dell,
 The fox is heard upon the fell ; 715
 Enough remains of glimmering light
 To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
 Yet not enough from far to show
 His figure to the watchful foe.
 With cautious step, and ear awake, 720
 He climbs the crag and threads the brake ;
 And not the summer solstice there
 Tempered the midnight mountain air,
 But every breeze that swept the wold
 Benumbed his drench'd limbs with cold. 725
 In dread, in danger, and alone,
 Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
 Tangled and steep, he journeyed on ;
 Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
 A watch-fire close before him burned. 730

XXX.

Beside its embers red and clear,
 Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer ;
 And up he sprung with sword in hand,—
 "Thy name and purpose ! Saxon, stand !"—
 "A stranger."—"What dost thou require ?"— 735
 "Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
 My life's beset, my path is lost,
 The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."—
 "Art thou a friend to Roderick ?"—"No."—
 "Thou darest not call thyself a foe ?"— 740
 "I dare ! to him and all the band

He brings to aid his murderous hand."—
 "Bold words!—but, though the beast of game
 The privilege of chase may claim,
 Though space and law the stag we lend, 745
 Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
 Who ever recked, where, how, or when,
 The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
 Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,
 Who say thou camest a secret spy!"— 750
 "They do, by Heaven!—come Roderick Dhu,
 And of his clan the boldest two,
 And let me but till morning rest,
 I write the falsehood on their crest."—
 "If by the blaze I mark aright, 755
 Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."--
 "Then by these tokens may'st thou know
 Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."—
 "Enough, enough; sit down and share
 A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare." 760

XXXI.

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
 The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
 Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
 And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
 He tended him like welcome guest, 765
 Then thus his further speech addressed.
 "Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu,
 A clansman born, a kinsman true;
 Each word against his honour spoke
 Demands of me avenging stroke; 770
 Yet more,—upon thy fate, 'tis said,
 A mighty augury is laid.

It rests with me to wind my horn,—
 Thou art with numbers overborne ;
 It rests with me, here, brand to brand, 775
 Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand :
 But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
 Will I depart from honour's laws ;
 To assail a wearied man were shame,
 And stranger is a holy name ; 780
 Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
 In vain he never must require.
 Then rest thee here till dawn of day ;
 Myself will guide thee on the way,
 O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward, 785
 Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
 As far as Coilantogle's ford ;
 From thence thy warrant is thy sword."—
 " I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
 As freely as 'tis nobly given ! "— 790
 " Well, rest thee ; for the bittern's cry
 Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
 With that he shook the gathered heath,
 And spread his plaid upon the wreath ;
 And the brave foemen, side by side, 795
 Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
 And slept until the dawning beam
 Purpled the mountain and the stream.



RUINS OF CAMBUS-KENNETH ABBEY

CANTO FIFTH.

The Combat.

I.

Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,
 When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
 It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
 And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
 And lights the fearful path on mountain-side;— 5
 Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
 Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
 Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
 Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of
 War.

II.

That early beam, so fair and sheen, 10
 Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
 When, rousing at its glimmer red,
 The warriors left their lowly bed,
 Looked out upon the dappled sky,
 Muttered their soldier matins by, 15
 And then awaked their fire, to steal,
 As short and rude, their soldier meal.
 That o'er, the Gael around him threw
 His graceful plaid of varied hue,
 And, true to promise, led the way, 20
 By thicket green and mountain grey.
 A wildering path!—they winded now
 Along the precipice's brow,
 Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
 The windings of the Forth and Teith, 25
 And all the vales between that lie,
 Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
 Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
 Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
 'Twas o't so steep the foot was fain 30
 Assistance from the hand to gain;
 So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
 Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
 That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
 It rivals all but Beauty's tear! 35

III.

At length they came where, stern and steep,
 The hill sinks down upon the deep.
 Here Vennachar in silver flows,
 There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;

Ever the hollow path twined on, 40
 Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
 An hundred men might hold the post
 With hardihood against a host.
 The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
 Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak, 45
 With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
 And patches bright of bracken green,
 And heather black, that waved so high,
 It held the copse in rivalry.
 But where the lake slept deep and still, 50
 Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
 And oft both path and hill were torn,
 Where wintry torrents down had borne,
 And heaped upon the cumbered land
 Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand. 55
 So toilsome was the road to trace,
 The guide, abating of his pace,
 Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
 And asked Fitz-James, by what strange cause
 He sought these wilds, traversed by few, 60
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

IV.

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
 Hangs in my belt and by my side;
 Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
 "I dreamt not now to claim its aid. 65
 When here, but three days since, I came,
 Bewildered in pursuit of game,
 All seemed as peaceful and as still
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
 Thy dangerous Chief was then afar, 70

Nor soon expected back from war.
 Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
 Though deep perchance the villain lied."—
 "Yet why a second venture try?"—
 "A warrior thou, and ask me why!— 75
 Moves our free course by such fixed cause
 As gives the poor mechanic laws?
 Enough, I sought to drive away
 The lazy hours of peaceful day;
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide 80
 A Knight's free footsteps far and wide,—
 A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
 The merry glance of mountain maid;
 Or, if a path be dangerous known,
 The danger's self is lure alone."— 85

V.

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
 Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,
 Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"
 —"No, by my word;—of hands prepared 90
 To guard King James's sports I heard;
 Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
 The muster of the mountaineer,
 Their pennons will abroad be flung,
 Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."— 95
 "Free be they flung! for we were loth
 Their silken folds should feast the moth.
 Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
 Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
 But, Stranger, peaceful since you came, 100
 Bewildered in the mountain game,

Whence the bold boast by which you show
 Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"—
 "Warrior, but yester-morn I knew
 Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu, 105
 Save as an outlawed, desperate man,
 The chief of a rebellious clan,
 Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
 With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
 Yet this alone might from his part 110
 Sever each true and loyal heart."

VI.

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,
 Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
 A space he paused, then sternly said,
 "And heard'st thou why he drew his blade? 115
 Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
 Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
 What recked the Chieftain if he stood
 On Highland heath or Holy-Rood?
 He rights such wrong where it is given, 120
 If it were in the court of heaven."—
 "Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,
 Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
 While Albany, with feeble hand,
 Held borrowed truncheon of command, 125
 The young King, mewed in Stirling tower,
 Was stranger to respect and power.
 But then thy Chieftain's robber life!—
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
 Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain 130
 His herds and harvest raised in vain.—

Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne."

VII.

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile,— 135
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green, 140
With gentle slopes and groves between :—
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael ;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land. 145
Where dwell we now ! See, rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread
For fattened steer or household bread ;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry, 150
And well the mountain might reply,—
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore !
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.' 155
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey ?
Ay, by my soul !— While on yon plain 160
The Saxon rears one shock of grain ;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays

But one along yon river's maze, —
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,
 Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share. 165
 Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold
 That plundering Lowland field and fold
 Is aught but retribution true?
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."—

VIII.

Answered Fitz-James, — " And, if I sought, 170
 Think'st thou no other could be brought?
 What deem ye of my path waylaid?
 My life given o'er to ambuscade?"—
 " As of a meed to rashness due:
 Had'st thou sent warning fair and true, — 175
 I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
 I seek, good faith, a Highland maid, —
 Free hadst thou been to come and go;
 But secret path marks secret foe.
 Nor yet, for this, even as a spy, 180
 Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
 Save to fulfil an augury."—
 " Well, let it pass; nor will I now
 Fresh cause of enmity avow,
 To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow. 185
 Enough, I am by promise tied
 To match me with this man of pride:
 Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
 In peace; but when I come again,
 I come with banner, brand, and bow, 190
 As leader seeks his mortal foe.
 For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,

Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
 As I, until before me stand
 This rebel Chieftain and his band!" 195

IX.

"Have then thy wish!"—He whistled shrill,
 And he was answered from the hill;
 Wild as the scream of the curlew,
 From crag to crag the signal flew.
 Instant, through copse and heath, arose 200
 Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
 On right, on left, above, below,
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
 From shingles grey their lances start,
 The bracken bush sends forth the dart, 205
 The rushes and the willow-wand
 Are bristling into axe and brand,
 And every tuft of broom gives life
 To plaided warrior armed for strife.
 That whistle garrisoned the glen 210
 At once with full five hundred men,
 As if the yawning hill to heaven
 A subterranean host had given.
 Watching their leader's beck and will,
 All silent there they stood, and still. 215
 Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
 As if an infant's touch could urge
 Their headlong passage down the verge,
 With step and weapon forward flung, 220
 Upon the mountain-side they hung.
 The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
 Along Benledi's living side,

Then fixed his eye and sable brow
 Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now? 225
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
 And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

X.

Fitz-James was brave:—Though to his heart
 The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
 He manned himself with dauntless air, 230
 Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
 His back against a rock he bore,
 And firmly placed his foot before:—
 "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I." 235
 Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes
 Respect was mingled with surprise,
 And the stern joy which warriors feel
 In foemen worthy of their steel.
 Short space he stood—then waved his hand: 240
 Down sunk the disappearing band;
 Each warrior vanished where he stood,
 In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
 Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
 In osiers pale and copses low; 245
 It seemed as if their mother Earth
 Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
 The wind's last breath had tossed in air
 Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
 The next but swept a lone hill-side, 250
 Where heath and fern were waving wide:
 The sun's last glance was glinted back
 From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—

The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green and cold grey stone. 255

XI.

Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received ;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed, 260
And to his look the Chief replied :
“ Fear naught—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest ;—I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford : 265
Nor would I call a clansman’s brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on ;—I only meant 270
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.”
They moved :—I said Fitz-James was brave
As ever knight that belted glaive ; 275
Yet dare not say, that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
As, following Roderick’s stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife 280
With lances, that, to take his life,
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonoured and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round

The vanished guardians of the ground, 285
 And still, from copse and heather deep,
 Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
 And in the plover's shrilly strain
 The signal whistle heard again.
 Nor breathed he free till far behind 290
 The pass was left; for then they wind
 Along a wide and level green,
 Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
 Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
 To hide a bonnet or a spear. 295

XII.

The Chief in silence strode before,
 And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
 Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
 From Vennachar in silver breaks,
 Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines 300
 On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
 Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
 Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.
 And here his course the Chieftain stayed,
 Threw down his target and his plaid, 305
 And to the Lowland warrior said:—
 "Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
 This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
 This head of a rebellious clan, 310
 Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
 A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
 See, here, all vantageless I stand, 315

Armed like thyself with single brand :
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword."—

XIII.

The Saxon paused : " I ne'er delayed,
 When foeman bade me draw my blade ; 320
 Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death ;
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
 And my deep debt for life preserved,
 A better meed have well deserved :
 Can naught but blood our feud atone ? 325
 Are there no means ?"—" No, Stranger, none !
 And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;
 For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
 Between the living and the dead : 330
 ' Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
 His party conquers in the strife.'"—
 " Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
 " The riddle is already read.
 Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff, — 335
 There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
 Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy ;
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
 To James, at Stirling, let us go,
 When, if thou wilt be still his foe, 340
 Or if the King shall not agree
 To grant thee grace and favour free,
 I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
 That, to thy native strengths restored,
 With each advantage shalt thou stand 345
 That aids thee now to guard thy land."

XIV.

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—

“Soars thy presumption, then, so high,

Because a wretched kern ye slew,

Homage to name to Roderick Dhu ? 350

He yields not, he, to man nor Fate !

Thou add'st but fuel to my hate :—

My clansman's blood demands revenge.

Not yet prepared ?—By heaven, I change

My thought, and hold thy valour light, 355

As that of some vain carpet knight

Who ill deserved my courteous care,

And whose best boast is but to wear

A braid of his fair lady's hair.”—

“I thank thee, Roderick, for the word ! 360

It nerves my heart, it steels my sword ;

For I have sworn this braid to stain

In the best blood that warms thy vein.

Now, truce, farewell ! and, ruth, begone !—

Yet think not that by thee alone, 365

Proud Chief ! can courtesy be shown ;

Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn.

Start at my whistle clansmen stern,

Of this small horn one feeble blast

Would fearful odds against thee cast. 370

But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—

We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.”

Then each at once his falchion drew,

Each on the ground his scabbard threw,

Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain, 375

As what they ne'er might see again ;

Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,

In dubious strife they darkly closed.

XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
 That on the field his targe he threw, 380
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
 Had death so often dashed aside ;
 For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
 He practised every pass and ward, 385
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard ;
 While less expert, though stronger far,
 The Gael maintained unequal war.
 Three times in closing strife they stood,
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood ; 390
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
 And showered his blows like wintry rain ;
 And, as firm rock or castle-roof 395
 Against the winter shower is proof,
 The foe, invulnerable still,
 Foiled his wild rage by steady skill ;
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand, 400
 And backward borne upon the lea,
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

XVI.

" Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade ! " —
 " Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy ! 405
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
 —Like adder darting from his coil,

Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ; 410
 Received, but recked not of a wound,
 And locked his arms his foeman round.—
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel 415
 Through bars of brass and triple steel!—
 'They tug, they strain!—down, down they go,
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
 His knee was planted in his breast ; 420
 His clotted locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!—
 —But hate and fury ill supplied 425
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,
 And all too late the advantage came
 To turn the odds of deadly game ;
 For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
 Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye. 430
 Down came the blow ! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
 The struggling foe may now unclasp
 The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp ;
 Unwounded from the dreadful close, 435
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

XVII.

He faltered thanks to Heaven for life,
 Redeemed, unhopèd, from desperate strife ;

Next on his foe his look he cast,
 Whose every gasp appeared his last ; 440
 In Roderick's gore he dipped the braid,—
 "Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid ;
 Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
 The praise that Faith and Valour give."
 With that he blew a bugle-note, 445
 Undid the collar from his throat,
 Unbonneted, and by the wave
 Sate down his brow and hands to lave.
 Then faint afar are heard the feet
 Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet ; 450
 The sounds increase, and now are seen
 Four mounted squires in Lincoln green ;
 Two who bear lance, and two who lead,
 By loosened rein, a saddled steed ;
 Each onward held his headlong course, 455
 And by Fitz-James reined up his horse,—
 With wonder viewed the bloody spot—
 —"Exclaim not, gallants! question not.—
 You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
 And bind the wounds of yonder knight ; 460
 Let the grey palfrey bear his weight,
 We destined for a fairer freight,
 And bring him on to Stirling straight ;
 I will before at better speed,
 To seek fresh horse and fitting weed. 465
 The sun rides high ;—I must be bouned
 To see the archer-game at noon ;
 But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—
 De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

XVIII.

"Stand, Bayard, stand!"—the steed obeyed, 470
 With arching neck and bended head,
 And glancing eye, and quivering ear,
 As if he loved his lord to hear.
 No foot Fitz-James in stirrup stayed,
 No grasp upon the saddle laid, 475
But wreathed his left hand in the mane,
 And lightly bounded from the plain,
 Turned on the horse his armed heel,
 And stirred his courage with the steel.
 Bounded the fiery steed in air, 480
 The rider sate erect and fair,
 Then, like a bolt from steel crossbow
 Forth launched, along the plain they go.
 They dashed that rapid torrent through,
 And up Carhonie's hill they flew ; 485
 Still at the gallop pricked the Knight,
 His merry men followed as they might.
 Along thy banks, swift Teith ! they ride,
 And in the race they mock thy tide ;
 Torry and Lendrick now are past, 490
 And Deanstown lies behind them cast ;
 They rise, the bannered towers of Doune,
 They sink in distant woodland soon ;
 Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
 They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre ; 495
 They mark just glance and disappear
 The lofty brow of ancient Kier :
 They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
 Dark Forth ! amid thy sluggish tides,
 And on the opposing shore take ground, 500
 With splash, with scramble, and with bound.

Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth !
 And soon the bulwark of the North,
 Grey Stirling, with her towers and town,
 Upon their fleet career looked down. 505

XIX.

As up the flinty path they strained,
 Sudden his steed the leader reined ;
 A signal to his squire he flung,
 Who instant to his stirrup sprung :—
 “ Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman grey. 510
 Who townward holds the rocky way,
 Of stature tall and poor array ?
 Mark’st thou the firm, yet active stride
 With which he scales the mountain-side ?
 Know’st thou from whence he comes, or whom ?”—
 “ No, by my word ;—a burly groom 515
 He seems, who in the field or chase
 A baron’s train would nobly grace.—”
 “ Out, out, De Vaux ! can fear supply,
 And jealousy, no sharper eye ? 520
 Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
 That stately form and step I knew ;
 Like form in Scotland is not seen,
 Treads not such step on Scottish green.
 ’Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle ! 525
 The uncle of the banished Earl.
 Away, away, to court, to show
 The near approach of dreaded foe :
 The King must stand upon his guard ;
 Douglas and he must meet prepared.”— 530
 Then right-hand wheeled their steeds, and straight
 They won the Castle’s postern gate.

XX.

The Douglas, who had bent his way
 From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey grey,
 Now, as he climbed the rocky shelf, 535
 Held sad communion with himself:—
 "Yes! all is true my fears could frame:
 A prisoner lies the noble Græme,
 And fiery Roderick soon will feel
 The vengeance of the royal steel. 540
 I, only I, can ward their fate,—
 God grant the ransom come not late!
 The Abbess hath her promise given,
 My child shall be the bride of Heaven;—
 —Be pardoned one repining tear! 545
 For He, who gave her, knows how dear,
 How excellent!—but that is by,
 And now my business is—to die.
 —Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
 A Douglas by his sovereign bled; 550
 And thou, O sad and fatal mound!
 That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
 As on the noblest of the land
 Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand,—
 The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb 555
 Prepare,—for Douglas seeks his doom!
 —But hark! what blithe and jolly peal
 Makes the Franciscan steeple reel?
 And see! upon the crowded street,
 In motley group, what masquers meet! 560
 Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,
 And merry morrice-dancers come.
 I guess, by all this quaint array,
 The burghers hold their sports to-day.

James will be there ; he loves such show, 565
 Where the good yeoman bends his bow,
 And the tough wrestler foils his foe,
 As well as where, in proud career,
 The high-born tilter shivers spear.
 I'll follow to the Castle-park, 570
 And play my prize ;—King James shall mark
 If age has tamed these sinews stark,
 Whose force so oft, in happier days,
 His boyish wonder loved to praise."

XXI.

The Castle gates were open flung, 575
 The quivering drawbridge rocked and rung,
 And echoed loud the flinty street
 Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,
 As slowly down the steep descent
 Fair Scotland's King and nobles went, 580
 While all along the crowded way
 Was jubilee and loud huzza.
 And ever James was bending low
 To his white jennet's saddle-bow,
 Doffing his cap to city dame, 585
 Who smiled and blushed for pride and shame.
 And well the simperer might be vain,—
 He chose the fairest of the train.
 Gravely he greets each city sire,
 Commends each pageant's quaint attire, 590
 Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
 And smiles and nods upon the crowd,
 Who rend the heavens with their acclaims.—
 "Long live the Commons' King, King James!"
 Behind the King thronged peer and knight, 595

And noble dame and damsel bright,
 Whose fiery steeds ill brooked the stay
 Of the steep street and crowded way.
 —But in the train you might discern
 Dark lowering brow and visage stern ; 600
 There nobles mourned their pride restrained,
 And the mean burgher's joys disdained ;
 And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,
 Were each from home a banished man,
 There thought upon their own grey tower, 605
 Their waving woods, their feudal power,
 And deemed themselves a shameful part
 Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

XXII.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out
 Their chequered bands the joyous rout. 610
 There morricers, with bell at heel,
 And blade in hand, their mazes wheel ;
 But chief, beside the butts, there stand
 Bold Robin Hood and all his band, —
 Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl, 615
 Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,
 Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone,
 Scarlet, and Mutch, and little John ;
 Their bugles challenge all that will,
 In archery to prove their skill. 620
 The Douglas bent a bow of might, —
 His first shaft centred in the white,
 And when in turn he shot again,
 His second split the first in twain.
 From the King's hand must Douglas take 625
 A silver dart, the archer's stake ;

Fondly he watched, with watery eye,
 Some answering glance of sympathy,—
 No kind emotion made reply !
 Indifferent as to archer wight,
 The Monarch gave the arrow bright.

630

XXIII.

Now, clear the ring ! for, hand to hand,
 The manly wrestlers take their stand.
 Two o'er the rest superior rose,
 And proud demanded mightier foes,
 Nor called in vain, for Douglas came.
 —For life is Hugh of Larbert lame ;
 Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
 Whom senseless home his comrades bear.
 Prize of the wrestling match, the King
 To Douglas gave a golden ring,
 While coldly glanced his eye of blue,
 As frozen drop of wintry dew.
 Douglas would speak, but in his breast
 His struggling soul his words suppressed ;
 Indignant then he turned him where
 Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,
 To hurl the massive bar in air.
 When each his utmost strength had shewn,
 The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone
 From its deep bed, then heaved it high,
 And sent the fragment through the sky
 A rood beyond the farthest mark ;—
 And still in Stirling's royal park,
 The grey-haired sires, who know the past,
 To strangers point the Douglas-cast,

635

640

645

650

655

And moralize on the decay
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

XXIV.

The vale with loud applauses rang,
The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang. 660
The King, with look unmoved, bestowed
A purse well filled with pieces broad.
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
And threw the gold among the crowd,
Who now, with anxious wonder, scan, 665
And sharper glance, the dark grey man ;
Till whispers rose among the throng,
That heart so free, and hand so strong,
Must to the Douglas blood belong ;
The old men marked and shook the head 670
To see his hair with silver spread,
And winked aside, and told each son
Of feats upon the English done,
Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand
Was exiled from his native land. 675
The women praised his stately form,
Though wrecked by many a winter's storm ;
The youth with awe and wonder saw
His strength surpassing Nature's law.
Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd, 680
Till murmurs rose to clamours loud.
But not a glance from that proud ring
Of peers who circled round the King
With Douglas held communion kind,
Or called the banished man to mind ; 685
No, not from those who, at the chase,
Once held his side the honoured place,

Begirt his board, and, in the field,
 Found safety underneath his shield ;
 For he, whom royal eyes disown, 690
 When was his form to courtiers known !

XXV.

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,
 And bade let loose a gallant stag,
 Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
 'Two favourite greyhounds should pull down, 695
 That venison free and Bordeaux wine
 Might serve the archery to dine.
 But Lufra, — whom from Douglas' side
 Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
 The fleetest hound in all the North, — 700
 Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.
 She left the royal hounds mid-way,
 And, dashing on the antlered prey,
 Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,
 And deep the flowing life-blood drank. 705
 The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
 By strange intruder broken short,
 Came up, and, with his leash unbound,
 In anger struck the noble hound.
 — The Douglas had endured, that morn, 710
 The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,
 And last, and worst to spirit proud,
 Had borne the pity of the crowd ;
 But Lufra had been fondly bred,
 'To share his board, to watch his bed, 715
 And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck.
 In maiden glee, with garlands deck ;
 They were such playmates, that with name

Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.
 His stifled wrath is brimming high, 720
 In darkened brow and flashing eye ;—
 As waves before the bark divide,
 The crowd gave way before his stride ;
 Needs but a buffet and no more,
 The groom lies senseless in his gore. 725
 Such blow no other hand could deal,
 Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

XXVI.

Then clamoured loud the royal train,
 And brandished swords and staves amain.
 But stern the Baron's warning—" Back ! 730
 Back, on your lives, ye menial pack !
 Beware the Douglas. — Yes ! behold,
 King James ! The Douglas, doomed of old,
 And vainly sought for near and far,
 A victim to atone the war, 735
 A willing victim now attends,
 Nor craves thy grace but for his friends."—
 " Thus is my clemency repaid ?
 Presumptuous Lord ! " the Monarch said ;
 " Of thy mis-proud, ambitious clan, 740
 Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
 The only man, in whom a foe
 My woman-mercy would not know ;
 But shall a Monarch's presence brook
 Injurious blow, and haughty look ?— 745
 What ho ! the Captain of our Guard !
 Give the offender fitting ward.—
 Break off the sports ! "—for tumult rose,
 And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows,—

“Break off the sports!” he said, and frowned, 750
 “And bid our horsemen clear the ground.”

XXVII.

Then uproar wild and misarray
 Marred the fair form of festal day.
 The horsemen pricked among the crowd,
 Repelled by threats and insult loud ; 755
 To earth are borne the old and weak,
 The timorous fly, the women shriek ;
 With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,
 The hardier urge tumultuous war.
 At once round Douglas darkly sweep 760
 The royal spears in circle deep,
 And slowly scale the pathway steep ;
 While on the rear in thunder pour
 The rabble with disordered roar.
 With grief the noble Douglas saw 765
 The Commons rise against the law,
 And to the leading foldier said, —
 “Sir John of Hyndford, ’twas my blade
 That knighthood on thy shoulder laid ;
 For that good deed permit me then 770
 A word with these misguided men. —

XXVIII.

“Hear, gentle friends, ere yet for me
 Ye break the bands of fealty.
 My life, my honour, and my cause,
 I tender free to Scotland’s laws. 775
 Are these so weak as must require
 The aid of your misguided ire ?
 Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,

Is then my selfish rage so strong,
 My sense of public weal so low, 780
 That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
 Those cords of love I should unbind
 Which knit my country and my kind ?
 O no ! Believe, in yonder tower
 It will not soothe my captive hour, 785
 To know those spears our foe should dread
 For me in kindred gore are red ;
 To know, in fruitless brawl begun,
 For me that mother wails her son ;
 For me that widow's mate expires ; 790
 For me that orphans weep their sires ;
 That patriots mourn insulted laws,
 And curse the Douglas for the cause.
 O let your patience ward such ill,
 And keep our right to love me still ! " 795

XXIX.

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
 In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
 With lifted hands and eyes, they prayed
 For blessings on his generous head,
 Who for his country felt alone, 800
 And prized her blood beyond his own.
 Old men upon the verge of life
 Blessed him who stayed the civil strife ;
 And mothers held their babes on high,
 The self-devoted Chief to spy, 805
 Triumphant over wrongs and ire,
 To whom the prattlers owed a sire.
 Even the rough soldier's heart was moved ;
 As if behind some bier beloved,

With trailing arms and drooping head, 810
 'The Douglas up the hill he led,
 And at the Castle's battled verge,
 With sighs resigned his honoured charge.

XXX.

The offended Monarch rode apart,
 With bitter thoughts and swelling heart, 815
 And would not now vouchsafe again
 Through Stirling streets to lead his train.
 "O Lennox, who would wish to rule
 This changeling crowd, this common fool?
 Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim 820
 With which they shout the Douglas name?
 With like acclaim the vulgar throat
 Strained for King James their morning note;
 With like acclaim they hailed the day
 When first I broke the Douglas sway; 825
 And like acclaim would Douglas greet,
 If he could hurl me from my seat.
 Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream, 830
 And fickle as a changeful dream;
 Fantastic as a woman's mood,
 And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
 Thou many-headed monster-thing,
 O who would wish to be thy king!— 835

XXXI.

"But soft! what messenger of speed
 Spurs hitherward his panting steed?
 I guess his cognizance afar—

What from our cousin, John of Mar? "—
 "He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound 840
 Within the safe and guarded ground :
 For some foul purpose yet unknown,—
 Most sure for evil to the throne,—
 The outlawed Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
 Has summoned his rebellious crew ; 845
 'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid
 These loose banditti stand arrayed.
 The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune
 To break their muster marched, and soon
 Your Grace will hear of battle fought ; 850
 But earnestly the Earl besought,
 Till for such danger he provide,
 With scanty train you will not ride."

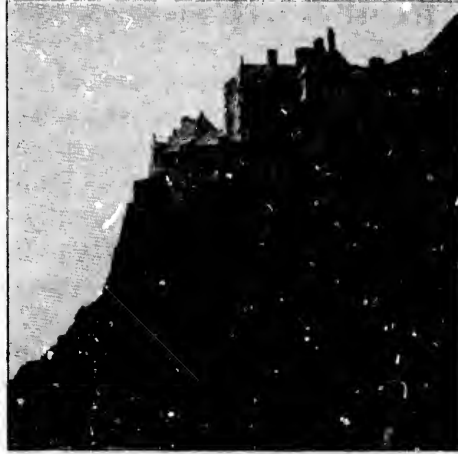
XXXII.

"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—
 I should have earlier looked to this ; 855
 I lost it in this bustling day.
 —Retrace with speed thy former way ;
 Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
 The best of mine shall be thy meed.
 Say to our faithful Lord of Mar, 860
 We do forbid the intended war ;
 Roderick, this morn, in single fight,
 Was made our prisoner by a knight,
 And Douglas hath himself and cause
 Submitted to our kingdom's laws. 865
 The tidings of their leaders lost
 Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
 Nor would we that the vulgar feel,
 For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.

Bear Mar our message, Braco ; fly !"— 870
 He turned his steed,—" My liege, I hie,
 Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,
 I fear the broadswords will be drawn."
 The turf the flying courser spurned,
 And to his towers the King returned. 875

XXXIII.

Ill with King James's mood that day
 Suited gay feast and minstrel lay ;
 Soon were dismissed the courtly throng,
 And soon cut short the festal song.
 Nor less upon the saddened town 880
 The evening sunk in sorrow down.
 The burghers spoke of civil jar,
 Of rumoured feuds and mountain war,
 Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
 All up in arms ;—the Douglas too, 885
 They mourned him pent within the hold,
 " Where stout Earl William was of old."—
 And there his word the speaker stayed,
 And finger on his lip he laid,
 Or pointed to his dagger blade. 890
 But jaded horsemen from the west
 At evening to the Castle pressed ;
 And busy talkers said they bore
 Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore ;
 At noon the deadly fray begun, 895
 And lasted till the set of sun.
 Thus giddy rumour shock the town,
 Till closed the Night her pennons brown.



STIRLING CASTLE.

CANTO SIXTH.

The Guard-Room.

I.

THE sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the dark city, casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance ;
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
Scaring the prowling robber to his den ;
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

What various scenes, and O! what scenes of woe, 10
 Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam!
 The fevered patient, from his pallet low,
 Through crowded hospital beholds its stream;
 The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam,
 The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail, 15
 The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream;
 The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
 Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail.

II.

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang
 With soldier-step and weapon-clang, 20
 While drums with rolling note foretell
 Relief to weary sentinel.
 Through narrow loop and casement barred,
 The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,
 And, struggling with the smoky air, 25
 Deadened the torches' yellow glare.
 In comfortless alliance shone
 The lights through arch of blackened stone,
 And showed wild shapes in garb of war,
 Faces deformed with beard and scar, 30
 All haggard from the midnight watch,
 And fevered with the stern debauch;
 For the oak table's massive board,
 Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,
 And beakers drained, and cups o'erthrown, 35
 Showed in what sport the night had flown.
 Some, weary, snored on floor and bench;
 Some laboured still their thirst to quench;
 Some, chilled with watching, spread their hands

O'er the huge chimney's dying brands, 40
 While round them, or beside them flung,
 At every step their harness rung.

III.

These drew not for their fields the sword,
 Like tenants of a feudal lord,
 Nor owned the patriarchal claim 45
 Of Chieftain in their leader's name ;
 Adventurers they, from far who roved,
 To live by battle which they loved.
 There the Italian's clouded face,
 The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace ; 50
 The mountain-loving Switzer there
 More freely breathed in mountain-air ;
 'The Fleming there despised the soil
 That paid so ill the labourer's toil ;
 Their rolls showed French and German name ; 55
 And merry England's exiles came,
 To share, with ill-concealed disdain,
 Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.
 All brave in arms, well trained to wield
 The heavy halberd, brand, and shield ; 60
 In camps licentious, wild, and bold ;
 In pillage fierce and uncontrolled ;
 And now, by holytide and feast,
 From rules of discipline released.

IV.

They held debate of bloody fray, 65
 Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray.
 Fierce was their speech, and 'mid their words
 Their hands oft grappled to their swords ;

Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear
 Of wounded comrades groaning near, 70
 Whose mangled limbs and bodies gored
 Bore token of the mountain sword,
 Though, neighbouring to the Court of Guard,
 Their prayers and feverish wails were heard,—
 Sad burden to the ruffian joke, 75
 And savage oath by fury spoke!—
 At length up started John of Brent,
 A yeoman from the banks of Trent;
 A stranger to respect or fear,
 In peace a chaser of the deer, 80
 In host a hardy mutineer,
 But still the boldest of the crew
 When deed of danger was to do.
 He grieved, that day, their games cut short,
 And marred the dicer's brawling sport, 85
 And shouted loud. "Renew the bowl!
 And, while a merry catch I troll,
 Let each the buxom chorus bear,
 Like brethren of the brand and spear."

v.

Soldier's Song.

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule 90
 Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl,
 That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-jack,
 And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack;
 Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor,
 Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar! 95

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
 The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,
 Says that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,
 And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye ;
 Yet whoop, Jack ! kiss Gillian the quicker, 100
 Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar !

Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he not ?
 For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot ;
 And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch
 Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church. 105
 Yet whoop, bully-boys ! off with your liquor,
 Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar !

VI.

The warder's challenge, heard without,
 Stayed in mid-roar the merry shout.
 A soldier to the portal went,— 110
 " Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent ;
 And—beat for jubilee the drum !—
 A maid and minstrel with him come."
 Bertram, a Fleming, grey and scarred,
 Was entering now the Court of Guard, 115
 A harper with him, a d, in plaid
 All muffled close, a mountain maid,
 Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view
 Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.
 " What news ?" they roared :—" I only know, 120
 From noon till eve we fought with foe,
 As wild and as untameable
 As the rude mountains where they dwell ;
 On both sides store of blood is lost,
 Nor much success can either boast."— 125

"But whence thy captives, friend? Such spoil
 As theirs must needs reward thy toil.
 Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp;
 Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp!
 Get thee an ape, and trudge the land, 130
 The leader of a juggler band."—

VII.

"No, comrade;—no such fortune mine.
 After the fight these sought our line,
 That aged harper and the girl,
 And, having audience of the Earl, 135
 Mar bade I should purvey them steed,
 And bring them hitherward with speed.
 Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,
 For none shall do them shame or harm."—
 "Hear ye his boast?" cried John of Brent, 140
 Ever to strife and jangling bent;
 "Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,
 And yet the jealous niggard grudge
 To pay the forester his fee?
 I'll have my share, howe'er it be, 145
 Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee."
 Bertram his forward step withstood;
 And, burning in his vengeful mood.
 Old Allan, though unfit for strife,
 Laid hand upon his dagger-knife; 150
 But Ellen boldly stepped between,
 And dropped at once the tartan screen:—
 So, from his morning cloud, appears
 The sun of May, through summer tears.
 The savage soldiery, amazed, 155
 As on descended angel gazed;

Even hardy Brent, abashed and tamed,
 Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

VIII.

Boldly she spoke :—“ Soldiers, attend !
 My father was the soldier’s friend ; 160
 Cheered him in camps, in marches led,
 And with him in the battle bled.
 Not from the valiant, or the strong,
 Should exile’s daughter suffer wrong.”—
 Answered De Brent, most forward still 165
 In every feat of good or ill,—
 “ I shame me of the part I played ;
 And thou an outlaw’s child, poor maid !
 An outlaw I by forest laws,
 And merry Needwood knows the cause. 170
 Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now,—
 He wiped his iron eye and brow,—
 “ Must bear such age, I think, as thou.—
 Hear ye, my mates !—I go to call
 The Captain of our watch to hall : 175
 There lies my halbert on the floor ;
 And he that steps my halbert o’er
 To do the maid injurious part,
 My shaft shall quiver in his heart !—
 Beware loose speech, or jesting rough : 180
 Ye all know John de Brent. Enough.”

IX.

Their Captain came, a gallant young,—
 (Of Tullibardine’s house he sprung,)
 Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight ;
 Gay was his mien, his humour light, 185

And, though by courtesy controlled,
 Forward his speech, his bearing bold.
 The high-born maiden ill could brook
 The scanning of his curious look
 And dauntless eye ;—and yet, in sooth, 190
 Young Lewis was a generous youth ;
 But Ellen's lovely face and mien,
 Ill suited to the garb and scene,
 Might lightly bear construction strange,
 And give loose fancy scope to range. 195
 " Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid !
 Come ye to seek a champion's aid,
 On palfrey white, with harper hoar,
 Like errant damosel of yore ?
 Does thy high quest a knight require, 200
 Or may the venture suit a squire ?"—
 Her dark eye flashed ;—she paused and sighed,—
 " O what have I to do with pride !—
 —Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,
 A suppliant for a father's life, 205
 I crave an audience of the King.
 Behold, to back my suit, a ring,
 The royal pledge of grateful claims,
 Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James."

X.

The signet-ring young Lewis took 210
 With deep respect and altered look ;
 And said,—“ This ring our duties own ;
 And pardon, if to worth unknown,
 In semblance mean obscurely veiled,
 Lady, in aught my folly failed. 215
 Soon as the day flings wide his gates,

The King shall know what suitor waits.
 Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower
 Repose you till his waking hour ;
 Female attendance shall obey 220
 Your hest, for service or array.
 Permit I marshal you the way."
 But, ere she followed, with the grace
 And open bounty of her race,
 She bade her slender purse be shared 225
 Among the soldiers of the guard.
 The rest with thanks their guerdon took ;
 But Brent, with shy and awkward look,
 On the reluctant maiden's hold
 Forced bluntly back the proffered gold :— 230
 " Forgive a haughty English heart,
 And O forget its ruder part !
 The vacant purse shall be my share,
 Which in my barret-cap I'll bear,
 Perchance, in jeopardy of war, 235
 Where gayer crests may keep afar."
 With thanks,—'twas all she could,—the maid
 His rugged courtesy repaid.

XI.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,
 Allan made suit to John of Brent :— 240
 " My lady safe, O let your grace
 Give me to see my master's face !
 His minstrel I,—to share his doom
 Bound from the cradle to the tomb.
 Tenth in descent, since first my sires 245
 Waked for his noble house their lyres,
 Nor one of all the race was known

But prized its weal above their own.
 With the Chief's birth begins our care ;
 Our harp must soothe the infant heir, 250
 Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace
 His earliest feat of field or chase ;
 In peace, in war, our rank we keep,
 We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,
 Nor leave him till we pour our verse— 255
 A doleful tribute!—o'er his hearse.
 Then let me share his captive lot ;
 It is my right—deny it not !”—
 “ Little we reck,” said John of Brent,
 “ We Southern men, of long descent ; 260
 Nor wot we how a name—a word—
 Makes clansmen vassals to a lord :
 Yet kind my noble landlord's part,—
 God bless the house of Beaudesert !
 And, but I loved to drive the deer 265
 More than to guide the labouring steer,
 I had not dwelt an outcast here.
 Come, good old Minstrel, follow me ;
 Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see.”

XII.

Then, from a rusted iron hook, 270
 A bunch of ponderous keys he took,
 Lighted a torch, and Allan led
 Through grated arch and passage dread.
 Portals they passed, where, deep within,
 Spoke prisoner's moan and fetters' din ; 275
 Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,
 Lay wheel, and axe, and headsman's sword,
 And many a hideous engine grim,

For wrenching joint and crushing limb,
 By artists formed who deemed it shame 280
 And sin to give their work a name.
 They halted at a low-browed porch,
 And Brent to Allan gave the torch,
 While bolt and chain he backward rolled.
 And made the bar unhasp its hold. 285
 They entered:—'twas a prison-room
 Of stern security and gloom,
 Yet not a dungeon; for the day
 Through lofty gratings found its way,
 And rude and antique garniture 290
 Decked the sad walls and oaken floor;
 Such as the rugged days of old
 Deemed fit for captive noble's hold.
 "Here," said De Brent, "thou may'st remain
 'Till the Leech visit him again. 295
 Strict is his charge, the warders tell,
 To tend the noble prisoner well."
 Retiring then the bolt he drew,
 And the lock's murmurs growled anew.
 Roused at the sound, from lowly bed 300
 A captive feebly raised his head;
 The wondering Minstrel looked, and knew—
 Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu!
 For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,
 They, erring, deemed the Chief he sought. 305

XIII.

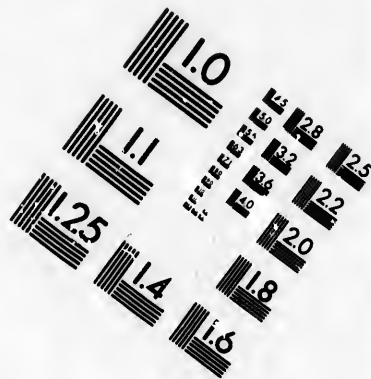
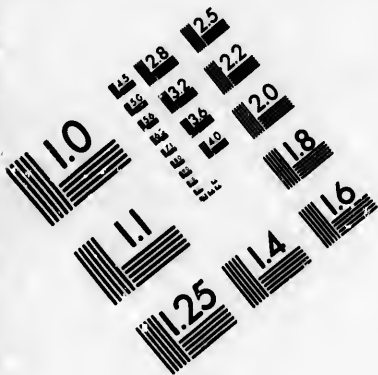
As the tall ship, whose lofty prore
 Shall never stem the billows more,
 Deserted by her gallant band,
 Amid the breakers lies astrand,—

So, on his couch, lay Roderick Dhu ! 310
 And oft his fevered limbs he threw
 In toss abrupt, as when her sides
 Lie rocking in the advancing tides,
 That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,
 Yet cannot heave her from her seat ;— 315
 O ! how unlike her course at sea !
 Or his free step on hill and lea !—
 Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,
 —“ What of thy lady ?—of my clan ?—
 My mother ?—Douglas ?—tell me all ! 320
 Have they been ruined in my fall ?
 Ah, yes ! or wherefore art thou here !
 Yet speak, —speak boldly, —do not fear.”—
 (For Allan, who his mood well knew,
 Was choked with grief and terror too.)— 325
 “ Who fought—who fled ?—Old man, be brief ;—
 Some might—for they had lost their Chief.
 Who basely live ?—who bravely died ?”—
 “ O, calm thee, Chief ! ” the Minstrel cried,
 “ Ellen is safe ; ”—“ For that thank Heaven ! ” 330
 “ And hopes are for the Douglas given ;—
 The Lady Margaret, too, is well ;
 And for thy clan, —on field or fell,
 Has never harp of minstrel told
 Of combat fought so true and bold. 335
 Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,
 Though many a goodly bough is rent.”

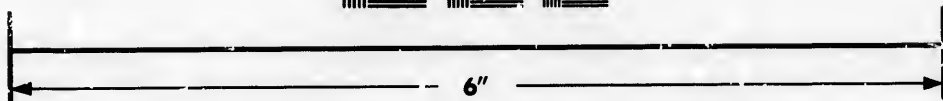
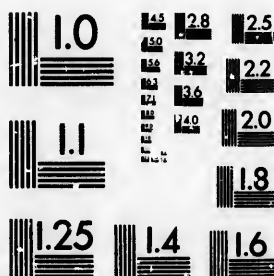
XIV.

The Chieftain reared his form on high,
 And fever's fire was in his eye ;
 But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks 340





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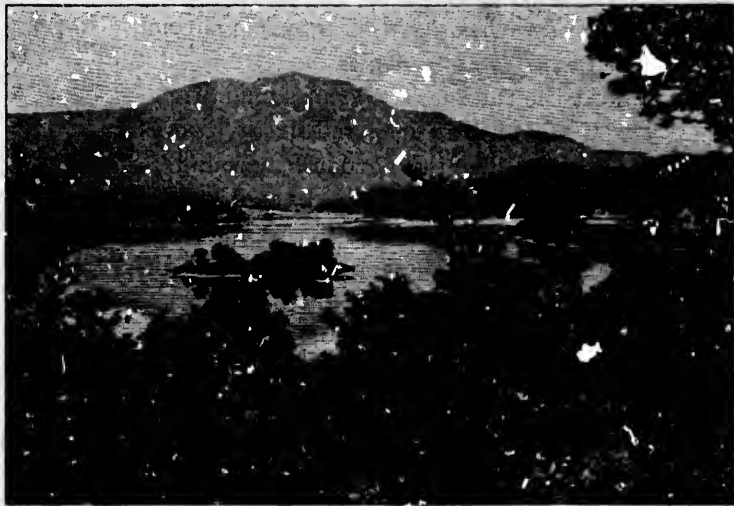
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Checkered his swarthy brow and cheeks.
 —“Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play,
 With measure bold on festal day,
 In yon lone isle, . . . again where ne'er
 Shall harper play or warrior hear! . . . 345
 That stirring air that peals on high,
 O'er Dermid's race our victory.—
 Strike it!—and then, (for well thou canst.)
 Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,
 Fling me the picture of the fight, 350
 When met my clan the Saxon might.
 I'll listen, till my fancy hears
 The clang of swords, the crash of spears!
 These grates, these walls, shall vanish then
 For the fair field of fighting men, 355
 And my free spirit burst away,
 As if it soared from battle fray.”—
 The trembling Bard with awe obeyed,—
 Slow on the harp his hand he laid;
 But soon remembrance of the sight . 360
 He witnessed from the mountain's height,
 With what old Bertram told at night,
 Awakened the full power of song,
 And bore him in career along;—
 As shallop launched on river's tide, 365
 That slow and fearful leaves the side,
 But, when it feels the middle stream,
 Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.



THE TROSSACHS, LOCH ACHRAY, AND BENVENUE.

XV.

Battle of Beal' an Duine.

"The Minstrel came once more to view
 The eastern ridge of Benvenue, 370
 For, ere he parted, he would say
 Farewell to lovely Loch Achray--
 Where shall he find, in foreign land,
 So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!--
 There is no breeze upon the fern, 375
 No ripple on the lake,
 Upon her eery nods the erne,
 The deer has sought the brake ;
 The small birds will not sing aloud,
 The springing trout lies still, 380

So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.

Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,

Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?

Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams;

Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?

300

—I see the dagger-crest of Mar,

I see the Moray's silver star,

Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,

That up the lake comes winding far!

395

To hero bane for battle-strife,

Or bard of martial lay,

'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life

One glance at their array!

XVI.

“Their light-armed archers far and near

400

Surveyed the tangled ground,

Their centre ranks, with pike and spear

A twilight forest frowned,

Their barded horsemen in the rear

The stern battalia crowned.

405

No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,

Still were the pipe and drum;

Save heavy tread and armour's clang

The sullen march was dumb.

There breathed no wind their crests to shake, 410

Or wave their flags abroad;

Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
 That shadowed o'er their road.
 Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
 Can rouse no lurking foe, 415
 Nor spy a trace of living thing,
 Save when they stirred the roe ;
 The host moves like a deep-sea wave,
 Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
 High-swellng, dark, and slow. 420
 The lake is passed, and now they gain
 A narrow and a broken plain,
 Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws ;
 And here the horse and spearmen pause,
 While, to explore the dangerous glen, 425
 Dive through the pass the archer-men.

XVII.

" At once there rose so wild a yell,
 Within that dark and narrow dell,
 As all the fiends from heaven that fell
 Had pealed the banner-cry of hell ! 430
 Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
 Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
 The archery appear :
 For life ! for life ! their flight they ply—
 And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry, 435
 And plaids and bonnets waving high.
 And broadswords flashing to the sky,
 Are maddening in the rear.
 Onward they drive in dreadful race,
 Pursuers and pursued ; 440
 Before that tide of flight and chase,
 How shall it keep its rooted place,

The spearmen's twilight wood?—
 'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down!
 Bear back both friend and foe!'— 445
 Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
 That serried grove of lances brown
 At once lay levelled low;
 And closely shouldering side to side,
 The bristling ranks the onset bide.— 450
 'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
 As their Tinchel crows the game!
 They come as fleet as forest deer,
 We'll drive them back as tame.'—

XVIII.

" Bearing before them in their course 455
 The relics of the archer force,
 Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
 Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
 Above the tide, each broadsword bright
 Was brandishing like beam of light, 460
 Each targe was dark below;
 And with the ocean's mighty swing,
 When heaving to the tempest's wing,
 They hurled them on the foe.
 I heard the lance's shivering crash, 465
 As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
 I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
 As if an hundred anvils rang!
 But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
 Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank.— 470
 —' My banner-man advance!
 I see,' he cried, ' their column shake.—
 Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,

Upon them with the lance !'—
 The horsemen dashed among the rout, 475
 As deer break through the broom ;
 Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
 They soon make lightsome room.
 Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—
 Where, where was Roderick then ! 480
 One blast upon his bugle-horn
 Were worth a thousand men.
 And refluent through the pass of fear
 The battle's tide was poured ;
 Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear, 485
 Vanished the mountain-sword.
 As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
 Receives her roaring linr,
 As the dark caverns of the deep
 Suck the wild whirlpool in, 490
 So did the deep and darksome pass
 Devour the battle's mingled mass ;
 None linger now upon the plain,
 Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

XIX.

" Now westward rolls the battle's din, 495
 That deep and doubling pass within.
 —Minstrel, away ! the work of fate
 Is bearing on ; its issue wait,
 Where the rude Trosachs' dread defile
 Opens on Katrine's lake and isle. — 500
 Grey Benvenue I soon repassed,
 Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.
 The sun is set ;—the clouds are met,
 The lowering scowl of heaven

An inky hue of livid blue 505
 To the deep lake has given ;
 Strange gusts of wind from mountain glen
 Swept o'er the lake, then sunk again.
 I heeded not the eddying surge,
 Mine eye but saw the 'Trosachs' gorge, 510
 Mine ear but heard that sullen sound,
 Which like an earthquake shook the ground,
 And spoke the stern and desperate strife
 That parts not but with parting life,
 Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll 515
 The dirge of many a passing soul.
 Nearer it comes—the dim-wood glen
 The martial flood disgorged again,
 But not in mingled tide ;
 The plaided warriors of the North 520
 High on the mountain thunder forth
 And overhang its side,
 While by the lake below appears
 The darkening cloud of Saxon spears.
 At weary bay each shattered band, 525
 Eyeing their foemen, sternly stand ;
 Their banners stream like tattered sail
 That flings its fragments to the gale,
 And broken arms and disarray
 Marked the fell havoc of the day. 530

XX.

" Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
 The Saxons stood in sullen trance,
 Till Moray pointed with his lance,
 And cried, — ' Behold yon isle ! —
 See ! none are left to guard its strand 535

But women weak, that wring the hand :
 'Tis there of yore the robber band

 Their booty wont to pile ;—

My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,
 To him will swim a bow-shot o'er, 540
 And loose a shallop from the shore.

Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
 Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.'—

Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
 On earth his casque and corslet rung, 545

 He plunged him in the wave :—

All saw the deed—the purpose knew,
 And to their clamours Benvenue

 A mingled echo gave ;

The Saxons shout their mate to cheer, 550

The helpless females scream for fear,

And yells for rage the mountaineer.

'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,

Poured down at once the lowering heaven ;

A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast, 555

Her billows reared their snowy crest.

Well for the swimmer swelled they high,

To mar the Highland marksman's eye ;

For round him showered, 'mid rain and hail,

The vengeful arrows of the Gael. — 560

In vain.— He nears the isle—and lo !

His hand is on a shallop's bow.

Just then a flash of lightning came,

It tinged the waves and strand with flame ;—

I marked Duncraggan's widowed dame, 565

Behind an oak I saw her stand,

A naked dirk gleamed in her hand :—

It darkened,—but amid the moan

Of waves I heard a dying groan ;—
 Another flash !—the spearman floats 570
 A weltering corse beside the boats,
 And the stern Matron o'er him stood,
 Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

XXI.

“ ‘Revenge! revenge!’ the Saxons cried,
 The Gaels' exulting shout replied. 575
 Despite the elemental rage,
 Again they hurried to engage ;
 But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
 Bloody with spurring came a knight,
 Sprung from his horse, and from a crag 580
 Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
 Clarion and trumpet by his side
 Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,
 While, in the Monarch's name, afar
 An herald's voice forbade the war, 585
 For Bothwell's lord and Roderick bold
 Were both, he said, in captive hold.”
 —But here the lay made sudden stand,
 The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand !—
 Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy 590
 How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy :
 At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,
 With lifted hand, kept feeble time ;
 That motion ceased,—yet feeling strong
 Varied his look as changed the song ; 595
 At length no more his deafened ear
 The minstrel melody can hear ;
 His face grows sharp,—his hands are clenched,
 As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched ;

Set are his teeth, his fading eye
 Is sternly fixed on vacancy ;—
 Thus, motionless and moanless, drew
 His parting breath stout Roderick Dhu !—
 Old Allan-bane looked on aghast,
 While grim and still his spirit passed ;
 But when he saw that life was fled,
 He poured his wailing o'er the dead.

XXII.

Lament.

“ And art thou cold and lowly laid,
 Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
 Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade !
 For thee shall none a requiem say ?
 —For thee, who loved the minstrel's lay,
 For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,
 The shelter of her exiled line,
 E'en in this prison-house of thine,
 I'll wail for Alpine's honoured Pine !

“ What groans shall yonder valleys fill !
 What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill !
 What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
 When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
 Thy fall before the race was won,
 Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun !
 There breathes not clansman of thy line,
 —But would have given his life for thine.—
 O woe for Alpine's honoured Pine !

“ Sad was thy lot on mortal stage !—
 The captive thrush may brook the cage,

The prisoned eagle dies for rage.
 Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain !
 And, when its notes awake again, 630
 Even she, so long beloved in vain,
 Shall with my harp her voice combine,
 And mix her woe and tears with mine,
 To wail Clan-Alpine's honoured Pine."

XXIII.

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart, 635
 Remained in lordly bower apart,
 Where played, with many-coloured gleams,
 Through storied pane the rising beams.
 In vain on gilded roof they fall,
 And lightened up a tapestried wall, 640
 And for her use a menial train
 A rich collation spread in vain.
 The banquet proud, the chamber gay,
 Scarce drew one curious glance astray ;
 Or if she looked, 'twas but to say, 645
 With better omen dawned the day
 In that lone isle, where waved on high
 The dun-deer's hide for canopy ;
 Where oft her noble father shared
 The simple meal her care prepared, 650
 While Lufra, crouching by her side,
 Her station claimed with jealous pride,
 And Douglas, bent on woodland game,
 Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme,
 Whose answer oft at random made, 655
 The wandering of his thoughts betrayed.—
 Those who such simple joys have known
 Are taught to prize them when they're gone.

But sudden, see, she lifts her head !
 The window seeks with cautious tread. 660
 What distant music has the power
 To win her in this woeful hour ?
 'Twas from a turrent that o'erhung
 Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

XXIV.

Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman.

“ My hawk is tired of perch and hood, 665
 My idle greyhound loathes his food,
 My horse is weary of his stall,
 And I am sick of captive thrall.
 I wish I were as I have been,
 Hunting the hart in forest green, 670
 With bended bow and bloodhound free,
 For that's the life is meet for me.

“ I hate to learn the ebb of time
 From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
 Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl, 675
 Inch after inch, along the wall.
 The lark was wont my matins ring,
 The sable rook my vespers sing ;
 These towers, although a king's they be,
 Have not a hall of joy for me. 680

“ No more at dawning morn I rise,
 And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
 Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
 And homeward wend with evening dew ;
 A blithesome welcome blithely meet, 685

And lay my trophies at her feet,
 While fled the eve on wing of glee,—
 That life is lost to love and me ! ”

xxv.

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,
 The listener had not turned her head, 690
 It trickled still, the starting tear,
 When light a footstep struck her ear,
 And Snowdoun's graceful Knight was near.
 She turned the hastier, lest again
 The prisoner should renew his strain. 695
 “ Oh welcome, brave Fitz-James ! ” she said ;
 “ How may an almost orphan maid
 Pay the deep debt— ” “ O say not so !
 To me no gratitude you owe.
 Not mine, alas ! the boon to give, 700
 And bid thy noble father live ;
 I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
 With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.
 No tyrant he, though ire and pride
 May lay his better mood aside. 705
 Come, Ellen, come !—'tis more than time,
 He holds his court at morning prime.”
 With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
 As to a brother's arm she clung.
 Gently he dried the falling tear, 710
 And gently whispered hope and cheer ;
 Her faltering steps half led, half stayed,
 Through gallery fair and high arcade,
 Till, at his touch, its wings of pride
 A portal arch unfolded wide. 715

XXVI.

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
 A thronging scene of figures bright ;
 It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight
 As when the setting sun has given
 Ten thousand hues to summer even, 720
 And from their tissue fancy frames
 Aerial knights and fairy dames.
 Still by Fitz-James her footing stayed ;
 A few faint steps she forward made,
 'Then slow her drooping head she raised, 725
 And fearful round the presence gazed ;
 For him she sought, who owned this state,
 The dreaded Prince whose will was fate !—
 She gazed on many a princely port
 Might well have ruled a royal court ; 730
 On many a splendid garb she gazed,—
 Then turned bewildered and amazed,
 For all stood bare ; and in the room
 Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.
 To him each lady's look was lent ; 735
 On him each courtier's eye was bent ;
 Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
 He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
 The centre of the glittering ring,—
 And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King ! 740

XXVII.

As wreath of snow on mountain-breast
 Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
 Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
 And at the Monarch's feet she lay ;

No word her choking voice commands,— 745
 She showed the ring--she clasped her hands.
 O! not a moment could he brook,
 The generous Prince, that suppliant look!
 Gently he raised her,—and, the while,
 Checked with a glance the circle's smile; 750
 Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,
 And bade her terrors be dismissed:—
 "Yes, Fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James
 The fealty of Scotland claims.
 To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring; 755
 He will redeem his signet ring.
 Ask naught for Douglas;—yester even,
 His Prince and he have much forgiven;
 Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,
 I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong. 760
 We would not, to the vulgar crowd,
 Yield what they craved with clamour loud;
 Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
 Our council aided and our laws.
 I staunch'd thy father's death-feud stern 765
 With stout De Vaux and Grey Glencairn;
 And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
 The friend and bulwark of our Throne.--
 But, lovely infidel, how now?
 What clouds thy misbelieving brow? 770
 Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;
 Thou must confirm this doubting maid."

XXVIII.

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
 And on his neck his daughter hung.
 The Monarch drank, that happy hour, 775

The sweetest, holiest draught of Power, —
 When it can say with godlike voice,
 Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
 Yet would not James the general eye
 On nature's raptures long should pry; 780
 He stepped between—"Nay, Douglas, nay;
 Steal not my proselyte away!
 The riddle 'tis my right to read,
 That brought this happy chance to speed.—
 Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray 785
 In life's more low but happier way,
 'Tis under name which veils my power,
 Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's tower
 Of yore the name of Snowdown claims,
 And Normans call me James Fitz-James. 790
 Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
 Thus learn to right the injured cause."—
 Then, in a tone apart and low,
 —"Ah, little traitress! none must know,
 What idle dream, what lighter thought, 795
 What vanity full dearly bought,
 Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
 My spell-bound steps to Benvenue
 In dangerous hour, and all but gave
 Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!"— 800
 Aloud he spoke,—"Thou still dost hold
 That little talisman of gold,
 Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring—
 What seeks fair Ellen of the King?"

XXIX.

Full well the conscious maiden guessed 805
 He probed the weakness of her breast;

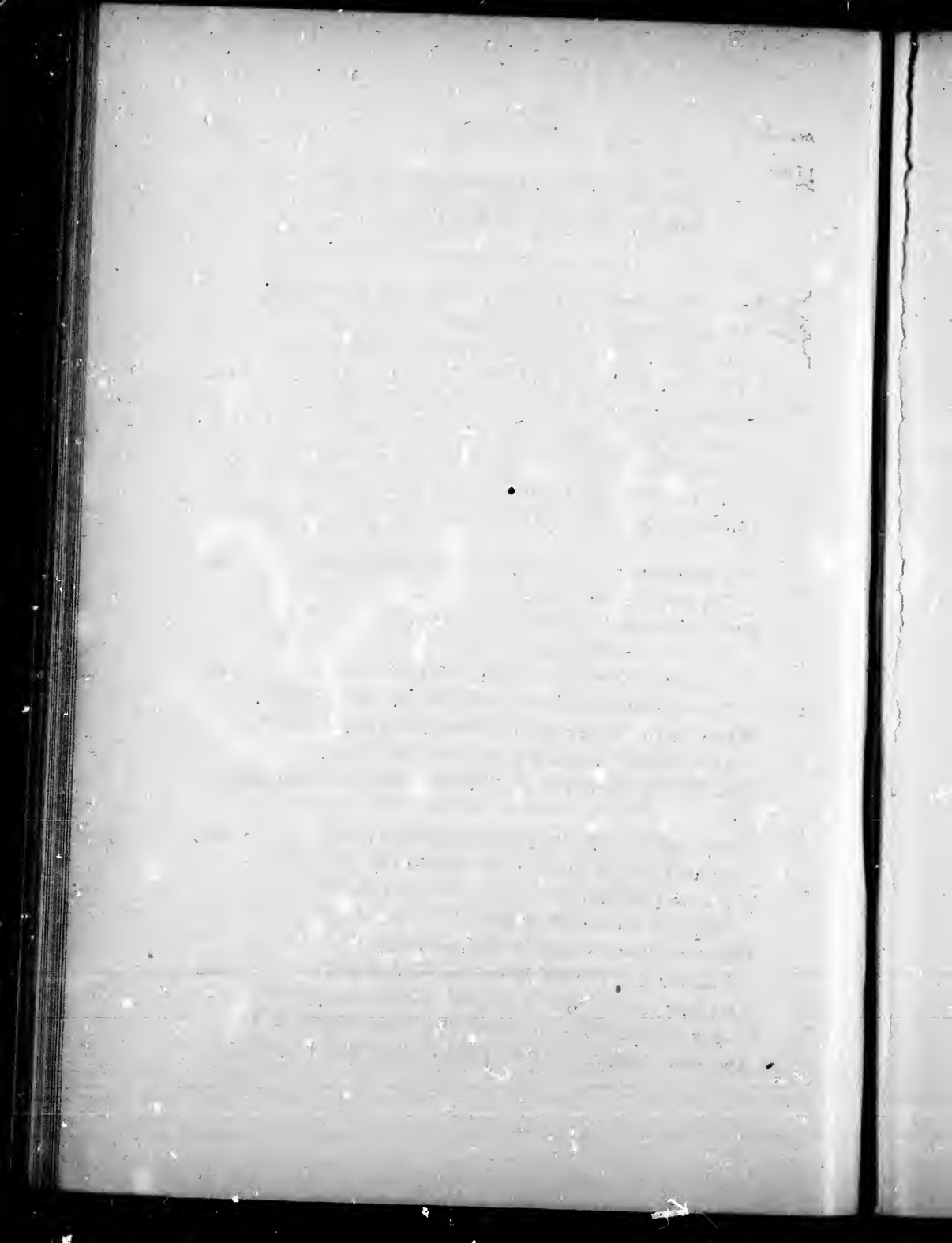
But with that consciousness there came
 A lightening of her fears for Græme,
 And more she deemed the Monarch's ire
 Kindled 'gainst him who for her sire 810
 Rebellious broadsword boldly drew ;
 And, to her generous feeling true,
 She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu. --
 " Forbear thy suit ;—the King of Kings
 Alone can stay life's parting wings. 815
 I know his heart, I know his hand,
 Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand :—
 My fairest earldom would I give
 To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live !—
 Hast thou no other boon to crave ? 820
 No other captive friend to save ?"—
 Blushing, she turned her from the King,
 And to the Douglas gave the ring,
 As if she wished her sire to speak
 The suit that stained her glowing cheek. — 825
 " Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
 And stubborn justice holds her course.
 Malcolm, come forth !"—And, at the word,
 Down kneeled the Græme to Scotland's Lord.
 " For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues, 830
 From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
 Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
 Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
 And sought amid thy faithful clan
 A refuge for an outlawed man, 835
 Dishonouring thus thy loyal name.—
 Fetters and warder for the Græme !"—
 His chain of gold the King unstrung,
 The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,

Then gen'y drew the glittering band, 310
 And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
 On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
 In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
 The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending. 345
 Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
 And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
 Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
 With distant echo from the fold and lea,
 And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel Harp! 351
 Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
 And little reck I of the censure sharp
 May idly cavil at an idle lay.
 Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way, 355
 Through secret woes the world has never known,
 When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
 And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.
 That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire, 360
 Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
 'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
 'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
 Receding now, the dying numbers ring
 Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell; 365
 And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
 A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
 And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee well!



NOTES.



NOTES.

WORDSWORTH.

TO MY SISTER.

Text. The text of this and other poems of Wordsworth is Knight's reprint of Wordsworth's final text of 1849. Various readings of other editions are given, partly from collations, chiefly from Knight's list of variants.

Circumstances of composition.—This poem was composed in 1798, in front of Alfoxden House (Fenwick note*), and first published in *Lyrical Ballads*, first ed.

The title will be clearer if the earlier title in the edd. 1798-1815 be recalled—"Lines written at a small distance from my house, and sent by my little boy to the person to whom they were addressed." The present title was adopted in 1845.

Theme. Ostensibly chronicling a trivial incident in daily life, the poem really develops a fundamental part of the new philosophy of the interaction of nature and human life, which it was Wordsworth's mission to proclaim.

Page 1. My Sister. Dorothy Wordsworth, to whom the lines are addressed, was the younger and only sister of William. She was born in 1771, and lived until 1788 with her uncle at Fornsett Rectory, Norwich. She became

* Wordsworth dictated many memoranda concerning his poems to Miss Fenwick in the year 1843.

devotedly attached to the poet, and put aside the attractions of the worldly society open to her to join herself to her brother's fortunes. Their life at Racedown, Alfoxden, and Grasmere, was one of poverty and self-denial, joined with high intellectual and emotional delight in nature and poetry. In 1832 her mind was affected and she remained an invalid till her death in 1855. See also p. xviii.

Coleridge describes Dorothy Wordsworth:—"She is a woman indeed, in mind I mean, and heart; for her person is such that if you expect to see a pretty woman, you would think her ordinary; or if you expected to see an ordinary woman you would think her pretty; but her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her innocent soul outbeams so brightly, that who saw her would say, 'Guilt was a thing impossible with her.' Her information various; her life watchful in minutest observation of nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer." De Quincey's testimony is that "Some subtle fire of impassioned intellect burned within her."

Further study of this admirable woman can be made in Wordsworth's other poems *To a Butterfly* (both poems), *The Sparrow's Nest*, *Prelude*, Bks. xi., xii., xiv., *Recluse*, and in De Quincey, *Lake Poets—Wordsworth*, and her own *Journals*, edited by Knight (Macmillan).

1. 1.—It is the first mild day of March. Cf. the opening of another poem of the same time and place—

I heard a thousand blended notes, etc.

The season is that of southern England.

1. 2.—before. The punctuation of our text is the reading of all standard editions.

1. 3.—the tall larch. The larch mentioned . . . was standing when I revisited the place in May, 1841, more than forty years after.—Wordsworth. It is now gone.

1. 7.—Mourtrins. The Quantock Hills. See Introduction, p. xx.

1. 10.—**Your morning task.** Dorothy's Journal at Alfoxden makes very clear that the household work was done by her—washing, ironing, hanging out linen, going for eggs. Memoranda of that sort are varied by such records as this: "*March 6th.* A pleasant morning, the sea white and bright, and full to the brim. I walked to see Coleridge in the evening. William went with me to the wood," etc.

Page 2. 1. 18.—**Edward.** "My little boy messenger on this occasion was the son of Basil Montagu."—Wordsworth). This child, the son of a London barrister, was in Wordsworth's charge for a few years. See Wordsworth's *Anecdote for Fathers*.

1. 17.—**No joyless forms.** Note the reaction from even the calendar of civilization.

1. 23.—**From earth to man, from man to earth.** The eternal dialogue of the spirit of man and the spirit of the universe—Wordsworth's essential teaching. This is more definitely taught in the *Influence of Natural Objects*, where he tells how the Soul of the universe wove into his being the "helpful passions" of life through intercourse in solitude amidst woods, hills, and quiet lakes. One feels the same thought current in *Nutting*.

11. 25-6.—**One moment now . . . toiling reason.** A further development of Wordsworth's philosophy. The spirit of man that is quietly receptive of the influences of nature, may gain from it, he held, more truth and strength than from the study of books or human affairs. The same theory is the basis of the four poems that follow this and others such as *Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower* and, in part, *The Highland Girl*. Thoreau, the recluse of Walden, believed the theory. Rousseau is largely responsible for this belief in the high efficacy of nature as a teacher of humanity. Wordsworth's views in this respect are derived, with large modifications, from Rousseau.

Their value has been criticised; a recent writer, Mr. Davison, in his *Rousseau and Education according to Nature*, pronounces Wordsworth's philosophy "immoral to the core—" which is wild.

The reading till 1836 was—

Than fifty years of reason.

l. 29.—**may make.** Till 1826 this read—will make.

l. 33f.—**the blessed power that rolls**, etc. What is this "blessed power?" Wordsworth was scarcely a pantheist. It is true he says—

I felt the sentiment of Being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still.

—*Prelude*, ll.

Yet "Nature's self" he defines as "the breath of God."

It is "blessed" since he finds in it—

A never-falling principle of joy
And purest passion.

—*Prelude*, ll.

See the note on the theme of *Expostulation and Reply*, also the Invocation, p. 7.

l. 35.—**frame the measure.** Dispose so as to harmonize (with a certain sentiment). The phrase develops the thought in ll. 31, 32, which is continued in l. 36.

l. 36.—**They shall be tuned to love.** This is the best teaching of the new poets; Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley unite in glorifying loving kindness as the saving spirit of humanity.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

Circumstances of composition.—This poem belongs to the same period as the preceding. "It was composed in front of the house at Alfoxden, in the spring of 1798." (Fenwick note.) It was first printed in *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798. "This poem is a favourite among the Quakers, as I have learnt on many occasions." (Fenwick note.)

Theme. Again is Wordsworth's philosophy here implicit. Some one reproaches the poet with dreaming through the day, neglecting books; but his reply is that our senses can put us in touch with the truest source of knowledge, if we, being watchful of them, let them feel. Then, said the poet elsewhere,—

We are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul :
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

—*Tintern Abbey.*

"Wordsworth," says Shairp, "had felt, and after reflection had made the feelings a noted and habitual conviction, that the world without him, the thing we call Nature, is not a dead machine, but something pervaded by a life—sometimes he calls it a soul; that this living Nature was a unity; that there was that in it which awoke in him calmness, awe, and tenderness; that this infinite life in Nature was not something which he attributed to Nature, but that it existed external to him, independent of his thoughts and feelings, and was in no way the creation of his own mind; that, though his faculties in nowise created those qualities in Nature, they might go forth and aspire towards them, and find support in them . . . The invisible voice which came to him through the visible universe was not in him, as has often been asserted, a Pantheist conception. Almost in the same breath he speaks of

and Nature's self, which is the breath of God,
 His pure word by miracle revealed.

He tells us that he held the speaking face of earth and
 heaven to be an organ of intercourse with man,—

Established by the sovereign intellect
 Who through that bodily image hath diffused,
 As might appear to the eye of fleeting time,
 A deathless spirit."

—O. *Poetic Interpretation of Nature.*

Thoreau's testimony is here of interest. "Sometimes, on a summer morning, I sat in my sunny doorway from sunrise till noon, wrapt in a reverie, amidst the pines and hickories and sumachs, in undisturbed solitude and stillness, while the birds sang in solitude around or flitted noiseless through the house. . . I grew in those seasons like corn in the night."—*Walden*, "Sounds."

The opinion of the Philistine of this theory is voiced in Macaulay's comment on *The Prelude*:—"There are the old flimsy philosophy about the effects of scenery on the mind; the old crazy mystical metaphysics," etc.

Page 3. l. 8.—the spirit breathed, etc. This is almost Milton's noble praise:—"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."—*Areopagatica*.

ll. 10-12.—**no purpose, etc.** Referring to the ordinary pursuits of life, and to the achievements of men of learning—both of which the poet is said to neglect.

l. 13.—**Esthwaite Lake.** The little lake at Hawkeshead, Lancashire (see pp. xvf).

Of before the hours of school
 I travelled round our little lake, five miles
 Of pleasant wandering.

—*Prelude*, ii.

l. 15.—**Matthew.** Representative of the lover of books. Matthew, who is associated with various poems (*e.g. Mat-*

thew), is only in part drawn from Wordsworth's beloved headmaster of the Hawkshead school, the Rev. William Taylor. "Like the Wanderer in *The Excursion*, this schoolmaster was made up of several, both of his class and men of other occupations." (Fenwick note.)

Page 4. l. 32.—dream my time away. Wordsworth does not despise books, as may be seen in *Personal Talk*, III. (p. 49). Yet they are second in power to Nature—

Speak of them as Powers
Forever to be hallowed; only less . . .
Than Nature's self.

—*Prelude*, v.

THE TABLES TURNED.

Circumstances of composition.—The poem was written at Alfoxden, from memories of Hawkshead, in 1798, and published in *Lyrical Ballads* of that year.

Theme. The theme is continued from the preceding; but here it is the poet of nature who reproaches the student of books.

Page 5. ll. 1-4.—Up! up! my Friend, etc. This read until 1820—

Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks,
Why all this toil and trouble?
Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double.

ll. 5f.—**the mountain's head . . . lay green fields.** A description of the vale of Esthwaite. Westward Yewdale Fell and Coniston "Old Man," and northerly the distant view of Fairfield and Helvellyn; near by the "green fields," bordering the lake.

l. 10.—**the woodland linnet.** A bird of over five inches long, usually reddish-brown and grey in colour—found generally in thickets and heathery giens. Its song is not

specially fine, being "short but pleasant." See also Wordsworth's *Green Linnet*.

l. 12.—**wisdom.** Interpret in the light of stanza v. ff.

l. 13.—**throstle.** The song-thrush or mavis—"a large, handsome bird, with a speckled plumage of yellowish or reddish-brown and white." The song is most noticeable in early morning and late evening—"a flute-like melody . . . full of rich cadence, and clear and deep." Cf.

Hark! 'tis the Thrush undaunted, undeprest
By twilight premature of cloud and rain;
Nor does that roaring wind deaden his strain
Who carols thinking of his Love and nest,
And seems, as more incited, still more blest.

—Wordsworth, Sonnet, *Hark! 'tis the Thrush*.

l. 14.—**He, too.** This read till 1815—

And he is no mean preacher.

Page 6. l. 28.—We murder to dissect. Wordsworth's work—his interest in the inner life, his sense of mystery, his belief that knowledge of the infinite comes to us unsought—all is a protest against that era of reason, the eighteenth century. He had been misled by abstract schemes of government (see pp. xviii), based on abstract reason. He pleaded now for a better organ of investigation, the sensitive intellect and the intelligent heart, for science pervaded with love. Cf. *A Poet's Epitaph* (Appendix).

This criticism of science is open to misconception, as when Ruskin says of Wordsworth:—"He could not understand that to break a rock with a hammer in search of crystals may sometimes be an act not disgraceful to human nature, and that to describe a flower may sometimes be as proper as to dream over it."—*Modern Painters*, III., xvii, § 7.

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS.

Circumstances of composition. This poem was written during the poet's residence in Germany in 1799 (see p. xxiii). It was first published in Coleridge's periodical *The Friend*, 1809. It was incorporated with other descriptions of the poet's early life in *The Prelude*, i.

Theme. The theme is descriptive of the vale of Hawkshead and Esthwaite lake. Wordsworth's recollections of the effect of his out-of-doors experiences furnish the persuasive proof of his theory that Nature is a pure and beneficent teacher. Note that the teaching here is simply the clear pictures, the suggestions of loneliness and mystery that Nature intertwines with the soul—not moral teaching as in the preceding poem.

Page 7. l. 1.—Wisdom and Spirit. See "the blessed power" in *To My Sister*, and note. Universal nature, Wordsworth implies, has immanent in it, a soul, wise, spiritual, which is eternal thought, and by virtue of it all appearances of Nature derive their life (breath) and their everlasting variations. Compare Goethe's description in *Faust* of the earth-spirit working at the whirring loom of Time, weaving the living vesture of God.

l. 7.—passions that build up. Cf.

We live by admiration, hope, and love.

—Wordsworth, *Excursion*, lv., 763.

l. 8.—Not with.—The reading of 1809 was—~~not~~ with. mean and vulgar works of Man. A line significant of the protest against urban civilization raised by Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, and the other poets of revolutionary thought. Cf. Cowper's famous line—

God made the country, and man made the town.

—*Task*, i, 794.

l. 14.—A grandeur. Since harmonious with the universal soul.

l. 20.—**trembling lake.** Esthwaite.

l. 21.—**homeward I went.** Till 1836—I homeward went.

l. 23.—**Mine was it.** Till 1845—"Twas mine among the fields.

Page 8. l. 27.—**through the twilight blazed.** MS. variant—blazed through twilight gloom.

l. 29.—**for me.** The reading of 1809 was—to me.

l. 31.—**village-clock.** The reminiscence is repeated in—
The church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade.

—Wordsworth, *The Fountain*.

l. 33.—**for his home.** Till 1827—for its home.

l. 37.—**loud-chiming.** The hounds yelling in the chase are described as *chiming*. Cf.

Chime ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast;
Ye shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.

—Kingsley, *Ode to the North-East Wind*.

The reading till 1842 was—loud bellowing

l. 40.—**Smitten.** Till 1845—Meanwhile.

l. 42.—**Tinkied.** The sharp ringing echo is meant.
far-distart. Till 1842—while the distant hills.

l. 50.—**the reflex.** The reading from 1827.

1809. To cut across the image of a star.

1820. To cross the bright reflection of a star.

l. 52.—**The glassy plain.**

1820. That gleamed upon the ice.

ll. 53 ff.—**given our bodies to the wind,** etc. As he is borne on by the wind, the banks seem to rush towards him in his flight; stopping short he feels them still flying past, like the earth moving visibly; more even seem to follow, but, as the illusion fades, ever more slowly, till at last all is calm as a summer sea.

Page 9. l. 63.—**as a summer sea.** MS. variant—as a dreamless sleep.

NUTTING.

Circumstances of composition.--Written in Germany in 1799, and published in 1800. "Interded as part of a poem on my own life (i.e. *The Prelude*), but struck out as not being wanted there. Like most of my schoolfellows I was an impassioned nutter. For this pleasure the Vale of Esthwaite, abounding in coppice wood, furnished a very wide range. These verses arose out of the remembrance of feelings I had often when a boy, and particularly in the extensive woods that still stretch from the side of Esthwaite Lake towards Graythwaite, the seat of the ancient family of Sandys." (Fenwick note.) "The hazel coppice is still abundant, and the place to which the Fenwick note refers can easily be identified" (Knight).

Page 10. l. 5. — cottage-threshold. "The pupils in the Hawkshead school, in Wordsworth's time, boarded in the houses of village dames. Wordsworth lived with one Anne Tyson, for whom he ever afterwards cherished the warmest regard, and whose simple character he has immortalised. (See especially Book iv. of *The Prelude*.)

"Dame Tyson's cottage is reached through a picturesque archway...and is on the right of a small open yard...to the left, a lane leads westward to the open country. It is a humble dwelling of two stories. The floor of the basement flat paved with the blue flags of Coniston slate."
--Knight.

Till 1827, this line read—

When forth I sallied from our cottage door.

l. 6.—with a huge wallet. The reading of 1832.

1800. And with a wallet o'er my shoulder slung.

1815. With a huge wallet o'er my shoulder slung.

l. 8.—Tow'rd some far-distant wood. Till 1836 this read—Towards the distant woods.

l. 9.—**cast-off weeds.** Till 1815—of Beggar's weeds.
Weed (A.S. *weod*, garment), clothing.

ll. 10 f.—**which for that service, etc.** Reading of 1815.

1830. Put on for the occasion, by advice
And exhortation of my frugal Dame.

ll. 14 ff. **O'er pathless rocks...I came.** Till 1836 this
read—

Among the woods,
And o'er the pathless rocks, I forced my way,
Until, at length, I came. . . .

l. 20.—**tempting clusters.** Till 1845 this read—milk-
white clusters.

Page 11. l. 33.—fairy water-breaks. Cf.

With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.

—Tennyson, *The Brook*.

l. 50.—**Ere from the mutilated bower.** Till 1836 this
read—

Even then, when from the bower I turned away.

l. 52.—**I felt a sense of pain.** "His ravages ended...
the sight of the deep shades, an hour ago unbroken, but
now rent by the intruding light of heaven, fills him with
secret pain. Nothing can be at once more subtle and more
universal than these impressions...the impressions which
inspired the creators of myths."—Legouis.

l. 54.—**dearest Maiden.** His sister Dorothy.

MICHAEL.

Circumstances of composition. "Written at the Town-end, Grasmere, about the same time as *The Brothers*. The sheep-fold, on which so much of the poem turns, remains, or rather the ruins of it. The character and circumstances of Luke were taken from a family to whom had belonged, many years before, the house we lived in at Town-end, along with some fields and woodlands on the eastern shore of Grasmere. The name of the Evening Star was not in fact given to this house, but to another on the same side of the valley, more to the north." (Fenwick note.)

To Mr. Justice Coleridge Wordsworth said: "Michael was founded on the son of an old couple having become dissolute, and run away from his parents; and on an old shepherd having been seven years in building up a sheep-fold in a solitary valley." (Knight).

Dorothy's journal shows the period of composition from October 11, 1800, to December 9.

Theme. "In the two poems, *The Brothers* and *Michael*, I have attempted to draw a picture of the domestic affections, as I know them to exist among a class of men who are now almost confined to the north of England. They are small independent *proprietors* of land, here called statesmen, men of respectable education, who daily labour on their own little properties... The domestic affections will always be strong with men who live in a country not crowded with population, if these men are placed above poverty... Their little tract of land serves as a kind of rallying point for the domestic feelings... The two poems were written to show that men who do not wear fine clothes can feel deeply... The poems are faithful copies of nature. They may excite profitable sympathies in many kind and good hearts, and may in some small

degree enlarge our feelings of reverence for our species."
—Wordsworth, Letter to Charles James Fox, 1801.

"His interests and sympathies, stimulated to excess by the political convulsions, . . . now found healthier objects in the labouring poor whom he conversed with in the fields, and in the vagrants he met on lonely roads. These became his daily schools. . . His early upbringing combined with after experience and reflection to make him esteem simple and humble life more than artificial. . . to make him love and esteem what is permanent, not what is accidental in human life, the inner, not the outer man of men, the essential soul, not its trappings of birth, fortune, and position. . . In humble men, when not wholly crushed or hardened by penury, he seemed to see the primary passions and elementary feelings of human nature existing as it were in their native bed."—Shairp, *On Poetic Interpretation of Nature*.

Page 12 — A Pastoral Poem. A poem of shepherd life. It was reserved for Burns and Wordsworth to redeem poetry from the sham pastorals which, following the example of Virgil, Spenser and his followers imposed on English verse. "Between Luke and Alexis there is the whole difference of Nature from Pan" (Magnus).

Topography of the poem. *Michael* embodies the scenes of Grasmere, Westmoreland, and the spirit of the dalesmen. A few moments' study of the frontispiece to this book will help to give a conception of the former. We are looking northward across the Grasmere lake and the lovely Vale (l. 40) in which it lies. The village of Grasmere (l. 135) lies a little to the left. The public way (l. 1) which touches the east of the lake climbs on behind the village up to Dunmail Raise (l. 134), the mountain gap in the background. The first mountain to the left of the village is Helm Crag and to its left is the entrance into Easedale (l. 134). Michael's cottage (l. 132), stood eastward from

the village (l. 135), on the "rising ground" (l. 132), on the "forest-side" (l. 40); we shall place it therefore among the trees to our right (now much scantier than of old), on the side of Stone-Arthur. (It stood, says Knight, where the coach-house and stables of "the Hollins" now stand.) **Green-head Ghyll** (l. 2), is the valley leading up towards Fairfield summit, between Stone-Arthur and (to the east) Rydal Fell. The unfinished fold (l. 324) was high up the Ghyll, but the locality is difficult to identify.

l. 1.—**the public way.** The coach road from Ambleside to Keswick, passing by Grasmere.

l. 2.—**Green-head Ghyll.** "Ghyll," in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short, and, for the most part, a steep, narrow valley, with a stream running through it."—Wordsworth. Green-head Ghyll is under Stone-Arthur, the mountain sheltering Grasmere on the north-east.

l. 5.—**pastoral mountains.** "In places . . . the mountains have a green pastoral voluptuousness, so smooth and full are they with thick turf. At other points the rock has fretted through the verdant carpet . . . There are sheep everywhere."—Burroughs, *Fresh Fields*, "In Wordsworth's Country."

l. 9.—**No habitation can.** The reading of 1827.

1800. No habitation there is seen : but such
As journey thither.

l. 17.—**Appears.** Until 1827—There is.

ll. 18 f.—**And to that simple object.** The reading of 1836.
This first ran—

1800. And to that place a story appertains,
Which, though it be ungarn shed with events,
Is not unfit . . .

l. 22.—**Of those domestic tales.** Till 1827 this read—

The earliest of those tales that spake to me.

ll. 23f.—men... I already loved. Wordsworth tells us in *The Prelude*, viii.,—

“That noticeable kindness of heart
Sprang out of fountains, there abounding most,
Where sovereign Nature dictated the tasks
And occupations which her beauty adorned,
And Shepherds were the men that pleased me first.”

l. 23.—**Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys.** Wordsworth elsewhere pays due tribute to men like Michael—the dalesmen of Grasmere:—

Labour here preserves
His rosy face, a servant only here
Of the fireside or of the open field,
A Freeman, therefore, sound and unimpaired !
That extreme penury is here unknown...
Where kindred independence of estate
Is prevalent, where he who tills the field,
He, happy man ! is master of the field,
And treads the mountains which his Fathers trod.

—*The Recluse.*

Page 13. l. 40.—Grasmere Vale. “There was a quiet splendour, almost grandeur, about Grasmere Vale, such as I had not seen elsewhere,—a kind of monumental beauty and dignity that agreed well with one’s conception of the loftier strains of the poet. It is not too much dominated by mountains, though shut in on all sides by them; that stately level floor of the valley keeps them back and defines them, and they rise from its outer margin like rugged, green-tufted, and green-draped walls.”—John Burroughs, *Fresh Fields*.

l. 50.—**The South...subterraneous music.** The prelude of a storm from the sea. Elsewhere the poet describes the same phenomenon—

I would stand,
If night blackened with a coming storm,
Beneath some rock, listening to notes that are
The ghostly language of the ancient earth,
Or make their dim abode in distant winds.

—*The Prelude*, ll.

Page 14. l. 66.—The hills, which with vigorous step. Till 1836 this ran—

The hills, which he so oft
Had climbed with vigorous steps.

ll. 72ff.—linking to such acts...those hills. Till 1827 this read,—

Linking to such acts,
So grateful in themselves, the certainty
Of honourable gain; these fields, these hills
Which were his living Being, even more
Than his own Blood,—what could...

For the thought compare Goldsmith—

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms.

—*The Traveller.*

l. 79.—His Helpmate was. The reading till 1815 was—
He had a wife, a comely matron, old.

Page 15. l. 99.—the cleanly. Till 1836—their cleanly. So, in l. 102, “the meal” was—their meal.

l. 103.—Luke. Austere strength is given by the names Michael, Luke.

l. 112.—With huge and black. Till 1836—
Did with a huge projection overbrow.

Page 16. l. 123.—had reached. Till 1827—was in.

l. 125.—while far. Till 1836—while late.

l. 128.—summer flies. Following this in edd. 1800, 1802 was—

Not with a waste of words, but for the sake
Of pleasure, which I know that I shall give
To many now, I of this lamp
Speak thus minutely; for there are not few
Whose memories will bear witness to my tale.

l. 129.—This light. The first ed.—The light.

l. 134.—Dunmail-Raise. Two and a half miles from Grasmere, on the way to Keswick, is “a steep pitch of road...720 feet above the sea, on either hand the mountains of Steel Fell and Seat Sandal,” on the border-line of

Westmoreland and Cumberland. It takes its name from Dunmail, last British king of Cumberland, slain in battle, 945, by the Saxon Edmund. His cairn still stands. See Wordsworth's *Waggoner* for—

This narrow strait,
Stony and dark and desolate.

1. 144.—**Less from instinctive tenderness.** Till 1827—

Effect which might perhaps have been produced
By that instinctive tenderness.

1. 145.—**Fond spirit, etc.** Till 1836—

Blind Spirit, which is in the blood of all,

1. 146.—**Than.** Till 1827—Or.

1. 150.—**Must fail.** The edd. to 1820 followed this with—

For these, and other causes, to the thoughts
Of the old man, his only son was now
The dearest object that he knew on earth.

Page 17. 1. 155.—**pastime.** Till 1827—**dalliance.**

1. 158.—**as with.** Till 1836—with.

11. 163ff.—**Wrought in the field, etc.** Till 1836—

Had work by his own door, or when he sate
With sheep before him on his shepherd's stool
Beneath that large oak, which near their door
Stood, and from its enormous breadth of shade.

1. 169.—**Clipping Tree.** Clipping is the word used in the North of England for shearing.—Wordsworth note, ed. 1800.

Page 18. 1. 207.—**While in this sort, etc.** The reading of 1815.

1800. While this good household thus were living on.

1802. While in this fashion which I have described
This simple household thus were living on.

Page 19. 1. 221.—**As soon as he had armed.** Till 1836 this read—

As soon as he had gathered so much strength
That he could look his troubles in the face,
It seemed that his sole refuge was to sell.

1. 233.—**himself.** Till 1827—**itself.**

Page 20. 1. 258.—He may return. Till 1836—May come again.

1. 258.—Richard Bateman. "The story alluded to here is well known in the country. The chapel is called Ings Chapel, and is on the right-hand side of the road leading from Kendal to Ambleside."—Wordsworth's note, ed 1800. Knight quotes Lewis, *Topogr. Dict. of England*: "Hugil, a chapelry six and a quarter miles from Kendal. The chapel, rebuilt in 1743 by Robert Bateman, stands in the village of Ings... The free school was endowed with land in 1650 by Robert Wilson... This endowment was augmented by £8 per annum by Robert Bateman, who who gave £1,000 for purchasing an estate, and erected eight alms-houses... This worthy benefactor was born here, and from a state of indigence succeeded in amassing considerable wealth by mercantile pursuits."

Page 21. 1. 304.—With daylight. Till 1820—Next morning.

Page 22. 1. 327.—which by the streamlet's edge. Till 1815—
—which close to the brook side.

1l. 338f.—touch On things. Till 1836—Speak Of things.

Page 23. 1. 340.—as oft befalls. Till 1827—as it befalls.

1. 348.—While thou. Till 1836—When thou.

Page 24. 1. 373.—from three-score years. Till 1827—from sixty years.

Page 25. 1. 406.—Be thy companions. The first ed. ran—

Be thy companions, let this Sheep-fold be
Thy anchor and thy shield; amid all fear
And all temptation, let it be to thee
An emblem of the life thy Fathers lived.

1. 425.—Ere the night fell. Till 1815—

Next morning as had been resolved, the boy.

Page 26. 1. 450.—Would overset the brain, etc. Till 1820—

Would break the heart:—old Michael found it so.

1. 456.—to sun and cloud. So in 1836; but the 1800 ed. read—upon the sun; 1832—toward the sun.

l. 466.—And never lifted up a single stone. “It is the touch of nature, the pathos of work unfinished...that gives Michael, the humble shepherd, his share in the universal heart. ‘The great distinguishing passion,’ wrote Walter Pater, ‘came to Michael by the sheep-fold, to Ruth by the wayside, adding those humble children of the furrow to the true aristocracy of passionate souls.’”
—Magnus.

Page 27. l. 468.—or with. Till 1836—with that.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR CALAIS,
AUGUST, 1802.

Composition. In 1802 Wordsworth and his sister Dora left Dove Cottage, Grasmere, to make a flying visit to France. Dora Wordsworth's *Journal* gives the following details associated with the Calais sonnets:—

“We arrived at Calais at four o'clock on Sunday morning, the 31st of July.

“We walked by the sea-shore almost every evening. We had delightful walks after the heat of the day was passed—seeing far off in the west the coast of England like a cloud crested with Dover Castle, which was but like the summit of the cloud—the evening star, and the glory of the sky; the reflections in the water were more beautiful than the sky itself, purple waves, brighter than precious stones, for ever melting away upon the sands.”

This journey resulted in the composition of a number of sonnets that are among the finest in our language. The present sonnet and the one that follows it were composed at Calais, in August, 1802. They were published in *Poems* of 1807.

Form of the Sonnet. Wordsworth's eminence as a

writer of Sonnets requires a special consideration of the form of this poem.

The word *sonnet* is derived, as is the best form of the thing itself, from the Italian,—*sonetto*, a short strain, diminutive of *suono*, sound. The first Englishmen to learn to use the sonnet structure were Wyatt (1503–1542) and Surrey (1517–1547), poets steeped in Italian literature. Among the Elizabethans, Spenser, Sidney, and Shakspeare were pre-eminent as writers of sonnets, as at a later day Milton was among the Caroline poets.

Shakspeare's sonnets, however, differ essentially in structural character from the sonnets of Milton. The SHAKS-
PERIAN SONNET arranges its rimes *abab cdcd efef gg*, and the whole rhythm progresses with almost even force through its fourteen lines till clinched and ended in the concluding couplet. The MILTONIC SONNET agrees with the Shaksperian in preserving an unbroken continuity of rhythm throughout, but differs from it in rime-structure. Its rimes in the first eight lines are *abba abba*, but the last six lines rime with great freedom, always however avoiding a final couplet. The normal ITALIAN OR PETRARCAN SONNET, while similar to the Miltonic sonnet in rime-order, differs from it and the Shaksperian sonnet in the peculiar movement of its rhythm. The poem is broken into a "octave" (first eight lines) and a "sestet" (last six lines), and the melody rising with the major part, subsides and dies away in the minor; so that it may fitly be described in these lines:

A sonnet is a wave of melody:

From heaving waters of the impassioned soul

A billow of tidal music one and whole

Flows in the "octave," then returning free,

Its ebbing surges in the "sestet" roll

Back to the deeps of Life's tumultuous sea.

—Theodore Watts.

These three forms—the Shaksperian, the Miltonic, and the Petrarcian Sonnet—are the standard forms of English

sonnets. While they have formal differences, they agree in requiring that the poem be of fourteen decasyllabic lines, the evolution of one single thought or emotion, inevitable in its progress, full of thought, dignity, repose, and splendidly sonorous—

Swelling loudly
Up to its climax, and then dying proudly,

as Keats said.

Examples of Shaksperian, Miltonic, and Petrarcan sonnet-forms will be found in the Appendix.

Wordsworth's sonnets, it will be seen, bear the closest relationship to Milton's, though often the Petrarcan rhythm is observed. "In the cottage at Town-end, Grasmere," said the poet, "one afternoon in 1801, my sister read me the Sonnets of Milton... I was particularly struck on that occasion by the dignified simplicity and majestic harmony that runs through most of them,—in character so totally different from the Italian, and still more so from Shakespeare's fine Sonnets. I took fire, if I may be allowed to say so, and produced three Sonnets the same afternoon, the first I ever wrote, except an irregular one at school."—Fenwick note to *Happy the Feeling*.

Theme. "How simple are the elements of these delights! There is nothing here except fraternal affection; a sunrise, a sunset, a flock of bright wild flowers; and yet the sonnets on *Westminster Bridge* and *Calais Sands*, and the stanzas on the *Daffodils*, have taken their place among the permanent records of the profoundest human joy."—Myers.

Page 28. l. 12.—with many a fear. The poet was not blind to the evils of contemporary England—its reactionary spirit before the prospect of liberal reform, its commercialism, its union with the monarchial powers of Europe against France. See the sonnets of this period: *Written*.

in London, September, 1802, Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour, Great Men have been among us, When I have borne in memory what has tamed. This last sonnet seems an answer to the present one. (See Appendix.)

COMPOSED ON THE BEACH NEAR CALAIS.

Composition. See note to preceding sonnet. It was published in *Poems*, 1807.

Page 29. l. 1.—It is a beauteous evening. The first reading and the last.

1836. Air sleeps,—from strife or stir the clouds are free.

1812. A fairer face of evening cannot be.

l. 2.—**quiet as a nun.** The poet had a suggestion possibly from Milton. Rolfe quotes—

When the gray-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed.

—*Comus*, l. 189.

l. 5.—**is on.** Changed in ed. 1836 to—broods o'er.

l. 6.—**Listen!** Changed in ed. 1836—But list!

the mighty Being. "In the *Sonnet on Calais Beach* the sea is regarded... with a sympathy... which needs no help from an imaginary impersonation, but strikes back to a sense of kinship which seems antecedent to the origin of man."—Myers.

l. 9.—**Dear Child.** His sister Dorothy.

l. 12.—**liest in Abraham's bosom.** A biblical metaphor for paradise. See Luke xvi. 22.

l. 13.—**Temple's inner shrine.** The basis of the figure is the Hebrew "holy of holies," into which only the high-priest might enter to worship—See Heb. ix. 7.

IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF THAT THE FLOOD.

Composition. This sonnet belongs to the same period as the preceding. It was composed in 1802 or 1803, and published in *The Morning Post*, 1803, and *Poems*, 1807.

Page 30. l 4.—"with pomp of waters." Dowden notes the source of the quotation—

And look how Thames...

Glides on with pomp of waters, unwithstood.

—Daniel, *History of the Civil War*, ii. vii.

l. 5.—**Roused though it be**, etc. The reading of 1827.

1807. And bear our freights of worth to foreign lands,

Road by which all might come and go that would.

TO THE DAISY.

Composition. "This, and the other poems addressed to the same flower (i.e. *In youth from rock to rock I went*, and *With little here to do or see*) were composed at Town-end, Grasmere, during the earlier part of my residence there. I have been censured for the last line but one—'thy function apostolical'—as being little less than profane. How could it be thought so? The word is adopted with reference to its derivation, implying something sent on a mission; and assuredly this little flower, especially when the subject of verse, may be regarded, in its humble degree, as administering both to moral and to spiritual purposes." (Fenwick note.) The poet even omitted the stanza containing the line in the edd. 1827, 1832.

The poem was composed in 1802, and published in *Poems*, 1807.

Theme. "It is curiously characteristic that Wordsworth, who taught his philosophy by examples taken from the field, Michael, Margaret, and their like, should have exercised his fancy upon the blossoms of the hedgerow. In contrast to Tennyson, whose idylls were of the king, and whose honey was won from roses, Wordsworth went to humble life for his people and his flowers alike. He made beautiful the 'unassuming commonplace of Na-

ture,' and recurred again and again to the daisy, the primrose, the violet, and the common pilewort, as parallel types to his heroes of the plough."—Magnus.

Page 31. l. 1.—**Bright flower.** The reading of 1843.

1837. A pilgrim bold in Nature's care.

The ed. of 1836 changed the first three lines—

Confiding Flower, by Nature's care,
Made bold,—who, lodging here or there,
Art all the long year through the heir
Of joy or sorrow.

l. 6.—**Some concord.** The ed. of 1836 varied this to—

Communion with humanity.

l. 8.—**thorough.** "Through" and "thorough" are variant forms of A.S. *thurh*, which became differentiated in use. Cf.

Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander ever, where.

—Shakspeare, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. i. 3ff.

ll. 17ff.—**Thou wander'st the wide world about,** etc. An undertone of suggestion is throughout this stanza of the mission of the apostles. See Luke x., 1 Corinthians iv. 9-12, etc.

l. 23.—**apostolical.** The root (see above) is in Gk. *apostolos*, an apostle, "one sent away (forth)"; *apostellein*, to send away.

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS.

Composition. In August, 1803, Wordsworth, his sister, and Coleridge, set out from Grasmere and Keswick for a tour on foot through Scotland. They went by way of Carlisle to Annan and Dumfries. Dora's *Journal* runs:—*August 18th.* Went to the churchyard where Burns is

buried... He lies at a corner of the churchyard, and his son, Francis Wallace, beside him. There is no stone to mark the spot; but a hundred guineas have been collected to be expended on some sort of a monument... We looked at the grave with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own verses:—

Is there a man whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life's mad career
 Wild as the wave?—
Then let him pause, and through a tear,
 Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know
And keenly felt the friendly glow
 And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stained his name.

We turned again to Burns's house. Mrs. Burns was gone to spend some time by the seashore with her children... The servant told us she had lived five years with Mrs. Burns, who was now in great sorrow for the death of Wallace."

The poem was composed in or soon after 1803. Along with the poem that follows, it was published in 1845 in *Poetical Works*.

Theme. Burns, born at Ayr in 1759, died, after a life of joy, sorrow, toil, dissipation, at Dumfries, 1796, having, as Wordsworth said, "reared on the basis of his human character a poetic one,—that of the matchless lyric poet of Scotland. Wordsworth's attitude towards Burns is significant. They were both attached (Wordsworth in early life only) to republicanism and the theories of the Revolution, both devoted themselves to the lives of the humble and the "commonplace" of nature, and Wordsworth's tribute in ll. 31-36 shows how great an influence Burns exercised on him. The fine spirit of

Wordsworth could not but lament the vices of the Scottish poet, but both in these poems and in his *Letter to a Friend of Robert Burns* he touches these with rare delicacy and loving-kindness.

Page 32. l. 6.—Where Burns is laid. “The poet’s grave is in a corner of the (St. Michael’s) churchyard” (Dora Wordsworth). “It was not allowed to remain long in this place. To suit the plan of a rather showy mausoleum, his remains were removed into a more commodious spot of the same Kirkyard” (Cunningham).

l. 11.—My wishes and my fear. The thought here is in the same strain as in *Resolutions and Independence*, where the melancholy fate of Chatterton and Burns makes him think—

We Poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

Even the courage of the leech-gatherer could scarce stay his gloom—

My former thoughts returned : the fear that kills ;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed ;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills ;
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.

l. 12.—vain. That is to change the grim reality of the truth that Burns lies buried here before him.

Page 33. l. 20.—his genius “glinted” forth. An allusion to Burns’s *To a Mountain Daisy*—

Cauld blew the bitter, biting north
Upon thy early, humble, birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

l. 25.—The piercing eye. Scott’s description of Burns, seen by him when a lad of fifteen, is here apt :—“The eye alone indicated the poetic character and temperament. It was large and of a dark cast, and literally glowed when

he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head."

1. 39.—**Criffel.** One of the chief mountains of Kireud-brightshire. It is seen to the south of Dumfries—1,831 feet in height.

In Dora Wordsworth's *Journal* we read:—I cannot take leave of the country which we passed through to-day, without mentioning that we saw the Cumberland Mountains, within half-a-mile of Ellisland, Burns's house, the last view we had of them. Drayton has prettily described the connection which this neighbourhood has with ours when he makes Skiddaw say—

Scurffel (Criffel) from the sky,
That Anadale (Annandale) doth crown, with a most amorous eye
Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,
Oft threatening me with clouds, as I oft threatening him!

"These lines recurred to William's memory, as well as the Cumberland saying,—

If Skiddaw hath a cap
Scruffel wots well of that.

"We talked of Burns and of the prospect he must have had, perhaps from his own door, of Skiddaw and his companions, including ourselves in the fancy that we *might* have been personally known to each other, and he have looked upon those objects with more pleasure for our sakes."

1. 40.—**Skiddaw.** One of the chief mountain summits of Cumberland, 3,022 feet high—shrouding, says Wordsworth,

His double front among Atlantic clouds.

It was specially dear to the poet as associated with his recollections of Cockermouth, east of which the mountain rises. Criffel is seen to the north-west, across Solway Firth.

Page 34. l. 50.—"poor Inhabitant below." Quoted from Burns's *A Bard's Epitaph*. The stanza is cited above,

in the extract from the *Journal*. Of the whole poem Wordsworth says, "Here is a sincere and solemn avowal—a public declaration *from his own will*—a confession at once devout, poetical, and human—a history in the shape of a prophecy."

l. 53.—**gowans**. The Scotch word for daisy (Gael. *gugan*, bud, flower, daisy). Cf.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine.

—Burns; *Auld Lang Syne*.

l. 61.—**A Son**. Francis Wallace Burns, the second son, who died at the age of fourteen, on June 9th, 1803.

Page 35. l. 82.—**A ritual hymn**. One sung with all fitting ceremonial.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED THE DAY FOLLOWING.

Composition. Dora continues her *Journal*:—August 19th:—"In our road to Brownhill, the next stage, we passed Ellisland at a little distance on our right, his farmhouse. We might have had more pleasure in looking round, if we had been nearer to the spot; but there is no thought surviving in connection with Burns's daily life that is not heart-depressing. Travelled through the Vale of Nith, here little like a vale it is so broad, with irregular hills rising up on each side."

In a letter to Professor Reed, 1839, Wordsworth said:—"The other day I chanced to be looking over a MS. poem belonging to the year 1803, though not actually composed till many years afterwards. It was suggested by visiting the neighbourhood of Dumfries, in which Burns had resided, and where he died: it concludes thus:

Sweet mercy! to the gates of heaven, etc.,

I instantly added—

But why to him confine the prayer, etc.

The more I reflect upon this, the more I feel justified in attaching comparatively small importance to any literary monument that I may be enabled to leave behind." (Quoted by Knight.)

The poem was published in 1845.

Theme. The theme of the preceding poem is here continued, with the change of scene, to the associations of Ellisland.

In 1788 Burns, enriched by the successful Edinburgh edition of his poems, leased **Ellisland**, five or six miles above Dumfries. This farm is on the banks of the Nith, which was duly celebrated in the poet's verse; but the Ellisland life is chiefly memorable for the composition of *Tam o' Shanter* and *Highland Mary*. In 1791 Burns, having failed in his farming of Ellisland, removed to Dumfries, where he had a small post as exciseman, and where five years later he died.

Page 36. The Nith. A little river flowing through West Dumfriesshire, through Dumfries, into Solway Firth.

1. 3.—“**The Vision.**” Burn's poem describing his vision of Coila, the Scottish muse of poetry, who crowned the poet with holly as she passed away.

“And wear thou this,” she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head:
The polished leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

Page 37. 1. 28.—wont. Properly, as here, the past tense of “won,” to dwell, to be used to (A.S. *wunian*, to dwell, remain). Cf.

Talbot is taken whom we wont to fear.

—*Henry VI.*, i. ii. 14.

1. 32.—**Yon far-stre'ching road.** That from Dumfries to Glasgow, past Ellisland.

l. 42.—**the Schools.** Scholastic, academic training, of which Burns had little; here especially the literary traditions and forms which support, while they restrain, the educated poet.

ll. 49.—**fields in some far clime, etc.** An allusion to the Elysian fields of classical antiquity, where the shades of the mighty dead wandered upon asphodel meadows.

Page 38. l. 62.—when kindred thoughts, etc. The struggles and aspirations of Burns are significant of the life of all frail mortality, and are the finest part of their nature; and all therefore need the hand of mercy equally.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Composition. See introductory notes to the preceding poems. From Dumfries the travellers made their way up Loch Lomond into the Highlands. Passing through the Trossachs, they ascended to the head of Loch Voil.

Dorothy describes the scene:—"The vale pastoral and unenclosed, not many dwellings, and but few trees; the mountains...are in large unbroken masses, combining with the vale to give an impression of bold simplicity.

"As we descended, the scene became more fertile, our way being pleasantly varied through coppices or open fields, and passing farm-houses, though always with an intermixture of uncultivated ground. It was harvest-time, and the fields were quietly—might I be allowed to say pensively?—enlivened by small companies of reapers. It is not uncommon in the more lonely parts of the Highlands to see a single person so employed. The following poem (*The Solitary Reaper*) was suggested to William by a beautiful sentence in Thomas Wilkinson's *Tour in Scotland*."

Knight has made clear that the sentence in question is

from Wilkinson's *Tours to the British Mountains*, 1824, which Wordsworth saw in MS.

The MS. reads: "Passed by a female reaping alone and singing in Erse as she bent over her sickle, the sweetest human voice I ever heard. Her strains were tenderly melancholy, and felt delicious long after they were no more heard."

The poem was composed between 1803 and 1805, and published in *Poems*, 1807.

Theme. The poem is the consummation of Wordsworth's genius—theme, imagery, irradiation of imagination, and philosophy of life. "The peculiar province of Wordsworth is that of the *common*. . . . a powerful imagination directed upon common objects, and upon the simple incidents of life. What Wordsworth saw or heard or felt was of little consequence; the important thing was the manner in which he saw, heard, and felt, and how he interpreted his sensations." (Legouis.)

Page 39. l. 7.—Vale. See above. . . . to the suggestion of loneliness and even silence the . . . called up here—an experience that peculiarly affected Wordsworth—

The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.
—*Brougham Castle.*

l. 13.—A voice so thrilling. The reading adopted in 1836.

1807. No sweeter voice was ever heard.
1827. Such thrilling voice was never heard.

l. 16.—farthest Hebrides. An echo of "the stormy Hebrides" of *Lycidas* and of—

The wave-worn shores of utmost Orcaes.
—Milton, *On the Death of Damon.*

Milton's suggestive use of proper name is unequalled.

"The Song Thrush is associated in my memory with the Hebrides. . . . When no sound comes on the ear save at intervals the faint murmur of the waves. . . . the song of

the thrush is poured forth from the summit of some granite block . . . The cuckoo calls to his mate from the cairn on the hill. Again all is silent. The streaks in the channel show that the tide is ebbing; a thin white vapour is spread over the distant islands."—Macgillivray.

Page 40. l. 29.—I listened, motionless and still. Till 1820 this read—

I listened till I had my fill.

l. 30.—And, as I mounted. In 1827—And when I mounted.

l. 31.—The music in my heart I love. A characteristic ending. Wordsworth insists that such experiences pass into our subconscious life, and permanently affect our natures for good. The close of *The Highland Girl, I wandered lonely as a cloud*, are further illustrations of this.

ODE TO DUTY.

Composition. "This ode is on the model of Gray's *Ode to Adversity*, which is copied from Horace's *Ode to Fortune*. Many and many a time have I been twitted by my wife and sister for having forgotten this dedication of myself to the stern law-giver. Transgressor, indeed, I have been, from hour to hour, from day to day: I would fain hope, however, not more flagrantly or in a worse way than most of my tuneful brethren. But these last words are in a wrong strain. We should be rigorous to ourselves, and forbearing, if not indulgent, to others, and, if we make companions at all, it ought to be with those who have morally excelled us.

"Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eò perductus, ut non tantum rectè facere possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim." (Fenwick note.)

This Ode was composed in 1805, and printed in *Poems*, 1807. A cancelled version, "in all probability the first draft," is printed by Tutin in his *Wordsworth Dictionary*. It is manifestly inferior in quality to the present one.

Page 41.—Ode. Its Form. The word *ode* (Gk. *ode*, *oido*, I sing) was primarily applied to a chant sung to musical accompaniment. The term embraced the triumphal odes of Pindar as well as the simpler strains of lyric verse. The simpler varieties were favoured by Latin poets such as Horace and Catullus, and have been most generally imitated.

English odes began with Spenser's lofty *Epithalamium*, written under either Greek or Italian influence; but it was the classical spirit of Ben Jonson that made the manner popular. Herrick in the lighter vein, Milton in the grandiose (as in *The Nativity*), Cowley, Dryden, and, above all, Gray, in their Pindaric odes (cf. *The Bard*), Collins in his Horatian imitations (as in *Evening*; see Appendix), carried on the history of the ode through the eighteenth century.

With the Romantic revival the ode was eagerly seized on to embody the highest passion of an age of lyrical feeling. Abandoning all attempts to imitate the measures of antiquity, the new poets sought after subtle harmonies in cadence, variation in length of line and stanza, and in the order of the rimes. Coleridge's *France*, 1797, Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*, 1803-6, and *Duty*, 1805, Keats's *Nightingale*, 1819, Shelley's *Skylark*, 1820, all show the varied form of the ode, at the same time that they show the common element,—“the strain of enthusiastic and exalted lyrical verse, directed to a fixed purpose, and dealing progressively with one dignified theme” (Edmund Gosse).

Gray's *Hymn to Adversity*, upon which this ode is modelled, will be found in the Appendix.

l. 1.—**Daughter of the Voice of God.** So Gray begins, addressing Adversity as daughter of Jove, being of divine order, leading men to wisdom.

Wordsworth's words are suggested by biblical passages, as when Moses was to receive the Commandments, "God answered with a voice" (Ex. xix. 19). Duty followed from the command.

l. 3.—**light to guide.** Cf. Psalms cxix. 105.

a rod . . . to reprove. Cf. Proverbs xxix. 15.

l. 5.—**victory and law.** Duty amidst the tumult of our fears make clear to us our course following which we are given victory over our terrors.

l. 8.—**And calm'st the weary strife.** Till 1815 this read—

From strife and from despair ; a glorious ministry.

l. 12.—**the genial sense of youth.** The instinctive impulses of youth, which Wordsworth's philosophy treats as of divine origin. Cf. p. 2, l. 29, and

I moved among mankind
With genial feelings still predominant ;
When erring, erring in the better part
And in the kinder spirit.

—*The Prelude*, xi.

ll. 15f.—**Oh ! if through confidence misplaced, etc.** The reading of 1836.

1807 May joy be theirs while life shall last !
And thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast !

1827. Long may the kindly impulse last !
But thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast !

l. 20.—**its own security.** Needing no outside help to preserve it. The impulses of a happy nature are just ; joy, therefore, will be preserved through its very nature.

ll. 21f.—**And they a blissful course, etc.** Until 1827 this read—

And blest are they who in the main
This faith, even now, do entertain.

l. 23.—**this creed.** Belief in the suffering of love and joy.

l. 24.—**Yet seek thy firm support.** The reading of 1845.

1807. Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

1836. Yet find thy firm support, according to their need.

l. 25.—**untried.** In the sense of 1 Peter, iv. 12.

Page 42. l. 27.—**being to myself a guide.** This touch of the poet's personal history is developed in *The Prelude*, xi.—

Personal Liberty

Which to the blind restraints of general laws

Superior, magisterially adopts

One guide, the light of circumstances, flashed

Upon an independent intellect...

. wished that Man

Should...spread abroad the wings of Liberty,

Lord of himself, in undisturbed delight.

ll. 29ff.—**And oft when in my heart...stray.** The reading of 1827.

1807. Resolved that nothing e'er should press
Upon my present happiness,
I shoved unwelcome tasks away.

1815. And oft when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task imposed from day to day.

l. 37.—**unchartered freedom.** Liberty not guaranteed by law—like the liberties of a town not guaranteed by a charter from the Crown. Cf.

Who have felt the weight of too much liberty.

—Wordsworth, Sonnet, *Nuns fret not.*

l. 40.—**that ever.** Till 1827—which ever.

l. 45.—**Flowers laugh.** Wordsworth transfers to Duty the gifts of Venus, at the touch of whose feet the earth burst into bloom.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Composition. "Sir George Beaumont painted two pictures of this subject (Peele Castle), one of which he gave to Mrs. Wordsworth, saying that she ought to have it; but Lady Beaumont interfered, and after Sir George's death she gave it to Sir Uvedale Price, at whose house at Foxley I have seen it." (Fenwick note.) "One of the pictures of 'Peele Castle in a Storm' . . . is still in the gallery of Sir George Beaumont at Coleorton Hall."—Knight.

The poem was written in 1805, and published in *Poems*, 1807.

Theme. John Wordsworth, whose tragic death affected Wordsworth so deeply, was a much loved younger brother of the poet. He was born in 1772; he lived some time at Dove Cottage; and was drowned off Weymouth in command of the East-Indiaman, "The Earl of Abergavenny," 1805. He is "the never-resting Pilgrim of the Sea" in *The Prelude*. He is in large part Leonard in *The Brothers*, and joins with Nelson as the original of *The Character of the Happy Warrior*. See also *Elegiac Stanzas*, 1805—

"The sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo!"

The story of his death is thus given by Myers: "John Wordsworth . . . looked forward to Grasmere as the final goal to his wanderings, and intended to use his own savings to set the poet free from worldly cares. Two more voyages the sailor made with such hopes as these, and amid a frequent interchange of books and letters with his brother at home. Then in February, 1805, he set sail from Portsmouth, in command of the 'Abergavenny' East-Indiaman, bound for India and China. Through the incompetence of the pilot who was taking her out of the Channel, the ship struck on the Shambles, off the Bill of

Portland, on February 5, 1805." "She struck," says Wordsworth, "at 5 p.m. Guns were fired immediately, and were continued to be fired. She was gotten off the rock at half-past seven, but had taken in so much water, in spite of constant pumping, as to be water-logged. They had, however, hope that she might still be run upon Weymouth sands, and with this view continued pumping and bailing until eleven, when she went down. . . . A few minutes before the ship went down my brother was seen talking to the first mate with apparent cheerfulness; and he was standing on the hen-coop, which is the point from which he could overlook the whole ship, the moment she went down—dying, as he had lived, in the very place and point where his duty stationed him."—Wordsworth, Letter to Sir George Beaumont, March 12, 1805.

"Through all Wordsworth's poetry . . . composed before the age of thirty-five, there runs a vein of Optimism . . . Hitherto human sorrow had been to him but a "still sad music" far away. But when, in 1805, Nature, with her night and tempest, drove his favourite brother's ship on the Shambles of Portland Head, and wrecked the life he greatly loved, then he learned that she was not always serene, but could be stern and cruel. Then sorrow came home to him, and entered into his inmost soul . . . From that time on, the sights and sounds of Nature took to Wordsworth a soberer hue, a more solemn tone. The change of mood is grandly expressed in the *Elegiac Stanzas on a Picture of Peele Castle*, where he says that he now could look no more on—

A smiling sea and be what I have been.

Yet he gives way to no weak or selfish lamentation, but sets himself to draw from the sorrow fortitude for himself, sympathy and tenderness for others:—

Then welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne;
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here;—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

That is manly and wealth-giving sorrow."—Shairp, *On Poetic Interpretation of Nature*.

Page 43. Elegiac Stanzas. Elegy (Gk. *elegeia*, a song of lamentation) was the name specially given in classical prosody to poems written in lines alternating hexameter with pentameter. The term in English poetry refers rather to the prevailing tone of the poem, but the alternation of rimes, which is sometimes, as in Gray's *Elegy* and here, employed by the poet, reflects the classical variation.

Peel(e) Castle, or the Piel of Fouldry, built on Peel Island (between the Isle of Walney and the main land, n.w. Lancaster) dates from the 12th century—a massive structure now in ruins.

l. 2.—**Four summer weeks.** The "four summer weeks" referred to were probably during the year 1794, when the poet spent part of a college vacation with his cousin, Mrs. Barker.

ll. 13ff.—**and add the gleam, etc.** The first reading and the last and the best. The ed. of 1820 has—

And add a gleam
Of lustre known to neither sea nor land,
But borrowed from the youthful Poet's dream.

The ed. of 1827 reads—the gleam, the lustre.

"Like the moisture or the polish on a pebble, genius neither distorts nor false colours its objects; but, on the contrary, brings out many a vein and many a tint, which escape the eye of common observation."—Coleridge. Whence comes this moisture, this polish, this light? It is not from the object—it is the special illumination of the poet or painter, born of his mind, irradiating the objects it is cast upon, till they yield meaning and beauty hitherto concealed.

Page 44. l. 21.—treasure-house. The reading of the ed. of 1845. The 1807 ed. has,—a treasure house, a mine.

l. 26.—**Elysian quiet.** Cf. p. 37, ll. 49ff. and note.

l. 32.—**A stedfast peace.** The reading of 1836.

1807. A faith, a trust, that could not be betrayed.

Page 45. l. 41.—Beaumont, Friend! Sir George Beaumont (1754–1827) of Coleorton Hall, Essex, was “a connoisseur, patron of art and landscape gardening” He became acquainted with Wordsworth while on a visit to Coleridge at Keswick in 1803, and was one of his most valued and most intimate friends.

l. 42.—**Him whom I deplore.** John Wordsworth. See above.

l. 53.—**the heart that lives alone.** Compare the spirit of Lord Byron’s verse.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Composition.—“The course of the great war with the French naturally fixed one’s attention upon the military character, and, to the honour of our country, there were many illustrious instances of the qualities that constitute its highest excellence. Lord Nelson carried most of the virtues that the trials he was exposed to in his department of the service necessarily call forth and sustain, if they do not produce the contrary vices. But his public life was stained with one great crime, so that, though many passages of these lines were suggested by what was generally known as excellent in his conduct, I have not been able to connect his name with the poem as I could wish, or even to think of him with satisfaction in reference to the idea of what a warrior ought to be. For the sake of such of my friends as may happen to read this note, I will add, that many elements of the character here portrayed were found in my brother John, who perished by shipwreck as mentioned elsewhere. His messmates used to call him the Philosopher, from which it must be inferred that the

qualities and dispositions I allude to had not escaped their notice. He often expressed his regret, after the war had continued some time, that he had not chosen the Naval, instead of the East India Company's service, to which his family connection had led him. He greatly valued moral and religious instruction for youth, as tending to make good sailors. The best, he used to say, came from Scotland; the next to them, from the North of England, especially from Westmoreland and Cumberland, where, thanks to the piety and local attachments of our ancestors, endowed, or, as they are commonly called, free, schools abound." (Fenwick note.)

In the edition of 1807 this note was added: "The above verses were written soon after tidings had been received of the death of Lord Nelson, which event diverted the author's thoughts to the subject. His respect for the memory of his great fellow-countryman induces him to mention this; though he is aware that the verses must suffer from any connection in the reader's mind with a name so illustrious." Nelson's death, it will be remembered, took place at Trafalgar, Oct. 21, 1805.

The poem was written in 1806 and published in 1807.

Theme. F. W. H. Myers has a valuable comment on this poem, of which the following paragraphs are the most significant: "Was there any man, by land or sea, who might serve as the poet's type of the ideal hero? To an Englishman, at least, this question carries its own reply. For by a singular destiny, England, with a thousand years of noble history behind her, has chosen for her best-beloved, for her national hero, not an Arminius from the age of legend, not a Henry Quatre from the age of chivalry, but a man whom men still living have seen and known. For, indeed, England and all the world as to this man were of one accord; and when in victory, on his ship *Victory*, Nelson passed away, the thrill which shook mankind was of a nature such as perhaps was never felt at any other

death—so unanimous was the feeling of friends and foes that earth had lost her crowning example of impassioned self-devotedness and of heroic honour.

“And yet it might have seemed that between Nelson's nature and Wordsworth's there was little in common... Wordsworth was, in fact, hampered by some such feelings of disapproval. He even tells us, with that naive affectionateness which often makes us smile, that he has had recourse to the character of his own brother John for the qualities in which the great Admiral appeared to him to have been deficient. But on these hesitations it would be unjust to dwell. I mention them only to bring out the fact that between these two men, so different in outward fates—between ‘the adored, the incomparable Nelson’ and the homely poet, ‘retired as noontide dew’—there was a moral likeness so profound that the ideal of the recluse was realized in the public life of the hero, and, on the other hand, the hero himself is only seen as completely heroic when his impetuous life stands out for us from the solemn background of the poet's calm. And surely these two natures taken together make the perfect Englishman. Nor is there any portrait fitter than that of *The Happy Warrior* to go forth to all lands as representing the English character at its height—a figure not ill-matching with ‘Plutarch's men.’”

Page 46. 1. 2.—That. Till 1820—Whom.

1. 5 —boyish. Till 1845—childish.

1. 7.—That makes. Till 1827—That make.

1. 14.—Turns his necessity. “Virtue grows by the strenuousness of its exercise.”—Myers.

11. 19.—By objects, etc. “Words which recall the womanly tenderness, the almost exaggerated feeling for others' pain, which showed itself memorably in face of the blazing *Orient*, and in the harbour of Teneriffe, and in the cockpit at Trafalgar.”—Myers.

Page 47. l. 33.—He labours good. This read till 1836—

He fixes good on good alone, and owes.

l. 43.—Whom they...fall. "They," "follow" "fall," are emphatic.

ll. 51f.—Is happy...inspired... "The poet depicts, as it were, the very summit of glory in the well-remembered aspect of the Admiral in his last and greatest hour."—Myers. Southey, however, says: "Blackwood...found him in good spirits but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen."—*Life of Nelson*.

l. 59.—Is yet a Soul. The hidden thought of Nelson's womanly tenderness, of his constant craving for the green earth and home affections in the midst of storm and war, melts the stern verses into a sudden change of tone."—Myers.

Page 48.—ll. 75f.—persevering to the last...self-surpast. Wordsworth added as a note, in the edition of 1807, the lines from the pseudo-Chaucerian *Flower and the Leaf*,—

For knightes ever should be persevering,
To seek honour without feintisse or slouth,
Fro wele to better in all manner thing.

l. 77.—Or he must fall. The reading of 1843.

1807. Or he must go to dust without his fame.

1836. Or he must fall, and sleep without his fame.

l. 85.—That every. Till 1845—Whom every.

PERSONAL TALK.

Composition. "Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The last line but two stood, at first, better and more characteristically, thus :—

"By my half-kitchen and half-parlour fire."

My sister and I were in the habit of having the tea-kettle in our little sitting-room; and we toasted the bread ourselves... By the bye, I have a spite at one of this series of Sonnets (I will leave the reader to discover which) as having been the means of nearly putting off forever our acquaintance with Miss Fenwick, who always stigmatized one line in it as vulgar, and worthy only of having been composed by a country squire." (Fenwick note.)

The four sonnets, of which the least good—the second—is here omitted, were written probably in 1806, and were published in 1807.

Theme. These sonnets are redolent of the life of the Wordsworths in their little Dove Cottage at Town-end, Grasmere, where they spent eight years of happy life, uniting "plain living and high thinking"—Wordsworth's best years—and where they received the wonderful group of friends gathered to the Lake district, Coleridge, Southey, Clarkson, Sir George Beaumont, Humphrey Davy, Walter Scott, and others.

I.

Page 49. l. 3.—Of friends. In 1807—About friends.

l. 7.—like Forms with chalk. Dowden explains this—"to guide the dancers."

l. 10.—square. Suit, harmonize with.

l. 12.—In the loved presence. The reading of 1815.

1807. By my half-kitchen my half-parlour fire.

III.

l. 9.—**There find I personal themes.** This thought is developed with juiciness and strength by Ruskin, *Sesame and Lilies*, i. §6ff.

This, the reading of 1827, was originally—

1827. There do I find a never-failing store
Of personal themes, and such as I love best.

Page 50. l. 12.—**Two shall be.** The reading of 1827.

1827. Two will I mention dearer than the rest.

l. 13.—**The gentle lady.** Shakspeare's Desdemona, the unhappy wife of Othello. Cf. Othello's words—

But that I love the gentle Desdemona.

—*Othello*, i. ii. 25.

l. 14.—**heavenly Una... Lamb.** Una is the heroine of the first book of Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, beloved by the Red Cross Knight; in the allegory she typifies Truth.

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white than snow,
Yet she much whiter...

And by her, in a lue, a milkewhite lamb she lad [led].

—*Faerie Queene*, I., i. iv.

See also the Dedication of *The White Doe of Rylstone*.

IV.

ll. 9-12—**Blessings be with them...lays.** These lines are those inscribed, at the suggestion of Principal Shairp, on the statue of Wordsworth, in the Baptistry of Westminster Abbey.

O NIGHTINGALE! THOU SURELY ART.

Composition. Written at Town-end, Grasmere (Fenwick note); but Mrs. Wordsworth says at Coleorton—where they spent the winter of 1806 and following spring. "It bears all the signs of being an evening impromptu, after hearing both the nightingale and stock-dove; and

there are no nightingales at Grasmere, while they abound in the 'peaceful groves' of Coleorton. . . . The year must have been 1807."—Knight. It was published in 1807.

The theme. The nightingale. "A very skulking bird, frequenting the dense undergrowth, hopping restlessly about the cover, and when alarmed it instantly finds shelter among the tangled vegetation. Sometimes in the woods and coppices it is seen flitting across the path. . . . The haunts of the nightingale are woods and plantations in which the undergrowth is particularly thick and close. Tangled hedgerows and the thickly wooded banks of streams are the favourite haunts of this bird. . . . It sings incessantly from the pairing-time in April until the young are hatched in June. The song of the nightingale has possibly been overpraised. . . . The nightingale does not always sing in the hours of night, as is very popularly believed to be the case; and it may be heard warbling at all hours of the day."—Seebohm, i. 277f.

The poets from Aristophanes to the present time have represented the song of the bird as passionately melancholy, which is, according to the naturalists, an instance of transferred emotion.

The pronunciation of the word, it may be added, is *nī'tin gāl*, and the derivation, A.S. *nihtegale*, night's singer.

The **stock-dove** is the European wild-pigeon, getting its name from the erroneous belief that it was the stock or original breed of the domestic pigeon, or from its habit of resting on the stocks of trees. It can scarcely be regarded as a forest bird, though it is partial to well-timbered parks (Seebohm). It is, however, the pigeon or ring-dove that Wordsworth really means, since the stock-dove's song is a grunt (Wintringham, cited by Dowden).

The treatment of the theme is characteristically Wordsworthian. Wordsworth is too fine a poet not to recognize the superb strains of Nature's best singer, but he

comes back to the fundamental note of human life—its daily round to be lived simply and steadfastly. There is the same strain in the poem *To a Skylark*, where he adds—

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood, etc.

One must be powerfully struck with the absolute sincerity of Wordsworth's life and aims when the infinite details of his work are so essentially at harmony with one another.

"His poem on the nightingale and stock-dove illustrates with half-conscious allegory the contrast between himself and certain other poets."—Myers.

Page 51. 1. 2.—A creature of 'a fiery heart.' The quotation is a reminiscence of Chaucer. When Tereus longs for Philomene (Philemela, nightingale)—

He caste hys fryr hert upon her so.

—*Legend of Good Women, Philomene*, l. 65.

In the 1815 edition only, Wordsworth printed this—

A creature of ebullient heart.

1. 5.—**God of Wine.** Bacchus. The inspired priestesses of Bacchus—the Bacchantes—were given over to the wildest frenzy in their revels. The nightingale sings her love-song with just such frenzy.

1. 6.—**Valentine.** Lover. The obsolete practice of maids and bachelors drawing names on St. Valentine's eve and of being each other's valentine for the ensuing year, lives on in this sense of the word.

1. 13.—**His voice was buried among trees.** "A metaphor expressing the love of *seclusion* by which this bird is marked; and characterizing its note as not partaking of the shrill and piercing, and therefore more easily deadened by the intervening shade; yet a note so peculiar, and withal so pleasing, that the breeze, gifted with that love of sound which the Poet feels, penetrates the shades in which it is entombed, and conveys it to the ear of the listener."—Wordsworth, Preface to edition of 1815.

ll. 15f.—**ccoed . . . pensively.** Wordsworth says—commenting on the line,

Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods,—

“The stock-dove is said to *coo*, a sound well imitating the note of the bird, but, by the intervention of the metaphor *broods*, the affections are called in by the imagination to assist in marking the manner in which the bird reiterates and prolongs her soft note, as if herself delighting to listen to it.”—Preface to edition of 1815.

TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

Composition. In 1820 Wordsworth, publishing a series of sonnets on themes suggested by his remembrances of the river Duddon, dedicated the volume to his brother by means of this poem. It was printed in the second edition of the volume. The poem opens with a vignette of life at Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's home from 1813 till his death.

Theme. The theme is that of the man who can rejoice at duty nobly done in crowded cities, but who still feels he has himself chosen the better part in keeping to the honest simplicity of country life, especially life ennobled by intercourse with nature among the mountains and with the dalesmen, rugged guardians of the primitive virtues.

The Rev. Dr. Wordsworth was Christopher Wordsworth, the younger brother of the poet, born at Cocker-mouth in 1774, educated at Hawkshead and Trinity College, Cambridge, died 1846. Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Rector of Uckfield, Sussex. He was made Chaplain of the House of Commons in 1816. At the time of the writing of this poem (1820) he was Rector of Lambeth parish (see l. 65).

Page 52.—The River Duddon rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire... enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millum.—Wordsworth note.

l. 1.—**The Minstrels played.** An allusion to the old custom of the "waits," musicians who went about all night long before Christmas, playing before particular houses, and receiving entertainment from the people thus honoured.

Page 53. l. 29.—rustic Powers. Influences of country life other than those of nature—customs, traditions, manners (l. 55).

l. 42.—**self-complacent innocence.** This repeats, in a more abstract way, the picture of the poet's daughter Catherine:—

As a faggot sparkles on the hearth,
Not less if unattended and alone
'Tnan when both young and old sit gathered round
And take delight in its activity;
Even so this happy Creature of herself
Is all-sufficient, solitude to her
Is blithe society, who fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs.

—Wordsworth, *Characteristics of a Child Three Years Old.*

l. 43.—**the grave disguise.** The little outward courtesy did not betray their feelings.

l. 46.—**names once heard.** A touch of personal sorrow. In 1812, the poet lost his young children—Thomas, born 1806, and Catherine, born 1808.

ll. 47f.—**Tears brightened... for infant.** A suggestion, perhaps, of the poet's personal loss in 1812, mingled with a recollection of his youngest child, born in 1810. But the picture is a general truth of human life.

l. 49.—**emerald fields.** The moisture of the air in the Lake District is very great. The turf is fine and thick, "the tenderness and freshness of the green tints were something to remember,—the hue of the first springing

April grass, massed and wide-spread in midsummer" (Burroughs).

1. 50.—**ambient streams.** Encompassing (Lat. *ambiens*, going about). The streams are the clear-running mountain streams about Cockermouth and Hawkshead.

Fondly I pursued,
Even when a child, the Streams . . . viewed
The sullen reservoirs whence their bold brood—
Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous, keen,
Green as the salt-sea billows, white and green,
Poured down the hills, a choral multitude.

—Wordsworth, *The River Duddon*, xxvi.

1. 51.—**Cytherea's zone.** Venus Aphrodite (Gk. *aphros*, foam), *the foam-born*, was fabled to have sprung from the sea-foam, and to have been carried by the west wind to the island of Cythera, or Cerigo (hence her name Cytherea). Her zone (Gk. *zone*, girdle,) is the ocean foam.

1. 52.—**The Thunderer.** Jupiter Tonans.

1. 53.—**heart of hearts.** Cf. *Hamlet*, iii., ii., 78.

Page 54. 1. 55.—**Manners.** Not knowledge of etiquette, but deep-seated principles of which outward actions are the expression. Cf.

Give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

—Wordsworth, *London*, 1802.

1. 57.—**Remnants of love.** Subordinate to "manners" (1. 55). The kindly feelings (1. 44) of humanity, once wide-spread, have been supplanted in cities, and now are withdrawn modestly into the seclusion of mountain dales.

1. 65.—**Lambeth's venerable towers.** The official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury is the great edifice, Lambeth Palace, built in part in 1244, situated on the banks of the Thames, in the south-western part of London.

1. 70.—**And profit by those kindly rays.** Cf. *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, especially stanza ix.—

Those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day

AFTER-THOUGHT.

Composition. Added as an epilogue to the Duddon sonnet series. Composed and published in 1820.

Theme. The transiency of human life set against eternal nature—that is the contrast from which so much poetry springs. Note the optimism, however, that cheers the poet. Comparisons may be drawn from Tennyson's *Brook* and George Eliot's *Choir Invisible*.

Page 55. 1. 1.—**My partner and my guide.** See introductory notes to *To Dr. Wordsworth*. In the sonnet series the poet follows the Duddon from its source to the sea.

1. 2.—**As being past away.** The concluding sonnet of this series has merged the river in the sea—

The Wanderer seeks that receptacle vast
Where all his unambitious functions fall.

1. 5.—**Still glides the Stream . . . for ever glide.**

'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

—Wordsworth, *The Fountain*.

All which served as a suggestion for Tennyson's well known verses in *The Brook*.

The line till 1840 ran—

Still glides the stream and shall not cease to glide.

11. 7ff.—**While we, the brave, . . . must vanish.** “The allusion to the Greek poet will be obvious to the classical reader.”—Wordsworth. Professor Jebb refers the passage (Knight) to Moscus, 'Επιτάφιον Βίωνος, *Dirge for Bion*, ll. 103-8.—“Ah me, when the mallows wither in the garden, and the green parsley, and the curled tendrils of the anise, on a later day they live again, and spring in another year; but we men, we, the great and mighty, or wise, when once we have died, in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence; a right long, and endless, and un-awakening sleep.”—tr. Lang. “The ‘mallows,’ ‘parsley,’

'anise' of the Greek poet's garden—which are to live again—are represented by Wordsworth's stream, which 'shall forever glide' (Jebb).

l. 10.—**something from our hands have power.** Cf. Wordsworth's estimate of his poetry: "To console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore, to become more actively and surely virtuous; this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform, long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us,) are mouldered in our graves."—Wordsworth, Letter to Lady Beaumont, 1807.

l. 14.—**We feel that we are greater than we know.** Wordsworth compares Milton's line—

And feel that I am happier than I know.

—*Paradise Lost*, viii., 282.

SCORN NOT THE SONNET.

Composition. Composed, almost extempore, in a short walk on the western side of Rydal Lake (Fenwick note). This was before 1827, when the sonnet appeared in the poet's edition of collected works issued in that year.

Theme. See the note on the SONNET, pp. 264ff. The objections to the sonnet are due to its exquisitely wrought form, which seems to check pure and direct expression, and to its narrow field of fourteen lines, which seems to limit thought. The latter objection is met by Wordsworth in the Sonnet—quoted in the Appendix—*Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room*. A Renaissance form, too, its revival in the latter half of the eighteenth century may be taken as part of the Romantic movement, and the partizans of the narrow classical school looked upon it with disfavour. Dr. Johnson remarked of it, "The fabric of a sonnet,

however adapted to the Italian language, has never succeeded in ours, which, having greater variety of termination, requires the rhymes to be often changed."

1. 3.—**Shakespeare unlocked his heart.** Against Wordsworth's belief may be set Browning's disbelief in Shakspeare's personal revelation in the Sonnets—

With this same key

Shakespeare unlocked his heart, once more!

Did Shakspeare? If so, the less Shakspeare he!

—House.

The question has divided poets and scholars into two camps—Hugo, Hallam, Swinburne, Dowden, Furnivall, Sidney Lee, regard them as autobiographical; Browning, Halliwell-Phillipps, Stoddard, regard them as pure poetry. Present controversy is concerned only in determining who are the characters of the sonnets. They *seem* to tell the story of Shakspeare's love of the Earl of Southampton and of an unknown "dark lady", who, until recently, was thought to be Mary Fitton.

1. 4.—**lute.** A stringed instrument of music resembling a guitar, but requiring great skill in its use; once in high favour for chamber-music.

Petrarch's wound. Francesco Petrarch (*pě'trark*) was born at Arezzo in 1304 and died at Arquà in 1374. His father was banished from Florence in 1301 along with Dante, both being "Whites" or democratic republicans. Avignon, France, became the home of the former. There Petrarch saw, in the church of St. Clara, the Laura who inspired his canzones and sonnets, the faithful wife of Hugo de Sade. Near Avignon he wrote those sonnets in the Tuscan dialect which give him a share in the glory of Dante of having founded a new language. In 1341 he received the laurel crown at Rome as the greatest living poet.

1. 5.—**Tasso.** Torquato Tasso (1544-1595), one of the greatest and most unhappy of poets, conquered the homage of Italy by his poetic gifts even in early youth. He

was called to the court of Alfonso d'Este, duke of Ferrara. In 1572 he wrote *Aminta*; in 1575 he had finished his great epic of *Jerusalem Delivered*. Already his misfortunes had begun. Fable says that he was chased from the court for loving his patron's sister, and finally shut up in a mad-house by the order of the duke. Always verging on madness, he spent his last days wandering among the Italian cities. Death even deprived him of the triumph and crown of laurel that were prepared for him in Rome in 1595.

Tasso's sonnets frequently have Leonora d'Este as their theme. She was to Tasso, says Hasell, "what the dead Beatrice was to Dante—an inspiration, an ennobling and elevating influence."

1. 6.—**Camoens** (*kam'ō enz*). Luiz de Camoens (1524–1579), the chief poet of Portugal. His great poem is the epic *Os Lusíadas*, *The Lusitanians*; but he is the author as well of more than three hundred and fifty sonnets. His life was full of mishap. He spent sixteen years in exile in India, consoled by the memory of his love of Donna Caterina Ataída, in whose honour many of his sonnets were written. The most beautiful of these is given, in Southey's version, in the Appendix.

The line read in 1827—

Camoens soothed with it an exile's grief.

1. 7.—**gay myrtle leaf**. The myrtle is a fragrant ever-green shrub or small tree, with shining green leaves and white flowers. In antiquity it was sacred to Venus, and used in festivals.

1. 8.—**cypress**. Regarded, because of its gloomy foliage, as symbolic of mourning—here of sad meditation on his country and his own misfortunes. These gave the tone of the *Divine Comedy*, a "vision" of the Inferno, Purgatory, and Paradise.

Dante. This greatest of Italian poets (1265–1321) spent a life "fallen upon evil days," amidst the terrible political

struggles of Florence. The *Vita Nuova*, which narrates his love of Beatrice, contains various sonnets and canzones voicing some aspect of this passion.

1. 10.—It cheered mild Spenser. This gentle and knightly poet wrote ninety-two sonnets. From the eighteenth sonnet it would seem that the writing of them was a relaxation after the labour spent upon the *Faerie Queen*. It is to this sonnet that Wordsworth alludes—

After so long a race as I have run
Through Faery land, which these six books compile,
Give leave to rest me, being half foredone,
And gather to myself new breath awhile.

By "dark ways" Wordsworth seems to mean Spenser's misfortunes consequent on Tyrone's rebellion; but it was three years subsequent to the publication of the Sonnets.

1. 12.—Milton. Milton wrote some twenty-four sonnets, of which six are in Italian. The "trumpet" sonnets are especially those on Cromwell and the massacre of the Vaudois; those on his blindness, to Cyriac Skinner, and on his deceased wife, were written amidst affliction.

THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

Composition. "Written at Rydal Mount. The rock stands on the right hand, a little way leading up the middle road from Rydal to Grasmere. We have been in the habit of calling it the Glow-worm Rock, from the number of glow-worms we have often seen hanging on it, as described. The tuft of primrose has, I fear, been washed away by the heavy rains." (Fenwick note.)

The poem was written in 1831, and published in 1835.

Theme. See note on the theme of *Elegiac Stanzas*, p. 282. The change in Wordsworth's mind was emphasized, says Shairp, when a few years after the loss of his brother, he laid in Grasmere churchyard two infant children.

“Those trials of his home affections sank deep into him,—more and more humanized his spirit, and made him feel more distinctly the power of those Christian faiths which, though never denied by him, were present in his early poems rather as a latent atmosphere of sentiment than as expressed beliefs.... There is another poem... which ...well illustrates Wordsworth's later phase of feeling about natural objects. It is entitled ‘The Primrose of the Rock.’

“Is not this more in keeping with the whole of Nature, more true to human life in all its aspects, than poetry which dwells merely on the bright and cheerful side of things?... How are we to interpret it? Surely, without attempting any theory which will explain it, nothing is more in keeping with these manifold and seemingly conflicting aspects of life than the faith that He who made and upholds the Universe does not keep coldly aloof, gazing from a distance on the sufferings of his creatures, but has himself entered into the conflict, has himself become the great Sufferer, the great Bearer of all wrong, and is working out for his creatures some better issue through a redemptive sorrow which is Divine.”—Shairp, *On Poetic Interpretation of Nature*.

Compared with the poet's earlier nature studies, this poem, as Hutton points out, is less real, less buoyant; the concrete yields to the symbolic; the flower is but a type of the beneficent interlinking of nature and divinity; “the *reserve* of power has almost disappeared, but there is a graciousness absent before.”

Page 57. l. 1.—**A Rock.** A steep rock or small eminence by the road that runs along the Rotha on the side of the hill separating the basin of Rydal from Grasmere.

l. 3.—**glow-worms.** These insects belong to same family of coleopterous luminous insects as the fire-fly. Only the male has wings, and their light, which has a bluish gleam, is much fainter than that of the fire-fly of Canada.

1. 9.—**Since first I spied.** Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal*, April 24, 1802, reads: "We walked in the evening to Rydal. Coleridge and I lingered behind. We all stood to look at Glow-worm Rock—a primrose that grew there, and just looked out on the road from its own sheltered bower."

"The Primrose had disappeared when the Fenwick note was dictated, and the Glow-worms have almost deserted the district; but the *Rock* is unmistakable, and is one of the most interesting of the spots associated with Wordsworth in the Lake District."—Knight.

11. 11f.—**link in Nature's chain**, etc. This beautiful thought is owed to Bacon: The highest link of Nature's chain must needs be tied to the foot of Jupiter's chair.—*Advancement of Learning*, i.

1. 21.—**sphere.** Orbit—the sense of the word in the Ptolemaic astronomy.

Page 58. 1. 50.—**prescience** (*pré'shens*). Foreknowledge.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Composition. Scott had been labouring heroically, since the failure of Ballantyne and Company, in which he was a partner, to pay off the firm's heavy liabilities. In February, 1830, he had an attack of paralysis, which was the beginning of the end. In 1831 he went abroad, sailing in the frigate *Barham*, placed at his disposal by the nation, for Malta and Naples. Wordsworth and his daughter left Rydal Mount to visit him before his departure, reaching Abbotsford, September 21. "On the 22nd these two great poets, who had loved each other well, and in spite of very different theories as to art, appreciated each other's genius more justly than infirm spirits ever did either of them, spent the morning together in a visit to Newark."—Lockhart, *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*, Chap. lxxx. (See Wordsworth's *Yarrow Revisited*.)

“On our return in the afternoon,” said Wordsworth, “we had to cross the Tweed directly opposite Abbotsford. . . . A rich but sad light was spread over the Eildon Hills at that moment; and, thinking it probable that it might be the last time Sir Walter would cross the stream, I was not a little moved, and expressed some of my feelings in the following sonnet.” It was published in the *Literary Souvenir*, 1833, and in *Yarrow Revisited*, etc., 1835.

Scott left Abbotsford early on September 23.

1. 3.—**Eildon's triple height.** South-east from Abbotsford are the three chief summits of the Eildon Hills—the highest, 1385 ft.—named by the Romans *Tremontium*. Legend says that one of the tasks Michael Scott ordered his troublesome spirit was to divide Eildon Hill:

And, Warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hill in three.

—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, ii., xiii.

1. 6.—**Tweed.** The Tweed rises in Peeblesshire; it takes in the tributaries the Gala, Ettrick and Yarrow, Teviot, etc., passes Ashestiel and Abbotsford (Scott's homes), Melrose and Dryburgh Abbeys, Kelso, and Norham Castle, forms part of the boundary of England and Scotland, and empties into the North Sea at Berwick.

1. 8.—**ye Mourners.** The specific personal reference is to Scott's immediate family—Major Scott, Anne Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart.

11. 13f.—**Ye winds of ocean**, etc. Knight compares Horace's wish for Virgil's voyage:

Sic te diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helena, Iucida sidera,
Ventorumque regar pater
Obstrictis aliis præter Iapyga, etc.

—Horace, *Odes*, I., iii.

midland. Mediterranean.

1. 14.—**Parthenope.** Cf. Milton, *Comus*, “By dead Parthenope's dear tomb.” The fable is that when Ulysses escaped the wiles of the Sirens, as he passed their island,

one of the Sirens, Parthenope, cast herself into the sea for grief. Her body was borne by the waves to the Italian shore. The town built there, the site of the modern Naples, received her name.

A POET! HE HATH PUT HIS HEART TO SCHOOL.

Composition. "I was impelled to write this Sonnet by the disgusting frequency with which the word *artistical*, imported with other impertinencies from the Germans, is employed by writers of the present day: for *artistical* let them substitute *artificial*, and the poetry written on this system, both at home and abroad, will be for the most part much better characterised." (Fenwick note.) The word came into use at the beginning of the century and had some vogue.

The date of composition is placed between 1838 and the year of its publication, 1842.

Theme. The poem is a statement of Wordsworth's poetic creed contrasted with the spirit of formal correctness in verse, the poetry of the schools—it is Wordsworth's theory against that of Pope and the *Edinburgh Review*. Compare *A Poet's Epitaph* in the Appendix.

1. 5.—**Thy art be Nature.** Cf. the poem on Burns (p. 37), where it is said of Nature—

She trained her Burns to win applause
That shames the Schools.

Rolfe aptly quotes a converse statement—

"Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean; so, over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes..."

This is an art
Which does mend nature—change it rather; but
The art itself is nature."

—Shakspeare, *Winter's Tale*, iv., iv., 89ff.

SCOTT.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

The text of this edition is that of the last issued by Scott, under Lockhart's supervision, in 1833. The evident misprints in that edition have been corrected by a collation of the third and the sixth edition, 1810, the eleventh edition, 1816, and the "new edition," 1825. A few changes in spelling and punctuation have been required by modern custom. The MS. readings are given on the authority of Lockhart; those of the first edition on that of Mr. Rolfe.

INTRODUCTORY NOTES.

(i.) **Circumstances of Composition.** Scott's Introduction to the edition of 1833 (see pp. 61-67), gives in detail the circumstances and influences that disposed him to write *The Lady of the Lake*. His keen zest for Scottish life revealed to him a wealth of fresh literary material afforded by the Scottish Highlands and their people, about which Macpherson's *Ossian* had already excited curiosity. The ancient Highland life had virtually departed, but it lived still in ballad and tradition and the memory of very old men. Standing on the confines of the past, Scott was led by the natural bent of his mind to reproduce its picturesque features. For background to the action, what better scenic material than the region of the Trossachs, on the border line where Highland and Lowland met and clashed? He had learned to know this beautiful and romantic district when, as an apprentice to the law, he had, under armed escort, served notice of eviction on refractory tenants of Stewart of Appin, and he had deepened this acquaintance by further visits during several successive

years. His historical reading suggested as a chief character in the action the person of James V., whose adventurous disposition could easily furnish warrant for the romantic incidents associated with Fitz-James. The downfall of the Douglasses of the house of Angus in the reign of that monarch naturally associated another of the characters and suggested his relation to Fitz-James. The presence of the powerful family of Graham in Stirling and Dumbarton determined the name of a third. Contemporary sketches of Highland customs and history gave him material for local colour. In this way the matter of the poem gathered together to take artistic form in the poet's mind.

The poem was promised to the publishers in 1809. When the Court Sessions were over in July, Scott revisited the scenes of the Trossachs, "ascertained in his own person that a good horseman, well mounted, might gallop from the shore of Loch Vennachar to the rock of Stirling within the space allotted for that purpose to Fitz-James." He explored the islands of Loch Lomond, Arrochar, Loch Sloy, "and all the scenery of a hundred desperate conflicts between the Macfarlanes, the Colquhouns, and the Clan-Alpine." The description of the stag chase "was completed under the full influence of the *genius loci*."

The poem was published early in May, 1810, by John Ballantyne and Company, in quarto, price £2 2s. More than twenty editions were called for during Scott's life.

(ii.) The Scene of "The Lady of the Lake." "The mountain range, which forms the outskirts of the Highlands, runs for several miles due west from Callander, and then deflects to the south, towards Ben Lomond. Lochs Achray and Vennachar, into which the waters of Loch Katrine discharge themselves, lie on the outside of the Highland boundary; while the latter is encompassed by mountains, through which a communication has been formed between Lochs Katrine and Achray by some great

convulsion of nature, sweeping away the connecting link between Benan and Ben Venue. These mountains, that,

————— like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land,

present on each side lofty and inaccessible precipices; and the intermediate pass, known as the Trosachs, or "bristled territory," in Gaelic etymology, is occupied by intricate groups of rocky and wooded eminences: on the south sides of Lochs Vennachar and Achray rise heathery hills, the bases of which are fringed with oak coppice. Benledi, the Hill of God, towers on the north. The range which connects it with Benan, swells out unequally; at times sending down ragged heights clad with dense foliage, which overhang the edge of the water in steep acclivities, and enclose between them plots of open uneven ground. Loch Vennachar is four miles long, and three-quarters of a mile across, at the broadest part; Loch Achray a mile and a half long, and its greatest width one mile. Both of them narrow towards the east end. From Callander to Coilantogleford, at the lower point of Loch Vennachar, where Roderick Dhu was overcome by Fitz-James, is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles; the space between that lake and Loch Achray about half a mile, and from the western extremity of the latter to Loch Katrine one mile; making the whole distance from 9 to 10 miles. Lanrick Mead, the mustering place of Clan-Alpin, lies on the north side of Loch Vennachar, where the road diverges from the lake: a little way on, on the face of the hill towards the right, is the farm of Duncraggan. The brigg of Turk crosses the water, which, descending from Glenfulas, joins the Teith between Lochs Venachar and Achray."—Anderson, *Guide to the Highlands*.

(iii.) **Historical Background of the Action.** To give vraisemblance to his poem, Scott has intermingled historical with imaginary personages and real events with fictitious incidents.

The poem is one of the times of **James V.** of Scotland (1512-1542), whose minority, on the death of James IV. at Flodden, exposed the kingdom to all the evils born of a regency and a turbulent feudal society. The queen dowager was the first regent, but on her marriage with **Archibald Douglas, sixth earl of Angus**, (1489-1557), the most powerful noble of his time, it was thought safest to place the regency in the hands of **John Stewart, duke of Albany**. Albany went to France in 1524, and Angus was made regent, and ruled the land with severity and probably with justice. The king was his instrument and was held prisoner by him until 1528, when James escaped, forbade "Angus or any Douglas to come within seven miles of the royal person," then met parliament, outlawed Angus, his brother, and uncle, pronounced them rebels and declared their estates forfeited. That uncle was Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie, the friend of James's boyhood, and High-Treasurer. For fifteen years Angus was in exile, making at times hostile incursions from across the border, but not returning to Scotland till the king's death. James was but sixteen when he freed himself from Angus. He had to overcome powerful opposition from the nobles, to quell the disorder of the Highlands, and to meet the intrigues of Henry VIII. of England. In 1536 he visited France and was married right royally in Paris, in 1537, to the eldest daughter of Francis I. His second wife was Mary of Guise. He was called the "King of the Commons," not only because he protected them, but also because he loved to mix with them in disguise, under the name of the Gudeman of Ballengeich. He was a man of good looks, good wit, licentious, it is true, yet a protector of the poor, and a vigorous and not unsuccessful ruler in times of great national insecurity. The king died in 1542, stricken by the disgrace of Solway Moss, leaving an only child, Mary of Scots.

The time of the poem may be deduced from these incidents and certain lines of the text to be about 1540.

(iv.) **The Relation of the Highlands and Lowlands.** The poem involves the enmity existing between the settled country of the Lowlands and the border clans of semi-civilized Highlands, recognizing little authority but that of their chiefs, and united in regarding the Saxon—the Lowlander—as lawful prey. These border clans are as follows: Beginning at the western shore of Loch Lomond, we find the Colquhouns and the MacFarlanes. On the east shore are the Buchanans, and, above them, and extending on both sides of the west end of Loch Katrine to the Braes of Balquidder, the **Macgregors**, the chief branch of **Clan-Alpine**. To the south of Katrine, extending north-east along the Teith to Loch Earn are the **Grahams**, the Stewarts, and Drummonds. Scott, to justify his picture of the times, quotes as follows: "In former times, those parts of this district, which are situated beyond the Grampian range, were rendered almost inaccessible by strong barriers of rocks, and mountains, and lakes. It was a border country, and though on the very verge of the low country, it was almost totally sequestered from the world, and, as it were, insulated with respect to society. 'Tis well known that in the Highlands it was, in former times, accounted not only lawful, but honourable, among hostile tribes, to commit depredations on one another; and these habits of the age were perhaps strengthened in this district by the circumstances which have been mentioned. It bordered on a country, the inhabitants of which, while they were richer, were less warlike than they, and widely differenced by language and manners."—Graham, *Sketches of Scenery in Perthshire*, Edin. 1806, p. 97.

The poem, therefore, fairly represents the actual conditions of the border line of Highland and Lowland about 1540.

(v.) **The Treatment of the Theme is Romantic.** Against a suggested background of history the poet set his characters—King James, Lennox, Moray, Mar, more or less historical, and then created and added the purely fictitious ones, which are indeed those by which the action is alone able to proceed—Douglas of Bothwell, Ellen Douglas, Roderick Dhu, the Graeme, etc. Similarly the condition of the times afforded opportunity for the invention of fictitious incidents—the single combat, the ride, the exploits and pardon of the Douglas, the betrothal of Ellen and the Graeme. These inventions, moulded with the aim of picturesque, romantic effect, are the essential poem, from the point of view of character as well as of plot. The poem is essentially a romance in verse, having, however, some suggestive pictures of the times, and many careful studies of the scenery in which the incidents take place.

(vi.) **Form. Introductory verses.** Each canto, it will be noted, opens with some stanzas having only a general relation to the theme of the poem. The form of the introduction is in every case the **Spenserian stanza**. This stanza requires (*a*) nine iambic lines, (*b*) eight of which are pentameter and the ninth hexameter, (*c*) and the rime-order *ab, ab, bc, bcc*.

Scott took the suggestion of this use of introductory stanzas from Spenser, whose manner in *The Faerie Queen* is identical with that of Scott. Even the device of closing the whole poem with stanzas of farewell is taken from the same poet.

The measure. The four-accent iambic couplet which Scott has used with so striking effect in his metrical romances was by no means new, although its revival was Scott's work. It is the favourite metre of the French mediæval romancers, and from them passed into English poetry, becoming the favourite metre for the Arthurian poems and the church legends of Middle English. In English it never had the regularity in the number of syllables

possessed by the French and Church-Latin octo-syllabic original. The influence of the old four-accent alliterative verse of the Anglo-Saxons told upon it, permitting freedom. When, therefore, Coleridge proclaimed that in *Christabel* he was introducing a metrical experiment of counting accents rather than syllables, what he did was to revive very ancient practice rather than to establish a new principle. Coleridge's artistic use of the variation from the normal line was however a new and valuable contribution to English prosody. Scott was taken by Coleridge's metre, having heard some verses of *Christabel* recited from memory, when the poem was still in MS., and employed it in *The Lay*. A few lines of each poem will be sufficient to make clear the liberty taken in the number of unstressed syllables—

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well ;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate ;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out.

—*Christabel*.

The feast was over in Branksome tower,
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower ;
Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear and deadly to tell—
Jesu Maria, shield us well !
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, i. i.

Scott, however, did not retain the extreme liberty exemplified in these lines. *Marmion* and *The Lady* are both fairly regular in being octo-syllabic, four-accent verse, riming in couplets, but variation is at times found in the number of unaccented syllables and the riming of three and even four consecutive lines.

Scott defended his octo-syllabic verse (see his letter to

Ellis, 1810) by a reference to the ornamental epithets of Pope—

Achilles' wrath to Greece, the *direful* spring
Of woes unnumbered, *heavenly* goddess, sing—
The wrath which sent to Pluto's *gloomy* reign
The souls of *mighty* chiefs in battle slain.

If these were struck out, he said, it would give us equally forcible octo-syllabic lines;—which only shows how dull Scott's ear was for the finer cadences of verse, and how limited, if clear and strong, his own song was.

Episodes. The introduction of episodes is the method of lending variety habitual among the epic and narrative poets from antiquity. Scott's use of special stanza form in these episodes is conditioned by the nature of the digression—lyric in the song of the followers of Roderick Dhu, ballad in the story of Alice Brand.

The canto. The division into cantos follows the custom of the masters of minstrel song from the time of Homer.

INTRODUCTION.

Page 62. l. 22.—**Ossian.** A half-mythical Celtic poet of the third century, whose alleged works, the epics of *Fingal* and *Temora*, were translated into English prose from traditional oral versions by James Macpherson, 1766-1768.

l. 41.—**A lady.** His aunt, Miss Christian Rutherford.

Page 63. l. 57.—**He either fears.** From *Lines in Praise of Women*, quoted in Wishart's *Memoirs of Montrose*, p. 497.

l. 80.—**A friend.** Probably the poet's cousin, Charles Scott.

l. 81.—**heeze.** Eng. *hoise*, lift up.

cutty gun. A short tobacco-pipe.

But wha cam in to heeze our hope,
But Andro wi' his cutty-gun?

—Song, *Andro*, etc.

l. 87.—**Ashestiel.** Scott's l. me, 1804-1810; on the south bank of the Tweed, five miles w. s. w. of Galashiels.

Page 64. l. 111.—old ballad. *The Jolly Beggar*, attributed to James V.

l. 122.—**Mr. Pepys.** Samuel Pepys (1633-1703). The quaint diarist of Charles II.'s reign remarks:—"This day I got a little rent in my new camlet cloak with the latch of Sir G. Carteret's door; but it is darned up by my tailor's, that it will be no great blemish to it; but it troubled me" (iii., 444).

camlet. A stuff of wool and silk.

Page 65. l. 146.—**John Wilkes.** See Green's History.

Page 66. l. 167.—**Dogberry.** The constable in Shakspeare's *Much Ado*.

Leonato. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Dogberry. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis.

—*Much Ado*, iii., v., 226.

l. 175.—**champion of pugilism.**

In twice five years the 'greatest living poet,'

Like to the champion in the fisty ring,

Is call'd on to support his claim, or show it,

Although 'tis an imaginary thing.

—Byron, *Don Juan*, xi., lv.

l. 186.—**declined as a poet.** Scott's reasons for his abandonment of poetry were that the repetition of his characteristic style and treatment in successive poems had satisfied his readers; that imitations, serious and burlesque, had vulgarized his *school*; and that Byron had come (*Childe Harold*, i. and ii., March 1812) with fresh vigour of thought and descriptions drawn from the shrines of ancient poetry.

l. 187.—**Queen Eleanor.** Queen to Edward I.

With that, at Charing-cross she sunk

Into the ground alive,

And after rose with life again,

In London, at Queenhithe (a quay).

—*Queen Eleanor's Fall*.

Page 67. l. 204.—my reign.

Sir Walter reign'd before me.

—Byron; *Don Juan*, xi., lvii.

l. 209.—our irritable race. The poets; cf. Horace, *genus irritable vatium*, *Ep.* ii., ii., 102.

CANTO FIRST.

Page 69. l. 1.—Harp of the North. The poet varies the classical habit of invoking the Muse, by invoking the poetic spirit of Scotland, under the guise of her traditional instrument, the harp. In this way he presents himself as a national poet, a successor to the ancient minstrels of his native land. By the reference to St. Fillan's, within the Highland district, he desires to claim more especially the spirit of the ancient Celtic bard.

The relation of the opening stanzas to the cantos merits careful study.

l. 2.—witch-elm. Literally the "drooping-elm." (A.S. *wice*, a tree; *wican*, to bend, bow.) Skeat quotes from Coleman, *Our Woodlands*: "Some varieties of the wych-elm have the branches quite pendulous, like the weeping-willow, thus producing a most graceful effect." The word is popularly confused with witch, enchantress, hence "wizard elm," p. 241, l. 846.

St. Fillan's spring. Both Celtic saints named St. Fillan are associated with Perthshire. St. Fillan the Leper had his chief church at the eastern end of Loch Erne, where a well or pool named after him had, it was believed, miraculous powers of healing. By this reference Scott associates his poem with the district of the Macgregors, who are to play a chief part in the action.

l. 3.—And down the fitful breeze. The readings from Scott's manuscript will attest by comparison with the text the care and uniform good taste with which he revised his writing. Here the MS. reading is:—

And on the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy, with her verdant ring,
Mantled and muffled each melodious string,—
O Wizard Harp, still must thine accents sleep ?

Page 70. l. 10.—Caledon. Caledonia, Roman name of Highland Scotland.

l. 14.—**according pause.** The pause of the voice in which the harp adds harmonious accompaniment.

MS. At each according pause thou spokest aloud
Thine ardent sympathy.

l. 15.—**symphony.** Agreeable harmony. (Gk. *sun*, together, *phone*, voice, tone.)

l. 16.—**crested chiefs.** Scott uses "crest" till it almost becomes a mannerism. The word means originally a tuft of feathers (Lat. *cresta*); hence, as here, the feathers or emblem on a helmet or cap (cf. l. 555). A derived meaning is the apex of the helmet; hence, too, the head of anything—mountain, hill, etc.; also the ridge of the neck of a dog or horse (see l. 173 below).

l. 17.—**burden.** The *bourdon* was the bass in music; hence, *burden*, the refrain, or chorus; hence, as here, the prevailing theme or sentiment.

l. 28.—**The stag at eve,** etc. "That direct romantic opening—one of the most spirited and poetical in literature."—R. L. Stevenson, *A Gossip on Romance*.

l. 29.—**Monan's rill.** Monan, archdeacon of St. Adrian, preached at the island of May and in Fife; died bishop of St. Andrews, 874; buried at Inverny, Fife. The MS. has—*Moina's rill*, which tempts one to think of Moness Falls, near Aberfeldy. The rill has not been identified. Scott intends to signify that the stag was undisturbed in its haunt in Glenartney at night—it drank its fill in one of the little tributaries of Ruchill Water.

l. 31.—**Glenartney.** The glen (Gael. *gleann*, dale, valley) of the Ruchill in mid Perthshire. See also Scott's *Legend of Montrose*.

l. 32.—**But, when the sun.** It will be seen from the argument that the action of the poem includes the incidents of six days, the time occupied by each canto being a day. Scott opens each canto with sunrise and ends it with evening. This unity of treatment is enhanced by the grace and variety which the poet employs in depicting the various aspects of those two periods.

beacon red. Note the local aptness of the figure, since the beacon was a customary mode of signalling at this time.

Signal of Ronald's high command,
A beacon gleam'd o'er sea and land.

—Scott, *Lord of the Isles*, iv., viii.

Scott, the reader will notice, draws his similes from the scenes, flowers, birds, etc., of the region in which the action is placed. In that way the interest is simplified, and yet the effect is made more intense.

l. 33.—**Benvoirlich.** *Ben* is Gaelic for mountain. The mountain between Loch Earn and Loch Lubnaig. Its summit (3,244 ft.) surveys the Atlantic and German oceans.

The pronunciation of *ch* in Scottish names is that of German *ch*—not *k*, a “stop” consonant; so loch, Lochard, Achray, Vennachar, etc.

l. 37.—**clanging hoof.** As Professor Minto aptly points out, the description of the chase is romantic, not realistic, for in the Highlands the deer must be stalked; in the Lowlands he is hunted with horses and dogs.

Page 71. l. 45.—**beamed frontlet.** The crest of the head, surmounted with the “beams” (main horns) on which grow the “branches” of the horns.

l. 53.—**Uam-Var.** *Uamh Mhor*, popularly, *Uam-Var*, (Gael. *uamh mor*, ‘great cave,’) is a mountain (2,179 ft.) five miles E. N. E. from Callander.

l. 54.—**On the view.** At the stag coming into view.

opening. A hunting epithet--bursting into cry.

l. 66.—**falcon, from her cairn.** In falconry, the term falcon is restricted to the female, which, as much larger than the male, or tereel, was the favourite bird for the chase. Scott uses the word in its general sense in p. 114, l. 523.

cairn. Gael. *carn*, pile of stones; often built on a hill crest; hence, as here, rocky crag.

Page 72. l. 71.—linn. (Gael. *linn*.) A precipitous cliff or scrubby ravine; also a cataract, or the pool into which water falls (cf. Brachlinn, p. 105).

l. 77.—**A giant made his den.** "The mountain derives its name," says Scott, "from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said, by tradition, to have been the abode of a giant. In latter times, it was the refuge of robbers and banditti, who have been only extirpated within these forty or fifty years. Strictly speaking, this stronghold is not a cave, as the name would imply, but a sort of small enclosure, or recess, surrounded with large rocks, and open above head. It may have been originally designed as a toil for deer."

l. 84.—**shrewdly.** Severely (from the old sense of shrewd, as bitter, biting).

l. 89.—**Menteith.** The district adjoining the Teith, a river formed by the junction of a stream from Loch Lubnaig and another from Loch Vennachar. Callander is situated near the junction.

l. 91.—**moss.** The bog made by moss growing in treacherous wet ground is called in Scotland a moss; cf. Solway Moss.

l. 93.—**Lochard.** Or Loch Ard, a small loch of great beauty, about two miles south of Loch Katrine. See Scott's *Rob Roy*, ch. xxviii.

Aberfoyle. A village on the Laggan, near the foot of Loch Ard; also the country between Loch Katrine and Loch Ard—full of glens.

l. 94.—**copsewood.** Coppice, a wood of shrubs or trees of small growth.

l. 95.—**wept.** Drooped.

Loch Achray. The middle and smallest of the three lochs on the south-western border of Perthshire. The Trossachs begin at the head of the lake.

Page 73. l. 97.—**Benvenue.** The mountain (2,893 ft.) rising south of Loch Katrine “in precipitous grandeur—rich green pasturage, purple heather, dark woods and naked rocks” (Cassell).

ll. 98.—**Fresh vigour, etc.**

MS. Fresh vigour with the thought returned,
With flying hoof the heath he spurned.

l. 103.—**Cambus-more.** “Cambus-more (‘Great bend’), within about two miles of Callander, on the wooded banks of the Keltie, a tributary of the Teith, is the seat of a family of the name of Buchanan, whom the poet frequently visited in his younger days.”—Lockhart. It was there that he read his friends, in July, 1809, these lines of the stag-chase, written under the influence of the genius of the place.

l. 105.—**Benledi.** Benledi (‘the mountain of God’) is a magnificent mountain (2,875 ft.) between Loch Lubnaig and Loch Vennachar.

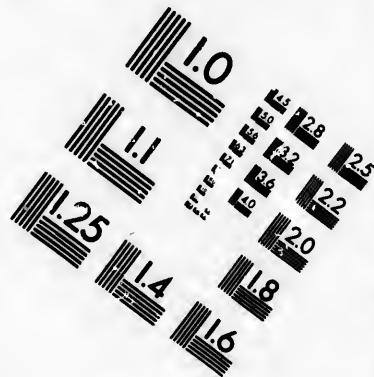
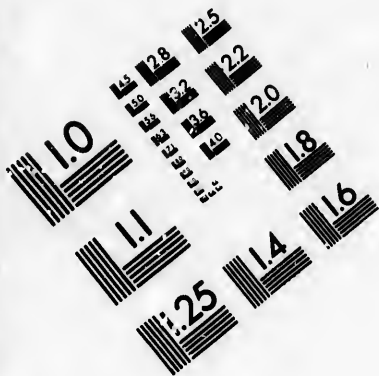
l. 106.—**Bochastle’s heath.** See note to p. 192, l. 301.

l. 107.—**Teith.** The river has two branches, one draining lakes Voil and Lubnaig, the other lakes Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar. It joins the Forth near Stirling. The road of the huntsmen followed down the northern branch to Callander, where they turned west upon the southern branch.

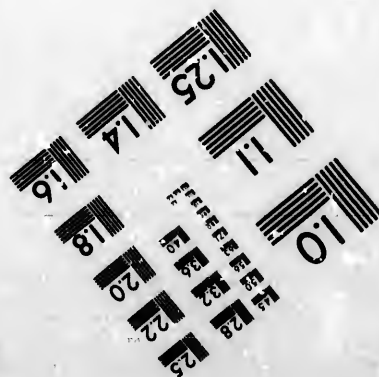
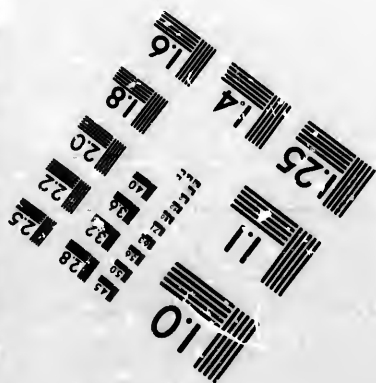
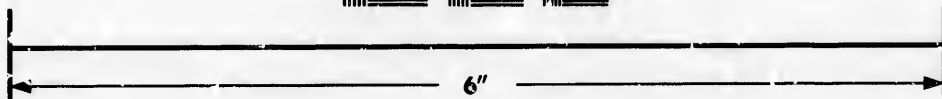
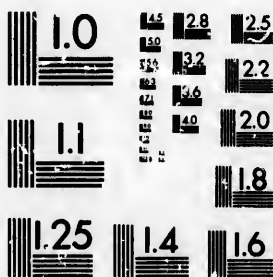
l. 111.—**Vennachar.** A beautiful lake about two miles west of Callander; it is five miles in length, and five-eighths of a mile in width.

l. 112.—**Brigg of Turk.** *Brigg* is the northern form of





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A.S. *brig*, which becomes palatalized in the southern dialects to *bridge*. This bridge is on the road between Vennachar and Achray, where it crosses Finlas Water. Its name means 'Bridge of the Wild Boar,' commemorating the killing there of the last wild boar in Scotland.

1. 114.—**Alone, but with unabated zeal.** The transitions from stanza to stanza, in a poem of so great length as this, are a severe test of the poet's power. Scott's skill is remarkable, not only for the infinite variety of incident wrought into the texture of the poem, but as well for the ease and naturalness with which, as a rule, one incident is made to blend into another.

1. 117.—**Embossed.** Flecked with foam from exhaustion. Shakspeare has "embossed froth," *Timon of Athens*, v. i., 220. "When the hare is foamy at the mouth we say that he is embossed"—Turberville, *Venerie*, p. 242. But the word is used in a wider sense—covering mouth and body. The *New English Dictionary* cites—

He saw a white steed,
White foam his flanks embossing.
—Cunningham, *Magic Bridle, Anniv.*, 148.

1. 120.—**black Saint Hubert's breed.** Scott quotes from *The Noble Art of Venerie*: "The hounds which we call Saint Hubert's hounds, are commonly all blacke, yet neuertheless, the race is so mingled at these days, that we find them of all colours. These are hounds which the abbots of St. Hubert haue always kept some of their race or kind, in honour or remembrance of the saint, which was a hunter with S. Eustace. They are mighty of body, neuertheless their legges are low and short, likewise they are not swift, although they be very good of s(c)ent, hunting chaces which are farre straggled, fearing neither water nor cold, and doe more couet the chaces that smell, as foxes, bo(a)re, and such like, than other, because they find themselves neither of swiftnes nor courage to hunt and kill the chaces that are lighter and swifter. The blood-

hounds of this colour proue good, especially those that are cole black."

l. 123.—**game.** The stag; cf. the sense of "quarry," l. 127.

Page 74. l. 127.—**quarry.** Properly, the slaughtered game (Fr. *curée*, parts of a deer thrown to the dogs); but frequently used proleptically for the deer while being chased.

l. 131.—**that mountain high.** Benvenue.

l. 137.—**For the death-wound, and death-halloo.** "When the stag turned to bay, the ancient hunter had the perilous task of going in upon, and killing or disabling the desperate animal. At certain times of the year this was held particularly dangerous, a wound received from a stag's horns being then deemed poisonous... At all times, however, the task was dangerous, and to be adventured upon wisely and warily, either by getting behind the stag while he was gazing on the hounds, or by watching an opportunity to gallop roundly in upon him, and kill him with the sword."—Scott.

l. 138.—**whinyard.** A short cut-and-thrust sword, or long knife.

l. 145.—**Trosachs'.** Scott has always 'Trosach's'; it is now usually spelt Trossachs, and treated as a plural. The word signifies 'rough, bristled country,' and is applied especially to the rough pass between the mountain slopes of Ben Ar on the north and Benvenue on the south, from the west end of Loch Achray to Loch Katrine—"a rugged labyrinth of mounds and rocks, covered with the richest vegetation of oaks and pensile birches and rowans, among which the road winds in and out, up and down, and at each turn presents a fresh view of the grand crags of the mountains" (Murray).

l. 150.—**Amain.** With full power; main is A.S. *mægen*, strength.

l. 151.—**chiding the rocks.** Shakspeare has this sense of chide—

They bayed the bear
 With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
 Such gallant chiding. Every region near
 Seemed all one mutual cry.

—*Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iv., i. 118.

Page 75. l. 163.—**The banks of Seine.** See the historical note, p. 307.

l. 166.—**worth.** Be, become, happen, betide (A.S. *weorthan*, to become),—woe be to the chase; an archaism confined to imprecations like this. Cf. Ezek. xxx. 2.

l. 174.—**dingle.** Dell.

l. 176.—**owlets.** Owlet, though by origin a diminutive, means simply—owl.

ll. 180f.—**And on the Hunter.**

MS. And on the hunter hied his pace,
 To meet some comrade of the chase.

This is also the reading of the 1st ed. The MS. has also the rimes—way: day, which are cancelled, but which furnished later the final reading.

Page 76. ll. 184ff.—**The western waves**, etc. Scott takes rank as a poet in part by virtue of his power of describing nature. From Ruskin's comment on modern landscape some suggestive sentences may be quoted in illustration of Ruskin's criticism of Scott as a "surface-painter."

"Observe Scott's habit of looking at nature neither as dead, nor merely material, in the way that Homer regards it, nor as altered by his own feelings, in the way that Keats and Tennyson regard it, but as having an animation and pathos of *its own*,—an animation which Scott loves and sympathizes with, as he would with a fellow creature, forgetting himself altogether, and subduing his own humanity before what seems to him the power of the landscape.

"There is no passion in Scott which alters nature. . . He paints her in her simple and universal truth, adding no result of momentary passion or fancy, and appears, therefore, at first shallower than other poets, being in

reality wider and healthier, . . . nothing of himself being even intruded, except that far-away Eolian tone, of which he is unconscious. In consequence of this unselfishness and humility, Scott's enjoyment of nature is incomparably greater than that of any other poet I know . . .

"This pure passion for nature is increased . . . by the love of antiquity and the love of colour and beautiful form. This love of ancientness and that of natural beauty associate themselves in Scott with the love of liberty. In this love of beauty, observe that . . . the love of *colour* is a leading element, his healthy mind being incapable of losing . . . its joy in brilliancy of hue . . . In general, if he does not mean to say much about things, the *one* character which he will give is colour, using it with the most perfect mastery and faithfulness . . . The only hints at form are somewhat vague words, . . . but the colours are all definite. Note—what is indeed so manifest throughout Scott's landscape as hardly to need pointing out,—the love of rocks, and true understanding of their colours and characters.

"The love of natural history . . . heightens reciprocally the interest of that landscape and becomes an important element in Scott's description, leading him to finish, down to the minutest speckling of breast [of the thrush; see p. 127, l. 37,] and slightest shade of attributed emotion.

"The last point . . . is Scott's habit of drawing a slight *moral* from each scene, . . . and this slight moral is almost always melancholy"—*Modern Painters*, iii., xvi.

1. 195.—the native bulwarks.

MS. The mimic castles of th pass.

1. 197.—**Shinar's plain.** The land between the Euphrates and Tigris—Babylonia. See Gen. xi. 1-9.

1. 199.—**battlement.** Parapet of a fortification in which are openings for the discharge of missiles.

1. 201.—**cupola.** Dome.

minaret. The turret of a mosque.

1. 202.—**pagoda** (*pā' god*). Pagoda, Indian idol temple.

l. 203.—**mosque.** Mohammedan temple.

l. 204.—**earth-born castles.** MS.—mighty bulwarks.

l. 208.—**All twinkling.** MS.—bright glistening.

dewdrops sheen. Mr. Relfe reads here—dewdrop, which Minto notes as the reading of the MS., though Lockhart says it reads dewdrops. We follow the readings of *ed.* 1825-33.

shæen. Beautiful, bright (A.S. *scène*, fair).

l. 212—**boon.** Bounteous (Fr. *bon*, good); Cf. Milton—

But Nature boon

Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain.

—*Paradise Lost*, iv. 242.

Page 77. l. 214.—**eglantine.** The sweet-briar.

l. 217.—**clift.** The earlier form of *cleft*. (Mid. Eng. *clift*, from the same root as cleave.) The *edd.* 1816-33 wrongly read—cliff.

l. 218.—**Foxglove.** A large, beautiful plant found in hilly districts, bearing clusters of large tubular-campanulate flowers, usually purple or rose-coloured, and spotted within. In the language of flowers it is made the emblem of ambition.

nightshade. Belladonna, deadly nightshade, a shrub bearing from June to August “drooping bells of a dark lurid purple hue.” In the language of flowers it is made the emblem of dark thoughts.

The two flowers thus found together suggest that touch of a sad moral which Ruskin notes in Scott's descriptions. They suggest to the poet the punishment of pride in human affairs.

l. 223.—**aspen.** A tree of the poplar family, having leaves that tremble in the slightest wind.

l. 224.—**warrior oak.** Spenser speaks of “the builder oak;” but Scott thinks rather of its strength and endurance, and perhaps, too, of the use of its leaves among the Roman for soldiers' wreaths.

l. 227.—**His shattered trunk.**

MS. His scathed trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His rugged arms athwart the sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where twinkling streamers waved and danced.

l. 238.—**Affording scarce.**

MS. Affording scarce such breadth of flood,
As served to float the wild-duck's brood.

l. 240.—**Lost . . . veering.** The construction is not of the best. These epithets grammatically refer to "mirror," l. 243; but in sense they refer to "inlet," l. 237.

Page 78. l. 247.—**Emerging from entangled wood.**

MS. Emerging dry-shod from the wood.

l. 250.—**Yet broader floods.** And in some cases the widening lake made sea-girt islands of the detached spurs of the mountains.

l. 252.—**claims to be.** Makes good its claim to be, is seen to be.

l. 254.—**And now to issue from the glen.** "Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to describe in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of the defile called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of trees."—Scott.

l. 256.—**nice.** Exact, scrupulously careful.

l. 263.—**Loch Katrine.** The lake is eight miles long and for the most part three-quarters of a mile broad. The scenery described in the poem is chiefly that of the extreme S.E. part.

l. 267.—**livelier light.** The bright moving gold of the water contrasted with the bright purple of the islands.

l. 271.—**Down on.** The MS. and edd. 1-6 have—Down to, but 11th and subsequent edd. have—Down on.

l. 274.—**wildering.** Mazy, tangled, growing in wild confusion.

l. 275.—**summit.** MS.—fragments.

Page 79. l. 276.—middle air. An old phrase—the free space above the earth, yet below the space in which the planets are. The MS. reads—to middle air.

l. 277.—**Ben-an.** Or Ben A'an (1,750 ft.) bounds the district of the Trossachs on the north.

his forehead bare. With reference to the stanzas from l. 164 to this point, Lockhart quotes the *Critical Review*, August, 1820: "Perhaps the art of landscape-painting in poetry has never been displayed in higher perfection than in these stanzas, to which rigid criticism might possibly object that the picture is somewhat too minute, and that the contemplation of it detains the traveller somewhat too long from the main purpose of his pilgrimage... Not so the magnificent scene which bursts upon the bewildered hunter as he emerges at length from the dell, and commands at one view the beautiful expanse of Loch Katrine."

ll. 278f.—**From the steep promontory.**

MS. From the high promontory gazed
The stranger, awe struck and amazed.

l. 281.—**churchman.** A high dignitary of the church—an old sense.

l. 283.—**bower.** Originally a chamber, especially a woman's apartment (A.S. *būr*, a chamber); hence, an arbour, a country house.

l. 285.—**cloister.** Monastery.

l. 290.—**should lave.** MS. and 1st ed.—did lave.

l. 293.—**matins.** The Roman Catholic church service beginning, in the early days of the Church, at midnight, but later, from three to six o'clock in the morning. (Fr. *matin*, Lat. *matutinum*, morning.)

hum. Here, chanting subdued by distance to a murmur.

l. 294.—**deep peal.** The monastery bell.

l. 295.—**yonder islet.** The isle now known as Ellen's Isle; see p. 95. It takes its name from the Helen Stuart

who figures in the story quoted later. (See note to p. 225, Beal' an Duine.)

l. 297.—**drop a bead.** On the rosary, as he said each prayer.

l. 299.—**bewildereɔ.** Having lost his way—lost in the wilderness.

l. 300.—**To friendly feast.**

MS. To hospitable feast and hall

l. 302.—**beshrew.** Curse; but often, as here, with a touch of sympathy and admiration.

ll. 305f.—**Some inossy bank.**

MS. And hollow trunk of some old tree,
My chamber for the night must be.

Page 80. l. 309.—**greenwood.** See p. 163, l. 261. The favourite word for forest in the Robin Hood ballads; cf.

Until they came to the merry greenwood.

—*Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne*, Child's Ballads, v., 91, l. 8.

l. 313.—**Highland plunderers.** See historical note, p. 308.

l. 317.—**fall.** Happen, befall.

l. 318.—**falchion.** A sword, short and broad, curving convexly at the point. See l. 466.

l. 319.—**But scarce again his horn.**

MS. The bugle shrill again he wound,
And lo! forth starting at the sound.

wound. Wind, meaning to blow a horn, kept its older pronunciation *wind*, but was confused with to wind, to twist; hence the erroneous past tense *wound* occurs at times for the more correct *winded*. On the other hand *winded* is used wrongly for *wound* (see p. 86, l. 500, p. 183, l. 22).

l. 324.—**A little skiff.**

MS. A little skiff shot to the bay.
The Hunter left his airy stand;
And when the boat had touch'd the sand,
Conceal'd he stood amid the brake,
To view the Lady of the Lake.

Page 81. ll. 327ff.—**viewless wave.** Notice the value of *v*, *w*, *s*, *l*, in this description of the bay.

l. 331.—**This silver strand.** The stretch of white gravelly beach in a little bay in the east shore of the southern end of Loch Katrine. It is now named Silver Strand.

l. 334.—**the Lady of the Lake.** Scott takes the name from the Arthur romances. "They rode till they came to a lake, which was a fair water and a broad, and in the middes of the lake King Arthur was ware of an arm clothed in white samite; that held a fair sword in the hand." What damosel is that? said the King. "That is the lady of the lake," said Merlin.—Malory, *Morte Darthur*, ch. xxiii.

l. 342.—**Naiad** (*nā'ad*). In classical myth, the naiads were nymphs of fountains and streams—beautiful, happy, young girls decked with flowers, beneficent in their relations to human kind.

l. 343.—**and ne'er did Grecian chisel.**

MS. A finer form, a fairer face,
Had never marble Nymph or Grace,
That boasts the Grecian chisel's trace.

l. 344.—**Nymph.** In classical myth, nymph was the general term for the beautiful and youthful female deities presiding over various parts of nature—sea, mountains, streams, and woods.

Grace. In classical myth, one of the three goddesses presiding over social pleasures, accomplishments, manners.

l. 348.—**sportive toil.** Her rowing the skiff

l. 355.—**heath-flower.** Cf.

For heath-bell, with her purple bloom.

—Canto iii, l. 109.

The heath-bell, or heather-bell, is the flower of the heath or heather, which covers the Scottish hills.

Page 82. ll. 356f.—E'en the slight harebell. The harebell is the delicate plant with blue bell-like flowers that favours rocky ground. The poets have made many exquisite pictures of a maiden's lightness and grace—none surpasses this. Cf.

Her feet have touched the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

—Tennyson, *Maud*, xli.

l. 359.—**mountain tongue.** Gaelic. It is believed that Ellen Douglas spoke Gaelic, which would not be impossible (p. 101, ll. 174ff). But her mother tongue, spoken no doubt with a Gaelic accent, was surely Northern English. The daughter of a Lowland noble would speak the language of the Court.

The MS. has—stranger tongue.

l. 363.—**snood.** The ribbon used by the Scotch maiden in braiding her hair. See note to p. 130, l. 116.

l. 370.—**plaid.** A woollen shawl of the well-known chequer pattern. (Gael. *plaid*, a blanket, from *peall*, hide.)

l. 384.—**The indignant spirit.** Prompt to respond at "tale of injury," being moved thereat to indignation. Scott is fond of the proleptic epithet; cf. p. 132, ll. 183, 186; p. 208, l. 793.

Page 83. ll. 393ff.—**A while she paused.**

MS. A space she paused, no answer came,—
"Alpine, was thine the blast?" the name
Less resolutely utter'd fell,
The echoes could not catch the swell.
"Nor foe nor friend," the stranger said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The startled maid, with hasty oar,
Push'd her light shallop from the shore.

l. 400.—**shallop.** A light boat usually impelled with oars.

11. 403f.—**So forth the startled swan.**

MS. So o'er the lake the swan would spring,
Then turn to prune its ruffled wing.

1. 404.—**prune.** To preen, dress—especially used of birds—

His royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing.

—Shakspeare, *Cymbeline*, v., iv., 118.

1. 408.—**wont.** Properly a past tense—were accustomed ; but it is frequently used as a present tense.

Page 84. 1. 423.—**Baron's crest.** A special device or figure borne by the knight on his helmet—a raven, a crescent, etc.

1. 433.—**That Highland halls were.** MS.—Her father's hall was.

1. 434.—**wildered.** Bewilderd—lost in the wilderness.

1. 440.—**ptarmigan** (*tar'mi gan*). A kind of grouse.

heath-cock. The male black grouse, called also black-cock ; see p. 95, l. 1.

1. 441.—**mere.** Lake.

1. 442.—**furnish forth.** Provide—an archaic phrase.

1. 443.—**rood.** Cross. (A.Š. *rōd*, cross, pole.)

Page 85. 1. 449.—**fair.** Cf. "fair lady," as title of address.

1. 452.—**fay.** Fairy (Fr. *fée*, fairy). The modern form fairy had originally a collective sense.

1. 451.—**romantic.** MS.—enchanting.

1. 458.—**Ailan-bane** Gael. *bane* means white, fair-haired ; note the post-positive adjective in Gaelic names, Allan-bane, Rob Roy, Roderick Dhu, etc.

11. 459f.—**A grey-haired sire, whose eye intent.** "If force of evidence could authorise us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favour of the existence of the Second-sight. Martin gives the following account of it:—'The second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible

object, without any previous means used by the person that used it for that end; the vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see, nor think of anything else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object that was presented to them.'

"But, in despite of evidence which neither Bacon, Boyle, nor Johnson were able to resist, the *Taisch*, with all its visionary properties, seems to be now universally abandoned to the use of poetry. The exquisitely beautiful poem of Lochiel will at once recur to the recollection of every reader."—Scott.

l. 460.—Was on.

MS. Is often on the future bent.

l. 464.—Lincoln green. Green was the favourite colour of foresters and hunters, as we see in Chaucer,—

The bawdrik was of grene;
A forster was he, soothly, as I guess,
—Prologue, *Canterbury Tales*, l. 116.

The best green cloth was dyed at Lincoln. Cf.

When they were clothed in Lincolne grene.
—*Lytell Geste of Robyn Hood*, Child's Ballads, v., 117.

See Scott's *Ivanhoe*, ch. xiii. Kendal too (cf. Falstaff's "three knaves in Kendal green") was favoured.

l. 475.—errant-knight. The knight wandering in search of adventures (Old Fr. *errant*, L. *errans*, *errare* to wander).

l. 476.—sooth. True, truth. (A.S. *sōth*, true, truth.) Cf. p. 163, l. 250, and p. 184, i. 64.

Page 86. l. 478.—emprise. Chivalrous and adventurous undertaking.

l. 485.—His noble. MS.—This gentle; and in l. 486—the oars he drew.

l. 492.—The rocky isle. "It is rather high, and irregularly pyramidal. It is mostly composed of dark-grey rocks, mottled with pale and grey lichens, peeping out

here and there amid trees that mantle them,—chiefly light, graceful birches, intermingled with red-berried mountain ashes and a few dark-green, spiry pines. The landing is beneath an aged oak; and, as did the Lady and the Knight, the traveller now ascends 'a clambering unsuspected road,' by rude steps, to the small irregular summit of the island. A more poetic, romantic retreat could hardly be imagined: it is unique. It is completely hidden, not only by the trees, but also by an undergrowth of beautiful and abundant ferns and the loveliest of heather."—Hunnewell's *Lands of Scott* (Rolfe).

l. 502.—**willow round.** The epithet applies to the whole aspect of the willow, with its foliage seen at some distance.

l. 505.—**Some chief had framed a rustic bower.** "The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic hut in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward, in his perilous wanderings after the battle of Culloden."—Scott.

l. 506.—**lodge.** A house for the shelter of hunters.

Page 87. l. 525.—Idæan vine. The *Vaccinium vitis Idæa*, or red whortleberry, is suggested as Scott's meaning; but it is a shrub and not a climber. Rolfe suggests the common vine, as Mount Ida (near the Troad, Asia Minor) was famous for its vines; but it would not grow in that climate. Minto cites the suggestion of Professor Traill: "Scott may have meant the stone bramble, which has a vine-like leaf, and might be 'taught to climb.'" He quotes also from Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* the description of a plant on Bothwell Castle: "a broad-leaved creeping plant without flowers which scrambled up the

castle wall along with the ivy." Loudon (*Ency. of Trees and Shrubs*, p. 612) presumes to call the Mt. Ida berry a "creeping evergreen shrub," and for the present it may be held that Scott had the red whortleberry in mind.

1. 526.—**clematis** (*klem'a tis*). The clematis vitalba, a common species in Europe, known as traveller's joy, virgin's-bower, or old-man's beard, which runs over hedges, loading them first with its copious clusters of white blossoms, and afterwards with its plumose-tailed, silky heads.—*Century Dict.*

1. 528.—**could bear**. The omission of the subject relative is an archaism; it is frequent in Elizabethan writers.

1. 532.—**thy lady**. An essential part of a knight's duty was the service of his chosen mistress, who was, as Scott said, "to be the polar star of his thoughts and directress of his actions."

Page 88. 1. 548.—**broadsword**. A sword with a broad blade and cutting edge.

store. Cf. p. 126, l. 3. Abundance, plenty.

1. 551.—**And there the wild-cat**.

MS. There hung the wild-cat's brindled hide,
Above the elk's branch'd brow and skull,
And frontlet of the forest bull.

1. 554.—**Pennons**. A pennon was, strictly, a small flag with pointed or indented end, borne on the lance of a knight bachelor.

1. 559.—**garnish**. A variant form of furnish; cf. l. 442.

1. 566.—**brook to wield**. A rare use. To brook usually meant to hold, to enjoy; hence, to bear with, put up with. The sense here is derived from the latter—to stand the strain of wielding, wield with ease.

1. 568.—**took the word**. A once common form of expression—replied.

Page 89. 1. 573.—**Of Ferragus or Ascabart**. Scott adds: "These two sons of Anak flourished in romantic fable. The first is well known to the admirers of Ariosto, by the

name of Ferrau. He was an antagonist of Orlando, and was at length slain by him in single combat. There is a romance in the Auchinleck MS., in which Ferragus is thus described:—

He hadde twenti men strengthe
And forti fet of lengthe,
Thilike painim hede (had).

“**Ascapart**, or **Ascabart**, makes a very material figure in the History of Bevis of Hampton, by whom he was conquered. His effigies may be seen guarding one side of a gate at Southampton, while the other is occupied by Sir Bevis himself. The dimensions of Ascabart were little inferior to those of Ferragus, if the following description be correct:—

They metten with a geaunt,
With a lothelithe semblaunt (appearance).
He was wonderliche strong,
Rome (fully) thretti fote long.
His clob was, to yeue (give) a strok,
A lite (little) bodi of an oak.”

1. 576.—**mistress of the mansion.** Lady Margaret is an invention of Scott's,—regarded by him as the sister of Douglas and mother of Roderick Dhu. Margaret was a common name in the Douglas family.

1. 580.—**more than kindred knew.** See p. 104, ll. 249ff.

MS. To whom, though more remote her claim,
Young Ellen gave a mother's name.

1. 585.—**Though all unask'd his birth and name.** “The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious excess, are said to have considered it as churlish, to ask a stranger his name or lineage, before he had taken refreshment. Feuds were so frequent among them; that a contrary rule would in many cases have produced the discovery of some circumstance, which might have excluded the guest from the benefit of the assistance he stood in need of.”—Scott.

1. 591.—**Snowdoun.** "Snowdoun ... has no connection with the Welsh mountain of that name, but is simply the descriptive name of Stirling—Snuu-dun, the fort, or fortified hill, on the river."—Glennie, *Arthurian Localities*, iii., i.

Fitz-James. Fitz, son (Norman Fr. *fiz*, Lat. *filius*).

1. 592.—**a barren heritage.** An allusion to the empty sway of the royal line in consequence of the feudal power of the nobles.

1. 595.—**in such turmoil.** More definitely, at Flodden.

1. 593.—**wot.** Knows. (3rd pers. sing. of to wit, A.S. *witan*, to know; its past tense is *wist(e)*.)

1. 598.—**Lord Moray.** From 1501-1544 the earldom of Moray was held by James Stewart, natural son of James IV., and uncle, therefore, to the king

Page 90. 1. 604.—**elder lady's mien.** MS.—the mother's easy mien.

11. 606ff.—**Ellen, though more.**

MS. Ellen, though more her looks betray'd
The simple heart of mountain maid,
In speech and gesture, form and grace, . . .
'Twas strange, in birth so rude, to find
Such face, such manners, and such mind.
Each anxious hint the stranger gave,
The mother heard with silence grave.

1. 609.—**gentle.** Noble.

1. 616.—**Weird women.** Cf. "the weird sisters," the sister fates, of *Macbeth*. Ellen playfully suggests that they are some uncanny creatures, scarcely having a local habitation. A.S. *wyrd* means fate, destiny.

dale and down. A phrase from the older ballads, just as "tower and town" in the next line is from the older English romances.

down. High rolling country.

1. 622.—**a harp.** Scott, in a note, cites proof that "the Highlanders delighted much in music, but chiefly in

harps and clairschoes of their own fashion. . . . They sing verses containing, for the most part, praises of their valiant men." The harp may have been extant till the middle of last century, but it has been supplanted by the bagpipe.

1. 626.—**battled fields.** Fields that have been fought in battle array.

Page 91. 1. 635.—**Morn of toil.**

MS. Noon of hunger, night of waking.
No rude sound shall rouse thine ear.

1. 638.—**pibroci** (*pē'broch*). The wild Highland music of the bagpipes. (Gael. *piobaireachd*, pipe-music.)

1. 639.—**clan.** A tribal group—people associated together, claiming descent from a common ancestor.

1. 640.—**lark's shri'l fife.** "The lark's song is not especially melodious, but lithesome, sibilant, and unceasing. Its type is the grass, where the bird makes its home, abounding, multitudinous, the notes nearly all alike and all in the same key, but rapid, swarming, prodigal showering down thick and fast as drops of rain in a summer shower."—John Burroughs, *Birds and Poets*.

The "shrillness" of its song is noted by John Lyly—

What is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear.

—*Campaspe*, v., i.

Shelley also notes the "shrill delight" of its song.

1. 642.—**bittern sound his drum.** "The bittern dwells in the marshes, nocturnal in habits, rarely seen on the wing. Its 'boom,' or love-song of the male, is heard at all hours of the night during the breeding season, and never in the day. It is a weird, unearthly noise, not to be dignified with the name of a note, and may be heard at a considerable distance. The bird is so shy that the noise is instantly stopped on the slightest alarm. Some writers have likened it to the bellowing of a bull, others think it resembles the

neighing of a horse, whilst more imaginative ornithologists trace in it a resemblance to their ideal conception of demoniac laughter. It consists of two parts, one supposed to be produced as the bird inhales and the other as it exhales its breath. Naumann attempts to express it on paper by the syllables *ü-prump*, repeated slowly several times. The call-note, which is common to the two series is a hoarse croak like the *ca-wak* of a Night-Heron. . . . but the 'boom' is only heard from the reeds."—Seebohm, *British Birds*, ii. 504.

l. 645.—**warder.** Cf. p. 212, l. 7. A keeper; guard at a gate.

l. 648.—**then, blushing, led.** MS.—but waked again.

l. 655.—**While our slumbrous spells.**

MS. { Slumber sweet our spells shall deal ye.
 { Let our slumbrous spells { avall ye,
 { beguile ye.

Page 92. l. 657.—**reveille** (*re vâl' ye*). Better *revaille*,—the call of drum or bugle at daybreak to rouse the soldiers (Fr. *réveil*, awakening).

l. 669.—**forest sports.** MS.—mountain chase.

l. 680.—**from my couch.** Lockhart quotes a parallel passage on sleep from Thomson, *Castle of Indolence*, i., xlviii f, where guardian spirits are invoked to bring back the long-lost friends, the morn of youth, and to protect from the foul demons of the night.

Page 93. l. 699.—**cold gauntlet.** The steel glove of an armed knight.

l. 704.—**grisly.** Gruesome, awful.

Page 94. l. 718ff.—**The wild-rose, eglantine.**

MS. Play'd on { the bosom of the lake,
 { Loch Katrine's still expanse;
 The birch, the wild-rose, and the broom, . . .

The birch-trees wept in balmy dew ;
 The aspen slept on Benvenue ;
 Wild were the heart whose passions' power
 Defied the influence of the hour.

broom. This shrub has abundant large yellow flowers.

1. 728.—**that exiled race.** See the historical note, p. 307.

1. 731.—**Douglas.** See note p. 307. "The Douglas family takes its name from the river Douglas in Lanarkshire. (Gael. *dhu glas*, 'black, dark water'; *glas*, however, in modern Gaelic means grey.) The ancestral castle is situated there. (See Scott, *Castle Dangerous*, ch. i. ff.)

1. 732.—**brand.** Sword,—from the flashing of the blade (A.S. *brand*, burning stick).

1. 738.—**orisons** (*or'i zon*). Prayers.

1. 740.—**told.** Said over. To tell first meant to count, to tell one's beads, to say one's prayers.

1. 741.—**bead of gold.** One of the small balls of the rosary, passed on the string from one hand to the other with each prayer said. They were made of wood, coral, and even gold.

CANTO SECOND.

Page 95. l. 3.—**matin.** Morning; see note to p. 79, l. 293. Milton has the adjectival use, also, in "matin trumpet," *Par. Lost*, vi., 526.

l. 7.—**minstrel grey.** "That Highland chieftains, to a late period, retained in their service a bard, as family officer, admits of very easy proof. 'The bard is skilled in the genealogy of all the Highland families, sometimes preceptor to the young laird, celebrates in Irish verse the original of the tribe, the famous warlike actions of the successive heads, and sings his own lyrics as an opiate to the chief, when indisposed for sleep.'"—Scott.

Page 96. l. 20.—**battle line.** The reading of the edition of 1833; earlier editions have—battled line.

l. 22.—**Where beauty, etc.** The tournament.

MS. At tournaments where the brave resort.

l. 23.—**meed.** Reward, recompense (A.S. *mēd*, reward).

l. 26.—**love's.** The 1833 ed. has—love.

l. 30.—**drooping crest.** See note p. 70, l. 16.

Page 97. l. 44.—**kindred worth.** The knight, faithful, wise, and brave, will find welcome from people akin to himself in these virtues.

Page 99. l. 103.—**Another step.**

MS. The loveliest Lowland fair to spy.

1st ed. The step of parting fair to spy.

l. 109.—**the Græme.** Scott's choice of this character is due to the prominence of the Grahams in this district. "The ancient and powerful family of Graham (which, for metrical reasons, is here spelt after the Scottish pronunciation) held extensive possessions in the counties of Dumbarton and Stirling. Few families can boast of more historical renown, having claim to three of the most remarkable characters in the Scottish annals. Sir John the

Græme, the faithful and undaunted partaker of the labours and patriotic warfare of Wallace, fell in the unfortunate field of Falkirk, 1298. The celebrated Marquis of Montrose, in whom De Retz saw realized his abstract idea of the heroes of antiquity, was the second of these worthies. And, notwithstanding the severity of his temper, and the rigour with which he executed the oppressive mandates of the princes whom he served, I do not hesitate to name a third, John Græme of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, whose heroic death in the arms of victory may be allowed to cancel the memory of his cruelty to the non-conformists during the reigns of Charles II. and James II."—Scott.

The Scotch use of "the" before the proper name denotes usually that the person so designated is the chief of his clan or family.

l. 112.—**in hall and bower.** One of the stock phrases of the old romancers. The hall is the characteristic meeting-place of the men; the bower the special abode of the women.

l. 131.—**This harp, which erst Saint Modan sway'd.** "I am not prepared to shew that Saint Modan was a performer on the harp. It was, however, no unsaintly accomplishment, for Saint Dunstan certainly did play upon that instrument, which retaining, as was natural, a portion of the sanctity attached to its master's character, announced future events by its spontaneous sound."—Scott.

St. Modan. A local saint of the seventh century, abbot of Melrose and evangelist in Stirling and Falkirk. When old he retired to Dumbarton; his body was preserved at Rosneath.

Page 100. l. 141.—Bothwell's bannered hall. Bothwell Castle, Lanarkshire, on the right bank of the Clyde, about eight miles south-east of Glasgow. It was, shortly before the time of our poem, the chief seat of Patrick Hepburn, earl of Bothwell; but it passed in 1491-2 to Angus in exchange for his fief of Liddisdale. The castle, once a noble specimen of Norman architecture, is now in ruins.

The minstrel's prophetic music had foretold the ruin of the Douglasses amidst the festivities at Bothwell Castle.

1. 142.—**Douglasses, to ruin driven.** See note, p. 307. Scott's spelling is always Douglasses.

1. 159.—**Tweed to Spey.** That is, throughout Scotland. For Tweed see note to p. 59, l. 6. The **Spey** rises in Inverness, flowing into the North Sea.

Page 101. l. 168.—**Not....more resigned.** Did not resign more.

1. 178.—**It drinks heaven's dew.**

MS. No blither dew-drop cheers the rose.

Page 102. l. 198.—**leading star.** A poetical variation of lode star, pole star (lode, A. S. *lād*, way).

1. 200.—**the Lady of the Bleeding Heart.** That is, of Douglas. In the Douglas castle of Tantallon, there was

A stony shield
The Bloody Heart was in the field,
And in the chief three mullets stood,
The cognizance of Douglas blood.

—*Marmion*, vi., ii.

The assumption of the bloody heart as arms by William, the first earl, commemorates the heroism of Sir James Douglas (1286-1338) who, while bearing the heart of Bruce to the Holy Land, was attacked by the Moors in Andalusia, and died following the precious relic, which he threw into the midst of the enemy.

1. 203.—**Yet is this mossy rock.**

MS. This mossy rock, my friend, to me
Is worth gay chair and canopy.

1. 206.—**strathspey.** A dance named from Strathspey (see note to l. 159), "resembling the reel, but slower, and marked by nervous jerks." This dance, it is said, was invented only early in the eighteenth century.

1. 213.—**Saxon.** That is, Lowland.

Clan-Alpine. A general designation for the several

clans—the Macgregors, Mackinnons, Macnabs, Grants, etc., claiming descent from Kenneth Macalpine, founder of the Scottish monarchy. The chief clan was the Macgregors, a famous and ill-fated race. Scott alludes to the former possessions of the clan Macgregor around Loch Awe in his poem written to the tune of the clan's gathering—

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchuirn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours;
We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalich.

They were dispossessed of their lands, and had to trust to plunder to exist. Sheltered in the mountains, they defied their enemies and the government bent on exterminating them. (See Scott's *Legend of Montrose* and *Rob Roy*.) At the time of our poem, they dwelt chiefly in the districts of Glengyle and Balquidder; but the poet gives them more extensive sway.

The badge of Clan-Alpine was a pine-tree—a pun, it has been suggested, on their name—is still retained by the Macgregors. Their motto was, "Thy race is royal."

1. 214.—**Loch Lomond** (*lō'mond*). The beautiful lake, the largest in Britain, between Dumbartonshire and Stirlingshire. It is twenty-five miles in length, and seven in extreme width.

1. 216.—**A Lennox foray**. Lennox once comprised Dumbartonshire and parts of Stirlingshire, Perth and Renfrew. It was therefore exposed to the forays of the Macgregors.

Page 103. 1. 217.—**his glee**. Rolfe calls this "a preposterous misprint," and prints "her glee" in defiance of all the texts. Scott seems to have thought that it was possible for the minstrel first to fall in with Ellen's mood; then on on second thoughts to be sobered by the recollection of Roderick.

1. 220.—**Black Sir Roderick**. Scott's fictitious chief of Clan-Alpine.

1. 221.—In Holy-Rood a knight he slew. "This was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the Court of Scotland; nay, the presence of the Sovereign himself scarcely restrained the ferocious and inveterate feuds which were the perpetual source of bloodshed among the Scottish nobility. The instance of the murder of Sir William Stuart of Ochiltree, called *The Bloody*, by the celebrated Francis, Earl of Bothwell, may be produced among many."
—Scott.

Holy-Rood is an ancient royal palace, once an abbey, in the east of Edinburgh. It was built originally by David I., and was used as a residence by James IV. and his successors.

1. 222.—Courtiers give place.

MS. Courtiers give place with heartless stride
Of the retiring hon icide.

1. 227.—Who else dared give.

MS. Who else dared own the kindred claim
That bound him to thy mother's name?
Who else dared give . . .

1. 229.—The Douglas, like a stricken deer. "The exiled state of this powerful race is not exaggerated in this and subsequent passages. The hatred of James against the race of Douglas was so inveterate, that, numerous as their allies were, and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not entertain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguise. James Douglas, son of the banished Earl of Angus, afterwards well known by the title of Earl of Morton, lurked, during the exile of his family, in the north of Scotland, under the assumed name of James Innes, otherwise *James the Grieve*, (*i. e.* Reve or Bailiff.) 'And as he bore the name,' says Godscroft, 'so did he also execute the office of a grieve or overseer of the lands and rents, the corn and cattle, of him with whom he lived.'"—Scott.

like a stricken deer. Cf.

A poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim hath ta'en a hurt, . . .
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends.

—Shakspeare, *As You Like It*, II., 1.

Page 104. l. 236.—dispensation sought. The relationship imagined by Scott (see ll. 250ff.) is that of first cousins—within, therefore, the forbidden degrees of consanguinity. To marry dispensation would be required from the Pope.

l. 260.—**votaress in Maronnan's cell.** Votaress, fem. of votary—devotee, nun. “The parish of Kilmaronock, at the eastern extremity of Loch Lomond, derives its name from a cell or chapel, dedicated to Saint Maronock, or Marnock, or Maronnan, about whose sanctity very little is now remembered. There is a fountain devoted to him in the same parish; but its virtues, like the merits of its patron, have fallen into oblivion.”—Scott.

l. 270.—**Bracklinn's thundering wave.** Falls on the Keltie, a mile and a half N. N. E. of Callander. (Gael. *breac linn*, speckled, foamy pool.)

Page 106. l. 274.—claymore. The two-edged broadsword of the ancient Scottish Highlanders. (Gael. *claidheamh mor*, great sword.)

Page 107. l. 305.—Of yore. Of old, long ago (A.S. *gēara*, gen. pl. *gēar*, year—formerly).

l. 306.—**For Tineman forged by fairy lore.** “Archibald, the third [fourth, Ed.] earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprises, that he acquired the epithet of Tineman, because he *tined*, or lost, his followers, in every battle which he fought.”—Scott. He was not, however, an ancestor of Scott's James of Bothwell, who belonged to the Angus branch of the family of Douglas.

The forging of famous swords by supernatural powers is common in all Aryan myths—cf. Beowulf's Hrunting, Siegfried's Balmung, Arthur's Excalibur.

l. 307.—**What time.** That is, at the time that—an abbreviation in the epic style; cf. p. 127, l. 15.

l. 308.—**Hotspur.** Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, son of Henry Percy, first earl of Northumberland. He captured the earl of Douglas at Hamildon Hill, 1402. See Shakspeare's *Henry IV.* Douglas joined Percy in the revolt against Henry IV. and was defeated and captured at Shrewsbury, 1403.

l. 309.—**self-unscaabarded, foreshow.** "The ancient warriors, whose hope and confidence rested chiefly in their blades, were accustomed to deduce omens from them, especially from such as were supposed to have been fabricated by enchanted skill, of which we have various instances in the romances and legends of the time. The wonderful sword Skoffnung, wielded by the celebrated Hrolf Kraka, was of this description. . . Lord Lovat is said, by the author of the *Letters from Scotland*, to have affirmed that a number of swords that hung up in the hall of the mansion-house leaped of themselves out of the scabbard at the instant he was born. 'This story passed current among his clan, but. . . proved an unfortunate omen.'—Scott.

l. 311.—**courtly spy.** This marks the awakening suspicions of the minstrel respecting Fitz-James.

l. 319.—**Beltane** (*bell'ān*). A Lowland-Scotch word—Gael. *bealltain*, the 1st of May, (Old May-day), one of the old quarter-days of Scotland. It was a time of festival—kindling of bonfires, etc.

l. 327.—**canna.** Cotton-grass (Gael. *canach*).

Page 108. l. 335.—**Glengyle.** The chief district of the Macgregors; the rocky valley of the Glengyle, which flows s. e. into the western end of Loch Katrine.

l. 337.—**Brianchoil.** No doubt, Brenachoil, the point north from Ellen's Isle, Loch Katrine.

l. 338.—**cast.** In nautical language, when the ship turns her side to the wind, she is said to cast, *i. e.* to veer, come round.

l. 342.—spears. The ed. 1833 reads spear, probably a misprint, as 1610-25 have—spears.

l. 343.—brave. Scotch *braw*—gay.

l. 345.—bonnet. The cap of the Scot.

l. 351.—chanters. The pipe of the bagpipe on which the melody is played. Scott, however, in his note defines chanter as the drone of the bagpipe. As the drones are thrown over the shoulder and are ornamented with ribbons, it is evident that it is in the latter loose sense that he employs chanter.

l. 356.—The pibroch proud. “The connoisseurs in pipe-music affect to discover, in a well-composed pibroch, the imitative sounds of march, conflict, flight, pursuit, and all the ‘current of a heady fight.’ To this opinion Dr. Beattie has given his suffrage: ‘A pibroch is a species of tune, peculiar, I think, to the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. It is performed on a bagpipe, and differs totally from all other music. Its rhythm is so irregular, and its notes, especially in the quick movement, so mixed and huddled together, that a stranger finds it impossible to reconcile his ear to it, so as to perceive its modulation. Some of these pibrochs, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion, resembling a march; then gradually quicken into the onset; run off with noisy confusion and turbulent rapidity, to imitate the conflict and pursuit; then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy; and, perhaps, close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession.’ (*Essay on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition*, Chap. III. *Note.*)”—Scott.

l. 357.—sound. The 1st ed. has—sounds; the 3rd and subsequent edd.—sourd.

l. 362.—Gathering. The gathering is, strictly, the muster of the clans in times of great emergency; hence the war-march or war-song of the clan.

Page 109. l. 371.—closing. As the combatants came together.

1. 388.—**ciarion**. Shrill, musical sound, as of a shrill trumpet.

1. 392.—**the burden bore**. Took up and sang the refrain in chorus; see note to p. 70, l. 17.

Page 110. 1. 396.—**Vich**. Gael. *mhic*, voc. of *mac*, son, descendant.

11. 399f.—**Hail to the Chief who**. "The song itself is intended as an imitation of the *jorrams*, or boat songs of the Highlanders, which were usually composed in honour of a favourite chief. They are so adapted as to keep time with the sweep of the oars, and it is easy to distinguish between those intended to be sung to the oars of a galley, where the stroke is lengthened and doubled, as it were, and those which were timed to the rowers of an ordinary boat."—Scott. See note to p. 139, l. 369 for the poem from which this is in part imitated.

1. 405.—**to bourgeon**. To bud (Fr. *bourgeon*, a bud).

1. 408.—**Roderick Vich Alpine dhu**. "Every Highland chief has an epithet expressive of his patriarchal dignity as head of the clan. . . This name is usually a patronymic, expressive of his descent from the founder of the family. . . The chieftain had usually another title peculiar to himself. . . This was sometimes derived from complexion, as *dhu* (black), or *roy* (red); sometimes for size, as *beg* or *more*. . . The line, therefore, signifies—

Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine."

—Scott.

1. 416.—**Menteith**. See p. 72, l. 89 note.

Breadalbane. A mountainous district in West Perthshire, forming the west, south, and east basin of Loch Tay. It is chiefly inhabited by clan Campbell; but Scott gives clan Macgregor poetical boundaries.

1. 419.—**Glen Fruin**. The rugged upper valley of the Fruin river, which flows s. e. into Loch Lomond. It was the scene of a battle in 1603 in which the Macgregors

destroyed a body of Colquhouns. See Scott's *Rob Roy* and note to l. 422.

l. 420.—**Bannochar.** Benuchara, in the lower part of the Fruin. "Overhanging the entrance to the glen are the ruins of the castle of Benuchara, anciently the residence of the Colquhouns."—Black.

slogan. The special war-cry of the Highland clans. (Gael. *sluagh*, host; *gairm*, call, cry.)

Page III. l. 421.—**Glen Luss.** A valley on the west side of Loch Lomond through which Luss Water flows.

Ross-dhu. An estate on the west shore of Loch Lomond, three miles below Glen Luss.

l. 422.—**The best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.** "The **Lennox** (l. 423), as the district is called, which encircles the lower extremity of Loch Lomond, was peculiarly exposed to the incursions of the mountaineers, who inhabited the inaccessible fastnesses at the upper end of the lake and the neighbouring district of Loch Katrine. These were often marked by circumstances of great ferocity, of which the noted conflict of Glen Fruin is a celebrated instance. This was a clan battle, in which the Macgregors, headed by Allaster Macgregor, chief of the clan, encountered the sept of Colquhouns, commanded by Sir Humphry Colquhoun of Luss. It is on all hands allowed, that the action was desperately fought, and that the Colquhouns were defeated with slaughter, leaving two hundred of their name dead upon the field. But popular tradition has added other horrors to the tale. It is said that Sir Humphry Colquhoun, who was on horseback, escaped to the castle of Benechra, or Bannochar, and was next day dragged out and murdered by the victorious Macgregors in cold blood. . . The consequences of the battle of Glen Fruin were very calamitous to the family of Macgregor, which had already been considered as an unruly clan. . . James VI. let loose his vengeance against the Macgregors without either bounds or moderation. The very

name of the clan was proscribed, and those by whom it had been borne were given up to sword and fire, and absolutely hunted down by bloodhounds like wild beasts. Argyle and the Campbells, on the one hand, Montrose, with the Grahames and Buchanans, on the other, are said to have been the chief instruments in suppressing this devoted clan"—Scott.

l. 426.—**Leven-glen.** The valley of the Leven river in Dumbartonshire. The Leven flows from the south end of Loch Lomond into the estuary of the Clyde; its valley is about a mile and a half broad, with an almost level surface.

l. 438.—**Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!** "However we may dislike the geographical song and chorus, half English and half Erse, which is sung in praise of the warrior, we must allow that, in other respects the hero of a poem has seldom, if ever, been introduced with finer effect, or in a manner better calculated to excite the expectations of the reader, than the present occasion."—*Critical Review*, quoted by Lockhart.

l. 444.—**And chorus wild.** MS.—The chorus to the chief-tain's fame.

Page 112. l. 454.—in the mid-path. Half-way.

name. The MS. has—fame.

l. 464.—**the bay.** Cf. p. 80, l. 324.

l. 473.—**weeped.** A costly sacrifice to rime.

ll. 477.—**Her filial welcomes, etc.**

MS. Her filial greetings eager hung,
Mark'd not that awe (affection's proof)
Still held yon gentle youth aloof;
No! not till Douglas named his name,
Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.
Then with flush'd cheek and downcast eye,
Their greeting was confused and shy.

Page 113. l. 485.—His master. Douglas.

l. 493.—**he recalls the day.** It is not easy to identify

the historical incident that Scott has in mind here. It is usually held that the reference is to the defeat of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch by Angus in 1526, when the former made an attempt to release young King James from Angus's custody... In support of this, it is pointed out that the "waned crescent" was part of the cognizance of the Buccleuch Scotts. It must be urged against this view that the Percy pennon here is not simply an historic trophy, it is a sign of "bloody field," in which the speaker himself was successful against Percy, and in celebration of which makes his triumphant entry into his castle of Bothwell. The "waned crescent" was the badge of the Percy. In the *Battle of Otterbourne* the lines—

The whyte Lyon on the Ynglysh parte,
Forsoth as I yow sayne ;
The Lucetts and the Cressawnts both—

mark the badges emblazoned on the banners of Percy—the white lyon statant, and the silver crescent, and lucas, still used as emblems by that family. The poet ascribes romantically a great victory to his James of Bothwell over Earl Percy, not as has been believed, over the Buccleuch Scotts.

l. 497.—**Percy's Norman pennon.** This reference is perhaps suggested by the exploit of Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas, in defeating the Earl of March and Henry Percy ("Hotspur") at Cockburnspath. The English were pursued to Berwick walls, where the lance and pennon of Talbot were captured.

The house of Percy, earls of Northumberland, was of Norman origin.

l. 501.—**pomp.** Triumphant march, procession (the Latin sense).

l. 504.—**the waned crescent.** See note to l. 493.

l. 506.—**Blantyre.** A village on the Clyde, the seat of an ancient priory, now in ruins, founded by Alexander II. in 1206. Bothwell Castle is near by.

l. 507.—**flung back.** Resounded, echoed in response to the hymns of Blantyre.

Page 114. l. 521.—The dogs with crouch.

MS. The dogs with whimpering notes repaid.

l. 525.—**though unhooded.** The eyes of the falcon were covered by a "hood" when the bird was not about to be flown at its prey.

l. 527.—**fabled Goddess.** Diana the Huntress. The MS. has huntress.

l. 534.—**stature fair.** Edd. 1825-33 read—stature tall.

l. 536.—**belted plaid.** This signifies full military dress in the Highlands; so called from being kept tight to the body by a belt (*Cent. Dict.*)

Page 115. l. 541.—ptarmigan in snow. Its plumage turns white in winter. See note to p. 84, l. 440.

l. 549.—**Ben-Lomond.** A mountain (3,192 ft.) by Loch Lomond—one of the favourite ascents for tourists to-day. It is on the west border of the land of the Grahams.

Page 116. l. 574.—Glenfinlas. The glen of the Finglas Water. It opens into the Trossachs at the Brigg of Turk.

l. 577.—**a royal ward.** As an noble orphan, and under age, he was ward to the king. Græme is represented as heir to the whole Graham country, really comprising two distinct earldoms, Montrose and Menteith (Minto).

l. 583.—**Strath-Endrick glen.** The valley of Endrick Water where it nears Lóch Lomond—consequently within the Lowlands.

l. 591.—**were the news.** Modern usage would require a singular verb.

Page 117. l. 606.—glozing. Deceptive.

l. 615.—**The King's vindictive pride.** Scott adds a note: "In 1529, James V. made a convention at Edinburgh, for the purpose of considering the best mode of quelling the Border robbers, who, during the licence of his minority,

and the troubles which followed, had committed many exorbitances. Accordingly he assembled a flying army of ten thousand men, consisting of his principal nobility and their followers, who were directed to bring their hawks and dogs with them, that the monarch might refresh himself with sport during the intervals of military execution. With this array he swept through Ettrick Forest, where he hanged, over the gate of his own castle, Piers Cockburn of Henderland, who had prepared, according to tradition, a feast for his reception. He caused Adam Scott of Tushielaw also to be executed, who was distinguished by the title of King of the Border. But the most noted victim of justice, during that expedition, was John Armstrong of Gilnockie, famous in Scottish song, who, confiding in his own supposed innocence, met the King, with a retinue of thirty-six persons, all of whom were hanged at Carlenrig, near the source of the Teviot. The effect of this severity was such, that, as the vulgar expressed it, 'the rush-bush kept the cow,' and 'thereafter was great peace and rest a long time, wherethrough the king had great profit; for he had ten thousand sheep going in the Ettrick Forest in keeping by Andrew Bell, who made the King as good count of them as they had gone in the bounds of Fife.'—Pitcottie's *History*, p. 153."

l. 623.—cries their blood. Cf. Gen. iv. 10

Meggat's mead. The valley of Megget Water, which rises in N. E. Dumfriesshire, and flows into St. Mary's Loch and the Yarrow. The latter river is a tributary of the Ettrick, which itself, like the Teviot, joins the Tweed. (See note to p. 59, l. 6.)

The places here mentioned denote the scene of the king's vengeance on the Border chiefs.

l. 624.—**braes.** English *brow*—hilly districts, especially those marking the valley of a river.

l. 625.—**streams of Ettrick.** Its little affluents—Tima Water, Rankle Burn, etc.

l. 627.—The dales . . . did ride.

MS. The dales where clans were wont to bide.

l. 633.—What grace for Highland chiefs. "James was, in fact, equally attentive to restrain rapine and feudal oppression in every part of his dominions."—Scott.

Page 118. l. 638.—Your counsel . . . I show. (Give me) your counsel in the difficult situation (strait) that I disclose.

Page 119. l. 672.—To wife . . . to mine aid. As a wife, for my aid—a construction anciently common.

l. 674.—enow. A variant form of enough.

l. 676.—Western Chiefs. That is, heads of the clans of the Western Isles. "The King past to the Isles, and there held justice courts, and punished both thief and traitor . . . Syne (afterwards) brought many great men of the isles captive with him (Pitscottie.)"—Scott.

l. 678.—The Links of Forth. The fertile districts from Stirling to Alloa, in which to go five miles and a half, the Forth winds twelve and a half.

l. 679.—Stirling. On the river Forth. With the accession of the Stuart kings of Scotland, the castle became a favourite royal residence.

l. 685.—heat. The edd. 1825-1833 misprints this—heart.

l. 690.—from pathless glen. MS.—from hill and glen.

l. 694.—beetled. Juttet out. Cf. *Hamlet*, i., iv., 71.

Page 120. l. 696.—dangerous dream. MS. desperate dream.

l. 702.—battled fence. The battlements.

l. 708.—astound. Perf. part. of archaic verb *astoun*. (Mid. Eng. *astonien*, to distract, amaze; A. S. *stunian*, to stun.)

l. 718.—hectic. Fever marked by alternations of heat and cold.

Page 121. l. 747.—nighted. Benighted.

Page 122. l. 757.—chequered shroud. The plaid.

ll. 768f.—**So the deep anguish, etc.**

MS. The deep-toned anguish of despair
Flush'd, etc.

ll. 781f.—**Thus as they strove, etc.**

MS. Thus as they strove, each better hand
Grasp'd for the dagger or the brand.

l. 786.—**I hold the first who strikes.** “The author has to apologize for the inadvertent appropriation of a whole line from the tragedy of Douglas,

I hold the first who strikes, my foe.”

—Scott, note to 2nd ed.

Page 123. l. 789.—**deemed.** Edd. 1825-33 misprint—doomed.

ll. 791ff.—**Sullen and slowly, etc.**

MS. Sullen and slow the rivals bold
Loosed, at his hest, their desperate hold,
But either still on other glared.

ll. 801f.—**pity 'twere...the midnight air.** “Hardihood was in every respect so essential to the character of a Highlander, that the reproach of effeminacy was the most bitter which could be thrown upon him. Yet it was sometimes hazarded on what we might presume to think slight ground. It is reported of old Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, when upwards of seventy, that he was surprised by night on a hunting or military expedition. He wrapped him in his plaid, and lay contentedly down upon the snow, with which the ground happened to be covered. Among his attendants, who were preparing to take their rest in the same manner, he observed that one of his grandsons, for his better accommodation, had rolled a large snowball, and placed it below his head. ‘Out upon thee!’ said he, kicking the frozen bolster from the head which it supported, ‘art thou so effeminate as to need a pillow?’”—Scott.

l. 804.—**fell.** A barren rocky hill.

1. 809.—**Maïise.** A name suggested by Scott's historical reading, it being the appellation of an earl of Strathearn.
henchman. A page or servant (*hench* is from Mid. Eng. *hengest*, horse). Scott quotes from *Letters from Scotland*: "This officer is a sort of secretary, and is to be ready, upon all occasions, to venture his life in defence of his master; and at drinking-bouts he stands behind his seat, at his haunch, from whence his title is derived, and watches the conversation, to see if any one offends his patron." But the alleged derivation is faulty.
1. 810.—**safe-conduct.** Pass or warrant of security.

Page 124. 1. 826.—**He said.** He spoke, he ended; cf. the Latin use of *dixit, ait*.

1. 829.—**on the morn.** Refers to "should circle."
1. 839.—**dirk.** Long, heavy dagger—part of the equipment of the Highland gentleman.
pouch. The bag held by the belt—in lieu of pocket.
1. 831.—**The Fiery Cross.** See note to p. 127, l. 18.

Page 125. 1. 860.—**Then plunged he.**

MS. He spoke, and plunged into the tide.

1. 867.—**cormorant.** A sea-bird, the water raven, which sometimes visits inland lakes. It captures its fishy prey under water, swimming with great rapidity.
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CANTO THIRD.

Page 126. l. 1.—The race of yore. The opening stanzas are a personal reference to Scott's childhood; see p. xxxii. Note the relation of this introduction to the substance of the canto.

Page 127. l. 16.—kindred banner. That is, of their kindred; cf. p. 176, l. 624.

l. 17.—the gathering sound. The war-march, the 'gathering' of the clan.

l. 18.—the Fiery Cross. "When a chieftain designed to summon his clan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the *Fiery Cross*, also *Crean Tarigh*, or the *Cross of Shame*, because disobedience to what the symbol implied, inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward, with equal dispatch, to the next village; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbours, if the danger was common to them. At sight of the Fiery Cross, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair, in his best arms and accoutrements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burnt marks upon this war-like signal. During the civil war of 1745-6, the Fiery Cross often made its circuit; and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract

of thirty-two miles, in three hours. The late Alexander Stewart, Esq., of Invernahyle, described to me his having sent round the Fiery Cross through the district of Appine, during the same commotion. The coast was threatened by a descent from two English frigates, and the flower of the young men were with the army of Prince Charles Edward, then in England; yet the summons was so effectual, that even old age and childhood obeyed it; and a force was collected in a few hours, so numerous and so enthusiastic, that all attempts at the intended diversion upon the country of the absent warriors, was in prudence abandoned, as desperate.

"This practice, like some others, is common to the Highlanders with the ancient Scandinavians."—Scott.

ll. 19ff.—The summer dawn's reflected hue, etc. Ruskin takes this passage for his special treatment of Scott's descriptive poetry. See pp. 320f.

ll. 27f.—In bright uncertainty. An illustration, said Ruskin, of "Scott's habit of drawing a slight *moral* from every scene, just enough to excuse to his conscience his want of definite religious feeling; . . . this slight moral is almost always melancholy. . . His completed thought would be, that those future joys, like the mountain shadows, were never to be attained."

-l. 30.—chalice (*tshal'iss*). Cup, flower-cup. (Lat. *calix*, a cup.)

reared. In 1st ed.—oped.

l. 33.—grey mist. MS.—light mist.

l. 37.—speckled thrush. See note to p. 5, l. 18.

l. 39.—cushat dove. The cushat, or cushat-dove, is the wood-pigeon, or ring-dove. See note on stock-dove, p. 290.

Page 128. ll. 47f.—Beneath a rock.

MS. Hard by, his vassals' early care
The mystic ritual prepare.

l. 62.—juniper. The well-known evergreen shrub, with

purple berries. It was much venerated as a protection against evil spirits, etc. (Elworthy, *The Evil Eye*, p. 102).

rowan (*rōw'an*). The mountain-ash. It had magical properties, especially against witches (Gregor, *Folk-Lore of N. E. Scotland*, p. 167). It was used for the divining-rod, and to burn hearts in incantations (Henderson, *Folk-Lore*, p. 876).

Page 129. l. 71.—Monk, of savage form. Scott adds: "The state of religion in the middle ages afforded considerable facilities for those whose mode of life excluded them from regular worship, to secure, nevertheless, the ghostly assistance of confessors, perfectly willing to adapt the nature of their doctrine to the necessities and peculiar circumstances of their flock. Robin Hood, it is well known, had his celebrated domestic chaplain, Friar Tuck. And that same curial friar was probably matched in manners and appearance by the ghostly fathers of the Tynedale robbers." After describing these chaplains and giving illustrations of the friars of the Irish septs, Scott concludes: "I flatter myself I have here produced a strong warrant for the character sketched in the text." He ends by quoting a picture from Martin's *Description of the Western Isles*, of the ascetic religionists of those districts.

l. 74.—Benharrow. A mountain in the deepest solitude of the Braes of Balquidder, of which it is the western limit. It is not far east of the head of Loch Lomond.

l. 76.—Druid's. Scott implies that the ancient pagan religion of the Celts gave more to Brian's creed than Christianity. The Druid, priest of the ancient Britons (Gael. *druidh*, magician), is said to have offered human sacrifice.

l. 81.—The hallowed creed. Christianity.

MS. While the bless'd creed gave only worse.

l. 87.—glen or strath. A glen is the deep and narrow

valley, often with a small stream; a strath the broader one, sometimes containing a river (*Cent. Dictionary*).

l. 89.—He prayed.

MS. He pray'd with many a cross between,
And . . .

l. 91.—Of Brian's birth strange tales. The digression here is a characteristic instance, as respects mystery, of the Romantic movement in literature. Scott felt the weakness of his story, and justified himself in a note: "The legend which follows is not of the author's invention. It is possible he may differ from modern critics, in supposing that the records of human superstition, if peculiar to, and characteristic of, the country in which the scene is laid, are a legitimate subject of poetry. He gives, however, a ready assent to the narrower proposition which condemns all attempts of an irregular and disordered fancy to excite terror, by accumulating a train of fantastic and incoherent horrors, whether borrowed from all countries, and patched upon a narrative belonging to one which knew them not, or derived from the author's own imagination. In the present case, therefore, I appeal to the record . . . from the geographical collections made by the Laird of Macfarlane." This story is a legend of the monk, Gili-Doir-Maghrevollich, *Black Child, Son to 'he Bones*, founder of the church of Kilmalie, in Lochyeld. The legend is, of course, a variation of the old story of the birth of Merlin.

l. 92.—fold. See p. 22, l. 322. "A sheep-fold in these mountains [of the Lake district] is an unroofed building of stone walls, with different divisions . . . generally placed by a brook, for the convenience of washing the sheep, but is also useful as a shelter for them."—Wordsworth.

l. 99.—knot-grass. A common trailing plant, with nodes, or knots, in its stems. It creeps on the ground, "fettering" to the ground what it grows over.

Page 130. l. 104.—fieldfare. A sort of thrush.

l. 106.—**mocked at time.** Their race was swifter than the flight of time; not, as Stuart takes it, they despised all that time could bring upon them.

l. 108.—**chaplet.** A festal wreath for the head, usually of flowers.

l. 109.—**heath-bell.** See note to p. 81, l. 355.

l. 116.—**virgin snood.** "The *snood*, or riband, with which a Scottish lass braided her hair, had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the *curch, toy*, or coif, when she passed, by marriage, into the matron state. But if the damsel was so unfortunate as to lose pretensions to the name of maiden, without gaining a right to that of matron, she was neither permitted to use the snood, nor advanced to the graver dignity of the *curch*."—Scott.

l. 123.—**compeers.** Companions, equals (Lat. *compar*, equal).

l. 131.—**frantic.** Crazed (Lat. *phreneticus*, mad).

MS. Till driven to frenzy, he believed
The legend of his birth received.

Page 131. l. 133.—sable-lettered page. The type of the early printers is called black-letter, Gothic, Old English, etc. For an example, see p. 126.

l. 142.—**cabala.** Literally, the Hebrew mystical philosophy (Heb. *qabbālāh*, traditional theosophy); here, occult science, mysticism.

l. 144.—**curious and presumptuous pride.** The pride of an intellect bent on probing the mystery of the supernatural.

ll. 149ff.—**visions wild, Such as might suit the spectre's child.** "In adopting the legend concerning the birth of the founder of the church of Kilmalie, the author has endeavoured to trace the effects which such a belief was likely to produce, in a barbarous age, on the person to whom it related. . . . It was a natural attribute of such a character as

the supposed hermit, that he should credit the numerous superstitions with which the minds of ordinary Highlanders are almost always imbued. A few of these are slightly alluded to in this stanza. The **River Demon**, or River-horse (for it is that form which he commonly assumes), is the Kelpy of the Lowlands, an evil and malicious spirit, delighting to forebode and to witness calamity. He frequents most Highland lakes and rivers; and one of his most memorable exploits was performed upon the banks of Loch Vennachar, in the very district which forms the scene of our action; it consisted in the destruction of a funeral procession, with all its attendants. The 'noon-tide hag,' called in Gaelic *Glas-lich*, a tall, emaciated, gigantic female figure, is supposed in particular to haunt the district of Knoidart. A goblin, dressed in antique armour, and having one hand covered with blood, called, from that circumstance, *Lham-dearg*, or Red-hand, is a tenant of the forests of Glenmore and Rothiemurcus. Other spirits of the desert, all frightful in shape and malignant in disposition, are believed to frequent different mountains and glens of the Highlands, where any unusual appearance, produced by mist, or the strange lights that are sometimes thrown upon particular objects, never fails to present an apparition to the imagination of the solitary and melancholy mountaineer."—Scott.

l. 161.—*seer*. Lit., one who sees (the future).

mankind. Note the accent, which is the prevalent one in Shakspeare (Rofse).

Page 132. l. 168.—The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream.

"Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a tutelar, or rather a domestic spirit, attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity, and intimated, by its wailings, any approaching disaster. That of Grant of Grant was called *May Moullach*, and appeared in the form of a girl, who had her arm covered with hair. Grant of Rothiemurcus had an attendant called *Bodach*—

an-dun, or the Ghost of the Hill; and many other examples might be mentioned. The Ben-Schie implies a female fairy, whose lamentations were often supposed to precede the death of a chieftain of particular families. When she is visible, it is in the form of an old woman, with a blue mantle and streaming hair. A superstition of the same kind is, I believe, universally received by the inferior ranks of the native Irish."—Scott. Ben-Shie is Gael. *bean-sidhe*, 'woman of the fairies.'

MS. The fatal Ben-Shie's dismal scream;
And seen her wrinkled form, the sign
Of woe and death to Alpine's hue.

1. 170.—Of charging steeds, careering fast. A presage, of the kind alluded to in the text, is still believed to announce death to the ancient Highland family of M'Lean of Lochbuy. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard to gallop along a stony bank, and then to ride thrice around the family residence, ringing his fairy bridle, and thus intimating the approaching calamity."—Scott.

1. 171.—shingly. Covered with loose gravel.

1. 175.—girt his loins. Cf. Luke xii. 35. The monk would be, like the Hebrews, impeded by his robe.

1. 187.—grisly (*griz'li*). Fearful, gruesome.

1. 188.—framed. The reading of the first three edd.; most later edd. have—formed.

1. 190.—limbs. The first ed. —limb.

yew. A plant of mystic power—hated by witches, possibly by reason of its association with the churchyards (cf. l. 200), where it frequently grows. (Henderson, *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties*, p. 226.)

1. 191.—Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach. "Inch-Cailliach, the Isle of Nuns, or of Old Women, is a most beautiful island at the lower extremity of Loch Lomond. The church belonging to the former nunnery was long used as the place of worship for the parish of Buchanan, but

scarce any vestige of it now remains. The burial-ground continues to be used, and contains the family places of sepulture of several neighbouring clans. The monuments of the Lairds of Macgregor, and of other families claiming a descent from the old Scottish King Alpine, are most remarkable. The Highlanders are as zealous of their rights of sepulture, as may be expected from a people whose whole laws and government, in clanship can be called so, turned upon the single principle of family descent. 'May his ashes be scattered on the water,' was one of the deepest and most solemn imprecations which they used against an enemy."—Scott.

uch (*intsh*) is Gael. *innis*, island.

Page 133. l. 198. *anathema*. Ecclesiastical curse. (Eccles. Gk. *anathema*, an accursed thing.)

l. 207.—Each clansman's execration.

MS. Our warriors, on his worthless bust,
Shall speak disgrace and woe.

l. 212.—*strook*. *Strok*, or *strook*, is an old past tense, found in Shakspeare.

MS. Their clattering targets hardly strook !
And first they mutter'd low.

ll. 220f.—*wolf . . . exulting eagle*. An allusion to the traditional accompaniments of ancient northern warfare.
Cf.

Raised the war-chant,
The wolf on the wold—let loose the secret of battle,
And the eagle, dewy feathered, took up the song
On the track of the enemy.

—Cynewulf, *Elene*, ll. 37ff.

Page 134. l. 228.—*holiest*. MS.—*holy*.

l. 243.—*goshawk*. A hawk resembling our henhawk.

l. 253.—*Coir-nan-Uriskin*. See ll. 622ff. "This is a very steep and most romantic hollow (or cleft) in the mountain of Benvenue, overhanging the south-eastern extremity of Loch Katrine. It is surrounded with stupendous rocks, and

overshadowed with birch-trees, mingled with oaks, the spontaneous production of the mountain, even where its cliffs appear denuded of soil. A dale in so wild a situation, and amid a people whose genius bordered on the romantic, did not remain without appropriate deities. The name literally implies the Corri, or Den, of the Wild or Shaggy Men. Perhaps this may have originally only implied its being the haunt of a ferocious banditti. But tradition has ascribed to the *Urisk*, who gives name to the cavern, a figure between a goat and a man; in short however much the classical reader may be startled, precisely that of the Grecian Satyr. . . . 'The *Urisks*,' says Dr. Graham, 'were a sort of lubberly supernaturals, who, like the Brownies, could be gained over by kind attention. to perform the drudgery of the farm, and it was believed that many of the families in the Highlands had one of the order attached to it. They were supposed to be dispersed over the Highlands, each in his own wild recess, but the solemn stated meetings of the order were regularly held in this cave of Benvenew.'"—Scott.

Page 135. l. 255.—**Beala-nam-bo.** Bealach-nam-bo (the 'Pass of the Cows') is the high elevated pass, higher up the mountain than the Goblin Cave, crossing a shoulder of Benvenue. It opens on Loch Katrine, and was the road by which the Highland cattle-lifters returned to their districts. It is, said Scott, "a most magnificent glade, overhung with aged birch-trees. The whole composes the most sublime piece of scenery imagination can conceive."

l. 279.—**Bought by this sign.** Cf. 2 Peter ii. 1.

l. 281.—**The murmur.**

MS. The slowly muttered deep Amen.

Page 136. l. 286.—**Lanrick mead.** This meadow is situated between the road running to Loch Katrine and the northern shore of Loch Vennachar towards its western end.

MS. Murlagan is the spot decreed.

l. 288.—**heath-bird.** Heath-cock or heath-hen; see note to p. 84, l. 440.

ll. 800f.—**the dun deer's hide, etc.** "The present *brogue* of the Highlanders is made of half-dried leather, with holes to admit and let out the water; for walking the moors dry-shod is a matter altogether out of question. The ancient buskin was still ruder, being made out of undressed deer's hide, with the hair outwards."—Scott. Cf.

The hunted Red-deer's undressed hide
Their hairy buskins well supplied.

—*Marmion*, v., v.

The **dun deer** is the stag, or red deer, of a reddish brown in summer.

l. 807.—**trembling bog.** Wet, spongy ground of peat, decaying moss, etc., shaking at the slightest touch. It can be crossed only by people well accustomed to it.

false. Insecure, treacherous.

l. 810.—**scaur.** Or scar—a detached rock, bare and precipitous, or a cliff or rugged mountain side.

Page 137. l. 814.—**Herald of battle.**

MS. Dread messenger of fate and fear, }
Herald of danger, fate, and fear, }
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
Thou track'st not now the stricken doe,
Nor maiden coy through greenwood bough.

l. 824.—**upland brown.** Cf. "land of brown heath."
—The *Lay*, vi., ii.

l. 832.—**changed cheer.** Countenance changed by emotion.

l. 833.—**his scythe.** The edd. 1825-83 have—the scythe.

l. 841.—**Along the margin of Achray.** See note, p. 305, and note to p. 72, l. 95. "A glance at the provincial map of Perthshire, or at any large map of Scotland, will trace the progress of the signal through the small district of lakes and mountains, which, in exercise of my poetical

privilege, I have subjected to the authority of my imaginary chieftain, and which, at the period of my romance, was really occupied by a clan who claimed a descent from Alpine."—Scott.

l. 342.—Alas, thou lovely lake! See note to p. 76, l. 184.

Page 138. l. 349.—Duncraggan's huts. A farm and group of houses on the road near the Brigg of Turk—"the first stage of the Fiery Cross" (Scott).

l. 357.—The funeral yell.

MS. 'Tis woman's scream, 'tis childhood's wail.

l. 362.—torches' ray. The first ed.—torch's ray.

l. 369.—coronach. The lament for the dead in the Scottish Highlands. (Gael. *corrach*, dirge; *comh*, together; *ranach*, outcry.) Scott imitates the coronach in Sir Lauchlan, chief of Maclean, which he quotes in his note—

Which of all the Senachies
Can trace thy line from the root, up to Paradise
But Macvuirih, the son of Fergus?
No sooner had thine ancient stately tree
Taken firm root in Albion,
Than one of thy forefathers fell at Harlaw.—
'Twas then we lost a chief of deathless name.

'Tis no base weed—no planted tree,
Nor a seedling of last Autumn;
Nor a sapling planted at Beltain*;
Wide, wide around were spread its lofty branches—
But the topmost bough is lowly laid!
Thou hast forsaken us before Sawaine. †

Thy dwelling is the winter house;—
Loud, sad, and mighty is thy death-song!
Oh! courteous champion of Montrose!
Oh! stately warrior of the Celtic Isles!
Thou shalt buckle thy harness on no more!

"The coronach has for some years past been superseded at funerals by the use of the bagpipe; and that also

* Whitsunday.

† Halloween.

is, like many other Highland peculiarities, falling into disuse, unless in remote districts."—Scott.

Page 139 l. 384.—*flushing*. Full bloom.

l. 383.—*correi*. (Gael. *coire*, a cauldron, dell, ravine.)
 "The hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies."—Scott.

l. 387.—*cumber*. Scotch *cummer* — perplexity, embarrassment.

ll. 391, 3.—*river . . . ever*. Concerning this bad rime, the *Quarterly Review* remarked: "We learn from Horace, that in the course of a long work, a poet may legitimately indulge in a momentary slumber; but we do not wish to hear him snore."

l. 394.—*Stumah* "Faithful. The name of a dog."—Scott.

Page 140. l. 410.—*Angus, the heir*.

MS. Angus, the first of Duncan's line,
 Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign,
 And then upon his kinsman's bier
 Fell Malise's suspended tear.
 In haste the stripling to his side
 His father's targe and falchion tied.

l. 423.—*bonnet crest*. It will be seen from several allusions in this poem that the tuft of feathers in the cap was a mark of gentility. Cf. "The wearer arrogated a certain degree of gentility to himself by wearing a plume."—Scott, *Castle Dangerous*, ch. i. The eagle plume (see l. 769) signified the chief.

Page 141. l. 452.—*Benledi* (*ben led'e*). See note to p. 78, l. 105.

l. 453.—*Strath-Ire*. The valley of the Balvaig, between Loch Voil and Loch Lubnaig.

l. 458.—*where Teith's young waters*. That is, as the north branch of the Teith issues from Loch Lubnaig.

Page 142 l. 459.—*Betwixt him*.

MS. And where a steep and wooded knoll
 Graced the dark strath with emerald green.

l. 461.—chapel of Saint Bride. Now in ruins, standing “on a small and romantic knoll in the middle of the valley” (Scott), and almost in view of the south end of the loch. St. Bride or St. Bridget (fl. c. 500) was a favourite saint of Ireland and was much revered in Scotland.

l. 465.—*sympathetic*. In unison with the waters’ whirl.

ll. 480f. *Tombea* ... *Armandave*. “*Tömbea* and *Armandave*, or *Ardmandave*, are names of places in the vicinity.”—Scott.

l. 482.—*Gothic arch*. The “pointed” arch, called Gothic, or barbarous, by the eighteenth century; see illustration, p. xliii.

l. 488.—*bridal*. That is, the wedding party (*bride ale*, wedding feast).

l. 485.—*coif-clad*. The coif is a close-fitting cap, resembling a night-cap.

Page 143. l. 495.—*kerchief*. The *curch*, or covering of the head.

l. 508.—*muster-place*. The 1st ed.—*mustering-place*.

l. 510.—*And must he*.

MS. *And must he then exchange the hand.*

l. 519.—*brooks*. The 1833 ed.—*brook*.

Page 144. l. 528.—*Lubnaig’s lake*. The expansion of the north branch of the Teith, two miles and a half n.w. of Callander. The lake is four miles long and not half a mile broad, lying amidst steep mountains. (Gael. *lub*, bend.)

Page 145. l. 530.—*hope deferred*. Cf. Proverbs xiii. 12.

ll. 531ff.—*memory with a torturing train*.

MS. *And memory brought the torturing train...
But mingled with impatience came
The manly love of martial fame.*

l. 546.—*bracken*. The common fern.

l. 553.—*fancy now*. MS.—*image now*.

Page 146. ll. 561ff.—A time will come.

MS. A time will come for love and faith,
 For should thy bridegroom yield his breath,
 'Twill cheer him in the hour of death,
 'The boasted right to thee, Mary.

l. 570.—**Balquidder.** The district of heath and rock lying north of Lochs Voil and Doine. Also a village at the east end of the former.

speeds the midnight blaze. "It may be necessary to inform the southern reader that the heath on the Scottish moorlands is often set fire to, that the sheep may have the advantage of the young herbage produced, in room of the tough old heather plants. This custom (execrated by sportsmen) produces occasionally the most beautiful nocturnal appearances, similar almost to the discharge of a volcano. This simile is not new to poetry. The charge of a warrior, in the fine ballad of Hardyknute, is said to be 'like fire to heather set.'"—Scott.

l. 577.—**coil.** Tumult (Gael. *gail*, fuming, battle.)

l. 578.—**Loch Voil.** A small loch, three and a half miles in length, west of Loch Earn. "Sullen" refers to its character of "solitude and remoteness from the haunts of men" (Black's *Guide*).

l. 579.—**Loch Doine.** West of Loch Voil and almost a continuation of it—a small loch of a mile and a half in length.

l. 580.—**Balvaig, thy swampy course.** A river flowing from Loch Voil into Loch Lubnaig; but the name is applied likewise, as here, to the stream entering Loch Doine at the west.

ll. 581f.—**road...broad.** It takes a Scotchman to make these words rime.

l. 582.—**Strath-Gartney.** The hilly country north of Loch Katrine.

Page 147. l. 595.—**rendezvous** (*rah (ng) dū voo'*). Place of meeting agreed on. (Fr. *rendez-vous*.)

1. 599.—No oa'h, but by his chieftain's hand. "The deep and implicit respect paid by the Highland clansmen to their chief, rendered this both a common and a solemn oath. In other respects they were like most savage nations, capricious in their ideas concerning the obligatory power of oaths. One solemn mode of swearing was by kissing the *dirk*, imprecating upon themselves death by that, or a similar weapon, if they broke their vow. But for oaths in the usual form, they are said to have had little respect."—Scott.

1. 604.—Menteith. See note to p. 72, l. 89.

1. 606.—Bruce. The chief seat of the Bruces was in Annandale, but some held lands in Menteith.

1. 607.—Rednock. A castle, now in ruins, two miles n. of Loch Menteith. It belonged to Sir John Menteith.

1. 608.—Cardross. An estate and ancient mansion on the Forth, the seat of the Erskines.

1. 609.—Duchray's towers. The ancient castle of Duchray, now in ruins, is situated three miles w.s.w. of Aberfoyle. It was the chief stronghold of the Grahams.

1. 610.—Loch Con. A small mountain lake two and a half miles long by half a mile wide, situated seven miles n.w. of Aberfoyle. A heronry once existed on one of its islands.

1. 616.—cruel. With respect to Roderick's suit.

Page 149. 1. 658.—blast the rash beholder. It was the current belief that evil usually came to the man who was discovered by the fairies and gnomes watching them

1. 667.—cross. The usual reading of Scott's editions and a form allowed in poetry.

1. 672.—A single page, to bear his sword. "A Highland chief, being as absolute in his patriarchal authority as any prince, had a corresponding number of officers attached to his person. He had his body-guards, called

Luichttach, picked from his clan for strength, activity, and entire devotion to his person...

"Our officer of Engineers, so often quoted, has given us a distinct list of the domestic officers, who, independent of *Luichttach*, or *gardes de corps*, belonged to the establishment of a Highland Chief. These are, 1. *The Henchman*. 2. The Bard. 3. *Bladier*, or spokesman. 4. *Gillie-more*, or Sword-bearer, alluded to in the text. 5. *Gillie-casflue*, who carried the chief, if on foot, over the fords. 6. *Gillie-comstraine*, who leads the chief's horse. 7. *Gillie-Trushanarinsh*, the baggage-man. 8. The piper. 9. The piper's gillie, or attendant, who carries the bagpipe. (*Letters from Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 15.)"—Scott.

Page 150. ll. 693f.—To drown his love.

MS. To drown his grief in war's wild roar,
Nor think of love and Ellen more.

ll. 699f.—ghost...treasure lost. "The popular belief is that if a person die while any hoarded money—or indeed metal of any kind, were it nothing more than old iron—is still hidden secretly, the spirit of that person cannot rest. Its perturbation can only be relieved by finding a human hand to take the hidden metal."—Sikes, *British Goblins*, ch. ii.

Page 151. l. 713.—Ave Maria (*ah'vī mah re'ah*). The salutation of the angel—Hail, Mary, Luke i. 28, which has become the opening words of a favourite anthem, as well as of many hymns, in the Roman Catholic church.

l. 722.—we now must share. MS.—my sire must share.

l. 725.—cavern's heavy. MS.—grotto's noxious.

l. 729.—Stainless sty'ed. Immaculate is a permanent epithet of the Virgin.

Page 152. l. 754.—Lanrick height. The slopes of Ben Ledi north of Lanrick mead.

1. 755.—Where mustered.

MS. Where broad extending far below
 Mustered Clan-Alpine's martial show.

Page 153. 1. 768.—**matched the tartan.** The Macgregor tartan is a chequer made by sets of three dark green bands crossing upon a red ground, with a glimpse of white on the line of the square.

1. 774.—**Bochastle.** See notes to p. 73, l. 106 and p. 192, l. 301.

CANTO FOURTH.

Page 154. l. 1.—**The rose is fairest.** "The Spenserian stanzas in all the other Cantos are reserved for the poet's reflections. Though the reflection here is put in the mouth of young Norman, torn from his bride by war at the church door, it applies also to the Knight of Snowdoun's gallant adventure after Ellen, which is the main theme of the Canto."—Minto.

l. 2.—**And hope is brightest.**

MS. And rapture dearest when obscured by fears.

l. 5—**wilding.** Growing wild. Cf. Wordsworth's "bough of wilding"—any bush growing wild.

Page 155. l. 10.—**conceit.** Fancy.

l. 19.—**Braes of Doune.** The hilly district east of Callander, between Uam Var and the Devan.

l. 36.—**boune.** The archaic form of *bound*—ready, prepared. (Old Norse *buen*, perf. part. of *bua*, to prepare.) "Ready boune" is a frequent pleonasm.

l. 37.—**Doune.** A village and an imposing castle, built by Murdoch of Albany, on the banks of the Teith (see *Waverley*, ch. xxxviii.). The castle was a royal residence, and here, it has been believed, "the Knight of Snowdoun slept on the night previous to the chase."

Page 156. l. 55.—'Tis well advised. Planned, thought out.

MS. 'Tis well advised—a prudent plan,
Worthy the father of his clan.

l. 63.—**The Taghairm.** Gael. *taghairm*, noise, echo—a mode of divination by listening to the voice of a cascade. "The Highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of inquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the *Taghairm*, mentioned in the text. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly-slain bullock, and deposited beside a waterfall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation, he revolved in his mind the question proposed; and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagination, passed for the inspiration of those disembodied spirits, who haunt the desolate recesses."—Scott. The poet cites Martin, *Western Isles*, for further evidence of the practice.

ll. 67ff.—**The choicest of the prey we had.** Scott says that "this passage is taken almost literally from the mouth of an old Highland Kern, or Ketteran, as they were called. He used to narrate the merry doings of the good old time when he was follower of *Ghlune Dhu*, or *Black-knee*, a relation of Rob Roy Macgregor, and hardly his inferior in fame. This leader, on one occasion, thought proper to make a descent upon the lower part of the Loch Lomond district, and summoned all the heritors and farmers to meet at the Kirk of Drymen, to pay him blackmail, *i. e.*, tribute for forbearance and protection. . . . Only one gentleman . . . ventured to decline compliance. *Ghlune Dhu* instantly swept his land of all he could drive away, and among the spoil was a bull of the old Scottish wild breed, whose ferocity occasioned great plague to the Ketterans. 'But ere we had reached the Row of Dennan,' said the old man, 'a child might have scratched his ears.'"

In the third edition Scott withdrew, as incorrect, the ascription of the story to Macgregor Ghlune Dhu.

l. 63.—**merrymen**. The ballad word for comrades, retainers, famous fellows. Stress is, as customary in this word, on the first syllable only. Cf.

Buske ye, bowne ye, my merry men all.

—*Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne*.

Gallangad. The district of the burn of that name in the Lennox country (see p. 102, l. 216), flowing into the Endrick near Kilmarnock.

Page 157. l. 73.—**kerns**. Scott gives Kateran, Highland robber, as equivalent, which it is etymologically—Gael. *ceathairneach*, a light-armed foot-soldier. The Cearnachs were originally a select body of men employed in difficult and dangerous enterprises, especially those of blackmail. (*Scottish Highlands*, ii., 321.)

l. 74.—**Beal 'maha**. A pass on the road up the east shore of Loch Lomond, opposite Inch-Cailliach.

l. 82.—**bos**. Projecting eminence.

l. 84.—**the Hero's Targe**. "There is a rock so named in the forest of Glenfinlas, by which a tumultuary cataract takes its course. This wild place is said in former times to have afforded refuge to an outlaw, who was supplied with provisions by a woman, who lowered them down from the brink of the precipice above."—Scott.

U. 97ff.—**raven on the blasted oak**, etc. The oak was the most sacred of all trees—all the more so if struck by lightning. The raven is pre-eminently the ominous bird. The deer was "broke" when quartered. Scott remarks: "Everything belonging to the chase was matter of solemnity among our ancestors; but nothing was more so than the mode of cutting up, or, as it was technically called, *breaking*, the slaughtered stag. The forester had his allotted portion; the hounds had a certain allowance; and, to make the division as general as possible, the very

birds had their share also. 'There is a little gristle,' says Turberville, 'which is upon the spoone of the brisket, which we call the raven's bone; and I have seen in some places a raven so wont and accustomed to it, that she would never fail to croak and cry for it all the time you were in breaking up of the deer, and would not depart till she had it.' "

Now o'erhead sat a raven
On a sere bough, a grown, great bird and hoarse,
Who, all the time the deer was breaking up,
So croaked and cried for it, as all the huntsmen,
Especially old Scathlocke, thought it ominous.

—Jonson, *Sad Shepherdess*.

Page 158. l. 115.—rouse . . . lance. This vies with Hamlet's description—how each particular hair stood on end like quills upon the porcupine.

Page 159. l. 132.—Which spills the foremost foeman's life. "Though this be in the text described as a response of the Taghairm, or Oracle of the Hide, it was of itself an augury frequently attended to. It is said that the Highlanders under Montrose were so deeply imbued with this notion, that, on the morning of the battle of Tippermoor, they murdered a defenceless herdsman, whom they found in the fields, merely to secure an advantage of so much consequence to their party."—Scott. The response is ambiguous, after the manner of oracles.

The MS. reading is—

Which foremost spills a foeman's life.

l. 144.—Red Murdoch.

MS. The clansman vainly deem'd his guide.

l. 147.—He light on those.

MS. He light on those shall stab him down.

l. 152.—the Moray's silver star. The crest of the Morays of Abercairney is an earl's coronet surmounted by a star of twelve rays argent (silver).

l. 153.—**the sable pale of Mar.** John, Lord Erskine (died 1552), was, at the time of the story, sixteenth Earl of Mar *de jure*. The Erskine arms had a dark (*sable*) broad perpendicular stripe (*pale*) through the middle of the shield, still retained in the second and third quarter of the arms of the Earl of Mar.

Page 160. l. 153.—When move they on ?

MS. "When move they on ?" { "This sun } at noon
 { "To-day }
 'Tis said will see them march from Doune."
 "To-morrow then { makes } meeting stern."
 { sees }

l. 160.—**clans of Earn.** The clans bordering on loch and river Earn were Maclarens, Campbells (in small part), who were enemies, Stewarts, etc.

l. 174.—**stance.** Station (O.Fr. *stance*, from L. *stans*).

l. 177.—**trusty targe.** MS.—Highland targe.

Page 161. l. 197.—Shifting like flashes.

MS. Thick as the flashes darted forth
 By morrice-dancers of the north ;
 And saw at morn their { barges rld
 { little fleet,
 Close moor'd by the lone islet's side.
 Since this rude race dare not abide
 Upon their native mountain side,
 'Tis fit that Douglas should provide
 For his dear child some safe abode,
 And soon he comes to point the road.

l. 198.—**streamers.** The northern English name of the Aurora Borealis.

l. 207.—**No, Allan, no.**

MS. No, Allan, no ! His words so kind
 Were but pretexs my fears to blind,
 When in such solemn tone and grave,
 Douglas a parting blessing gave.

l. 212.—**fixed and high.** The misprint in ed. 1825—fixed on high, is retained in ed. 1833.

l. 215.—by slightest stroke.

MS. Itself disturb'd by slightest shock,
Reflects the adamantine rock.

Page 162. l. 231.—**Cambus-kenneth's fane.** The abbey of Cambus-kenneth, near Stirling, founded in 1147, now in ruins; see p. 200, l. 531, and p. 182.

l. 243.—**his gallant name.** The permanent epithet of the clan is "the gallant Grahams."

Page 163. l. 250.—**Ballad.** "A simple, spirited poem in short stanzas, in which some popular story is graphically narrated." "Simplicity and ease are its proper characteristics" (Coleridge). "The highest form of ballad requires at once narrative power, lyrical and dramatic" (Swinnburne).—Cited from the *New English Dictionary*.

Scott uses the style customary in the ballad; for example, its alliterative phrases, its repetitions, form, etc. For the opening, cf.

Mery it was in the greene forest.

—*Adam Bell*, l. 1.

The usual ballad measure is an irregular iambic, four-accent alternating with three-accent lines, riming *ab, ab*, or simply -- *a, — a*. The internal rime, as in Scott's ballad, is rare.

Alice Brand. This little fairy tale is founded upon a very curious Danish ballad, which occurs in the *Kiempe Viser*, a collection of heroic songs, first published in 1591. Scott quotes in his note a version of the original by his friend, Mr. Robert Jamieson.

l. 262.—**mavis and merle.** In the Northern dialect, for thrush and blackbird.

l. 263.—**cry.** The technical word for the baying of the hounds; cf. p. 71, l. 48.

l. 268.—**wont.** Properly a past tense; see note to l. 298 below.

Page 164. l. 274.—**glaive.** Sword (O.Fr. *glaive*, Lat. *gladius*).

l. 277.—**pall.** Purple cloth, fine cloth; cf.

He gave her gold and purple pall to wear.

—Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, l., vii., 16.

ll. 281ff.—**'Twas but a fatal chance.**

MS. 'Twas but a midnight chance;
For blindfold was the battle plied,
And fortune held the lance.

l. 283.—**darkling.** Cf. p. 178, l. 711. In the dark (*-ling* is an adverbial suffix).

l. 285.—**vair.** A rich fur—ermine.

sheen. See p. 76, l. 208 and note.

l. 287.—**russet grey.** Russet is used in the forced sense of dull, homely.

l. 291.—**Richard.** Note the accent—a mark of the inflection of the French accent on Middle English, preserved in ballad poetry.

Page 165. l. 297.—**Elfin King.** Scott quotes Dr. Graham: "The *Daoine Shi*", or men of Peace of the Highlanders, though not absolutely malevolent, are believed to be a peevish, repining race of beings, who, possessing themselves but a scanty portion of happiness, are supposed to envy mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyments. They are supposed to enjoy, in their subterranean recesses, a sort of shadowy happiness—a tinsel grandeur; which, however, they would willingly exchange for the more solid joys of mortality.

"They are believed to inhabit certain round grassy eminences, where they celebrate their nocturnal festivities by the light of the moon. About a mile beyond the source of the Forth, above Loch Con, there is a place called *Coirshi'an*, or the Cove of the Men of Peace, which is still supposed to be a favourite place of their residence. In the neighbourhood are to be seen many round conical

eminences; particularly one, near the head of the lake, by the skirts of which many are still afraid to pass after sunset."

l. 298.—**woned.** Dwelt. The A. S. verb *wunian*, to dwell, remain, became *to wone*, having a past tense and perf. part. *woned* (*wont*), and developed the secondary sense of to be accustomed. The form *wont* was sometimes wrongly regarded as a present tense.

l. 300.—**ghostly shrill.** A classical notion was that the voices of the dead were thin. Homer represents the souls crying with the thin gibbering voices of bats disturbed.—*Odys.* xxiv. The ghosts in Virgil have a "thin voice," "*vocec exiguam.*"—*Eneid*, vi. 492; and in Horace, "mournful and thin."—*Sat.* i. viii. Cf. Shakspeare, *Julius Caesar*, ii., ii., 24.

l. 301.—**Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak.** "Fairies... are, like other proprietors of forests, peculiarly jealous of their rights of *vert* and *venison*, as appears from the cause of offence taken, in the original Danish ballad. This jealousy was also an attribute of the northern *Duergar*, or dwarfs; to many of whose distinctions the fairies seem to have succeeded, if, indeed, they are not the same class of beings."—Scott.

l. 302.—**circle's.** The MS.—ringlet's. The fairies were reputed to dance in circle; cf. *Tempest*, v., i., 37, and—

Merry elves their morrice pacing...

Emerald rings on brown heath tracing.

—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, i., 158.

l. 306.—**The fairies' fatal green.** "As the *Daoine Shi'*, or Men of Peace, wore green habits, they were supposed to take offence when any mortals ventured to assume their favourite colour. Indeed, from some reason, which has been, perhaps, originally a general superstition, *green* is held in Scotland to be unlucky to particular tribes and counties."—Scott.

l. 307.—**Urgan.** The name is taken from that of a giant in the old romance of *Sir Tristrem* (Stuart).

l. 308.—**thou wert christened man.** “The Elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals who had fallen into their power a certain precedence... Tamlane... describes his own rank in the fairy procession:—

‘For I ride on a milk-white steed,
And aye nearest the town;
Because I was a christen’d knight,
They give me that renown.’

“I presume, that, in the Danish ballad, the obstinacy of the ‘Weiest Elf,’ who would not flee for cross or sign, is to be derived from the circumstance of his having been ‘christen’d man.’”—Scott.

l. 312.—**curse of the sleepless eye.** Cf. *Macbeth*, i., iii., 19.

l. 321.—**crossed and blessed himself.** A pleonasm. To bless oneself is to make sign of the cross, as an invocation of God’s protection against the powers of evil.

Page 166. l. 330.—**kindly.** Kindred.

l. 343.—**bridle ringing.** With bells attached—an old custom.

l. 345.—**all is glistening show.** “No fact respecting Fairy-land seems to be better ascertained than the fantastic and illusory nature of their apparent pleasure and splendour.”—Scott.

Page 167. l. 355.—**’twixt life and death was snatch’d away.**

“The subjects of Fairy Land were recruited from the regions of humanity by a sort of *crimping* system, which extended to adults as well as to infants. Many of those who were in this world supposed to have discharged the debt of nature, had only become denizens of the “Londe of Faery.”—Scott.

l. 357.—**wist.** The past tense of to wit, to know.

l. 359.—**mould.** Shape. (Fr. *moule*, Lat. *modullus*, measure.)

1. 368.—**mould.** Country (A.S. *molde*, earth).

1. 371.—**Dunfermline grey.** A town fifteen miles from Edinburgh, near the north shore of the Firth of Forth. Its ancient buildings are a castle, palace, and monastery.

Page 168. 1. 387.—**bourne.** Stream, burn (A.S. *barna*, stream, fountain).

Page 169. 1. 411.—**Near Bochastle.** MS.—By Cambusmore.
1. 418.—**soothed my.** MS.—fond thy.

Page 170. 1. 464.—**This ring the grateful monarch.**

MS. This ring of gold the monarch gave.

Page 171. 1. 471.—**lordship.** Estate in lands.
embattled. Having armies in battle array.

1. 474.—**Ellen, thy hand.**

MS. Permit this hand—the ring is thine.

1. 476.—**Seek thou the King.**

MS. "Seek thou the King, and on thy knee
Put forth thy suit, whate'er it be,
As ransom of his pledge to me;
My name and this shall make thy way."
He put the little signet on.

1. 486.—**the stream.** Achray Water.

1. 492.—**He stammered forth.**

MS. "He stammer'd forth confused reply:
'Saxon, } I shouted but to scare."
'Sir Knight, }

Page 172. 1. 511.—**gaudy broom.** See note to p. 91, l. 718.

ll. 527ff.—**They bid me sleep.** Minto compares, for motive, Haydn's *My mother bids me bind my hair*.

Page 173. 1. 531.—**Allan.** A river of Perthshire, entering the Forth below the Teith.

1. 532.—**Devan.** Or Devon—a tributary of the Forth, below the Allan, celebrated by Burns.

1. 545.—**And flutters wide.**

MS. "Wrapp'd in a tatter'd mantle grey."

l. 518.—'Tis Blanche of Devan.

MS. "A Saxon born, a crazy maid—
'Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said.

l. 555.—Maudlin. The name of her keeper.

l. 559.—pitched a bar. The *New English Dictionary* describes this as a thick rod of iron and wood used in a trial of strength, the players contending which of them could throw or pitch it the farthest, and quotes examples as early as 1531.

Page 174. l. 532.—pennons. In the sense of pinions, as in Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii., 933.

MS. With thee these pennons will I share,
Then seek my true love through the air.

ll. 564ff.—I will not lend.

MS. But I'll not lend that savage groom,
To break his fall, one downy plume!
Deep, deep, 'mid yon disjointed stones.

l. 567.—batten. Grow fat.

ll. 578ff.—For O my sweet William.

MS. Sweet William was a woodsman true....
His coat was of the forest hue,
And sweet he sung the Lowland lay.

Page 175. l. 590.—toils are pitched, etc. The nets set up on stakes—into which the deer is to be driven.

"No machinery can be conceived more clumsy for effecting the deliverance of a distressed hero than the introduction of a mad woman, who, without knowing or caring about the wanderer, warns him *by a song*, to take care of the ambush that was set for him. The maniacs of poetry have indeed had a prescriptive right to be musical, since the days of Ophelia downwards; but it is rather a rash extension of this privilege to make them sing good sense, and to make sensible people be guided by them."—Jeffrey.

Minto replies:—"There is no improbability in the crazed captive's retaining sense enough to see through Red Murdoch's treachery. That Fitz-James was a Lowlander was motive enough for her to warn him. It was, indeed, a singularly happy idea to make this victim of one of Roderick's raids the instrument of foiling his plot and bringing him to retribution."

l. 591.—**stag of ten . . . branches.** Having ten branches to his horns—*five* on each antler, marking his *fifth* year.

l. 614.—**Forth at full speed.**

MS. Forth at full speed the Clansman went;
But in his race his bow he bent,
Halted—and back an arrow sent.

l. 617.—**thrilled.** Pierced (A.S. *thyrtian*, to pierce through).

Page 176. l. 624.—**kindred ambush.** Cf. p. 127, l. 16, and l. 627 below.

l. 627.—**Thine ambushed kin.**

MS. Thine ambush'd kin thou ne'er shalt see!
Resistless as the lightning's flame,
The thrust betwixt his shoulder came.

l. 628.—**Saxon.** The Lowlander, being of English descent, was until recently always called a Sassenach, or Saxon, by the Celtic Highlander.

l. 633.—**Bent o'er the fallen.**

MS. Then o'er him hung, with falcon eye,
And grimly smiled to see him die.

l. 642.—**Daggled.** Draggled, soiled by wet.

Page 177. l. 649.—**A helpless.** MS.—A guiltless.

l. 659.—**My brain would turn.**

MS. But now, my champion,—it shall turn.

l. 665.—**knighthood's honoured sign.** The significant signs of knighthood were the belt and sword and the gilt spurs, which knights usually assumed on their creation.

ll. 679f.—**God, in my need.**

MS. God, in my need, to me be true,
As I wreak this on Roderick Dhu.

Page 178. l. 686.—**favour.** In chivalry, some emblematic gift of the Knight's lady—a scarf, a glove, etc.—worn usually on the helmet.

l. 690.—**up.** The technical word—the hunt is begun.

Page 179. l. 713.—**brown.** Dusk. Ruskin argues with respect to this epithet as used by Dante, Byron, and others, as descriptive of evening, that it meant dark-grey, purple-grey—twilight is not brown.

l. 721.—**brake.** Rough ground covered with brushwood.

l. 722.—**summer solstice.** Strictly, June 21st; here, the heat consequent on the period.

l. 731.—**Beside its embers.**

MS. By the decaying flame was laid
A warrior in his Highland plaid.

l. 741.—**I dare!**

MS. I dare! to him and all the swarm
He brings to aid his murderous arm.

Page 180. ll. 745ff.—**Though space and law.** To allow the game a fair chance when let loose. "St. John actually used this illustration when engaged in confuting the plea of law proposed for the unfortunate Earl of Strafford: 'It was true, we give laws to hares and deer, because they are beasts of chase; but it was never accounted either cruelty or foul play to knock foxes or wolves on the head as they can be found, because they are beasts of prey.'"—Scott.

l. 747.—**Who ever recked.** Cared, regarded. (A.S. *rēcan*, to care.)

l. 762.—**The harden'd flesh of mountain deer.** "The Scottish Highlanders, in former times, had a concise mode of cooking their venison, or rather of dispensing with cooking it, which appears greatly to have surprised the

French, whom chance made acquainted with it. The Vidame of Charters . . . saw these *Scottish savages* devour a part of their venison raw, without any further preparation than compressing it between two battons of wood, so as to force out the blood, and render it extremely hard. This they reckoned a great delicacy. . . After all, it may be doubted whether *la chaire nostree*, for so the French called the venison thus summarily prepared, was anything more than a rude kind of deer-ham."—Scott.

Page 181. l. 787.—Coilantogle. The ford over the Teith, east of Loch Vennachar.

ll. 798ff.—And slept.

MS. And slept until the dawning streak
Purpled the mountain and the lake. *

CANTO FIFTH.

Page 182. l. 1.—Fair as the earliest beam. "It is a very pretty harmony at the opening of this Canto to unite the sunrise with the brighter and nobler elements of his story, the martial faith and courtesy, the higher humanity, of the two combatants, and thus fix the reader's eyes on this as the centre of his picture."—Minto.

l. 5.—path on mountain side. MS.—way along its side.

Page 183. l. 14.—dappled. Cf. Shakspeare—

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
—*Much Ado About Nothing*, v., iii., 25

l. 15.—by. Over.

l. 18.—Gael (*gäl*). "The Scottish Highlander calls himself *Gael* or Gaul, and terms the Lowlanders Sassenachs or Saxons."—Scott.

l. 24.—Commanding the rich scenes. Minto points out the romantic freedom Scott uses here—the Forth is not

visible from the heights north of Achray—we are in romance land.

l. 82.—**bursting through.** *I.e.*, as they burst through—a faulty construction.

l. 86.—**At length.**

MS. At length they paced the mountain's side,
And saw beneath the waters wide.

Page 184. ll. 44f.—**The rugged mountain's.**

The rugged mountain's stunted screen
Was dwarfish {shrubs } with cliffs between.
 {copse }

l. 51.—**dank.** Moist.

l. 55.—**claim its aid.** MS.—draw my blade.

Page 185. l. 77.—**the poor mechanic.** Here and elsewhere in the poem we may note the feudal tone that characterizes the romance.

l. 81.—**A Knight's free footsteps.**

MS. My errant footsteps }
 A knight's bold wanderings } far and wide.

l. 89.—**Mar.** See note to p. 159, l. 153.

l. 95.—**in Doune.** MS.—in hall.

Page 186. l. 103.—**o' lawed.** The 1st ed.—exiled.

l. 108.—**Regent's court.** See p. 103, l. 221 and note; also below, ll. 124ff.

l. 112.—**arraignment** (*ar rā'n'ment*). Accusation.

l. 124.—**Albany.** See note p. 307.

l. 125.—**truncheon.** A short staff, emblematic of high office, here of royal power.

l. 126.—**The young King, mewed.** Mewed—closely confined, like a hawk in moulting.

“There is scarcely a more disorderly period in Scottish history than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden, and occupied the minority of James V. Feuds of ancient standing broke out like old wounds, and every quarrel

among the independent nobility, which occurred daily. and almost hourly, gave rise to fresh bloodshed... Nor was the matter much mended under the government of the Earl of Angus: for though he caused the King to ride through all Scotland, 'under the pretence and colour of justice, to punish thief and traitor, none were found greater than were in their own company. And none at that time durst strive with a Douglas, nor yet a Douglas' man; for if they would, they got the worst.' (Pitcottie.)"
—Scott.

Page 187. l. 152.—**As to your sires of yore.** Tacitus describes the Britanni as armed "with huge swords and short shields" (*Agricola*, ch. 36).

Page 188. l. 163.—**yon river's maze.** See l. 25 above.

ll. 164f.—**Gael, of plain and river heir... his share.** "The ancient Highlanders verified, in their practice, the lines of Gray:—

'What wonder if, to patient valour train'd,
They guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd;
And while their rocky ramparts round they see
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow,
Insult the plenty of the vales below?'

—*Fragment on the Alliance of Education and Government.*

"So far, indeed, was a *creagh*, or foray, from being held disgraceful, that a young chief was always expected to show his talents for command so soon as he assumed it, by leading his clan on a successful enterprise of this nature, either against a neighbouring sept, for which constant feuds usually furnished an apology, or against the *Sassenachs*, (Saxons, or Lowlanders,) for which no apology was necessary. The Gael, great traditional historians, never forgot that the Lowlands had, at some remote period, been the property of their Celtic forefathers, which furnished an ample vindication of all the ravages that

they could make on the unfortunate districts which lay within their reach."—Scott.

l. 177.—**good faith.** Used interjectionally—indeed, in truth.

Page 189. l. 195.—**This rebel Chieftain.**

MS. This dark Sir Roderick } and his band.
This savage Chieftain }

l. 198.—**curlow.** The shrill call of the curlow is characteristic of the Scottish moors in summer.

ll. 208ff.—**And every tuft of broom.**

MS. And each lone tuft of broom gives life...
That whistle manned the lonely glen
With full five hundred armed men.

l. 213.—**A subterranean host had given.** "The *chef-d'œuvre* of Walter Scott,—a scene of more vigour, nature, and animation than any other in all his poetry."—*The Monthly Review*.

l. 215.—**All silent, there they stood.**

MS. All silent, too, they stood, and still,
Watching their leader's beck and will,
While forward step and weapon show
They long to rush upon the foe,
Like the loose crag, whose tottering mass
Hung threatening o'er the hollow pass.

Page 190. l. 234.—**Come one, come all.** There is here a MS. note of Scott's: "David de Strathbogie, Earl of Athole, when about to engage Sir Andrew Moray at the battle of Kilblene, in 1335, in which he was slain, made an apostrophe of the same kind:—

' ——— At a little path was there
All samen they assembled were,
Even in the path was Earl Davy
And to a great stone that lay by.
He said By God his face, we twa
The flight on us shall samen* ta."

*At the same time or together.

l. 239.—**foemen**. In first ed. foeman; but in almost every other edition, rightly, foemen.

l. 245.—**osiers**. Water-willows.

l. 246.—**mother Earth**.. **warlike birth**. An allusion to the harvest of armed warriors, according to classical myth, sprung from earth, when Cadmus sowed the dragon's teeth.

l. 253.—**spear**. The 1st ed.—lance.

jack. A defensive coat of leather, sometimes with rings of metal sewn in—used by foot-soldiers.

Page 191. l. 267.—**valiant** MS.—brave man's.

l. 270.—**I only meant**. "This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary, but borrowed from fact. The Highlanders, with the inconsistency of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of generosity, and of cruel revenge and perfidy."—Scott. The poet then cites the story of John Gunn, a Highland robber of Inverness-shire, who acted as guide to an English officer, conveying treasure. "Forth they set in the morning; and in travelling through a solitary and dreary glen, the discourse again turned on John Gunn. 'Would you like to see him?' said the guide; and, without waiting an answer, he whistled, and the English officer, with his small party, were surrounded by a body of Highlanders. 'Stranger,' resumed the guide, 'I am that very John Gunn by whom you feared to be intercepted, and not without cause; for I came to the inn last night with the express purpose of learning your route, that I and my followers might ease you of your charge by the road. But I am incapable of betraying the trust you reposed in me... I can only dismiss you un plundered and uninjured.'"

Page 192. l. 286.—**heather deep**. MS.—heather bush, and, in the next line—broadsword rush.

l. 292.—**wide and level green.** The plain of Bochasle.
 l. 297.—**torrent.** The south branch of the Teith emerging in rapids from Vennachar.

l. 299.—**lakes.** Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar.

ll. 301ff.—**On Bochasle the mouldering lines.** MS.—the martial lines. “The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Vennachar, the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Trosachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor, called Bochasle. Upon a small eminence, called the Dun of Bochasle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some entrenchments which have been thought Roman. There is adjacent to Callender, a sweet villa, the residence of Captain Fairfoul, entitled the Roman Camp.”—Scott. “One of the most entire and beautiful remains of a Roman encampment now to be found in Scotland, is to be seen at Ardoch, near Greenloaning, about six miles to the eastward of Dunblane. This encampment is supposed, on good grounds, to have been constructed during the fourth campaign of Agricola in Britain.”—Graham.

l. 303.—**eagle wings.** The eagle, the Roman standard, symbolic of her empire.

l. 315.—**all vantageless, I stand.** “The duellists of former times did not always stand upon those punctilios respecting equality of arms which are now judged essential to fair combat. It is true, that in formal combats in the lists, the parties were, by the judges of the field, put as nearly as possible in the same circumstances. But in private duel it was often otherwise.”—Scott.

Page 193. l. 329.—**prophet bred.** Referring to Brian; see p. 129, ll. 91ff.

l. 336.—**stark and stiff.** A frequent pleonasm; cf. “stiff and stark,” *Romeo and Juliet*, iv., i., 103.

Page 194. l. 347.—**Dark lightning.**

MS. In lightning flash'd the Chief's dark eye.

l. 351.—He yields not.

MS. He stoops not he, to James nor Fate.

l. 356.—**carpet knight.** "Originally a contemptuous term for a knight whose achievements belong to 'the carpet' (*i.e.*, the lady's boudoir, or carpeted chamber), instead of to the field of battle." (*New Eng. Dict.*)

l. 371.—**fear not—doubt not.** Fitz-James remembers Roderick's compliment to his courage (l. 262).

l. 378.—**In dubious strife they darkly closed.** "The two principal figures are contrasted with uncommon felicity. Fitz-James, who more nearly resembles the French Henry the Fourth than the Scottish James V., is gay, amorous, fickle, intrepid, impetuous, affectionate, courteous, graceful, and dignified. Roderick is gloomy, vindictive, arrogant, undaunted, but constant in his affections, and true to his engagements; and the whole passage in which these personages are placed in opposition, from their first meeting to their final conflict, is conceived and written with a sublimity which has been rarely equalled."—*Quarterly Review*, 1810.

darkly. Referring to the gloomy fate overhanging the struggle.

Page 195. l. 380.—**on the field his targe he threw.** "A round target of light wood, covered with strong leather, and studded with brass or iron, was a necessary part of a Highlander's equipment. In charging regular troops, they received the thrust of the bayonet in this buckler, twisted it aside, and used the broadsword against the encumbered soldier. In the civil war of 1745, most of the front rank of the clans were thus armed... A person thus armed had a considerable advantage in private fray."—Scott.

l. 383.—**trained abroad.** A suggestion of James's visit to France.

l. 384.—**Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.** "The

use of defensive armour, and particularly of the buckler or target, was general in Queen Elizabeth's time, although that of the single rapier seems to have been occasionally practised much earlier. . . . But the rapier had upon the continent long superseded, in private duel, the use of sword and shield. The masters of the noble science of defence were chiefly Italians."—Scott.

- l. 385.—**pass.** In fencing, a thrust or attempt to stab.
ward. Guard by means of the weapon in fencing.
 ll. 387f.—**While less expert.**

MS. Not Roderick thus, though stronger far,
 More tall, and more inured to war.

- l. 399.—**at advantage ta'en.** Surprised.
 l. 406.—**Let recreant yield.**

MS. "Yield they alone who fear to die,"
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung.

Page 196. l. 409.—**Like mountain-cat.** The wild-cat. Scott makes reference to Sir Ewan of Lochiel's fight with an English officer during the Civil War. "In this engagement. Lochiel himself had several wonderful escapes. In the retreat of the English, one of the strongest and bravest of the officers retired behind a bush, when he observed Lochiel pursuing, and seeing him unaccompanied by any, he leaped out, and thought him his prey. They met one another with equal fury. The combat was long and doubtful: the English gentleman had by far the advantage in strength and size; but Lochiel, exceeding him in nimbleness and agility, in the end tript the sword out of his hand: they closed and wrestled, till both fell to the ground in each other's arms. The English officer got above Lochiel, and pressed him hard, but stretching forth his neck, by attempting to disengage himself, Lochiel, who by this time had his hands at liberty, with his left hand seized him by the collar, and jumping at his extended throat, he bit it with his teeth quite through, and

kept such a hold of his grasp, that he brought away his mouthful : this, he said, *was the sweetest bit he ever had in his lifetime*" (Pennant, vol. i., p. 375).—Scott.

1. 416.—**triple steel.** Cf. Milton—

Arm the obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.

—*Paradise Lost*, il., 538.

So, too, Horace, "oak and triple brass," *Odes*, i., iii., 9.

1. 435.—**Unwounded.**

MS. Panting and breathless on the sands,
But all unwounded, now he stands.

1. 438.—**desperate strife.** MS.—deadly strife, and in 1. 440—every breath.

Page 197. 1. 440.—**Yet with thy foe.** On Roderick's living depends the praise the chieftain should have for his faith and valour.

1. 449.—**Then faint afar.** MS.—Faint and afar.

1. 452.—**squires.** The squire was in the system of chivalry above the rank of page; he waited on the immediate person of his master, and was himself an aspirant for knighthood.

1. 461.—**palfrey.** A light saddle-horse, especially a saddle-horse for women.

1. 466.—**boune.** Ready to go.

1. 468.—**Bayard** (*bā yard*). Also the name of the bright bay magic horse of Charlemagne figuring in the romances of Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso.

1. 469.—**De Vaux** (*dē vō'*). De Vaux is the name of the Lords of Dirleton.

Herries is another Scotch name—the estate of the Maxwells.

Page 198. 1. 484.—**that rapid torrent.** See p 192, l. 297.

1. 485.—**Carhonic's hill.** Probably Carchonzie, on the Teith, just east of Coilantogle ford—once the scene of a great battle of the clans.

1. 486.—**pricked.** Rode fast, spurred on.

1. 490.—**Torry.** On the Teith, a few miles above Lendrick; a hamlet.

Lendrick. A castle on the s. bank of the Teith, three miles w.n.w. of Doune; the seat of a branch of the Murrays.

1. 491.—**Deanstown.** Or Deanston. On the s. bank of the Teith, one mile w. of Doune; in Scott's time, a hamlet.

1. 492.—**Doune.** See note to p. 155, l. 37. "The ruins of Doune Castle, formerly the residence of the Earls of Menteith, now the property of the Earl of Moray, are situated at the confluence of the Ardoch and the Teith."—Lockhart.

1. 494.—**Blair-Drummond.** "It may be worth noting, that the Poet marks the progress of the King by naming in succession places familiar and dear to his own early recollections—Blair-Drummond, the seat of the Homes of Kaimes; Kier, that of the principal family of the name of Stirling; Ochertyre, that of John Ramsay, the well-known antiquary, and correspondent of Burns; and Craigforth, that of the Callenders of Craigforth, almost under the walls of Stirling Castle;—all hospitable roofs, under which he had spent many of his younger days."—Lockhart.

Blair-Drummond is situated on the Callander road, five and a half miles n.w. from Stirling, and two miles s.e. of Doune. The House is "embosomed in fine woods."

MS. Blair-Drummond saw their hoofs of fire.

1. 495.—**Ochertyre.** On the Callander road, about three and a half miles n.w. of Stirling.

1. 497.—**Kier.** Or Keir, the estate of the Maxfield-Stirlings, a mile and three quarters n.w. of the bridge of Allan.

1. 498.—**sweltering.** The 1st ed.—swelling.

Page 199. l. 502.—**Craigforth.** An estate and mansion on the Forth, two miles w.n.w. of Stirling.

l. 506.—**flinty.** MS.—steepy.

l. 514.—**scales.** MS.—gains.

l. 525.—**Saint Serle.** Jeffrey remarks of this—"that unhappy couplet, where the King himself is in such distress for a rhyme as to be obliged to apply to one of the obscurest saints in the calendar." But we find no such saint in the calendar. Was Scott thinking of St. Serf, who figures in the Scottish chronicles, or of Serlo (1109-1207) monk of Fountains and Kirkstall, Yorkshire, author of a poem on the war between the King of Scotland and the barons of England?

MS. 'Tis James of Douglas, by my word,
The uncle of the banish'd Lord.

l. 526.—**the banished Earl.** See note, p. 307.

l. 532.—**postern gate** (*pō'stern*). A back gate, a private entrance (O. Fr. *posterne*, from Lat. *posterus*, hinder).

Page 200. l. 534.—**Cambus-kenneth.** See p. 162, l. 231, and note.

l. 544.—**bride of heaven.** A nun.

ll. 550f.—**A Douglas by his sovereign bled . . . fatal mound!**
"Stirling was often polluted with noble blood. The fate of William, eighth earl of Douglas, whom James II. stabbed in Stirling Castle with his own hand, and while under his royal safe-conduct, is familiar to all who read Scottish history. Murdock, duke of Albany, Duncan, earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and his two sons, Walter and Alexander Stuart, were executed at Stirling, in 1425. They were beheaded upon an eminence without the castle walls, but making part of the same hill, from whence they could behold their strong castle of Doune, and their extensive possessions. This 'heading hill,' as it was sometimes termed, bears commonly the less terrible name of Hurlys hacket."—Scott.

l. 558.—**the Franciscan steeple.** The Greyfriars or Franciscan church, Stirling, built by James IV. in 1494. It heard the preaching of John Knox and saw the coronation of James VI. It overlooks the Valley (see l. 659).

l. 561.—**pageant.** Here, a painted show or scene. See Scott's *Kenilworth* for a description of pageants.

l. 562.—**morrice-dancers.** The morrice (or morris)-dance (Sp. *Morisco*, Moorish) was a mediæval amusement, and is still retained in some country districts. The chief character went astride of a hobby-horse, had scores of bells attached to his legs, which he jangled in time to music, and was accompanied by other performers disguised as Robin Hood and his band, clashing swords and staves.

l. 564.—**The burghers hold their sports to-day.** "Every burgh of Scotland, of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had their solemn *play*, or festival, when feats of archery were exhibited, and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar, and the other gymnastic exercises of the period. Stirling, a usual place of royal residence, was not likely to be deficient in pomp upon such occasions, especially since James V. was very partial to them. His ready participation in these popular amusements was one cause of his acquiring the title of King of the Commons, or *Rex Plebeiorum*, as Lesley has latinized it. The usual prize to the best shooter was a silver arrow. Such a one is preserved at Selkirk and at Peebles. At Dumfries, a silver gun was substituted, and the contention transferred to fire-arms... Of James's attachment to archery, Pitscottie, the faithful, though rude recorder of the manners of that period, has given us evidence."—Scott.

Page 201. l. 570.—**the Castle-park.** See l. 659 and note and l. 654 and note. Scott uses a poet's freedom and unites the two.

l. 571.—**play my prize.** Take my part in the game. "Prize" for contest, game, is archaic. Cf.

So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize.

—Shakspeare, *Titus Andronicus*, l., 1., 399.

l. 576.—**drawbridge.** The bridge let down to cross the ditch between the Castle and the Esplanade, whence the way leads down to the Valley. (See l. 659.)

l. 580.—**Fair Scotland's King.**

MS. King James and all his nobles went...
Ever the King was bending low...
Doffing his cap to burgher dame,
Who smiling blush'd for pride and shame.

l. 582.—**jubilee.** Rejoicing (Heb. *yōbel*, shout of joy).

l. 584.—**jennet.** A small Spanish horse.

l. 594.—**the Commons' King.** See p. 307.

Page 202. l. 601.—**There nobles mourned their.**

MS. Nobles who mourn'd their power restrain'd,
And the poor burgher's joys disdain'd;
Dark chief, who, hostage for his clan,
Was from his home a banish'd man,
Who thought upon his own grey tower,
The waving woods, his feudal bower,
And deem'd himself a shameful part
Of pageant that he curs'd in heart.

l. 610.—**chequered bands.** Cf. l. 560 above.

l. 614.—**Robin Hood.** “The exhibition of this renowned outlaw and his band was a favourite frolic at such festivals as we are describing. This sporting, in which kings did not disdain to be actors, was prohibited in Scotland upon the Reformation. The game of Robin Hood was usually acted in May; and he was associated with the morris-dancers, on whom so much illustration has been bestowed by the commentators on Shakspeare.”—Scott.

Robin Hood. The famous outlaw of Sherwood forest, Nottinghamshire; see Scott's *Ivanhoe*, where he appears as Locksley the archer, and *The Talisman*.

l. 615.—**Friar Tuck.** Father confessor of Robin Hood. In the morris-dance the friar appears in full clerical ton-

sure, chaplet, girdle, and a Franciscan gown. See Scott's Clerk of Copmanhurst in *Ivanhoe*.

quarter-staff. A weapon—a stout staff six and a half feet in length, held by one hand in the middle, and by the other between middle and end. See *Ivanhoe*, ch. xi.

1. 616.—**Scathelocke.** One of Robin Hood's merry-men.

1. 617.—**Maid Marion.** Robin Hood's mistress.

1. 618.—**Scarlet.** When a different character from Scathelocke, he is regarded as his brother.

Mutch is the bailiff in Ben Jonson's *Tale of Robin Hood*.

Little John. Robin Hood's lieutenant. See Scott's *Talisman*.

1. 622.—**the white.** The bull's-eye.

1. 624.—**His second split the first.** This exploit always carried the day in the ballad stories of archery; see Scott's *Ivanhoe*, ch. xiii.

Page 203. 1. 628.—So ϵ answering glance.

MS. For answering glance of sympathy,—
But no emotion made reply!
Indifferent as to unknown } wight
Cold as to unknown yeoman }
The King gave forth the arrow bright.

1. 630.—**Indifferent as to archer wight.** "The Douglas of the poem is an imaginary person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus. But the king's behaviour during an unexpected interview with the Laird of Kilspindie, one of the banished Douglasses, under circumstances similar to those in the text, is imitated from a real story, told by Hume of Godscroft."—Scott.

wight. Strong, doughty. It is a customary epithet of the yeoman in the ballads.

And I will go to yond wight yeoman.
—*Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne* (Percy's *Reliques*).

Are these, he said, our yeomen wight.
—*Marmion*, vi., xx.

l. 637.—**Larbert.** A town near Selkirk, s. w. from Stirling.

l. 638.—**Alloa.** A town on the Forth, below Stirling.

ll. 640f.—**Prize of the wrestling match, . . . ring.** "The usual prize of a wrestling was a ram and a ring, but the animal would have embarrassed my story."—Scott.

l. 648.—**the massive bar.** See note to p. 173, l. 559.

l. 654.—**Stirling's royal park.** To the s. w. of the Valley, across Dumbarton Road, is the King's Park, or Royal Chase, in use to-day for cricket and military reviews.

Page 204. l. 658.—**Of Scottish.** MS.—Of mortal.

l. 659.—**The vale.** "A hollow just below the castle parade, called "The Valley," was the scene of the joust and tournament, where beauty oft has dealt the prize to valorous achievement."—Anderson's *Guide*.

l. 660.—**The Ladies' Rock.** Or Ladies' Hill—"a small rocky pyramidal mount," to the s. w. of the Valley.

l. 662.—**well filled.** MS.—weighed down.

pieces broad. After the introduction of the guinea o 1663 the twenty-shilling piece of the reign of James and Charles was called a broad-piece, being much thinner and broader. (*New Eng. Dict.*)

l. 664.—**And threw.** MS.—Scattered.

l. 666.—**yon dark grey man.** This is the proverbial description of the Douglas—"Sholto Dhu Glas, see yon dark grey man" (Scott, *Castle Dangerous*, ch. iii.).

l. 674.—**Ere Douglas of the.** MS.—James of Douglas'.

l. 677.—**wrecked.** MS.—worn by many a winter storm.

l. 685.—**the banished man.** MS.—his stately form.

Page 206 l. 728.—**Then clamoured.**

MS. Clamour'd his comrades of the train.

l. 730.—**Baron's.** MS.—warrior's.

l. 741.—**James of Bothwell.** See note to l. 630 above, and to p. 113, l. 493, and p. 100, l. 141.

ll. 744f.—**But shall a Monarch.**

MS. But in my court, injurious blow,
And bearded thus, and thus out-dared ?

Page 207. 1. 755.—Repelled by threats.

MS. Their threats repell'd by insult loud.

1. 768.—**Hyndford.** A village on the Clyde, near Lanark. A Sir John Carmichael of Hyndford figures in *The Raid of the Reidswire*, *Scott's Border Minstrelsy*, ii. (Stuart).

Page 208. 1. 790.—widow's mate. Proleptic epithet.

1. 796.—**sunk again.** MS.—ebbed amain, and, in next line—sink in vain.

Page 209. 1. 810.—trailing arms. A military term—lances and spears held about the middle with the butt near the ground.

1. 812.—**battled verge.** Entrance under the battlements.

1. 819.—**changeling.** Changeful, but with added sense of contempt.

this common fool. Cf. "the fool multitude," *Merchant of Venice*, ii., ix., 26. Lockhart compares—

Your affections are

A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind.

—Shakspeare, *Coriolanus*, i., i.

1. 822.—**vulgar.** Of the common people.

1. 825.—**Douglas' sway.** The edd. before 1825 have usually Douglas sway, which is, perhaps, not so good.

1. 830.—**the leaf.** MS.—the sick man's idle dream.

1. 838.—**cognizance.** Badge; see p. 159, l. 153.

Page 210. 1. 839.—cousin. A form of courteous address between sovereigns, and at times by sovereigns for nobles.

1. 840.—**my liege.** That is, my liege lord, King; below,

"your Grace" has like force. It was Henry VIII. who introduced the title of Majesty.

l. 853.—**With scanty train.**

MS. On distant chase you will not ride.

l. 856.—**lost.** Forgot.

l. 858.—**for spoiling.** Archaic sense—though you should spoil.

Page 211. l. 872.—**lily lawn.** A ballad phrase—a meadow overgrown with lilies or flowers. Stuart quotes "that lily leven" (lawn) from *Thomas the Rhymer*, and "yonder lily lea" from *The Battle of Otterbourne*.

l. 887.—**Earl William.** See l. 550 and note.

CANTO SIXTH.

Page 212. l. 1.—**The sun, awakening. .the smoky city.** The scene is shifted to the city. The poet's treatment of morning in the city shows that he shares with Wordsworth the reaction from urban life. He paints the sunrise here in gloomy colours, contrasting with the breadth and freshness of the Highland mornings of the previous cantos.

l. 4.—**sad inheritance.** An allusion to Gen. iii. 19.

l. 6.—**Scaring the prowling.**

1st ed. And scaring prowling robbers to their den:

l. 9.—**kind nurse of men.**

Sleep! O gentle sleep,

Nature's soft nurse.

—Shakspeare, 2 *Henry IV.*, iii., i.

Page 213. l. 15.—**gyve (jiv).** Chain, shackle. Imprisonment for debt was not abolished till recent years.

l. 23.—**Through narrow loop.**

MS. Through blacken'd arch and casement barr'd.

l. 78.—**yeoman**. Small landholder.

Trent. Rises in Staffordshire and flows into the Humber, Lincolnshire. From the reference to Needwood (l. 170) Scott associates John of Brent with Staffordshire.

l. 80.—**chaser of the deer**. Poacher in the royal deer forest.

l. 87.—**catch I troll**. The song I sing,—strictly a part-song, in which the various singers catch up their parts in turn. Cf. Shakspeare, "Will you troll the catch," *Tempest*, iii., ii., 126.

l. 88.—**buxom**. Blithe, jovial.

l. 90.—**Poule**. Archaic form of Paul.

l. 91.—**swinging**. Or swingeing (from *swinge*, to whip), huge—a colloquial sense (cf. "slashing").

l. 92.—**black-jack**. A large leather vessel for beer—*black* from its external coat of tar; *jack*, from its resemblance to a soldier's jack-boot.

l. 93.—**seven deadly sins**. *I.e.* pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, and sloth.

sack. A strong white wine from Spain and the Canary Islands (*L. siccus*, dry).

l. 95.—**upsees**. "A Bacchanalian interjection," says Scott, "borrowed from the Dutch." Scott misuses the phrase. It is strictly—upsee-English or upsee-Dutch, etc., in which *upsee* is Dutch *op zijn*, 'in the'—*i.e.*, in English fashion, in Dutch fashion.

The bowl... must be upsey-English,
Strong, lusty, London beer.

—Fletcher, *Beggars' Bush*, iv., 4.

a fig for. A phrase of contempt.

Page 216. l. 98.—**Beelzebub**. God of the Philistines, hence in demonology one of the chief powers of evil.

kerchief. Covering for the head (Old Fr. *couvrechef*, 'coverhead').

l. 99.—**Apollyon**. The angel of the bottomless pit. Rev. ix. 11.

l. 100.—**Jack... Gillian**. Names representative of man and woman. Gillian is a popular form of Juliana. Cf. "Jack and Jill" in the nursery rime.

l. 103.—**dues of his cure**. The revenues of his office are from lechery and drunkenness.

placket. Sometimes a pocket or slit in a skirt, here a petticoat—and symbolic of woman.

l. 104.—**lurch**. Swindle.

l. 106.—**bully-boys**. "Bully," in this use, means a fine swaggering fellow,—a sense frequent in Shakspeare.

l. 107.—**a fig for the vicar**. "The greatest blemish in the poem, is the ribaldry and dull vulgarity which is put into the mouths of the soldiery in the guard-room."—Jeffrey. "The coarse, roystering mercenaries... are meant as a foil to the romantic Highlanders, who fight under auguries and out of loyalty to their chief."—Minto.

Page 217. l. 128.—Old dost thou wax.

MS. Get thee an ape, and then at once
Thou mayst renounce the warder's lance,
And trudge through borough and through land,
The leader of a juggler land.

wax. Grow (A.S. *weaxan*, to grow).

ll. 129f.—**glee-maiden and harp... ape**. "The jongleurs, or jugglers, as we learn from the elaborate work of the late Mr. Strutt, on the sports and pastimes of the people of England, used to call in the aid of various assistants, to render these performances as captivating as possible. The glee-maiden was a necessary attendant. Her duty was tumbling and dancing..."

"The facetious qualities of the ape soon rendered him an acceptable addition to the strolling band of the jongleur. Ben Jonson, in his splenetic introduction to the comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*, is at pains to inform the audience, 'that he has ne'er a sword and buckler man in his Fair,

nor a juggler, with a well-educated ape, to come over the chaine for the King of England, and back again for the prince, and sit still on his haunches for the Pope and the King of Spaine.'—Scott.

l. 144.—**To pay the forester his fee.** Stuart cites :

Now give me a kiss, quoth bold Robin Hood,
Now give me a kiss, said he,
For there never came maid into merry Sherwood,
But she paid the forester's fee.

—Scott, *Doom of Devorgoil*.

l. 147.—**his forward step.** MS.—his (such) violence.

l. 155.—**The savage soldiery.**

MS. While the rude soldiery amazed.

l. 164.—**exile's daughter.** MS.—Ellen Douglas.

Page 218. l. 170.—**Needwood.** Ancient forest of East Staffordshire.

l. 171.—**Poor Rose.**

MS. "My Rose,"—he wiped his iron eye and brow,—
"Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now."

l. 178.—**part.** Act—a sacrifice to rime.

l. 183.—**Tullibardine.** A village and castle in South Perthshire. The house referred to is the Murrays of Tullibardine.

Page 219. ll. 198f.—**On palfrey white.** like errant damosel.
An allusion to Spenser's Florimell, who is described as the "Errant Damzell."

All suddenly out of the thickest brush
Upon a milk-white Palfrey all alone,
A goodly Lady did foreby them rush.

—*Faerie Queen*, lii., i., xv.

damosel. The Mid. Eng. form of damsel. (Old Fr. *damoisele*, L. Lat. *domicella*.)

l. 209.—**Given by the Monarch.**

MS. The Monarch gave to James Fitz-James.

l. 210.—**signet-ring.** Seal-ring.

Page 220. 1. 233.—**The vacant purse.**

MS. The silken purse shall serve for me,
And in my barret-cap shall flee.

1. 234.—**barret-cap.** A small flat cap of cloth (Ital. *beretta*).

1. 236.—**gayer crests.** *I.e.*, men of higher rank—knights.

Page 221. 1. 264.—**house of Beaudesert.** This family is imaginary, I believe. Note the *ah* sound of *e* before *r*, which is still common in proper names.

1. 276.—**rugged vaults.** MS.—low, broad vaults; and in 1. 279—stretching limb.

1. 277.—**wheel.** On which the prisoner was bound while his limbs were being broken.

Page 222. 1. 280.—**artists.** The ed. 1833 misprints—artist.

1. 291.—**oaken floor.** MS.—flinty floor.

1. 295.—**leech.** Archaic word—physician (A.S. *læce*, physician).

1. 298.—**Retiring then.**

MS. And then retiring, bolt and chain,
And rusty bar, he drew again.
Roused at the sound, etc.

1. 306.—**prore.** Prow (Lat. *prora*, prow).

Page 223. 1. 316.—**at sea.** Edd. 1-11 read—on sea; MS.—on main, with “plain” for rime in 1. 317.

1. 334.—**Has never harp.**

MS. Shall never harp of minstrel tell,
Of combat fought so fierce and well.

Page 224. 1. 346.—**That stirring air which peals on high.**

“There are several instances, at least in tradition, of persons so much attached to particular tunes, as to require to hear them on their death-bed. Such an anecdote is mentioned by the late Mr. Riddel of Glenriddel, in his collection of Border tunes, respecting an air called the “Dandling of the Bairns,” for which a certain Gallovidian

laird is said to have evinced this strong mark of partiality. It is popularly told of a famous freebooter, that he composed the tune known by the name of Macpherson's Rant while under sentence of death, and played it at the gallows-tree. Some spirited words have been adapted to it by Burns. A similar story is recounted of a Welsh bard, who composed and played on his death-bed the air called *Dafydd y Garreg Wen*. But the most curious example is given by Brantome, of a maid of honour at the court of France, entitled, *Mademoiselle de Limeuil*."—Scott.

1. 317.—**Dermid's race.** The Campbells, hereditary foes of the Macgregors, were the *slioch nan Diarmid*, "the race of Diarmid, as the Campbells were called in the Highlands" (Scott). Diarmid was their common mythical ancestor.

Page 225.—Battle of Beal' an Duine. 'The Pass of the Man.' A spot near the entrance to the Trossachs.

"A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the Trossachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text. It was greatly posterior in date to the reign of James V. 'In this roughly-wooded island (often mentioned in the text), the country people secreted their wives and children, and their most valuable effects, from the rapacity of Cromwell's soldiers, during their inroad into this country, in the time of the republic. These invaders, not venturing to ascend by the ladders, along the side of the lake, took a more circuitous road, through the heart of the Trossachs, the most frequented path at that time, which penetrates the wilderness about half way between Binean [Ben-an] and the lake, by a tract called *Yeachailleach*, or the Old Wife's Bog.

"In one of the defiles of this by-road, the men of the country at that time hung upon the rear of the invading enemy, and shot one of Cromwell's men, whose grave marks the scene of action, and gives name to that pass (*Beallach an duine*). In revenge of this insult, the soldiers

resolved to plunder the island, to violate the women, and put the children to death. With this brutal intention, one of the party, more expert than the rest, swam towards the island, to fetch the boat to his comrades, which had carried the women to their asylum, and lay moored in one of the creeks. His companions stood on the shore of the mainland, in full view of all that was to pass, waiting anxiously for his return with the boat. But, just as the swimmer had got to the nearest point of the island, and was laying hold of a black rock, to get on shore, a heroine, who stood on the very point where he meant to land, hastily snatching a dagger from below her apron, with one stroke severed his head from the body. His party seeing this disaster, and relinquishing all future hope of revenge or conquest, made the best of their way out of their perilous situation. This amazon's great-grandson lives at Bridge of Turk, who, besides others, attests the anecdote.' (*Sketch of the Scenery near Callender*, Stirling, 1806, p. 20.) I have only to add to this account, that the heroine's name was Helen Stuart."—Scott.

l. 377.—**eyry**. Eagle's nest.

erne. Eagle (A.S. *earn*, eagle).

Page 226. l. 392.—**the dagger-crest of Mar**. Cf. p. 159, l. 153. The crest of the Earl of Mar is a dexter (right) hand holding a dagger proper (natural colour), pommel and hilt or (gold).

l. 393.—**Moray's silver star**. See note to p. 159, l. 152.

l. 403.—**twilight forest**. See l. 443. It suggests the sombre effect of the close-massed spears. Cf.—

The stubborn spearmen still made good
That dark impenetrable wood.

—*Marmion*, vi., xxiv.

l. 404.—**barded horsemen**. Or barbed, which is a variant reading. Men with horses covered with defensive armour (Fr. *barde*, horse-armour).

l. 405.—**battalia**. Army ranged for battle.

Page 227. l. 414.—**vaward.** The front of the army, or vanguard, of which vaward is a variant spelling. (Old Fr. *avant-wardé.*)

l. 430.—**banner-cry.** Call to rally to the banner.

l. 433.—**archery.** The collective sense of this word is archaic; cf.—

He rod uppon a corsiare
Through a hondrith archery. —*Chey-Chase.*

l. 434.—**their flight they ply.** The ed. 1833 misprints—their plight.

Page 228. l. 452.—**Tinchel.** “A whole district poured forth its inhabitants, who formed a ring of great extent, called technically a tinchel, and, advancing and narrowing their circle by degrees, drove before them the alarmed animals of every kind.”—Scott, *Castle Dangerous*, ch. vii.

Page 229. l. 478.—**lightsome.** The epithet is transferred—they cleared their front in gay spirit.

l. 483.—**pass of fear.** Fearful pass.

MS. There toil'd the spearman's struggling spear,
There rag'd the mountain sword.

l. 487.—**Brachlinn.** See note to p. 105, l. 270.

l. 488.—**linn.** See note to p. 72, l. 71.

l. 496.—**doubling.** Winding.

l. 497.—**Minstrel, away!** MS.—Away! away!

Page 230. l. 514.—**That parts not.** Lockhart cites in comparison—

The loveliness in death
That parts not quite with parting breath.

—Byron, *Giaour.*

l. 515.—**Seeming, to minstrel ear.**

MS. And seem'd, to minstrel ear, to toll
The parting dirge of many a soul.

l. 517.—**dim-wood glen.** Glen overhung with dusky woods.

l. 523.—**While by the lake.**

MS. While by the darkened lake below
File out the spearmen of the foe.

l. 532.—**The Saxons.** The ed. 1833 misprints—Saxon.

Page 231. l. 539.—**bonnet-pieces.** Gold coins issued by James V., being his effigies as wearing a Scotch bonnet.

l. 545.—**casque.** Helmet.

corslet. Body armour.

l. 564.—**It tinged.**

MS. It tinged the boats and lake with flame.

l. 535.—**Duncraggan's widowed dame.** See p. 140, ll. 414ff.

Page 232. l. 571.—**corse.** Archaic and poetical form for corpse. (Mid. Eng. *cors*, Old Fr. *cors*, Lat. *corpus*.)

l. 595.—**Varied his look.**

MS. Glow'd in his look, as swell'd the song.

Page 233. l. 600.—**fading eye.** MS.—glazing (fiery) eye.

l. 602.—**Thus motionless.** The death-scene of Roderick Dhu is, in part, taken from the death-scene of Rob Roy.

“Rob Roy, while on his deathbed, learned that a person, with whom he was at enmity, proposed to visit him. ‘Raise me from my bed,’ said the invalid; ‘throw my plaid around me, and bring me my claymore, dirk, and pistols,—it shall never be said that a foeman saw Rob Roy MacGregor defenceless and unarmed.’ His foeman, conjectured to be one of the MacLarons, before and after mentioned, entered and paid his compliments, enquiring after the health of his formidable neighbour. Rob Roy maintained a cold haughty civility during their short conference; and so soon as he had left the house, ‘Now,’ he said, ‘all is over—let the piper play, *Ha til ni tulidh*’ [we return no more], and he is said to have expired before the dirge was finished.”—*Introduction to Rob Roy, Waverley Novels.*

l. 608.—**And art thou coïd.**

MS. "And art thou gone," the Minstrel said.

l. 611.—**requiem** (*rē'kwe em*). Mass for the dead, in which the anthem begins, *Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine* (Grant them, O Lord, eternal rest).

l. 614.—**The shelter.**

MS. The mightiest of a mighty line.

l. 620.—**thy battles done.** *I.e.*, the ending of thy battles; cf. l. 622. The construction was originally an imitation of the Latin construction with the perfect participle.

Page 234. l. 638.—**storied.** Stained to represent scenes in story; cf. Milton's "storied windows, richly dight," *Il Penseroso*.

l. 640.—**tapestried.** Covered with tapestry—decorative woven stuffs, showing hunting scenes, etc., for which our wallpaper is a degenerate substitute.

l. 643.—**The banquet proud.**

MS. The banquet gay, the chamber's pride,
Scarce drew one curious glance aside.

l. 653.—**bent on woodland game.** MS.—earnest on his game.

Page 235 l. 670.—**forest.** The reading of edd. 1825-33; earlier edd. have—forests.

l. 674.—**yon dull steeple.** See p. 200, l. 558, and note. MS.—From darken'd steeple's.

l. 677.—**The lark was wont.**

MS. The lively lark my matins rung,
The sable rook my vespers sung.

l. 678.—**vespers.** Even-song, or the evening service of the Church. (Old Fr. *vespre*, evening; Lat. *vesper*, the evening-star.)

l. 680.—**of joy for me.** MS.—should harbour me.

Page 236. l. 707.—**prime.** Early morning. In Church usage, the first canonical hour, six o'clock A.M. (Lat. *primus*, first), but used loosely for the period of six to nine o'clock.

Page 237. l. 716.—**Within 'twas brilliant.**

MS. Within 'twas brilliant all, and bright
The vision glow'd on Ellen's sight.

l. 726.—**presence.** The royal reception room—the presence-chamber.

l. 727.—**she sought.** MS.—who own'd this royal state.

l. 740.—**And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King.**—This discovery will probably remind the reader of the beautiful Arabian tale of *Il Bondocani*. Yet the incident is not borrowed from that elegant story, but from the Scottish tradition. James V. . . . for the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry, used to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces in various disguises. The two excellent comic songs, entitled, "The Gaberlunzi Man," and "We'll gae nae mair a-roving," are said to have been founded upon the success of his amorous adventures when travelling in the disguise of a beggar. The latter is perhaps the best comic ballad in any language.

"Another adventure which had nearly cost James his life, is said to have taken place at the village of Cramond, near Edinburgh, where he had rendered his addresses acceptable to a pretty girl of the lower rank. Four or five persons, whether relations or lovers of his mistress is uncertain, beset the disguised monarch, as he returned from his rendezvous. Naturally gallant, and an admirable master of his weapon, the king took post on the high and narrow bridge over the Almond river, and defended himself bravely with his sword. A peasant, who was thrashing in a neighbouring barn, came out upon the noise, and, whether moved by compassion or by natural gallantry, took the weaker side, and laid about with his flail so effectually, as to disperse the assailants, well thrashed, even according to the letter. He then conducted the king into his barn, where his guest requested a basin and a towel, to

remove the stains of the broil. This being procured with difficulty, James employed himself in learning what was the summit of his deliverer's earthly wishes, and found that they were bounded by the desire of possessing, in property, the farm of Braehead, upon which he laboured as a bondsman. The lands chanced to belong to the Crown; and James directed him to come to the palace of Holy-Rood, and inquire for the Guidman (*i.e.* farmer) of Ballengiech, a name by which he was known in his excursions, and which answered to the *Il Bondocani* of Haroun Alraschid. He presented himself accordingly; and found, with due astonishment, that he had saved his monarch's life, and that he was to be gratified with a crown-charter of the lands of Braehead, under the service of presenting an ewer, basin, and towel, for the king to wash his hands, when he shall happen to pass the Bridge of Cramond. This person was ancestor of the Howisons of Braehead, in Mid-Lothian, a respectable family, who continue to hold the lands (now passed into the female line) under the same tenure."—Scott. The poet adds in his note several stories of similar import.

l. 741.—**As wreath of snow on mountain breast.** "Examine the context of this last passage, and its beauty is quite beyond praise; but note the northern love of rocks in the very first words . . . the rocks that gave it rest."—Ruskin, *Modern Painters*, iii., xv., § 20.

l. 743.—**glided.** MS.—shrinking, quits her stay.

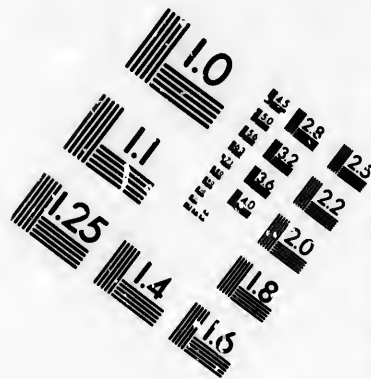
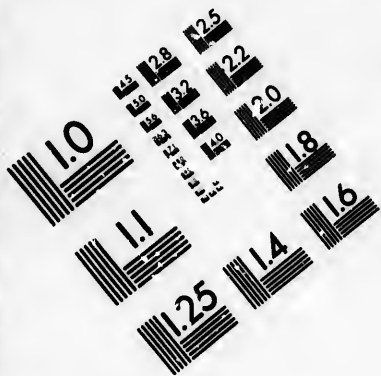
Page 238. l. 765.—**death-feud.** Mortal enmity—each party seeking the other's life.

l. 766.—**De Vaux.** See note to p. 197, l. 469.

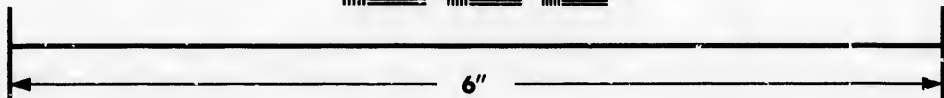
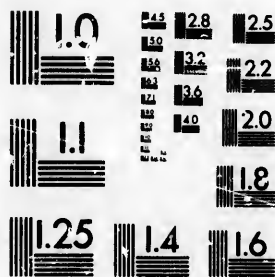
Grey Glencairn. Cuthbert Cunningham, third earl of Glencairn, although husband of the daughter of the fifth earl of Angus, joined Lennox in an attempt to free James from Angus in 1526.

l. 769.—**infidel.** A sportive use of the word in its original sense—one not believing in the true faith.





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Page 239. l. 782.—**proselyte.** James would himself convert Ellen to the truth—she is to be his convert.

l. 783.—**read.** Explain, interpret (A.S. *rædan*, to discern, read).

l. 784.—**to speed.** To good issue.

l. 785.—**In life's more low.**

MS. In lowly life's more happy way.

ll. 788f.—**Stirling's Tower . . . Snowdoun claims.** “William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle Snowdoun. Sir David Lindsay bestows the same epithet upon it in his *Complaint of the Papingo* :—

‘Adieu, fair Snawdoun, with thy towers high,
Thy chape-royal, park, and table round.’

“Snawdoun is the official title of one of the Scottish heralds, whose epithets seem, in all countries, to have been fantastically adopted from ancient history or romance.

“The real name by which James was actually distinguished in his private excursions was the Goodman of Ballenguich [or Ballengeich]; derived from a steep pass leading up to the Castle of Stirling, so called. But the epithet would not have suited poetry, and would besides at once, and prematurely, have announced the plot to many of my countrymen, among whom the traditional stories above-mentioned are still current.”—Scott.

l. 790.—**James Fitz-James.** Son of James IV.

l. 794.—**traitress.** Which she would be to betray a king's counsel.

l. 798.—**My spell-bound steps.**

MS. Thy sovereign back (thy sovereign's steps) to Benvenue.

l. 802.—**talisman.** Magic token.

l. 803.—**Pledge of my faith.**

MS. Pledge of Fitz-James' faith, the ring.

Page 240. l. 809.—And more she deemed.

MS. And in her breast strove maiden shame ;
More deep she deem'd the Monarch's ire...
Against his Sovereign broadsword drew ;
And, with a pleading, warm and true...

l. 814.—King of Kings. Cf. 1 Timothy, vi. 15.

Page 241. l. 842.—Harp of the North! The poet returns with this description of evening to the source of inspiration he invoked in the opening stanza of the poem. The tender close of these stanzas, after the excitement and tension of the canto, ends the poem with a strain like the falling cadences of music.

l. 846.—wizard elm. See p. 69, l. 2, and note.

l. 858.—grief devoured. Cf. Ps. xlii. 3. This personal touch is a sign of Scott's participation in the Romantic movement. It refers, perhaps, to the tragedy in his first affection; see Introduction, p. xxxvii.

l. 862.—seraph... touch of fire. Seraph (Heb. *sārāph*, to burn), winged angel of the highest order, messenger of Jehovah. Cf.

Oh thou my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
—Pope, *Messiah*.

“ Upon the whole, we are inclined to think more highly of *The Lady of the Lake* than of either of its author's former publications. We are more sure, however, that it has greater beauties; and as its beauties bear a strong resemblance to those with which the public has been already made familiar in these celebrated works, we should not be surprised if its popularity were less splendid and remarkable. For our own parts, however, we are of opinion, that it will be oftener read hereafter than either of them; and that if it had appeared first in the series,

their reception would have been less favourable than that which it has experienced. It is more polished in its diction, and more regular in its versification; the story is constructed with infinitely more skill and address; there is a greater proportion of pleasing and tender passages, with much less antiquarian detail: and, upon the whole, a larger variety of characters, more artfully and judiciously contrasted. There is nothing so fine, perhaps, as the battle in *Marmion*—or so picturesque as some of the scattered sketches in *The Lay*; but there is a richness and a spirit in the whole piece, which does not pervade either of these poems—a profusion of incident, and a shifting brilliancy of colouring, that reminds us of the witchery of Ariosto—and a constant elasticity, and occasional energy, which seem to belong more peculiarly to the author now before us.”—JEFFREY.

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APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What Man has made of Man. 5

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes. 10

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure :—
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure. 15

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there. 20

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What Man has made of Man ?

—William Wordsworth.

SUNSET WINGS.

To-night the sunset spreads two golden wings
 Cleaving the western sky ;
 Winged too with wind it is, and winnowings
 Of birds ; as if the day's last hour in rings
 Of strenuous flight must die. 5

Sun-steeped in fire, the homeward pinions sway
 Above the dovecot-tops ;
 And crowds of starlings, ere they rest with day,
 Sink, clamorous like mill-waters, at wild play,
 By turns in every cove : 10

Each tree heart-deep the wrangling rout receives, —
 Save the whirr within,
 You could not tell the starlings from the leaves ;
 Then one great puff of wings, and the swarm heaves
 Away with all its din. 15

Even thus Hope's hours, in ever-eddying flight,
 To many a refuge tend ;
 With the first light she laughed, and the last light
 Glows round her still ; who nathless in the night
 At length must make an end. 20

And now the mustering rooks innumerable
 Together sail and soar,
 While afar the day's death, like a tolling knell,
 Unto the heart they seem to cry, Farewell,
 No more, farewell, no more ! 25

Is Hope not plumed, as 'twere a fiery dart ?
 And oh ! thou dying day,
 Even as thou goest must she too depart,
 And Sorrow fold such pinions on the heart
 As will not fly away ? 25

—Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

“ALMA MINHA GENTIL, QUE TE PARTISTE.”

Meek spirit, who so early didst depart,
Thou art at rest in Heaven! I linger here,
And feed the lonely anguish of my heart;
Thinking of all that made existence dear.

All lost! If in the happy world above
Remembrance of this mortal life endure,
Thou wilt not then forget the perfect love
Which still thou seest in me.—O spirit pure!

And if the irremediable grief,
The woe, which never hopes on earth relief,
May merit ought of thee; prefer thy prayer
To God, who took thee early to his rest,
That it may please him soon amid the blest
To summon me, dear maid! to meet thee there.

—Camoens, translated by Southey.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legends haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempé or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?
Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave .5

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair ! 20

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new ;
 More happy love ! more happy, happy love ! 25
 For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
 For ever panting and for ever young ;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue. 30

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
 What little town by river or sea-shore 35
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn ?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return. 40

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity : Cold Pastoral ! 45
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 ' Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know. 50

—John Keats.

WHEN I HAVE BORNE IN MEMORY.

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great nations; how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold,—some fears unnamed

I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed? 5
Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.

For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men; 10
And I by my affection was beguiled:

What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

—*William Wordsworth.*

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,

Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook 5
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book

Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry: and these we adore: 10
Plain living and high thinking are no more:

The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

—*William Wordsworth.*

SONG FROM "CYMBELINE."

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages ;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone and ta'en thy wages :
 Golden lads and girls all must, 5
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
 Care no more to clothe and eat ;
 To thee the reed is as the oak : 10
 The sceptre, learning, phys'ic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
 Fear not slander, censure rash ; 15
 Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee ! 20
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
 Nothing ill come near thee !
 Quiet consummation have ;
 And renown'd be thy grave !

William Shakspeare.

THANATOPSIS.

(Written in the poet's eighteenth year.)

To him who in the love of Nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language; for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
 Into his darker musings, with a mild
 And healing sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
 Go forth, under the open sky, and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
 Comes a still voice--

Yet a few days, and thee
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more
 In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
 Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix forever with the elements,
 To be a brother to the insensible rock
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
 Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good, 35
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
 All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
 Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
 The venerable woods—rivers that move 40
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks
 That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
 Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun, 45
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings 50
 Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
 Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there :
 And millions in those solitudes, since first 55
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
 So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
 In silence from the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe 60
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase
 His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come 65
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
 The speechless babe, and the grey-headed man— 70

Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

35 So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take 75
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
40 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch 80
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

45 — *William Cullen Bryant.*

50 HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
55 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain 5
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
60 And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
65 Virtue, his darling child, design'd, 10
To thee he gave the heavenly birth
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore; 15
70 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good. 20
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer friend, the flattering foe ;
 By vain Prosperity received,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd, 25
 Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend :
 Warm Charity, the general friend, 30
 With Justice, to herself severe,
 And Pity dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh ! gently on thy suppliant's head
 Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad, 35
 Not circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty ;— 40

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The generous spark extinct revive, 45
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

—Thomas Gray.

NUNS FRET NOT AT THEIR CONVENT'S
NARROW ROOM.

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room ;
 And hermits are contented with their cells ;
 And students with their pensive citadels ;
 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
 Sit blithe and happy ; bees that soar for bloom, 5
 High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells :
 In truth the prison, unto which we doom
 Ourselves, no prison is : and hence for me, 10
 In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
 Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground ;
 Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
 Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
 Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

--William Wordsworth

TO THE DAISY.

With little here to do or see
 Of things that in the great world be,
 Daisy ! again I talk to thee,
 For thou art worthy,
 Thou unassuming Common-place 5
 Of Nature, with that homely face,
 And yet with something of a grace,
 Which Love makes for thee !

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
 I sit, and play with similes,
 Loose types of things through all degrees, 10
 Thoughts of thy raising ;
 And many a fond and idle name

I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As is the humour of the game, 15
While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port ;
Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations ; 20

A queen in crown of rubies drest ;
A starveling in a scanty vest ;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little cyclops, with one eye 25
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over,

The shape will vanish, and behold !
A silver shield with boss of gold 30
That spreads itself, some faery bold
In flight to cover !

I see thee glittering from afar—
And then thou art a pretty star ;
Not quite so fair as many are 35
In heaven above thee !

Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest ;—
May peace come never to his nest
Who shall reprove thee ! 40

Sweet *Flower!* for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature !

That breath'st with me in sun and air, 45
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature !

—William Wordsworth.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.*

15 Is there a whim-inspirèd fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate¹ to seek, owre proud to snool,²

20 Let him draw near ;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,³ 5
 And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowd among,
That weekly this area throng.

25 O, pass not by ! 10
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
 Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,

30 Wild as the wave : 15
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
 Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below,
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,

35 And sober flame : 20
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stain'd his name !

Reader. attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkly grubs this earthly hole,

45 In low pursuit ; 25
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control,
 Is wisdom's root. 30

—Robert Burns.

* The form of this poem suggested that of Wordsworth's poems on Burns, pp. 32-38. ¹Bashful. ²Sneak. ³Lament.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

Art thou a Statist in the van
 Of public conflicts trained and bred ?
 —First learn to love one living man ;
Then may'st thou think upon the dead.

A Lawyer art thou ?—draw not nigh ! 5
 Go, carry to some fitter place
 The keenness of that practised eye,
 The hardness of that sallow face . . .

Physician art thou ? one, all eyes,
 Philosopher ! a fingering slave, 10
 One that would peep and botanise
 Upon his mother's grave.

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
 O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
 That he below may rest in peace, 15
 Thy ever-dwindling soul. away ! . . .

But who is He, with modest looks,
 And clad in homely russet brown ?
 He murmurs near the running brooks
 A music sweeter than their own. 20

He is retired as noontide dew,
 Or fountain in a noon-day grove ;
 And you must love him, ere to you
 He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth, 25
 Of hill and valley, he has viewed ;
 And impulses of deeper birth
 Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
 Some random truths he can impart,— 30
 The harvest of a quiet eye
 That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak ; both Man and Boy,
 Hath been an idler in the land ;
 Contented if he might enjoy 35
 The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength ;
 Come, weak as is a breaking wave !
 Here stretch thy body at full length ;
 Or build thy house upon this grave. 40

—*William Wordsworth.*

SONNET ON CHILLON.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind !
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consigned— 5
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod, 10
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard ! May none those marks efface !
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

—*Byron.*

APPENDIX.

TO NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night !
 Out of the misty eastern cave,
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear, 5
 Which make thee terrible and dear,—
 Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
 Star-inwrought !
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day ; 10
 Kiss her until she be wearied out,
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
 Touching all with thine cpiate wand—
 Come, long sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn 15
 I sighed for thee ;
 When light rode high and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turned to his rest,
 Lingering like an unloved guest, 20
 I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came and cried,
 Wouldst thou me ?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmured like a noontide bee, 25
 Shall I nestle near thy side ?
 Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
 No, not thee !

Doath will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon— 30
 Sleep will come when thou art fled ;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night—
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon ! 35

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

TO THE CUCKOO.

5 HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
 Thou messenger of Spring !
 Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

10 What time the daisy decks the green
 Thy certain voice we hear :
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year ?

15 Delighted visitant ! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

20 The school-boy, wandering through the woods,
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

25 What time the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest to other lands,
 Another Spring to hail.

30 Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear ;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No Winter in thy year.

35 Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the Spring.

—John Logan, 1781.

“THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND
SHOWER.”

✓ THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said: “A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This Child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I shall make
A Lady of my own. 5

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower, 10
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs; 15
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend; 20
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motion of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear 25
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face. 30

And vital feelings of delight
 Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell ;
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
 While she and I together live 35
 Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
 How soon my Lucy's race was run !
 She died, and left to me
 This heath, this calm, and quiet scene ; 40
 The memory of what has been,
 And never more will be.

—*William Wordsworth.*

EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE.

To my true king, I offered, free from stain,
 Courage and faith ; vain faith and courage vain.
 For him I threw lands, honours, wealth away,
 And one dear hope, that was more prized than they. 5
 For him I languished in a foreign clime
 Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime ;
 Heard in Lavernia, Scargill's¹ whispering trees,
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees ;
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep ; 10
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
 The resting-place I asked, an early grave.
 Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
 From that proud country which was once mine own,
 By those white cliffs I never more must see, 15
 By that dear language which I spake like thee,
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

—*Macaulay (1800-1859).*

¹ In North Yorkshire on the upper Tees.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day. 5
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will
 Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Fortell my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh ; 10
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
 Whither the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

—Milton, *Sonnets*, i.

"BREATHES THERE A MAN."

BREATHES there a man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd. 5
 From wandering on a foreign strand !
 If such there breathes, go, mark him well ;
 For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ; 10
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 Aud, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung, 15
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

—Scott, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, vi. i.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.*

THE King sits in Dumferling toune,
 Drinking his blude-red wine :
 " O whar will I get guid sailor
 To sail this ship of mine ? "

Up and spake an eldern¹ knight²,
 Sat at the king's richt kne :
 " Sir Patr'ck Spence is the best sailor
 That sails upon the sea. "

The king has written a braid letter³
 And signed it wi' his hand,
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
 Was walking on the sand.

Tha first line that Sir Patr'ick red,
 A loud lauch⁴ lauched he ;
 The next line that Sir Patrick red,
 The teir blinded his ee.⁵

" O wha is this has don' this deid,
 This ill deid done to me ;
 To send me out this time o' the yeir
 To sail upon the se ? "

" Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,
 Our guid schip sails the morne. "
 " O say na sae, my master deir,
 For I feir a deadlie storme.

" Late, late yestreen⁶ I saw the new moone
 Wi' the auld moone in hir arme ;
 And I feir, I feir. my deir mastèr,
 That we will com' to harme. "

* The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

--Coleridge. *Dejection*.

¹ Aged. ² Knight. ³ Broad (open) letter. ⁴ Laugh. ⁵ Eye.
⁶ Yesterday evening.

Our Scots nobles wer richt laith⁷
 To wet their cork-heild schoone ; 30
 But lang owre a' the play wer playd
 Thair hats they swam aboone.⁸

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
 Wi' thair fans into their hand,
 Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence 35
 Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
 Wi' thair gold kems⁹ in their hair,
 Waiting for their ain deir lords,
 For they'll see thame na mair. 40

Have owre,¹⁰ have owre to Aberdour,¹¹
 It's fifty fadom deip ;
 And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.

—From Percy's "Reliques."

A LAMENT.

O, world! O, life! O, time!
 On whose last steps I climb
 Trembling at that where I had stood before ;
 When will return the glory of your prime?
 No more—Oh, never more! 5

Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight ;
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more—Oh, never more! 10

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

⁷ Loath. ⁸ On the surface. ⁹ Combs. ¹⁰ Half over.
¹¹ A village on the Forth.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA.

NOBLY, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the North-west died
 away ;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeling into Cadiz
 Bay ;
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay :
 In the dimest North-east distance dawned Gibraltar
 grand and grey ;
 ' Here and there did England help me : how can I help
 England ? '—say,
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise
 and pray.
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

—Robert Browning.

SLEEP.

COME, Sleep ! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting-place* of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and low ;
 With shield of proof, shield me from out the press
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw ;
 O make in me those civil wars to cease ;
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
 A rosy garland and a weary head :
 And if these things, as being there by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
 Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

—Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586), in "Astrophel and Stella."

* Place of refreshment.

SLEEP.

(2 *Henry IV.*, iii., i., 5ff).

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more will weigh these eyelids down
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness? 5
 Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state, 10
 And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody!
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
 A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast 15
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes and rock his brain
 In cradle of the rude, imperious surge
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them 20
 With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and most stillest night, 25
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

— *William Shakspeare.*

“WHEN A MOUNTAIN SKYLARK SINGS.”

When a mountain skylark sings
 In the sun-lit summer morn,
 I know that heaven is up on high,
 And on earth are fields of corn.

But when the nightingale sings
 In the moon-lit summer even,
 I know not if earth is merely earth,
 Only that heaven is heaven.

—Christina Rossetti.

THE LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!

Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay, and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud,
 Love gives it energy—love gave it birth.

Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying?

Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,

Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms
 Sweet will be thy welcome and bed of love be!

Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee!

—James Hogg (1772-1835.)

TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thine own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun 5
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed ;

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
 With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing ; 10
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small, but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum ;
 Now teach me, maid composed, 15
 To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
 May not unseemly with thy stillness suit ;
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial loved return ! 20

For when thy folding-star arising shows
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours and Elves
 Who sleep in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brow with sedge, 25
 And sheds the freshening dew, and, level'er still,
 The pensive Pleasures sweet,
 Prepare thy shadowy car ;

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
 Cheers the lone heath, or some-time-hallowed pile, 30
 Or upland follows grey
 Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds or driving rain
 Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
 That, from the mountain's side, 35
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
 And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil. 40

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light; 10

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves; 45
 Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes;

So long sure-found beneath the sylvan shed
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped Health, 50
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And hymn thy favourite name.

—Collins (1720-1756.)

 OPPORTUNITY.

HE who bends to himself a joy
 Does the winged life destroy;
 But he who kisses the joy as it flies
 Lives in eternity's sunrise.

If you trap the moment before it's ripe, 5
 The tears of repentance you'll certainly wipe;
 But, if you once let the ripe moment go,
 You can never wipe off the tears of woe. 30

—William Blake, 1757-1827.

FROM "EXTREME UNCTION."

Upon the hour when I was born,
 God said, "Another man shall be,"
 And the great Maker did not scorn
 Out of Himself to fashion me ;
 He sunned me with His ripening looks, 5
 And Heaven's rich instincts in me grew,
 As effortless as woodland nooks
 Send violets up and paint them blue.

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,
 Am exiled back to brutish clod, 10
 Have borne unquenched for four-score years
 A spark of the eternal God ;
 And to what end ? How yield I back
 The trust for such high uses given ?
 Heaven's light hath but revealed a track 15
 Whereby to crawl away from Heaven.

Men think it is an awful sight
 To see a soul just set adrift
 On that drear voyage from whose night
 'The ominous shadows never lift ; 20
 But 'tis more awful to behold
 A helpless infant newly born,
 Whose little hands unconscious hold
 The keys of darkness and of morn.

Mine held them once ; I flung away 25
 Those keys that might have open set
 The golden sluices of the day,
 But clutch the keys of darkness yet ;—
 I hear the reapers surging go
 Into God's harvest ; I, that might 30
 With them have chosen, here below
 Grope shuddering at the gates of night.

O glorious Youth, that once was mine!
 O high Ideal! all in vain
 Ye enter at this ruined shrine 35
 Whence worship ne'er shall rise again;
 The bat and owl inhabit here,
 The snake nests in the altar-stone,
 The sacred vessels moulder near;
 The image of the God is gone. 40

—James Russell Lowell.

FROM "SEA WEED."

When descends on the Atlantic
 The gigantic
 Storm-wind of the equinox,
 Landward in his wrath he scourges
 The toiling surges, 5
 Laden with seaweed from the rocks:
 From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
 Of sunken ledges,
 In some far-off, bright Azore;
 From Bahama, and the dashing. 10
 Silver-flashing
 Surges of San Salvador;
 From the tumbling surf, that buries
 The Orkneyan skerries,
 Answering the hoarse Hebrides; 15
 And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
 Spars, uplifting
 On the desolate, rainy seas;—
 Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
 On the shifting 20
 Currents of the restless main;
 Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
 Of sandy beaches,
 All have found repose again.

—Longfellow.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
 My true account, lest He, returning chide;
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
 I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best 10
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
 Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

—*John Milton.*

"WHEN, IN DISGRACE WITH FORTUNE AND
 MEN'S EYES."

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone bewep my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, 5
 Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state, 10
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate;
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

—*William Shakspeare.*

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 5 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !

And after April when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows— 10
 Hark ! where blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dew-drops,—at the bent spray's edge,—
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture 15
 The first fine careless rapture.
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,
 Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower. 20

—*Robert Browning.*

ODE.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod 5
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honour come, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ; 10
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

—*William Collins.*

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

(ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.)

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought
is won.

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring;

But O heart! heart! heart! 5
O the bleeding drops of red,
When on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
trills, 10

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;

Here, Captain, dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck, 15
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My Father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes it with object
won; 20

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—Walt Whitman.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main,—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings, 5
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell, 10
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed,—
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread its lustrous coil; 15
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door, 20
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the last no
 more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap forlorn!
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born 25
 Than ever Titan blew from wreathed horn!
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
 sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll! 30
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea! 35
 —*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

PROSPICE.

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm, 5
 The post of the foe,
 Where he stands, the arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go:
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall, 10
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forebore, 15
 And bade me creep past.
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold. 20
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain, 25
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

—*Robert Browning.*

30 "THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US."

35 The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
 The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ; 5
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
 For these, for everything, we are out of tune ;
 It moves us not. —Great God ! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ; 10
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.
 —William Wordsworth, 1806.

19 MEMORABILIA.

Ah ! did you see Shelley plain,
 And did he stop and speak to you,
 And did you speak to him again ?
 How strange it seems and new !

15 But you were living before that,
 And also you are living after ;
 And the memory I startled at—
 My startling moves your laughter ! 5

20 I crossed a moor, with a name of its own,
 And a certain use in the world, no doubt, 10
 Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
 'Mid the blank miles round about.

25 For there I picked up on the heather
 And there I put inside my breast
 A moulted feather, an eagle-feather ! 15
 Well, I forget the rest.

—Robert Browning.

IN MEMORIAM, II.

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones
 That name the under-lying dead,
 Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
 Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again, 5
 And bring the firstling to the flock ;
 And in the dusk of thee, the clock
 Beats out the little lives of men.

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
 Who changest not in any gale, 10
 Nor branding summer suns avail
 To touch thy thousand years of gloom :

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
 Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
 I seem to fail from out my blood 15
 And grow incorporate into thee.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

“LET ME NOT TO THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE
 MINDS.”

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark, 5
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ; 10
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out¹ even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loyed.

— *William Shakspeare.*

¹ Continues steadfast.

DAYBREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away, 5
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing." 10

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower, 15
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet, in quiet lie."

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill ;

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death
Untied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice ; hath ever understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from humours freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is free from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton (1568-1639).

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood street, when daylight appears,
 Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three
 years ;
 Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
 In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment ; what ails her ? She sees 5
 A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
 Bright columns of vapour through Lothbury glide,
 And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
 Down which she so often has tripped with her pail ; 10
 And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
 The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven, but they fade,
 The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;
 The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise, 15
 And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

— *William Wordsworth.*

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