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MORANG'S LITERATURE SERIES

Scott's
The Lady of the
Lake

EDITED WITH NOTES BY
JOHN C. SAUL, M.A.

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MORANG'S LITERATURE SERIES

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

BY
SIR WALTER SCOTT

EDITED WITH NOTES
BY
JOHN C. SAUL, M.A.

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INTRODUCTION

WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh on August 15, 1771. His father was a lawyer and in good circumstances, so that the boy had the advantage of a cultured home and a sound school education. At the age of eighteen months, he had a severe attack of fever, which for many years injured his health and left him lame for life. This lameness, however, was not so serious as to disable him, but his health was so delicate that he was sent to the country for some time. Here he roamed over the hills, visiting the cottages of the peasants, and picking up many of the stories which he afterwards wove into his poems and novels.

In 1778 Scott was sent to the High School at Edinburgh. Here he did not distinguish himself at his studies, but was popular among the boys for his genial disposition and his fondness for relating tales of romance and adventure. Even at the University, which he entered after leaving the High School, this love for the old romances continued, and he and his friend Irving spent even more time among the old Scottish stories than they did at their more serious studies. At this time, too, Scott began the making of a collection of ancient ballads. In 1786 he was apprenticed to his father, and six years later was called to the bar. His love for the ancient legends of his own and other countries interfered very much with his legal studies, so that he did not make a brilliant success of his work as a lawyer.

In 1797 Scott married Miss Charlotte Charpentier and in 1799 was made sheriff of Selkirkshire, an office which left him considerable leisure. At this time he was engaged in historical and antiquarian researches, and, in addition, found time to be an active member of the Edinburgh Light Horse. The results of his love for ballads and folklore were seen as early as 1796,

when he published translations of Burger's *Lenore* and *The Wild Huntsman*. This was followed soon after by some ballads of his own, and in 1802 by *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, a collection of Border ballads. In 1805 *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* was published and proved an instantaneous success. *Marmion* was published in 1808 and *The Lady of the Lake* in 1810. *Don Roderick*, *Rokeby*, *The Bridal of Triermain*, *The Lord of the Isles* and *Harold the Dauntless*, his most important remaining poems, were produced within the next few years.

In 1812 Scott removed to Abbotsford, his famous residence on the banks of the Tweed, near Melrose. Here for the next fifteen years he lived, surrounded by his friends, and in the enjoyment of honour and prosperity, although at times his health was poor. In 1814 he began the publication of his novels, the first, *Waverley*, appearing in that year. In 1820 he was made a baronet. The next six or seven years were probably the happiest of his life, but in 1826 the reverse came. He became involved in the failure of his publishers, Constable & Co., and found himself under the burden of a debt of £117,000, for which he became personally responsible. Scott at once set himself the task of wiping out this enormous load of debt. He worked early and late and before two years had paid to his creditors £40,000. The strain, however, was telling on him. He was forced to cease all extra work on account of failing health, and in September, 1831, he left Abbotsford on a trip to Naples in a warship which had been placed at his disposal by the British government. He knew himself that his end was near, and his only desire was to get back to Scotland to breathe his last in his native land. He reached Abbotsford very weak in body, and on the 21st of September, 1832, passed away surrounded by the members of his family who had been watching by his bedside.

The Lady of the Lake was published in 1810 and at once proved successful, over 8,000 copies being sold in little more than a year. Scott says himself in his Introduction to the poem: "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 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, 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 interfere 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 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 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 took uncommon pains to verify the accuracy of the local circumstances of this story. I recollect, in particular, that 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."

While there is a certain basis of historical fact in the poem, yet the poet has allowed himself the utmost freedom in its treatment. "He left himself great freedom in the invention of persons and incidents true in kind or species to the period chosen. The Lowland kings all along had great difficulties with their Highland neighbours. This long-standing historical enmity is embodied in Roderick Dhu and Clan Alpine. But the chief is an imaginary chief, and even the clan is an imaginary clan. Clan Alpine has a certain verisimilitude to the Clan Gregor, and is placed by the poet in Macgregor territory, but there was not in the time of James V a real united clan within the district traversed by Roderick's fiery cross. The ambition of the powerful family of Douglas, and its rivalry with the royal authority, is also a matter of history. But James of Bothwell is an imaginary personage. So with Malcolm Græme, Roderick's neighbour. He is placed in veritable Graham territory; he is heir to lands in Menteith and Strath-Endrick, of which Grahams were long the lords; but there was no such royal ward in the reign of James V. It is enough for the poet's purpose that there might have been."

The Douglas family play a most important part in the poem. The reason for the enmity of the king towards the Douglas is thus explained by Scott in his notes: "The Earl of Angus, it will be remembered, had married the queen dowager, and availed himself of the right which he thus acquired, as well as of his ex-

tensive power, to retain the king in a sort of tutelage, which approached very near to captivity. Several open attempts were made to rescue James from this thralldom, with which he was well known to be deeply disgusted; but the valour of the Douglasses, and their allies, gave them the victory in every conflict. At length, the king, while residing at Falkland, contrived to escape by night out of his own court and palace, and rode full speed to Stirling Castle, where the governor, who was of the opposite faction, joyfully received him. Being thus at liberty, James speedily summoned round him such peers as he knew to be most inimical to the domination of Angus, and laid his complaint before them, says Pitscottie, 'with great lamentations: showing to them how he was holden in subjection, thir years bygone, by the Earl of Angus, and his kin and friends, who, oppressed the whole country, and spoiled it, under the pretence of justice and his authority; and had slain many of his lieges, kinsmen, and friends, because they would have had it mended at their hands, and put him at liberty, as he ought to have been, at the counsel of his whole lords, and not have been subjected and corrected with no particular men, by the rest of his nobles: Therefore, said he, I desire, my lords, that I may be satisfied of the said earl, his kin, and friends; for I avow, that Scotland shall not hold us both, while [*i.e.*] till I be revenged on him and his.

“The lords hearing the king's complaint and lamentation, and also the great rage, fury, and malice, that he bore toward the Earl of Angus, his kin and friends, they concluded all and thought it best, that he should be summoned to underly the law; if he fand not caution, nor yet compear himself, that he should be put to the horn, with all his kin and friends, so many as were contained in the letters. And further, the lords ordained, by advice of his majesty, that his brother and

friends should be summoned to find caution to underly the law within a certain day, or else be put to the horn. But the earl appeared not, nor none for him; and so he was put to the horn, with all his kin and friends: so many as were contained in the summons, that compear- ed not, were banished, and holden traitors to the king."

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THE LADY OF THE LAKE

CANTO FIRST

THE CHASE

HARP of the North!¹ that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm² that shades Saint Fillan's³ spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers⁴ flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,— 5
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,⁵ 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 pause⁶ was heard aloud 15
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!

¹ **Harp of the North**—These introductory stanzas in Spenserian verse, "inspired by the spirit of the old Scottish minstrelsy," serve as an introduction to the poem as a whole.

² **Witch-elm**—The bending or drooping elm.

³ **Saint Fillan**—A Scottish saint of the seventh century. The spring of St. Fillan was a few miles from Loch Lomond.

⁴ **Numbers**—Music.

⁵ **Caledon**—Caledonia, the ancient Roman name of Scotland.

⁶ **According pause**—A pause in the song filled with the music of the harp, which blended harmoniously with the song.

Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bowed;
 For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
 Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's
 matchless 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,¹
 And deep his midnight lair had made 30
 In lone Glenartney's² hazel shade;
 But when the sun his beacon red
 Had kindled on Benvoirlich's³ 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,"

¹ **Monan's rill**—Monan was a Scottish martyr, but the rill is purely imaginary.

² **Glenartney**—A valley in Perthshire through which runs the River Artney.

³ **Benvoirlich**—A mountain to the north of the Artney, rising to the height of about 2,000 feet.

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 ¹ 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 cha e 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.²

III

Yelled on the view ³ 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 covered 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.

¹ **Beamed**—Antlered.

² **Uam-Var**—A mountain lying to the south of the Artney. The name means "great cavern."

³ **On the view**—At the first sight of the stag.

Faint, and more faint, its failing din
 Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,¹
 And silence settled, wide and still,
 On the lone wood and mighty hill.

70

IV

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war²
 Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,
 And roused the cavern where, 't is 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,
 Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
 And of the trackers of the deer
 Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
 So shrewdly³ on the mountain-side
 Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

75

80

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.⁴
 With anxious eye he wandered o'er
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
 And pondered refuge from his toil,
 By far Lochard⁵ or Aberfoyle.

90

¹ **Linn**—A pool of water, or, sometimes, a ravine.

² **Sylvan war**—War carried on in the forest—the chase.

³ **Shrewdly**—Severely.

⁴ **Menteith**—The country in the south-western part of Perthshire through which the River Teith flows.

⁵ **Lochard**—Loch Ard is a lake about five miles from Lake Katrine, with the village of Aberfoyle about two miles to the east.

But nearer was the copsewood gray
 That waved and wept on Loch Achray,¹ 9
 And mingled with the pine-trees blue
 On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.²
 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

'T were long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
 As swept the hunt through Cambusmore;³
 What reins were tightened in despair, 105
 When rose Benledi's⁴ ridge in air;
 Who flagged upon Bochastle's⁵ heath,
 Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith,⁶—
 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;⁷
 And when the Brigg of Turk⁸ was won,
 The headmost horseman rode alone.

¹ **Achray**—One of a chain of three lakes—Katrine and Vennachar being the other two—in this section of Perthshire.

² **Benvenue**—A mountain to the south of Lake Katrine.

³ **Cambusmore**—An estate on the banks of the Keltie, a tributary of the River Teith.

⁴ **Benledi**—A mountain about 2,000 feet in height, near Loch Achray. The word means "Mountain of God."

⁵ **Bochastle**—A moor near the eastern end of Lake Vennachar.

⁶ **Teith**—A tributary of the River Forth.

⁷ **Vennachar**—One of the lakes of the district in which the scene of the poem lies. The word means "The Lake of the Fair Valley."

⁸ **Brigg of Turk**—"The Bridge of the Wild Boar." A bridge spanning the stream that joins Vennachar and Achray.

VII

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
 That horseman plied the scourge and steel; 115
 For jaded now, and spent with toil,
 Embossed with foam,¹ and dark with soil,
 While every gasp with sobs he drew,
 The labouring stag strained full in view.
 Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's² breed, 120
 Un natched 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 stanch; 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 stock³ 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 whinyard⁴ drew:—
 But thundering as he came prepared,
 With ready arm and weapon bared, 140

¹ **Embossed with foam**—Foaming at the mouth.

² **Saint Hubert's breed**—The hounds of the abbots of St. Hubert, a famous breed during this period.

³ **Stock**—The stumps of the trees.

⁴ **Whinyard**—A short sword or knife.

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' ¹ 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,² 150
 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 ³ the chase, woe worth the day,
 That costs thy life, my gallant gray!"

¹ **Trosachs**—"The rough or bristled territory." The country in the neighbourhood of Lakes Achray, Vennachar and Katrine.

² **Amain**—With full force.

³ **Woe worth**—Evil be to.

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's¹ 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, 195
 The native bulwarks of the pass,
 Huge as the tower which builders vain
 Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.²

¹ **Dingle**—A narrow valley.

² **Shinar's plain**—See Genesis xi, 1-9.

The rocky summits, split and rent,
 Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
 Or seemed fantastically set 200
 With cupola or minaret,
 Wild crests as pagod ¹ 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 dewdrop sheen,²
 The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
 And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes 210
 Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

XII

Boon ³ 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 220
 The weather-beaten crags retain.
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,
 Gray 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.

¹ **Pagod**—Pagoda.² **Sheen**—Bright.³ **Boon**—Bountiful.

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 livelier¹ light,
 And mountains that like giants stand
 To sentinel enchanted land.
 High on the south, huge Benvenue 270
 Down to the lake in masses threw
 Crags, 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-an² 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 cloister³ gray; 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

¹ **Livelier**—Brighter because in motion.

² **Ben-an**—A mountain nearly 2,000 feet high, to the north of the Trosachs.

³ **Cloister**—Monastery.

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 ¹ 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 ² 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

But scarce again his horn he wound,³
 When lo! forth starting at the sound, 320

¹ Drop a bead—Say a prayer.

² Beshrew—Curse.

³ Wound—Blew.

From underneath an aged oak
 That slanted from the islet rock,
 A damsel guider of its way,
 A little skiff shot to the bay,
 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 this Lady of the Lake.
 The maiden paused, as if again 335
 She thought to catch the distant strain.
 With head upraised, 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 Naiad¹ 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 show, 350
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
 What though no rule of courtly grace

¹ *Naiad*—The Naiads were the water-nymphs or guardians of the streams in the Greek mythology.

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 listener held his breath to hear!

XIX

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
 Her satin snood,¹ her silken plaid,
 Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed. 365
 And seldom was a snood amid
 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 370
 Mantled a plaid with modest care,
 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 Katrine 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.

¹ **Snood**—The ribbon that tied her hair; the sign of maidenhood. See Canto III., lines 485 and 487.

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.
Awhile she paused, no answer came; —
"Malcolm, was thine the blast?" the name 395
Less resolutely uttered fell,
The echoes could not catch the swell.
"A stranger I," the Huntsman said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar 400
Pushed her light shallop from the shore,
And when a space was gained between,
Closer she drew her bosom's screen; —
So forth the startled swan would swing,
So turn to prune¹ 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 wont 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,

¹ Prune—Arrange his plumage.

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 contest bold;
 And though in peaceful garb arrayed, 420
 And weaponless except his blade,
 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 trode the shore.
 Slighting¹ 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

Awhile the maid the stranger eyed,
 And, reassured, at length replied,
 That Highland halls were open still
 To wildered wanderers of the hill. 435
 "Nor think you unexpected come
 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 440
 Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled,
 And our broad nets have swept the mere,²
 To furnish forth your evening cheer."—
 "Now, by the rood,³ my lovely maid,
 Your courtesy has erred," he said;
 "No right have I to claim, misplaced, 445

¹ **Slighting**—Making light of.

² **Mere**—Lake.

³ **Rood**—Cross.

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, 450
 Till on this lake's romantic strand
 I found a fay in fairy land!"—

XXIII

"I well believe," the maid replied,
 As her light skiff approached the side,—
 "I well believe that ne'er before 455
 Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore;
 But yet, as far as yesternight,
 Old Allan-bane¹ foretold your plight,—
 A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent 460
 Was on the visioned future bent.
 He saw your steed, a dappled gray,
 Lie dead beneath the birchen way;
 Painted exact your form and mien,
 Your hunting-suit of Lincoln green,²
 That tasselled horn so gayly gilt, 465
 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 470
 To grace a guest of fair degree;³
 But light I held his prophecy,
 And deemed it was my father's horn
 Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne.

¹ **Bane**—Fair-haired.

² **Lincoln green**—A favourite cloth worn by hunters, made in Lincoln.

³ **Fair degree**—High rank.

XXIV

The stranger smiled: — “Since to your home
 A destined errant-knight¹ I come, 475
 Announced by prophet sooth² and old,
 Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,
 I’ll lightly front each high emprise³
 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, 485
 His noble hand had grasped an oar:
 Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,
 And o’er the lake the shallop flew;
 With heads erect and whimpering cry,
 The hounds behind their passage ply.
 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;
 ’T was all so close with copsewood bound, 495
 Nor track nor pathway might declare
 That human foot frequented there,
 Until the mountain maiden showed
 A clambering unsuspected road,
 That winded through the tangled screen, 500
 And opened on a narrow green,
 Where weeping birch and willow round

¹ **Errant-knight**—A knight wandering in search of adventures.

² **Sooth**—True.

³ **Emprise**—Enterprise.

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 515
 To fence each crevice from the wind.
 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,¹ 525
 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 gayly to the stranger said:
 "On heaven and on thy lady call,
 And enter the enchanted hall!"

¹ **Idæan vine**—Perhaps the red whortleberry, although this is not a climber. Idæan is from Mount Ida, in Asia Minor, famous for its vines.

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 target¹ 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,
 That blackening streaks of blood retained. 555
 And 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,

¹ **Target**—A small shield or buckler.

"I never knew but one," he said, 565
 "Whose stalwart arm might brook¹ to wield
 A blade like this in battle-field."
 She sighed, then smiled and took the word:
 "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 Ferragus² or Ascabart,³
 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, 580
 To whom, though more than kindred knew,
 Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
 Meet welcome to her guest she made,
 And every courteous right was paid
 That hospitality could claim,
 Though all unasked his birth and name. 585
 Such then the reverence to a guest,
 That fellest foe might join the feast,
 And from his deadliest foeman's door

¹ **Brook**—Endure.

² **Ferragus**—A giant celebrated in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. He was forty feet high and had the strength of twenty men. Having dropped his helmet into a river he took an oath never to wear another until he had won that of Orlando, but when he met that warrior in combat he was slain.

³ **Ascabart**—A giant who appears in the old English romance of *Bevis of Hampton*. He was thirty feet high and so strong that he carried off Sir Bevis, his wife and his horse under his one arm. He was conquered by Bevis and compelled to become a servant.

Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er.
 At length his rank the stranger names, 590
 "The Knight of Snowdoun,¹ 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,² 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 showed 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,
 Showed she was come of gentle race.
 'T were 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 inquiry light away:— 615
 "Weird women³ 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

¹ **Snowdoun**—An ancient name of Stirling.

² **Wot**—Knows.

³ **Weird women**—Witches.

'Tis thus our charmed ¹ 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 strewing,
 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 ² 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."

¹ **Charmed**—To be used as charms.

² **Pibroch**—The music of the bagpipes.

XXXII

She paused, — then, blushing, led the lay,¹
 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.²
 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.

¹ **Led the lay**—Turned the song.

² **Reveille**—The morning summons.

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 soul he interchanged¹
 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 doubt distracts 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

¹ **Interchanged**—Exchanged confidences.

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 Douglas¹ eye?
 Can I not view a Highland brand,²
 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

¹ Douglas—See Introduction, pages 6-8.

² Brand—Sword.

Not even in sleep is will resigned.
 My midnight orisons¹ 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

CANTO SECOND

THE ISLAND

I

AT morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
 'T is morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
 All Nature's children feel the matin² 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 gray,
 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

¹ Orisons—Prayers.² Matin—Morning.

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 battled line. 20
 Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport!
 Where beauty sees the brave resort,¹
 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 stranger² roam, 30
 Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,
 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 hap³ erewhile, 35
 A stranger in the lonely isle.

“ Or if on life’s uncertain main⁴
 Mishap shall mar thy sail;
 If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,

¹ **Resort**—At the tournament where the knights, in the presence of the ladies, contend for the prize of valour.

² **Plaided stranger**—A Highlander.

³ **Thy hap**—What befell thee. ⁴ **Main**—Ocean.

Woe, want, and exile thou sustain 40
 Beneath the fickle gale;
 Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
 On thankless courts, or 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 50
 The Harper on the islet beach,
 Reclined against a blighted tree,
 As wasted, gray, and worn as he.
 To minstrel meditation given,
 His reverend brow was raised to heaven, 55
 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 60
 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. 65

V

Upon a rock with lichens wild,
 Beside him Ellen sat and smiled.—
 Smiled she to see the stately drake
 Lead forth his fleet¹ upon the lake,

¹ Fleet—Of ducks.

While her exed spaniel from the beach 70
 Bayed at the prize beyond his reach?
 Yet tell 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, 90
 So highly did his bosom swell
 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!"
 'T was 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!"¹
 Scarce from her lip the word had rushed, 110
 When deep the conscious maiden blushed;
 For of his clan, in hall and bower,²
 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 bidst, O noble maid,"
 Claspng his withered hands, he said,
 "Vainly thou bidst me wake the strain, 120
 Though all unwont 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 Modan³ swayed,

¹ **Græme**—The Græmes or Grahams were a very ancient and powerful family, celebrated in Scottish history.

² **Hall and bower**—Among men and women. The hall was the principal living room in the ancient castles, while the bower was the name given to the private apartments of the women.

³ **Saint Modan**—A Scottish abbot of the seventh century.

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; 155
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's¹ bannered hall,
Ere Douglases, to ruin driven,²
Were exiled from their native heaven.³—
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 shivered 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,

¹ **Bothwell**—The principal castle belonging to the Douglas family. It is on the banks of the Clyde, about six miles from Glasgow.

² **To ruin driven**—See Introduction, pages 6-8.

³ **Heaven**—Sky, country.

In Lowland vale or Highland glen,
 From Tweed to Spey ¹ — what marvel, then,
 At times unbidden notes should rise, 160
 Confusedly bound in memory's ties,
 Entangling as they rush along,
 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 175
 An image of more splendid days,
 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; 180
 And when I place it in my hair,
 Allan, a bard is bound to swear
 He ne'er 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,

¹ **Tweed to Spey**—From one end of the country to the other, the Tweed being on the southern boundary of Scotland and the Spey on the far north.

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!"¹ 200

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 footstep spring more gay 205
 In courtly dance than blithe strathspey,²
 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 wilt say,
 That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.
 The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's³ pride,

¹ **Bleeding Heart**—The cognizance of the Douglas family, worn from the time that Lord James Douglas attempted to carry the heart of Robert Bruce for burial in the Holy Land and died on the way in a battle with the Moors in Spain.

² **Strathspey**—A Highland dance which is said to have had its origin in the Strath or valley of the Spey.

³ **Clan-Alpine**—The Macgregors, the descendants of Gregor, one of the early Scottish kings, are called McAlpine from Alpin, the father of Gregor.

The terror of Loch Lomond's¹ side,
 Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay 215
 A Lennox foray — for a day."—

XII

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-Rood² 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,
 Looks for his guerdon³ in thy hand; 235
 Full soon may dispensation⁴ sought,
 To back his suit, from Rome be brought.
 Then, though an exile on the hill,

¹ **Lomond**—The most beautiful of the Scottish lakes, about twenty-three miles long and five miles broad. The district, the home of the Lennox family, that surrounded it at its southern end, through which runs the River Leven, was of extraordinary fertility and frequently the prey of Highland marauders.

² **Holy-Rood**—The royal palace at Edinburgh.

³ **Guerdon**—Reward.

⁴ **Dispensation**—Roderick and Helen were cousins and consequently could not marry without special license from the Pope.

Thy father, as the Douglas, still
 Be held in reverence and fear; 240
 And though to Roderick thou'rt so dear
 That thou mightst 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 250
 To Lady Margaret's care I owe,
 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 votaress in Maronnan's cell;¹ 260
 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, 265
 Than wed the man she cannot love.

XIV

“Thou shak'st, good friend, thy tresses gray,—
 That pleading look, what can it say

¹ Maronnan's cell—A chapel at the eastern extremity of Loch Lomond.

But what I own? — I grant him brave,
 But wild as Bracklinn's¹ 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?"—

¹ **Bracklinn**—A beautiful waterfall on the River Keltie, near Callander.

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-man¹ forged by fairy lore,
 What time he leagued, no longer foes,
 His Border spears with Hotspur's² bows,
 Did, self-unsceabbarded,³ 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 Beltane⁴ game
 Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Grame; 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,

¹ **Tine-man**—Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was called the Tine-man because he tined or lost so many of his followers in every battle he fought. He was finally killed, along with about two thousand of his followers, in a battle in France.

² **Hotspur**—Harry Percy, son of the Earl of Northumberland, defeated and captured Douglas at the battle of Homildon Hill in 1402. Soon after the Percies rebelled against Henry IV. and Douglas was released on condition that he would assist them against the king. Henry, however, was victorious and Douglas was again taken prisoner. See Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, Part I.

³ **Self-unsceabbarded**—A serious omen; the sword had fallen from the scabbard of its own accord.

⁴ **Beltane**—A Celtic festival on the first day of May in connection with which great fires were lighted on the hills, followed by games and dancing.

No weeping birch nor aspens wake, 325
 Nor breath is dimpling in the lake;
 Still is the canna's¹ hoary beard,
 Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard —
 And hark again! some pipe of war
 Sends tne 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,²
 Steered full upon the lonely isle;
 The point of Briancoil they passed,
 And, to the windward as they cast,
 Against the sun they gave to shine
 The bold Sir Roderick's bannered Pine.³ 340
 Nearer and nearer as they bear,
 Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air.
 Now might you see the tartans brave,⁴
 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 chanters⁵ down, and sweep
 The furrowed bosom of the deep,

¹ **Canna**—The cotton-grass.

² **Glengyle**—A valley at the head of Loch Katrine.

³ **Pine**—The emblem of Clan-Alpine.

⁴ **Brave**—Beautiful.

⁵ **Chanters**—Streamers were attached to the pipes of the instruments.

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 clan's shrill Gathering¹ 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.

¹ **Gathering**—The tune used to summon the clan to battle

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, 395
 "Roderick Vich Alpine,¹ ho! iro!"
 And near, and nearer as they rowed,
 Distinct the martial ditty flowed.

XIX

BOAT SONG

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
 Honoured and blest 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,
 Gayly to bourgeon² and broadly to grow, 405
 While every Highland glen
 Sends our shout back again,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu,³ ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade; 410

¹ **Vich Alpine**—Son of Alpine.

² **Bourgeon**—Bud.

³ **Dhu**—Black. The line means "Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpin."

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 Breadalbane,¹ then,
 Echo his praise again,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroel!"

XX

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,²
 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-glen³
 Shake when they hear again,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroel!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
 Stretch to your oars for the ever-green Pine! 430
 O that the rosebud⁴ that graces yon islands
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
 O that some seedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,

¹ **Breadalbane**—The country to the north of Loch Lomond around Loch Tay.

² **Glen Fruin**—A valley to the south-west of Loch Lomond, once the scene of a bloody battle between the Macgregors and the Colquhouns in which more than two hundred of the latter clan were killed. The places mentioned in lines 420 and 421 are in the immediate neighbourhood.

³ **Leven-glen**—The valley, the Leven, through which Loch Lomond empties into the Clyde.

⁴ **Rosebud**—Ellen Douglas.

Honoured and blessed in their shadow might grow!⁴³⁵
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from her 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 tresses 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 wreath 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
 'T is 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 't was an 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,¹ won

¹ **Norman pennon**—Captured by Douglas at Newcastle in 1388. It was in revenge for the invasion of his territory that Earl Percy led his followers into Scotland and fought the bloody battle of Otterbourne or Chevy Chase.

In bloody field, before me shone,
 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 crescent¹ owned my might,
 And in my train trooped lord and knight, 505
 Though Blantyre² 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, 510
 A welcome give more kind and true
 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 t e 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,³ sought to fly. 525
 And, trust, while in such guise she stood;

¹ **Waned crescent**—One of the badges of the Percies.

² **Blantyre**—The Priory of Blantyre was on the opposite bank of the Clyde from Bothwell Castle.

³ **Unhooded**—The falcon with a hood over its head was usually carried on the wrist. When the prey was sighted the hood was taken off.

Like fabled Goddess of the wood,¹
 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 ptarmigan² 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 Lomond³ could he press,
 And not a sob⁴ 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

¹ **Goddess of the wood**—Diana, the huntress goddess.

² **Ptarmigan**—This bird becomes white in winter.

³ **Ben Lomond**—This mountain, on the shores of the lake,
 is over three thousand feet in height.

⁴ **Not a sob**—Without losing breath.

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,
 'T is 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' ¹ shade;
 Nor strayed I safe, for all around 575
 Hunters and horsemen scoured the ground.
 This youth, though still a royal ward,²
 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 ³ glen,
 Nor peril aught for me again."

¹ **Glenfinlas**—The district lying to the north-east of the Trosachs.

² **Royal ward**—Malcolm being under age was under the guardianship of the king.

³ **Strath-Endrick**—The district at the south-east corner of Loch Lomond.

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.¹
 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,—

¹ **Glozing words**—Words that do not convey a plain meaning.

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List all! — The King's vindictive pride 615
 Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,¹
 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 Meggat's mead,²
 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 tyrant³ of the Scottish throne,
 So faithless and so ruthless known, 630
 Now hither comes; his end the same,
 The same pretext of sylvan game.

¹ **Tamed the Border-side**—"In 1529, James made a convention at Edinburgh, for the purpose of considering the best mode of quelling the Border robbers, who, during the license 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 gates 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 Scotch 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."—*Scott*.

² **Meggat's mead**—The meadows lying along the banks of the **Meggat**, a tributary of the **Yarrow**, which flows into the **Ettrick**. Both the **Ettrick** and the **Teviot** are branches of the **Tweed**.

³ **Tyrant**—From the standpoint of the Highland chief.

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." 1

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
 'T was 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 gray 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,"—

' Streight I show—"Difficulties I have revealed."

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 Forth¹ shall hear the knell,
 The guards shall start in Stirling's porch;²
 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,

¹ **Links of Forth**—The windings of the River Forth near Stirling.

² **Stirling's porch**—The gate of Stirling Castle, a favourite residence of the Scottish kings.

And, on the verge that beetled¹ 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 fence² 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,

¹ **Beetled**—Projected.

² **Battled fence**—Battlements.

"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.
 'T was 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,¹

¹ **Checked shroud**—Tartan plaid.

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! holdst 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,

¹ Fell² Her
be read
of his 1
seat, at
watches
Scott.³ Safe

As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,
 And each upon his rival glared,
 With foot advanced and blade half bared.

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 't were
 Such cheek should feel the midnight air!
 Then mayst thou to James Stuart tell,
 Roderick will keep the lake and fell,¹
 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 henchman² came:
 "Give our safe-conduct³ 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 churlish 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

¹ **Fell**—Hill.

² **Henchman**—"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 which his title is derived, and watches the conversation to see if anyone offends his patron."
Scott.

³ **Safe-conduct**—Guarantee of protection.

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 Cross¹ 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 't were 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;

¹ **Fiery Cross**—See Canto III, line 18.

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.

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 happed¹ by land or sea,

¹ Ventures happed—Adventures that happened.

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 banner¹ flew,
 While clamorous war-pipes yelled the gathering
 sound,
 And while the Fiery Cross² glanced, like a meteor, round.

II

The Summer dawn's reflected hue
 To purple changed Loch Katrine blue; 20

¹ **Kindred banner**—Banner of the clan.

² **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 despatch, 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 warlike signal."—*Scott*.

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 dew-drops, led her fawn;
 The gray mist left the mountain-side,
 The torrent showed its glistening pride;
 Invisible in flecked 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 sheathed 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 rowan¹ 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, seamed o'er,
 The scars of frantic penance² bore. 70
 That monk, of savage form and face,
 The impending danger of his race
 Had drawn from deepest solitude,
 Far in Benharrow's³ bosom rude.
 Not his the mien of Christian priest, 75
 But Druid's,⁴ from the grave released,
 Whose hardened heart and eye might brook
 On human sacrifice to look;
 And much, 't was 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,

¹ **Rowan**—The mountain ash.

² **Frantic penance**—Penance inflicted in his frenzy.

³ **Benharrow**—A mountain near Loch Lomond.

⁴ **Druids**—The priests of the ancient Britons, who were accustomed to offer up human sacrifices.

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-dweller¹ 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 fettered² there the hand
 Which once could burst an iron band; 100
 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,

¹ **Desert-dweller**—Hermit.

² **Fettered**—Grew over and then held down to the ground.

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; 125
 A moody and heart-broken boy,
 Estranged from sympathy and joy,
 Bearing each taunt with careless tongue
 On his mysterious lineage flung.
 Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,
 To wood and stream his hap to wail, 130
 Till, 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 ¹ page;
 Even in its treasures he could find
 Food for the fever of his mind. 140
 Eager he read whatever tells
 Of magic, cabala,² and spells,
 And every dark pursuit allied
 To curious ³ and presumptuous pride;

¹ **Sable-lettered**—Black-letter, the old English character, so called from the thick, black strokes.

² **Cabala**—Mysteries.

³ **Curious**—Prying into things unknown.

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 Demon¹ 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.

¹ **River Demon**—"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 noontide 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*.

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 ¹ boding scream;
 Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast
 Of charging steeds, careering fast 170
 Along Benharrow's shingly side,
 Where mortal horseman ne'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

'T was 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,

¹ **Ben-Shie**—"Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a tutelary, or rather a domestic, spirit, attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity, and intimidated, by its wailings, any approaching disaster. The Ben-Shie implies the 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*.

A cubit's length in measure due;
 The shaft and limbs were rods of yew, 190
 Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach¹ 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 mingled 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 flings to shore his mustered force,
 Burst with loud roar their answer hoarse,
 “Woe to the traitor, woe!”

¹ *Inch-Cailliach*—The “Island of old women” at the southern end of Loch Lomond, so called from a nunnery which formerly existed there, is still a burying-place of the Macgregors.

Ben-an's gray 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 cursed 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,

1 Co

2 Be

cattle,
 birch-t
 nan-U
 poses
 can co

Coir-Uriskin,¹ thy goblin cave!
 And the gray pass where birches wave
 On Beala-nam-bo.² 255

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, 260
 And deadlier, on the clansman's head
 Who, summoned to his chieftain's aid,
 The signal saw and disobeyed.
 The crosslet's points of sparkling wood
 He quenched among the bubbling blood, 265
 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! 270
 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! 275
 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 280
 The murmur of the deep Amen.

¹ **Coir-Uriskin**—See Canto III., line 622, and also page 89.

² **Beala-nam-bo**—"Beleach-nam-bo, or the pass of the cattle, is a most magnificent glade, overhung with aged birch-trees, a little higher up the mountain than the Coir-nan-Uriskin treated of in a former note. The whole composes the most sublime piece of scenery that imagination can conceive."—*Scott*.

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 mead¹ —
 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 hide² 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 questing³ hound;

¹ **Lanrick mead**—A meadow at the north-western end of Lake Vennachar.

² **Dun deer's hide**—Shoes made of deer skin.

³ **Questing**—Hunting.

The crag is high, the scaur¹ 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 slacked the messenger his pace;
 He showed the sign, he named the place,
 And, pressing forward like the wind,
 Left clamour and surprise behind. .
 The fisherman forsook the strand, 330
 The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
 With changed cheer, the mower blithe
 Left in the half-cut swath 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.

¹ Scaur—Precipice.

Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er
 Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
 The rocks, the bosky¹ 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's² huts appear at last,
 And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen, 350
 Half hidden in the copse so green;
 There mayst thou rest, thy labour done,
 Their lord shall speed the signal on.—
 As stoops the hawk upon his prey,
 The henchman shot him down the way. 355
 What woful 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 torch's 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 coronach³ resound.

¹ **Bosky**—Bushy.

² **Duncraggan**—A small village lying between Lochs Ven-
 nachar and Achray.

³ **Coronach**—"The coronach of the Highlanders was a
 wild expression of lamentation poured forth by the mourners
 over the body of a departed friend. When the words of it
 were articulate they expressed the praises of the deceased
 and the loss the clan would sustain by his death."—*Scott*.

Poor 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.
 'T is 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, 405
 The henchman bursts into the hall;
 Before 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, 15
 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 flitting 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

Benledi¹ saw the Cross of Fire,
 It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.

¹ **Benledi**—"The first stage of the Fiery Cross is to Duncraggan, a place near the Brigg of Turk, where a short stream divides Loch Achray from Loch Vennachar. From thence it passes towards Callander, and then, turning to the left up the pass of Leny, is consigned to Norman at the Chapel of Saint Bride, which stood on a small and romantic knoll in the middle of the valley, called Strath-Ire. Tombea and Armandave, or Ardmandave, are names of places in the vicinity. The alarm is then supposed to pass along the Lake of Lubnaig, and through the various glens in the district of Balquidder, including the neighbouring tracts of Glenfinlas and Strath-Gartney."—*Scott*.

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 Bride¹ 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 sympathetic² 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 uncraggan'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 rout³ that morning-tide
 Had sought the chapel of Saint Bride.
 Her troth Tombea's Mary gave 480
 To Norman, heir of Armandave,

¹ **Saint Bride**—Saint Bridget, an Irish nun of the fifth century.

² **Sympathetic**—In sympathy with the dizzy motion of the torrent.

³ **Rout**—Assembly.

And, issuing from the Gothic arch,¹
 The bridal now resumed their march
 In rude but glad procession came
 Bonneted sire and coif-clad² 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; 490
 And minstrels, that in measures vied
 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's³ 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,

¹ **Gothic arch**—The sharp-pointed arch of the door.

² **Coif**—The head-covering worn by married women, as the **snood** was worn by maidens.

³ **Kerchief**—The coif was made of white linen.

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

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; 525
 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? 530
 The sickening pang of hope deferred,
 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 bracken¹ curtain for my head,
 My lullaby the warder's² 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. 565
 And if returned from conquered foes,
 How blithely will the evening close,
 How sweet the linnet sing repose,
 To my young bride and me, Mary!

XXIV

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
 Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze, 570

¹ Bracken—Fern.

² Warder—Sentinel.

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 ¹
 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,
 Till rose in arms each man might claim
 A portion in Clan-Alpine's name,
 From the gray 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, 590
 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 595
 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,

¹ **Coil**—Noise.

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To view the frontiers of Menteith.
 All backward came with news of truce; 605
 Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce,
 In Rednock¹ courts no horsemen wait,
 No banner waved on Cardross gate,
 On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,
 Nor scared the herons from Loch Con;² 610
 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.³

¹ **Rednock, Cardross, Duchray**—Castles on the border of the Highlands.

² **Loch Con**—A small lake to the south of Lake Katrine.

³ **Goblin Cave**—"This is a very steep and most romantic hollow 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. '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 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 Benvenue.'"—*Scott*.

XXVI

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 stayed full many a rock,
 Hurl'd by primeval earthquake shock 630
 From Benvenue's gray 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 gray.
 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.
 Gray Superstition's whisper dread
 Debarred the spot to vulgar tread;
 For there, she said, did fays resort, 655
 And satyrs¹ hold their sylvan court,
 By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
 And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

¹ **Satyrs**—Ancient Greek divinities who inhabited the woods, half goat and half man in form.

XXVII

25 Now eve, with western shadows long,
 Floated on Katrine bright and strong, 660
 When Roderick with a chosen few
 Repassed the heights of Benvenue.
 30 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
 35 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,
 40 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,
 45 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,
 50 Their targets gleam, as by the boat
 A wild and warlike group they stand, 685
 That well became such mountain-strand.

XXVIII

55 Their Chief with step reluctant still
 Was lingering on the craggy hill,
 Hard by where turned apart the road
 60 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?
 'T is Ellen, or an angel, sings.

XXIX

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN

*Ave Maria!*¹ 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!

¹ *Ave Maria*—Hail, Mary! The first words of a Latin prayer to the Virgin Mary. See Luke I, 28.

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Ave Maria! undefiled!

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

695 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.

705 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.

715 Then while his plaid he round him cast,
"It is the last time,—'t is the last,"
He muttered thrice,—"the last time e'er 745
That angel-voice shall Roderick hear!"

720 It was a goading thought,— his stride
Hied hastier down the mountain-side;
Sullen he flung him in the boat,
An 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, 760
 Were couched to rest upon the ground,
 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, 770
 Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,
 Shook the steep mountain's steady side.
 Thrice it arose, and lake and fell
 Three times returned the martial yell;
 It died upon Bochastle's plain, 775
 And Silence claimed her evening reign.

CANTO FOURTH

THE PROPHECY

I

"THE rose is fairest when 't is 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

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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,¹ 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?²

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 foeman?" Norman said. —

"Varying reports from near and far;

¹ **Fond conceit**—Idle thought.

² **Braes of Doune**—The hills on the north bank of the Teith.

This certain,— that a band of war 85
 Has for two days been ready boune,¹
 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

"T is 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 Taghairm² called; by which, afar,

¹ **Boune**—Ready. The word is redundant here.

² **Taghairm**—"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 preci-

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 Scott.

¹ **Galla**

² **Kern**

³ **Beal**

Dennan'

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.¹
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 kerns² in awe,
Even at the pass of Beal 'maha.³
But steep and flinty was the road, 75
And sharp the hurrying pikeman's goad,
And when we came to Dinnan's Row
A child might scathless stroke his brow."

V

NORMAN

"That bull was slain; his reeking hide
They stretched the cataract beside, 80

pice, 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 the disembodied spirits, who haunt these desolate recesses. In some of the Hebrides they attributed the same oracular power to a large black stone by the sea-shore, which they approached with certain solemnities, and considered the first fancy which came into their own minds, after they did so, to be the undoubted dictate of the tutelary deity of the stone, and, as such, to be, if possible, punctually complied with."—*Scott*.

¹ **Gallangad**—A district to the south of Loch Lomond.

² **Kerns**—Light-armed soldiers.

³ **Beal 'maha**—A pass on the east side of Loch Lomond. **Dinnan's Row** lies a few miles to the north.

Whose waters their wild tumult toss
 Adown the black and craggy boss ¹
 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,²
 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,
 Yon fiend-begotten Monk can tell. 105
 The Chieftain joins him, see — and now
 Together they descend the brow."

VI

And, as they came, with Alpine's Lord
 The Hermit Monk held solemn word:—

¹ **Boss**—Knob, or projection.

² **Broke**—Quartered, a technical term for the method of cutting up the stag.

"Roderick! it is a fearful strife, 110
 For man endowed with mortal life,
 Whose shroud of sentient clay ¹ can still
 Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,
 Whose eye can stare in stony trance,
 Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance,— 115
 'T is 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
 A 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, ² 130
 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 ³ has sought my land this morn,— 140

¹ **Shroud of sentient clay**—The body.

² **Blazed in scroll**—Emblazoned on parchment.

³ **A spy**—Fitz-James.

IV

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
 145 Unfix Benledi from his stance,¹
 Than doubt or terror can pierce through 175
 The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu!
 'T is stubborn as his trusty targe.
 Each to his post! — all know their charge.''
 The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,
 150 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 gray stone 185
 Fast by the cave, and makes her moan,
 While vainly Allan's words of cheer
 160 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 streamers² of the north;
 I marked at morn how close they ride,
 Thick moored by the lone islet's side, 200

¹ Stance--Station.

² Red streamers—Aurora Borealis.

150

155

160

165

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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 report 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 saidst, about him wound.
 Think'st thou he trowed¹ thine omen aught?
 O no! 't was 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

¹ Trowed—Believed.

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Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's¹ fane,
 If eve return him not again,
 Am I to hie and make me known?
 Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne,
 Buys his friends' safety with his own;
 He goes to do — what I had done,
 Had Douglàs' daughter been his son!"

XI

"Nay, lovely Ellen! — dearest, nay!
 If aught should his return delay,
 He only named yon holy fane
 As fitting place to meet again.
 Be sure he's safe; and for the Græme,—
 Heaven's blessing on his gallant name!—
 My visioned sight² may yet prove true,
 Nor bode of ill to him or you.
 When did my gifted³ dream beguile?
 Think of the stranger at the isle,
 And think upon the harpings slow
 That presaged this approaching woe!
 Sooth⁴ was my prophecy of fear;
 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,
 My harp was wont thy grief to cheer."

ELLEN

"Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear,
 But cannot stop the bursting tear."

¹ **Cambus-kenneth**—An abbey on the Forth, near Stirling.

² **Visioned sight**—The aged minstrel was gifted with second sight.

³ **Gifted**—Inspired.

⁴ **Sooth**—True.

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 merle¹ 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
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

265

"O Alice, 't was all for thy locks so bright,
And 't was all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight
Thy brother bold I slew.

270

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

275

"And for vest of pall,² thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
To keep the cold away."

280

¹ **Mavis and merle**—Thrush and blackbird.

² **Pall**—Purple cloth.

260 "O Richard! if my brother died,
 'T was but a fatal chance;
 For darkling¹ was the battle tried,
 And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair no more I wear, 285
 Nor thou the crimson sheen,²
 As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,
 As gay the forest-green.

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

XIII

BALLAD CONTINUED

265 'T is merry, 't is merry, in good greenwood;
 So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
 On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side, 295
 Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

270 Up spoke the moody Elfin King,³
 Who woned⁴ within the hill,—
 Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
 His voice was ghostly shrill. 300

1 **Darkling**—In the dark.

2 **Crimson sheen**—Bright crimson cloth.

3 **Elfin King**—"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 subterraneous 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."—*Dr. Grahame*.

4 **Woned**—Dwelt.

“Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
 Our moonlight circle’s¹ screen?
 Or who comes here to chase the deer,
 Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
 Or who may dare on wold to wear
 The fairies’ fatal green?² 305

“Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
 For thou wert christened man;³
 For cross⁴ 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

’T is merry, ’t is 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

¹ **Circle**—Fairy Rings, as they are called, circles of grass of a brighter green than the grass that surrounds them. These are common in meadows.

² **Fatal green**—Green was the favourite colour of the Men of Peace. They were supposed to take offence should mortals presume to wear this colour.

³ **Christened man**—“The Elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to these mortals who had fallen into their power a certain precedence, founded upon this advantageous distinction.”—*Scott*.

⁴ **Cross**—The sign of the cross.

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And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
 "I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
 "That is made with bloody hands."

305 But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
 That woman void of fear,— 325
 "And if there 's blood upon his hand,
 'T is but the blood of deer."

310 "Now loud thy liest, thou bold of mood!
 It cleaves unto his hand,
 The stain of thine own kindly blood,¹ 330
 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

315 "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

320 " 'T is merry, 't is 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

¹ **Kindly blood**—The blood of thine own kin.

Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

“And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem, 350
And now like dwarf and ape.

“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 355
To the joyless Elfin bower.

“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 fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold; 365
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing, 370
But merrier were they in Dunfermline ¹ gray,
When all the bells were ringing.

¹ **Dunfermline**—The Grey Friars' Abbey in Dunfermline, a town about seventeen miles north of Edinburgh.

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XVI

Just as the minstrel sounds were stayed,
 A stranger climbed the steepy glade;
 His martial step, his stately mien, 375
 His hunting-suit of Lincoln green,
 His eagle glance, remembrance claims —
 'T is Snowdown's Knight, 't is 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 bourne¹
 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;

¹ **Bourne**—Limit.

² **Scathe**—Harm or danger.

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! 't were 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 't were infamy to wed. 430
 Still wouldst 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!"

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XVIII

405 Fitz-James knew every wily train ¹
 A lady's fickle heart to gain,
 But here he knew and felt them vain.
 There shot no glance from Ellen's eye, 440
 To give her steadfast speech the lie;
 410 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, 450
 As brother would a sister guide.
 420 "O little know'st thou Roderick's heart!
 Safer for both we go apart.
 O haste thee, and from Allan learn
 If thou mayst trust yon wily kern." 455
 With hand upon his forehead laid,
 425 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

430 "Hear, lady, yet a parting word! —
 It chanced in fight that my poor sword
 Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.
 435 This ring the grateful Monarch gave,
 And bade, when I had boon to crave, 465
 To bring it back, and boldly claim

¹ **Train**—Lure.

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 ¹ 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 gray! 495
 For thee — for me, perchance — 't were well
 We ne'er had seen the Trosachs' dell.—
 Murdoch, move first — but silently;
 Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die!"

¹ Reck of—Care for.

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Jealous and sullen on they fared, 500
 Each silent, each upon his guard.

XXI

Now wound a path its dizzy ledge
 Around a precipice's edge,
 When lo! a wasted female form, 505
 Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
 In tattered weeds¹ 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
 Her brow was wreathed with gaudy broom;²
 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 —

¹ **Weeds**—Garments.

² **Broom**—The flower is bright yellow.

I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
 I cannot pray in Highland tongue. 530
 But were I now where Allan ¹ glides,
 Or heard my native Devan's tides,
 So sweetly would I rest and pray
 That Heaven would close my wintry day!

'T was 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 gray, 545
 As the lone heron spreads his wing,
 By twilight, o'er a haunted spring."
 "'T is 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 ² charge.— 555
 Hence, brain-sick fool!"— He raised his bow:—
 "Now, if thou strik'st her but one blow,

¹ **Allan—Devan**—Two beautiful streams that flow down from the Highlands and empty into the Forth not far from Stirling.

² **Maudlin**—Magdalene.

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I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far
 As ever peasant pitched a bar!"¹
 "Thanks, champion, thanks!" the Maniac cried,⁵⁶⁰
 And pressed her to Fitz-James's side.
 "See the gray 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 batten² on his bones,
 And then shall his detested plaid,
 By bush 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,

¹ **Pitched a bar**—A game much like our throwing the hammer.

² **Batten**—Fatten.

Then turned it on the Knight, and then
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

XXV

"The toils are pitched,¹ and the stakes are set,— 590
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,² 595
Bearing its branches sturdily;
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,

¹ **Toils are pitched**—"The nets are set."—*Rolfe*.

² **Stag of ten**—"Having ten branches on his antlers."—*Scott*.

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He waved at once his blade on high,
 "Disclose thy treachery, or die!"
 Forth at full speed the Clansman 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 couched upon the heathery moor; 625
 Them couldst 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 gray,
 Daggled¹ with blood, beside her lay.
 The Knight to stanch the life-stream tried,—

¹ Daggled—Wet.

"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 't was shred,
 Nor from what guiltless victim's head,—
 My brain would turn! — but it shall wave 660
 Like plumage on thy helmet brave,
 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 ¹ 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;

¹ Wreak—Avenge.

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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!”

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,
No other favour¹ 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,

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.

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:² —

“Of all my rash adventures past

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?—

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:

¹ **Favour**—It was customary for knights to wear in their helmets favours given them by ladies, such as a glove, lock of hair, etc.

² **Thought** . . . o’er—Reflected on.

I'll couch me here till evening gray,
Then darkling try my dangerous way."

710

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;
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,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice¹ there
Tempered the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze that swept the wold
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.
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.

715

720

725

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?"
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."

735

¹ **Summer solstice**—The heat of midsummer.

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"Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No."
 "Thou dar'st 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 slip¹ 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 cam'st 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 mayst 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 flesh² 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;

¹ Slip—Loose.

² Hardened flesh—The blood was first squeezed out and the flesh afterwards dried in the open air.

Each word against his honour spoke
 Demands of me avenging stroke; 770
 Yet more,— upon thy fate, 't is said,
 A mighty augury¹ 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;²
 From thence thy warrant is thy sword."
 "I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
 As freely as 't is 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;³
 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.

¹ **Mighty augury**—See Canto IV., lines 132 and 133.

² **Coilantogle's ford**—A ford over the Teith just as it issues from Loch Vennachar.

³ **Wreath**—The bed of heather.

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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 of 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 matins¹ 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 gray.
 A wildering path! — they winded now
 Along the precipice's brow,
 Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
 The windings of the Forth and Teith, 25

¹ **Soldier matins**—Such brief morning prayers as would be suitable for a soldier.

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.
 'T was oft 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;
 A 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 shingles¹ 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
 Dank² osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
 And oft both path and hill were torn,
 Where wintry torrent 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,

¹ Shingles—Gravel.² Dank—Moist.

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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, 65
 "I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
 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 ¹ 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,

¹ **Poor mechanic**—Note the contempt of the knight for the poor mechanic.

Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,
 Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"

"No, by my word; — of bands prepared 90
 To guard King James's sports I heard;
 Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
 This 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 loath
 Their silken folds should feast the moth.
 Free be they flung! — as free shall wave
 Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave. 100
 But, stranger, peaceful since you came,
 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 105
 Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
 Save as an outlawed, desperate man,
 The chief of a rebellious clan,
 Who, in the Regent's court¹ 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 heardst thou why he drew his blade? 115
 Heardst 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?"

¹ **Regent's court**—During the minority of James, his cousin, the Duke of Albany, was regent.

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He rights such wrong where it is given, 130
 If it were in the court of heaven."
 "Still was it outrage; — yet, 't is 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 stranger¹ to respect and power.
 But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!—
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife, 130
 Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain
 His herds and harvest reared 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,—

¹ **Stranger**—As the young king had no authority or power he was not treated with respect.

'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:
 Hadst 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

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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,
 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!"

190

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
 Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
 On right, on left, above, below,
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
 From shingles gray their lances start,
 The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
 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
 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.
 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,

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215

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 foeman worthy of their steel.
 Short pace 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

220 From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,¹—
 The next, all unreflected, shone
 On bracken green and cold gray stone. 255

XI

225 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 wont² 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

¹ **Jack**—A leather coat, sometimes made stronger with iron plates.

² **Wont**—Accustomed.

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,¹
 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 wings² 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,

¹ **Three mighty lakes**—Vennachar, Achray and Katrine.
 "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 Bochastle. Upon a small eminence called the Dun of Bochastle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some intrenchments which have been thought Roman. There is adjacent to Callander a sweet villa, the residence of Captain Fairfoul, entitled the Roman Camp."—*Scott*.

² **Eagle wings**—The eagle was the Roman standard.

285 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.
 290 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:
 300 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
 305 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.
 335 Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
 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,
 340 When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
 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 strengths¹ 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,²
 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,³ 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,

¹ **Strengths**—Strongholds.

² **Carpet knight**—Contemptuously used of a knight who lingers in the ladies' boudoir instead of taking to the field.

³ **Ruth**—Pity.

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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 targe¹ he threw, 380
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
 Had death so often dashed aside;
 For, trained abroad² 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

¹ **Targe**—"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."—*Scott*.

² **Trained abroad**—In France.

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 ¹ 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 on 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

¹ **Recreant**—Coward.

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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, unhop'd, 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 praise¹ that faith and valour give." 445
With that he blew a bugle note,
Undid the collar from his throat,
Unbonneted, and by the wave
Sat 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 gray palfrey bear his weight,
We destined for a fairer freight,²
And bring him on to Stirling straight;
I will before at better speed,

¹ **The praise**—The praise that will be given to Roderick, should he live, will be lost to him should he die.

² **Fairer freight**—Ellen Douglas.

To seek fresh horse and fitting weed. 465
 The sun rides high; — I must be bounè
 To see the archer-game at noon;
 But lightly ¹ 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 sat 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 ² hill they flew; 485
 Still at the gallop pricked ³ 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,

¹ **Lightly**—Quickly.

² **Carhonie**—The places mentioned in the stanza lie between Loch Vennachar and Stirling.

³ **Pricked**—Galloped quickly.

465 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, 500
 And on the opposing shore take ground,
 With splash, with scramble, and with bound.
 470 Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!
 And soon the bulwark of the North,
 Gray Stirling, with her towers and town,
 Upon their fleet career looked down. 505

XIX

475 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:—
 480 "Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman gray, 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?
 485 Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom?" 515
 "No, by my word; — a burly groom
 He seems, who in the field or chase
 A baron's train would nobly grace —"
 490 "Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply, 520
 And jealousy, no sharper eye?
 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.
 'T is James of Douglas, by Saint Serle!¹ 525

¹ **Saint Serle**—It was probably the necessities of the rhyme that caused the king to swear by one of the obscurest saints in the calendar.

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 gray,
 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;¹—
 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;²⁵⁵⁰
 And thou, O sad and fatal mound!³
 That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
 As on the noblest of the land
 Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand,—

¹ **Bride of Heaven**—A nun.

² **Bled**—William, the eighth Earl of Douglas, was stabbed by King James II in Stirling Castle in 1452.

³ **Fatal mound**—The place where state prisoners were executed was an eminence on the north-east of the castle.

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¹ **Fran**
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² **Mo**
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³ **Star**

The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb 555
 Prepare — for Douglas seeks his doom!
 But hark! what blithe and jolly peal
 Makes the Franciscan steeple ¹ reel?
 530 And see! upon the crowded street,
 In motley groups what masquers meet! 560
 Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,
 And merry morrice-dancers ² 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,
 535 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
 540 If age has tamed these sinews stark,³
 Whose force so oft in happier days
 His boyish wonder loved to praise.'

XXI

545 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
 550 Fair Scotland's King and nobles went, 580
 While all along the crowded way
 Was jubilee and loud huzza.

¹ **Franciscan steeple**—The church of the Greyfriars or Franciscans was built by James IV on a hill near Stirling Castle.

² **Morrice-dancers**—*Moriscoes*, a Spanish word, meaning Moorish. The dance is said to have been borrowed from the Moors of Spain.

³ **Stark**—Stiff.

And ever James was bending low
 To his white jennet's¹ saddle-bow,
 Doffing his cap to a 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,² 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 burghers' joys disdained;
 And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,
 Were each from home a banished man,
 There thought upon their own gray 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 checkered bands the joyous rout. 610
 There morricers, with bell at heel

¹ **Jennet**—A small Spanish horse.

² **Commons' King**—So called from the delight he took in the amusements and pageants of the common people, and from the impartial way in which he administered the laws, treating rich and poor alike.

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And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;
 But chief, beside the butts, there stand
 585 Bold Robin Hood ¹ and all his band,—
 Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl, 615
 Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,
 Maid Marian, fair as ivory bone, .
 Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;
 590 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,²
 And when in turn he shot again,
 595 His second split the first in twain.
 From the King's hand must Douglas take 625
 A silver dart, the archers' stake³;
 Fondly he watched with watery eye,
 Some answering glance of sympathy,—
 600 No kind emotion made reply!
 Indifferent as to archer wight,⁴ 630
 The monarch gave the arrow bright.

XXIII

605 Now, clear the ring! for hand to hand,
 The many wrestlers take their stand.
 Two o'er the rest superior rose,
 And proud demanded mightier foes,— 635
 Nor called in vain, for Douglas came.—
 For life is Hugh of Larbert⁵ lame;

610 ¹ **Robin Hood**—The famous outlaw of Sherwood Forest. **Maid Marian** was his wife, **Little John** his lieutenant, and **Friar Tuck** the chaplain of the band. **Scathelock** and **Scarlet** and **Mutch** were archers.

² **In the white**—In the bull's eye, the very centre of the target.

³ **Stake**—Prize.

⁴ **Archer wight**—Archer fellow, an ordinary bowman.

⁵ **Larbert**—A town ten miles south of Stirling. **Alloa** is about seven miles to the east.

Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
 Whom senseless home his comrades bare. 640
 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; 645
 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 shown,
 The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone 650
 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 gray-haired sires, who know the past, 655
 To strangers point the Douglas cast,
 And moralize on the decay
 Of Scottish strength in modern day.

XXIV

The vale with loud applauses rang,
 The Ladies' Rock ¹ sent back the clang. 660
 The King, with look unmoved, bestowed
 A purse well filled with pieces broad.²
 Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
 And threw the gold among the crowd, 665
 Who now with anxious wonder scan,
 And sharper glance, the dark gray man;
 Till whispers rose among the throng,

¹ **Ladies' Rock**—A small mound on which the ladies were accustomed to take their stand in order to watch the sports.

² **Pieces broad**—Twenty-shilling pieces, so called because they were broader than the guineas which came into use in 1663.

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,¹ 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,

¹ **Begirt his board**—Sat as guests at his table.

700 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."—
 705 "Thus is my clemency repaid?
 Presumptuous Lord!" the Monarch said:
 "Of thy misproud ambitious clan, 740
 Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
 The only man, in whom a foe
 710 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.¹—
 715 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

720 Then uproar wild and misarray
 Marred the fair form of festal day.
 The horsemen pricked among the crowd, 755
 Repelled by threats and insult loud;
 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,
 730 While on the rear in thunder pour
 The rabble with disordered roar.
 With grief the noble Douglas saw 765

¹ **Ward**—Confinement under guard.

The Commons rise against the law.
 And to the leading soldier said:
 "Sir John of Hyndford,¹ 't was my blade
 That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
 For that good deed permit me then
 A word with these misguided men.—

770

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.
 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,
 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,
 To know those spears our foes 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,
 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 your right to love me still!"

775

780

785

790

795

XXIX

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
 In tears, as tempests melt in rain.

¹ **Hyndford**—A village in Lanarkshire, on the River Clyde.

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 arms¹ and drooping head, 810
 The Douglas up the hill he led,
 And at the Castle's battled verge,
 With sighs resigned his honoured charge. 815

XXX

The offended Monarch rode apart,
 With bitter thought 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 hail 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?

Clyde.

¹ **Trailing arms**—As if at a funeral.

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 cognizance¹ 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
 ’T is 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,

¹ **Cognizance**—The badge he wore to distinguish the house to which he belonged.

830 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,
 835 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
 840 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

850 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
 855 They mourned him pent within the hold,
 “Where stout Earl William¹ was of old.”—
 And there his word the speaker stayed,
 And finger on his lip he laid,
 Or pointed to his dagger blade. 890

¹ Earl William—See Canto V, line 550.

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, 896
 And lasted till the set of sun.
 Thus giddy rumour shook the town,
 Till closed the Night her pennons ¹ brown.

CANTO SIXTH

THE GUARD-ROOM

I

THE sun, awakening, through the smoky air
 Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
 Rousing each caitiff ² to his task of care,
 Of sinful man the sad inheritance;
 Summoning revellers from the lagging dance, 5
 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 it stream;
 The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam,
 The debtor wakes to thought of gyve ³ 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.

¹ Pennons—Wings.

² Caitiff—Creature of misery. ³ Gyve—Fetters.

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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 beakers¹ 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 harness² rung.

III

These drew not for their fields³ the sword,
 Like tenants of a feudal lord,
 Nor owned the patriarchal claim⁴ 45
 Of Chieftain in their leader's name;

¹ **Beakers**—Drinking vessels. ² **Harness**—Armour.

³ **For their fields**—Paid their rentals by military service.

⁴ **Patriarchal claim**—As the chief was considered the father of his clan they were bound to obey his commands.

Adventurers¹ 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,² 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 burden³ to the ruffian joke, 75
 And savage oath by fury spoke!—

¹ **Adventurers**—Mercenary soldiers.

² **Halberd**—A long-handed battle-axe which might be used as a spear.

³ **Burden**—Chorus.

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¹ **Tren**
³ **Poul**
⁴ **Seve**
 avarice,
⁵ **Sack**
⁶ **Ups**
 Dutch.

At length up started John of Brent,
 A yeoman from the banks of Trent¹;
 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 buxom² chorus bear.
 Like brethren of the brand and spear."

V

SOLDIER'S SONG

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule³ 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 sins⁴ in a flagon of sack⁵;
 Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor,
 Drink upsees⁶ 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!

¹ **Trent**—A river in England. ² **Buxom**—Lively.

³ **Poule**—Paul.

⁴ **Seven deadly sins**—Pride, idleness, gluttony, lust, avarice, envy and wrath.

⁵ **Sack**—A Spanish wine.

⁶ **Upsees**—A Bacchanalian interjection borrowed from the Dutch.

Our vicar thus preaches,— and why should he not?
 For the dues of his cure ¹ are the placket and pot;²
 And 't is right of his office poor laymen to lurch ³
 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, gray and scarred,
 Was entering now the Court of Guard, 115
 A harper with him, and, 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 untamable
 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."

¹ **Dues of his cure**—The revenue drawn from his charge.

² **Placket and pot**—Women and wine.

³ **Lurch**—Rob.

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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, 185
 Mar bade I should purvey them steed,¹
 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:² —
 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

¹ **Purvey them steed**—Provide them with horses.

² **Tartan screen**—The tartan she wore as a veil.

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 or 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 ¹ 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 175
 The Captain of our watch to hall:
 There lies my halberd on the floor;
 And he that steps my halberd 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 ² 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;

¹ **Needwood**—The royal forest in Staffordshire.

² **Tullibardine's house**—The Murrays of Tullibardine in Perthshire.

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¹ **Errat**
to espou
² **Bow**

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. 196
 "Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!
 Come ye to seek a champion's aid,
 On palfrey white, with harper hoar,
 Like errant damosel¹ 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 bower²
 Repose you till his waking hour;
 Female attendance shall obey 220
 Your hest, for service or array.
 Permit I marshal you the way."

¹ **Errant damosel**—Wandering maiden in search of a knight to espouse her quarrel or avenge her wrongs.

² **Bower**—Chamber.

But, ere she followed, with the grace
 And open bounty of her race, 225
 She bade her slender purse be shared
 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-cap¹ I'll bear, 235
 Perchance, in jeopardy of war,
 Where gayer crests may keep afar."
 With thanks — 't was 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,

¹ **Barret-cap**—A flat cloth cap.

¹ **Wot-**
² **Whe**
 the victi
³ **Engi**

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 wot¹ 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 prisoners' moan and fetters' din; 275
 Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,
 Lay wheel,² and axe, and headsman's sword,
 And many a hideous engine³ 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,

¹ **Wot**—Understand.

² **Wheel**—An instrument of torture on which the limbs of the victim were broken.

³ **Engine**—Machine.

And made the bar unhasp its hold. 285
 They entered:—'t was 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 ¹ 290
 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 mayst remain
 Till the Leech ² 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 ³
 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

¹ Garniture—Furniture.² Leech—Doctor.³ Prore—Prow.¹ De
of the

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
 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 race¹ our victory.—

¹ Dermid's race—The Campbells, the hereditary enemies of the Macgregors.

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.

XV

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE¹

"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 eyry nods the erne,²

¹ *Beal' an Duine*—"The pass of the man."

² *Erne*—Eagle.

The deer has sought the brake;
 The small birds will not sing aloud,
 The springing trout lies still,
 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?—

I see the dagger-crest¹ of Mar,
 I see the Moray's silver star,
 Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
 That up the lake comes winding far!
 To hero boune for battle-strife,
 Or bard of martial lay,
 'T were worth ten years of peaceful life,
 One glance at their array!

XVI

“Their light-armed archers far and near
 Surveyed the tangled ground,
 Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
 A twilight forest frowned,
 Their barded horsemen² in the rear
 The stern battalia³ crowned.
 No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
 Still were the pipe and drum;

¹ **Dagger-crest**—See Canto IV, line 152.

² **Barded horsemen**—Wearing defensive armour.

³ **Battalia**—An army arrayed for battle.

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 vaward¹ 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, ⁴²⁰
 High-swelling, dark, and slow.
 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 ² 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 ³—
 And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry, ⁴³⁵

¹ **Vaward**—Vanguard.

² **Banner-cry**—The call to rally round the standard.

³ **Flight they ply**—The meaning is obscure here. Rolfe suggests: "They keep up a constant fire," but this is contradictory. Some editions read **plight**. The meaning might then be: "They did their best to get out of their difficult position."

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 Tinchel¹ cows 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

¹ **Tinchel**—"A circle of sportsmen who, by surrounding a great space and gradually narrowing, brought immense quantities of deer together which usually made desperate efforts to break through the Tinchel."—*Scott*.

As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
 I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
 As if a 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 lightsome¹ 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 reflux² 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 linn,³
 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

¹ **Lightsome**—Without difficulty.

² **Reflux**—Flowing back

³ **Linn**—Cataract

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Is bearing on; its issue wait,
Where the rude Trosachs' dread defile
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle. 500
Gray 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; 520

The plaided warriors of the North
High on the mountain thunder forth
And overhang its side,

While by the lake below appears
The darkening cloud of Saxon spears. 525

At weary bay each shattered band,
Eying their foemen, sternly stand;
Their banners stream like tattered sail,
That flings its fragments to the gale,
And broken arms and disarray 530
Marked the fell havoc of the day.

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:
 'T is there of yore the robber band
 Their booty wont to pile;—
 My purse, with bonnet-pieces¹ 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 corselet 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.
 'T was 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 mâr 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,²
 565 Behind an oak I saw her stand,

¹ **Bonnet-pieces**—A gold coin of James V. On the coin the king is represented as wearing a bonnet.

² **Widowed dame**—See Canto III, lines 428 *et seq.*

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 585
 A herald’s voice forbade the war,
 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 600

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; 605
 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! 610
 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, 615
 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, 620
 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! 625

“Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!¹ —
 The captive thrush may brook the cage,
 The prisoned eagle dies for rage.
 Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!

¹ **Mortal stage**—During life.

And, when its notes awake again, 630
 Ellen 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 ¹ 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; 645
Or if she looked, 't was but to say,
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 650
The simple meal her care prepared,
While Lufra, crouching by her side,
Her station claimed with jealous pride,
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Grame, 655
Whose answer, oft at random made,
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

¹ **Storied pane**—Stained glass windows on which were figured scenes from stories or history.

To win her in this woful hour?
 'T was from a turret 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 vespers¹ 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!"

¹ **Vespers**—The evening service of the church.

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
 "O 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! 't is more than time,
 He holds his court at morning prime."¹
 With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
 As to a brother's arm she clung. 710
 Gently he dried the falling tear,
 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 arch² unfolded wide. 715

XXVI

Within 't was brilliant all and light,
 A thronging scene of figures bright;
 It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,

¹ **Morning prime**—Early in the morning.

² **Portal arch**—An arched doorway.

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 staid;
 A few faint steps she forward made,
 Then slow her drooping head she raised, 725
 And fearful round the presence¹ 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,

¹ Presence—Presence-chamber.

¹ Infl
² Pros
has said

And bade her terrors be dismissed:—
 “Yes, fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James
 The fealty of Scotland claims. 755
 To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring;
 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 stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern 765
 With stout De Vaux and gray Glencairn;
 And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
 The friend and bulwark of our throne.—
 But, lovely infidel,¹ 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. 775
 The Monarch drank, that happy hour,
 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 proselyte² away!

¹ **Infidel**—Unbelieving one.

² **Proselyte**—Convert. Ellen now believes what the king has said.

The riddle 't is my right to read,
 That brought this happy chance to speed. 785
 Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
 In life's more low but happier way,
 'T is under name which veils my power,
 Nor falsely veils,— for Stirling's tower
 Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims,
 And Normans call me James Fitz-James.¹ 790
 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 795
 What idle dream, what lighter thought,
 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

¹ **Fitz-James**—Son of James.

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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 gently drew the glittering band, 840
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, 845
The deer, half seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;

Thy numbers ¹ 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. 850

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel Harp!
 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, 855
 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, 860
 Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
 'T is now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
 'T is now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
 Receding now, the dying numbers ring
 Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell; 865
 And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
 A wandering witch-note of the distant spell —
 And now, 't is silent all! — Enchantress, fare thee well!

¹ Numbers—Music.

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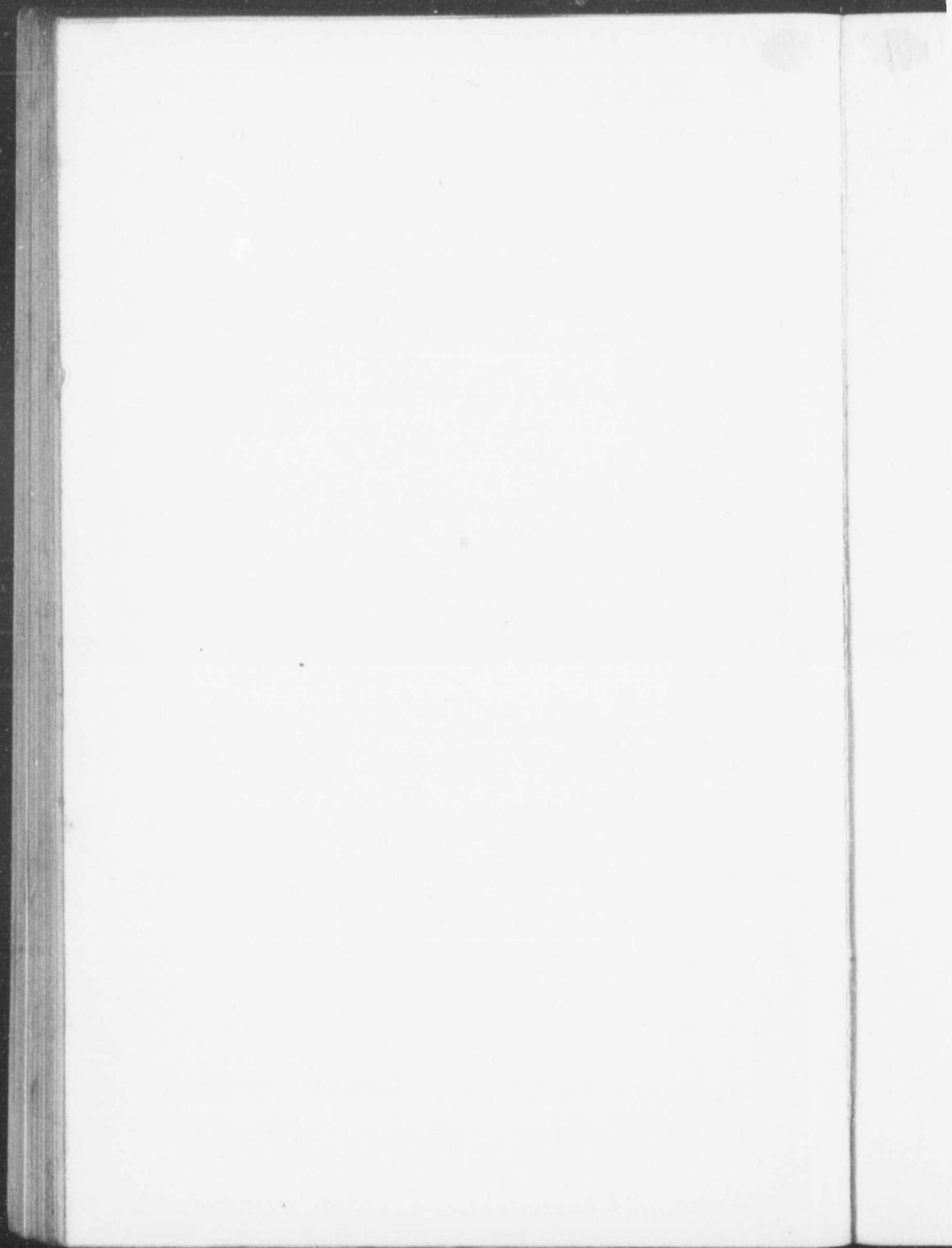
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31. **Scott's The Lady of the Lake.** Edited with notes by John C. Saul M.A.
32. **Selections from Coleridge and Wordsworth.** Edited with notes by Pelham Edgar, Ph. D., Professor of French, Victoria College, Toronto.
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