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## THE LADY OF THE LAKE

BY  
SIR WALTER SCOTT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

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## INTRODUCTION.

THE distinctive qualities of Scott's genius—the power of vividly recreating the historic past, with its scenes of stirring action and varied personation of character, set in a background of animated and picturesque description—are especially to be found in the delightful metrical romance of *The Lady of the Lake*. The scenic pictures, which form one of the chief charms of the poem, render it, even now, as Lockhart, the poet's son-in-law, affirms, "one of the most minute and faithful hand-books to the region in which the drama of Ellen and the Knight of Snowdoun is enacted."

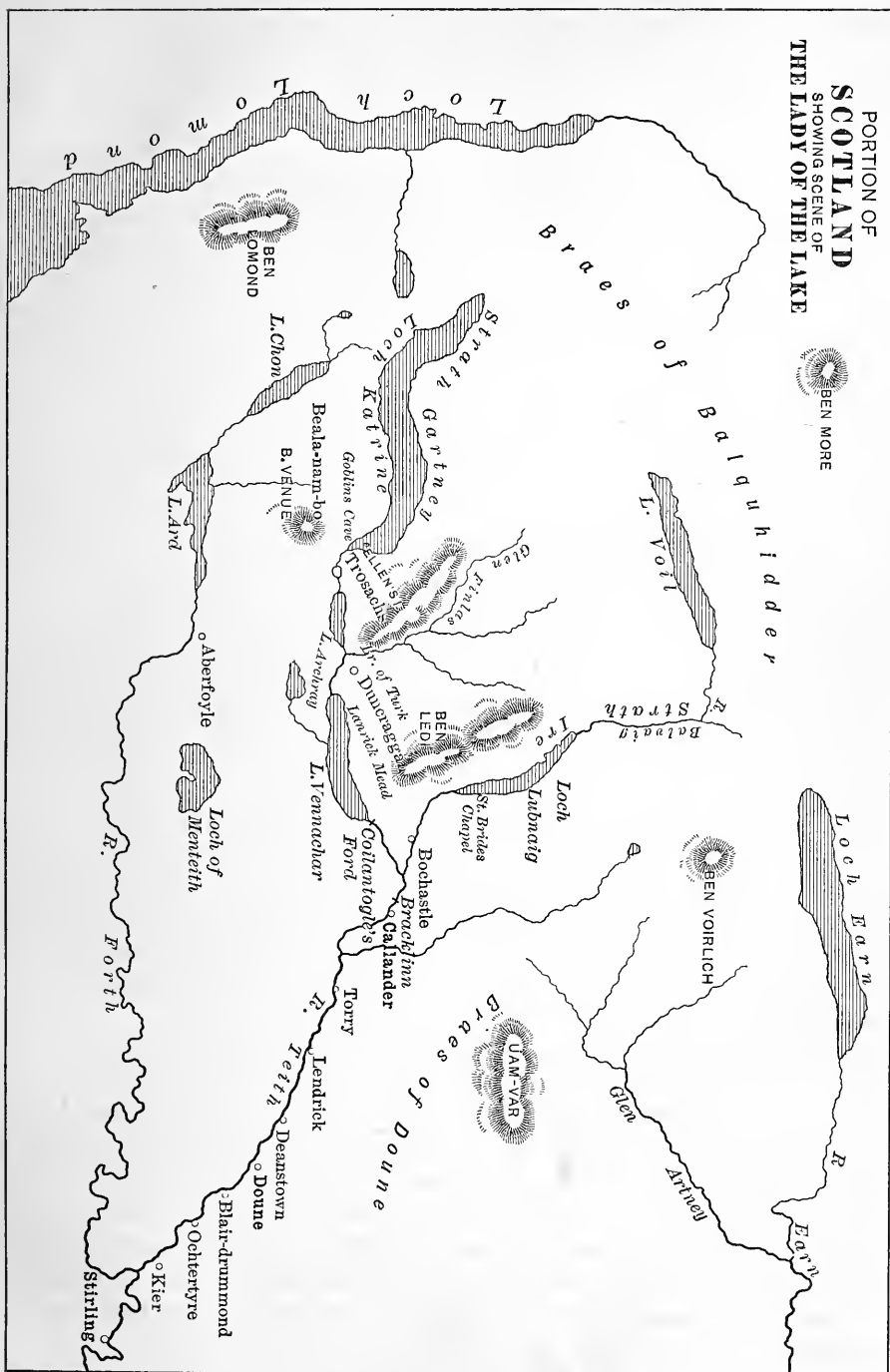
The era of the poem is that of the brief life [1512–1542] of James V. of Scotland, father of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, and son of the gallant monarch whose fantastic ideas of chivalry wrought such woe to his kingdom on the fatal field of Flodden. King James, under the incognito of James Fitz-James, Knight of Snowdoun (Stirling), is himself the chief character of the poem. The other personages are Roderick Dhu, chief of the imaginary Clan McAlpine, in whose MacGregor fastnesses find refuge James Douglas, the ambitious son of the exiled Earl of Angus, with whom King James had an historic quarrel; and Ellen Douglas, his daughter, together with Ellen's lover, Malcolm Græme, scion of the ancient and powerful family of the Grahams of Menteith, and ward of the Scottish king. Interest in the characters and incidents of the poem is heightened by the energy and exhilaration of the narrative, while unrestrained is the reader's admiration of the art that has given the story so fascinating a setting in the natural beauties of the region of Loch Katrine.

Scott, it has often been said, has made classic the Scottish Highlands by his descriptions in the poem. But this is what he has done with every section of the country of which he has treated in either history or romance. Especially interesting, however, is the locality of the poem, not only for its picturesque beauties, but for the romantic history which Scott has embodied of the Scottish Highlanders, their ancient feuds, customs, and manners. The poet, it is true, takes certain liberties with history in dealing with the period and its historic characters; but, in the

main, we have a faithful picture in *The Lady of the Lake* of the clan enmities among the Scottish Gaels, as we have a realistic, though somewhat idealized, picture in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* of the life and manners of the ancient Borderers.

Before Scott's day great changes had come about in the Highlands of Scotland. After Culloden and the fall of the Stuart cause many Highland chieftains who rallied round the Pretender came to the block, while the clans were disarmed, and even forbidden to wear the Highland costume, and the clan system was broken up. Military roads, penetrating the country, moreover, were built, and these not only aided in reducing the clans to order, but opened up, with the happiest results, the means of intercourse with the Lowlands. In James the Fifth's time the work of clan subjection had already been attempted; but it was too great an achievement to be successful until Scottish hatred of England, fostered by the religious and dynastic intrigues of France, brought into responsive action the stronger arm and weightier force of the South.

The locality where the incidents of the poem occur—the vicinity of Loch Katrine and the Trosachs, in the Western Highlands of Perthshire—may be traced on the accompanying map. It is faithfully, as well as glowingly, depicted by the poet. “The rocks, the ravines, and the torrents which he treats of,” as an early reviewer affirms, “are not the imperfect sketches of a hurried traveller, but the finished studies of a resident artist, deliberately drawn from different points of view; each has its true shape and position; it is a portrait; it has its name by which the spectator is invited to examine the exactness of the resemblance. The figures which are combined with the landscape are painted with the same fidelity. The boldness of feature, the lightness and compactness of form, the wildness of air, and the careless ease of attitude of these mountaineers, are as congenial to their native highlands as the birch and the pine which darken their glens, the sedge which fringes their lakes, or the heath which waves over their moors. . . . There are few persons, we believe, who have wandered among the secluded valleys of the Highlands, and contemplated the singular people by whom they are still tenanted—with their love of music and song, their hardy and irregular life, so unlike the unvarying toils of the Saxon peasant; their devotion to their chiefs, their wild and lofty traditions, their national enthusiasm, the melancholy grandeur of the scenes they inhabit, and the multiplied superstitions which still linger among them—without feeling that there is no existing people so well adapted for the purposes of poetry or so capable of furnishing the occasions of new and striking inventions.”



PORTION OF  
**SCOTLAND**  
SHOWING SCENE OF  
**THE LADY OF THE LAKE**



The plot of the story will be learned from the summary which precedes each Canto. The action of the poem covers a period of six days, and the incidents of each day occupy a Canto. Appended will be found some brief comment on the connection of the Scottish king (James V.) with the history of his time and the events set forth in the poem.

### JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND.

KING JAMES V., whom Scott introduces in the poem as the "Knight of Snowdown," was born at Linlithgow in 1512, and in the following year succeeded to the Scottish throne, under his mother's regency, though he did not assume the government of the kingdom until 1528. His father, as we have seen, was the lamented monarch who fell on Flodden Field in September, 1513, with nearly ten thousand of his subjects, of whom there were thirteen Scottish earls, fifteen lords and chiefs of clans, five peers' eldest sons, two abbots, and one archbishop, besides a host of minor gentry.

James's mother was Margaret of England, daughter of Henry VII. The contemporary English king, Henry VIII., was therefore his uncle. On the death of James IV., his widow, the queen-dowager, married the Earl of Angus, head of the Douglas family, who naturally allied himself with the English against the French party in the kingdom. This alliance was so unpopular in Scotland that the regency was speedily transferred by the Scottish Estates (or Parliament) to the Duke of Albany, Admiral of France; while Margaret took refuge in England, whither her husband, who had been kidnapped by the French, in time joined her. Falling thus under Henry VIII.'s influence, both became the instruments of that sovereign's active intrigues in Scotland. In 1524, in spite of the enmity of Henry, the Duke of Albany became so obnoxious to the Scottish nobility that he departed for France; and in the same year the queen-dowager and Angus were restored, by the English king's contrivance, to power.

At this period the youthful James V. became ruler of the kingdom, though for some time farther under his mother's direction and that of her lords in Council. The Earl of Angus the young king was persuaded to accept as governor, and for several years he practically became his jailer. This was the cause of James's enmity against the Douglasses. In 1528 the king, however, freed himself from this hated tutelage, and Angus was forced to flee the kingdom.

Having shaken off the Douglas chains, James set out, under happier auspices, to rule his own kingdom. Great as was the influence of the

Douglasses, the king's hatred of the name and the jealousy of the other nobles were such that no friend of the clan dared openly to give the fugitive family shelter. The same severity was shown to other rebels, and particularly to the lawless Bordermen, as well as to the robbers and disturbers of the public peace among the Highland Gaels. Specially did the king visit with dire punishment clan rapine and feudal oppression which were then so rife. Thus did he win for himself the good opinion of the common people; with whom he was accustomed to mingle in disguise, thereby earning the sobriquet of the "King of the Commons."

Besides the social turbulence of the era, Scotland throughout the reign had to contend against religious and political factions, which were far from quieted by the king's disregard of Henry VIII.'s desire to find him an English wife and his own choice of a French one. In 1537 James married Magdalen of Valois, but she dying soon afterwards he espoused Mary of Lorraine, daughter of the Duke of Guise. These alliances increased the hostility of the English king, and Scotland became more pronouncedly than ever anti-English as well as papal. For a time there was a truce between the two kingdoms, but it was of short duration; and armed expeditions into each other's territory followed, with increased bitterness between the respective crowns. One of the fruits of these raids was the disastrous rout of the Scottish forces at Solway Moss, in November, 1542, which broke James's heart, the king dying at Falkland within three weeks of the battle. This plunged the country anew into trouble, for the successor to the throne was the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots, who was born just seven days before James's death.

The Douglas of the poem, who is called James Douglas, is understood to be Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie, a kinsman of the Earl of Angus, and member of the great house whom the king hated. This Archibald Douglas had been a favorite at court in the king's youth, but when the ill-fortune of the ambitious Douglasses had sent most of them into hiding or exile, the Douglas who had been attached to the young king also fell under the resentment of James. After the death of the king, in 1542, the Earl of Angus (who was Archibald Douglas, the sixth earl of the great Scottish family) lived on, with restored power, until the year 1560, when he died. His daughter, who married Lord Lennox, became mother of the unfortunate Lord Darnley, husband of Mary Queen of Scots, and father of James VI. The Angus-Douglas title, on the death of the Earl of Angus, passed to George, the latter's nephew, and brother of the James Douglas who became famous in history as the Earl of Morton—the Scottish regent who was beheaded for complicity in the murder of Darnley.

Scotland, after James V.'s death, fell into fresh difficulties under the regency of the Earl of Arran and the chancellorship of Cardinal Beaton, the spiritual counsellor of the queen-mother, and the special object of Henry VIII.'s vengeance. In 1544 the latter invaded Scottish waters with an English fleet, and Edinburgh, the capital, was captured and sacked. Two years later Beaton was assassinated, and Scotland was then launched upon the evil days of civil and religious dissension, the result of political intrigue and the new opinions that came with the Reformation. This ferment continued throughout the troubled reign of Mary Queen of Scots, intensified by the fears of Elizabeth Tudor, Henry VIII.'s successor, that Mary would supplant her on the English throne. These fears, and the plots against Elizabeth's life, which Mary's Scottish and French partisans were incessantly hatching, led Elizabeth to capture and imprison Mary, and at length to behead her. But time has its revenges ; for at Elizabeth's death, in 1603, Mary's son Henry, Lord Darnley, James VI. of Scotland, ascended the English throne as James I. of England, and thus united the crowns of the two rival kingdoms.

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. On both his father's and his mother's side he was related to several of those historic Border families whose warlike memories gave him material for so many of his romances. His delicate health in childhood caused him to spend much time in the open air on his grandfather's farm. This doubtless influenced his later life. His lameness made him a great reader, and he reveled in fairy stories, romances, and Eastern tales.

He received his education at the High School and University of Edinburgh. His record at these institutions was better as a story-teller than as a student. Although destined for the law, he readily turned his attention to literature. Romance, poetry, and history were more attractive to him than law books.

His first works were long ballads: "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," "Don Roderick," "Rokeby," "Triermain," etc." These poems were received with rapturous enthusiasm, and Scott became the literary lion of London and Edinburgh. In picturesque narrative verse Scott has never been surpassed.

Later, when his popularity as a poet declined, he turned to the writing of his novels, which are founded upon Scottish, English, and continental history. He also wrote other romances that may be called "personal," being founded upon life or family legend. These deal, for the most part, with purely Scottish scenery and character.

His first novel, "Waverley," was published in 1814 without the author's name. Many readers, however, shrewdly guessed Scott's secret. "Guy Mannering," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," etc., rapidly followed in the next seventeen years, till his novels reached twenty-nine in number, forming the series of wonderful fictions known as the "Waverley Novels."

In 1820 the Crown conferred a baronetcy on the distinguished author. Five years later, the publishing house in which, some years before, Scott had become a partner, failed, and with its downfall the novelist became a bankrupt. The firm's liabilities amounted to nearly £150,000. Though overwhelmed by his misfortune, Scott nobly set himself to make good the loss to the creditors, and in two years he paid off £40,000. The anxiety and increased labor, however, cost him his life, for in 1830 he had a stroke of paralysis, and though he lived on for two years further, his power of work was gone, and he passed away at his loved Abbotsford, on the 21st of September, 1832. His remains were buried in Dryburgh Abbey.





# THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

## CANTO FIRST.

### THE CHASE.

#### SUMMARY.

A huntsman pursuing a stag outstrips his comrades, misses his quarry (game), loses his horse, and wanders to the shore of Loch Katrine. Hoping to find help near, he winds (blows) his horn. In response to the summons, a skiff rowed by a maiden appears. Expecting to meet her father, the maiden is startled at seeing a stranger, dressed in Lincoln green. He reassures her, and she offers him the hospitality of her father's lodge. Together they row to the island near at hand, where the mistress of the lodge, whom the maiden by courtesy calls mother, receives the guest hospitably. Here the stranger spends the night.

The rustic home on the island, concealed in dense woods, is the hiding-place in which the famous outlaw Roderick Dhu sheltered Lord James Douglas, uncle of the proscribed Earl of Angus ; Dame Margaret is sister-in-law of the Douglas, and mother of Roderick. Ellen (the "Lady of the Lake"), is Lord James's daughter.

Allan Bane, an aged minstrel, who had prophetically foretold the coming of the stranger, attends Ellen and her father. The stranger describes himself as the Knight of Snowdown, James Fitz-James, but fails to find out who his hosts are. In his dreams, after retiring for the night, he is haunted by the memories of the exiled Douglas family. Cock-crow in the morning arouses the knight from his slumbers, and brings the action of the first canto to a close.

HARP<sup>1</sup> of the North ! that mouldering long hast hung  
On the witch-elm<sup>2</sup> that shades Saint Fillan's<sup>3</sup> spring,  
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers<sup>4</sup> flung,  
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,  
Muffling with verdant ringlet<sup>5</sup> every string, —

<sup>1</sup> the harp was the ancient musical instrument of Scotland. The opening stanzas, in Spenserian measure, are an invocation to the harp as the emblem of Scottish minstrelsy.

<sup>2</sup> the drooping-elm. Should be spelled

*wych-elm*, from Anglo-Saxon *wican*, to bend.

<sup>3</sup> Scotch abbot of the seventh century.

<sup>4</sup> lines of poetry (here, however, meaning music).

<sup>5</sup> clusterings of the green ivy.

O Minstrel<sup>1</sup> 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,<sup>2</sup>  
 Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,  
 When lay<sup>3</sup> of hopeless love, or glory won,  
 Aroused the fearful or subdued the proud.  
 At each according<sup>4</sup> pause was heard aloud  
 Thine ardent symphony<sup>5</sup> sublime and high !  
 Fair dames and crested<sup>6</sup> chiefs attention bowed ;  
 For still the burden of thy minstrelsy  
 Was Knighthood's<sup>7</sup> dauntless<sup>8</sup> deed, and Beauty's matchless  
 eye.

O, wake once more ! how rude soe'er the hand  
 That ventures o'er thy magic maze<sup>9</sup> to stray ;  
 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,  
 The wizard<sup>10</sup> note has not been touched in vain.  
 Then silent be no more ! Enchantress,<sup>11</sup> wake again !

<sup>1</sup> minstrels composed and sang songs recounting the valiant deeds of their entertainers. They were wandering singers, and were always welcomed wherever they went.

<sup>2</sup> (Caledonia) ancient name of Scotland.

<sup>3</sup> song.

<sup>4</sup> pause in the lay for the "accord," or harmonious accompaniment, of the harp.

<sup>5</sup> stirring music with which the minstrel filled up the pauses of his lay.

<sup>6</sup> ornamented with crest or heraldic device, borne on the knight's helmet.

<sup>7</sup> a knight was a person of the middle ages admitted to a certain military rank as a reward for brave and gallant deeds. Knights took certain oaths ; among others that they would succor the oppressed, especially the fair sex.

<sup>8</sup> brave.

<sup>9</sup> a winding and intricate way. (Here, metaphorically, to express the confusing mass of harp-sounds.)

<sup>10</sup> (used here as an adjective) having a wizard's enchantment.

<sup>11</sup> Scottish minstrelsy.

## I.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
 Where danced the moon on Monan's<sup>1</sup> rill,  
 And deep his midnight lair<sup>2</sup> had made  
 In lone Glenartney's<sup>3</sup> hazel shade ;  
 But when the sun his beacon<sup>4</sup> red  
 Had kindled on Benvoirlich's<sup>5</sup> head,  
 The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay  
 Resounded up the rocky way,  
 And faint, from farther distance borne,  
 Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

## II.

As Chief, who hears his warder<sup>6</sup> call,  
 "To arms ! the foemen storm the wall,"  
 The antlered monarch of the waste  
 Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.  
 But ere his fleet career he took,  
 The dew-drops from his flanks he shook ;  
 Like crested leader proud and high  
 Tossed his beamed frontlet<sup>7</sup> to the sky ;  
 A moment gazed adown the dale,  
 A moment snuffed the tainted<sup>8</sup> gale,  
 A moment listened to the cry,  
 That thickened as the chase drew nigh ;  
 Then, as the headmost foes appeared,  
 With one brave bound the copse<sup>9</sup> he cleared.  
 And, stretching forward free and far,  
 Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> (Moina) Scotch martyr of the fourth century. Location of rill cannot be identified.

<sup>2</sup> wild beast's bed.

<sup>3</sup> valley in Perthshire through which the Artney, a small stream, flows.

<sup>4</sup> signal fire.

<sup>5</sup> a mountain northwest of Glenartney. *Ben*, in Gaelic, signifies mountain.

<sup>6</sup> guard.

<sup>7</sup> antlered forehead of stag. The *beam* is the main trunk of a stag's horn.

<sup>8</sup> the wind tainted with the scent of his pursuers.

<sup>9</sup> woods of young growth.

<sup>10</sup> (*pron.* ua-var) mountain northeast of the village of Callander in Monteith.

## III.

Yelled on the view the opening pack ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back ;  
 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,  
 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<sup>2</sup> cowered the doe,  
 The falcon,<sup>3</sup> from her cairn<sup>4</sup> on high,  
 Cast on the rout<sup>5</sup> a wondering eye,  
 Till far beyond her piercing ken<sup>6</sup>  
 The hurricane had swept the glen.  
 Faint, and more faint, its falling din  
 Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,<sup>7</sup>  
 And silence settled, wide and still,  
 On the lone wood and mighty hill.

## IV.

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war<sup>8</sup>  
 Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,  
 And roused the cavern where, 'tis told.  
 A giant made his den of old ;  
 For ere that steep ascent was won,  
 High in his pathway hung the sun,  
 And many a gallant,<sup>9</sup> stayed perforce,

<sup>1</sup> hunting term for a body of hounds.<sup>2</sup> leafy hiding-place.<sup>3</sup> (*pron.* fawk'n) hawk.<sup>4</sup> heap of stones.<sup>5</sup> disorderly, noisy crowd.<sup>6</sup> penetrating sight. *Ken* = to know ; a  
Scotticism.<sup>7</sup> waterfall.<sup>8</sup> war in the woods ; *i.e.*, the stag-hunt.<sup>9</sup> (used as a noun) brave person.

Was fain <sup>1</sup> to breathe <sup>2</sup> his faltering horse,  
 And of the trackers of the deer,  
 Scarce half the lessening pack was near ;  
 So shrewdly <sup>3</sup> on the mountain-side  
 Had the bold burst <sup>4</sup> their mettle tried.

## V.

The noble stâg was pausing now  
 Upon the mountain's southern brow,  
 Where broad extended, far beneath,  
 The varied realms of fair Monteith. <sup>5</sup>  
 With anxious eye he wandered o'er  
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,  
 And pondered refuge from his toil,  
 By far Lochard <sup>6</sup> or Aberfoyle. <sup>7</sup>  
 But nearer was the copsewood gray,  
 That waved and wept on Loch Achray, <sup>8</sup>  
 And mingled with the pine-trees blue  
 On the bold cliffs of Benvenue. <sup>9</sup>  
 Fresh vigor with the hope returned,  
 With flying foot the heath he spurned,  
 Held westward with unwearied race,  
 And left behind the panting chase.

## VI.

'Twere long <sup>10</sup> to tell what steeds gave o'er,  
 As swept the hunt through Cambusmore ; <sup>11</sup>  
 What reins were tightened in despair,  
 When rose Benledi's <sup>12</sup> ridge in air ;

<sup>1</sup> glad.<sup>2</sup> *i.e.*, was glad to give his faltering horse an opportunity to breathe.<sup>3</sup> severely ; harmfully (obsolete sense).<sup>4</sup> hard run.<sup>5</sup> district watered by the Teith.<sup>6</sup> small lake near the village of Aberfoyle.<sup>7</sup> a village on the Forth, near the east end of Lochard.<sup>8</sup> a small lake at the foot of Benvenue.<sup>9</sup> "Central mountain" ; midway between Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi.<sup>10</sup> note elliptical expression for "It were a long story to tell," etc.<sup>11</sup> an estate near Callander.<sup>12</sup> a mountain northwest of Callander.

Who flagged upon Bochastle's<sup>1</sup> heath,  
 Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith,<sup>2</sup>—  
 For twice that day, from shore to shore,  
 The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.  
 Few were the stragglers, following far,  
 That reached the lake of Vennachar;<sup>3</sup>  
 And when the Brigg<sup>4</sup> of Turk was won,  
 The headmost horseman rode alone.

## VII.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,  
 That horseman plied the scourge<sup>5</sup> and steel;<sup>6</sup>  
 For, jaded<sup>7</sup> now, and spent with toil,  
 Embossed<sup>8</sup> with foam, and dark with soil,  
 While every gasp with sobs he drew,  
 The laboring stag strained<sup>9</sup> full in view.  
 Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's<sup>10</sup> breed,  
 Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,  
 Fast on his flying traces came,  
 And all but won that desperate game;  
 For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,  
 Vindictive<sup>11</sup> toiled the bloodhounds stanch;<sup>12</sup>  
 Nor nearer might the dogs attain,  
 Nor farther might the quarry<sup>13</sup> strain.  
 Thus up the margin of the lake,  
 Between the precipice and brake,<sup>14</sup>  
 O'er stock<sup>15</sup> and rock their race they take.

<sup>1</sup> a moorland between the east end of Loch Vennachar and Callander.

<sup>2</sup> (see map) flows into the Forth. As it drained several lakes, it was liable to overflow its banks in rainy seasons.

<sup>3</sup> one of the three lakes around which the scenery of the poem lies.

<sup>4</sup> old stone bridge over the Turk, a small stream flowing through Glenfinlas valley (locally known as the "Bridge of the Wild Boar").

<sup>5</sup> whip.

<sup>6</sup> spur.

<sup>7</sup> exhausted.

<sup>8</sup> ornamented, as in relief work, with froth and foam.

<sup>9</sup> approached with painful effort.

<sup>10</sup> a noted hunter and abbot, after whom a breed of hounds of various colors, generally black, was named.

<sup>11</sup> revengeful.

<sup>12</sup> with qualities of endurance.

<sup>13</sup> any hunted animal.

<sup>14</sup> stretch of heather land or wild bush.

<sup>15</sup> stumps and roots of trees.

## VIII.

The Hunter marked that mountain<sup>1</sup> high,  
The lone lake's western boundary,  
And deemed the stag must turn to bay,  
Where that huge rampart<sup>2</sup> barred the way ;  
Already glorying in the prize,  
Measured his antlers with his eyes ;  
For the death-wound and death-halloo  
Mustered his breath, his whinyard<sup>3</sup> drew :—  
But thundering as he came prepared,  
With ready arm and weapon bared,  
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'<sup>4</sup> wildest nook  
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,<sup>5</sup>  
Chiding<sup>6</sup> 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.  
The impatient rider strove in vain  
To rouse him with the spur and rein,  
For the good steed, his labors o'er,  
Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more ;

<sup>1</sup> Ben-an, to the northwest of Loch Achray.

<sup>5</sup> with vigor ; violently.

<sup>2</sup> barrier ; obstruction. Here, Ben-an.

<sup>3</sup> large hunting-knife.

<sup>6</sup> applied to the noisy echoes, from the  
rocks, of the dogs' barkings.

<sup>4</sup> the region around Lochs Katrine, Achray, and Vennacher.

Then, touched with pity and remorse,  
 He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.  
 "I little thought, when first thy rein  
 I slacked upon the banks of Seine,<sup>1</sup>  
 That Highland eagle e'er should feed  
 On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed !  
 Woe<sup>2</sup> worth the chase, woe worth the day,  
 That costs thy life, my gallant gray !"

## X.

Then through the dell his horn resounds,  
 From vain pursuit to call the hounds.  
 Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,  
 The sulky leaders of the chase ;  
 Close to their master's side they pressed,  
 With drooping tail and humbled crest ;  
 But still the dingle's<sup>3</sup> hollow throat  
 Prolonged the swelling bugle-note.  
 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<sup>4</sup> his way,  
 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<sup>5</sup>  
 Rolled o'er the glen their level way ;  
 Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
 Was bathed in floods of living fire.

<sup>1</sup> a river in Northern France, on which Paris is situated.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.*, evil *be* to the chase (worth is in the imperative mood ; chase and day are in the objective case, object of preposition to, understood).

<sup>3</sup> narrow valley between hills.

<sup>4</sup> hastened.

<sup>5</sup> note the exquisite beauty of this description of the closing day and the scene.



But not a setting beam could glow  
 Within the dark ravines <sup>1</sup> below,  
 Where twined the path in shadow hid,  
 Round many a rocky pyramid,  
 Shooting abruptly from the dell  
 Its thunder-splintered pinnacle ;  
 Round many an insulated <sup>2</sup> mass,  
 The native bulwarks <sup>3</sup> of the pass,  
 Huge as the tower which builders vain  
 Presumptuous <sup>4</sup> piled on Shinar's <sup>5</sup> plain.  
 The rocky summits, split and rent,  
 Formed turret, <sup>6</sup> dome, or battlement, <sup>7</sup>  
 Or seemed fantastically set  
 With cupola <sup>8</sup> or minaret, <sup>9</sup>  
 Wild crests as pagod <sup>10</sup> ever decked,  
 Or mosque of Eastern architect.  
 Nor were these earth-born castles bare,  
 Nor lacked they many a banner fair ;  
 For, from their shivered brows displayed,  
 Far o'er the unfathomable glade, <sup>11</sup>  
 All twinkling with the dewdrop sheen, <sup>12</sup>  
 The brier-rose fell in streamers green,  
 And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes  
 Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

## XII.

Boon <sup>13</sup> nature scattered, free and wild,  
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.  
 Here eglantine <sup>14</sup> embalmed the air,  
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;

<sup>1</sup> narrow, deep hollows.<sup>2</sup> standing alone ; detached from the mountain side.<sup>3</sup> natural defences. <sup>4</sup> over confident.<sup>5</sup> read account of the building of the Tower of Babel, in Gen. xi. 1-9.<sup>6</sup> small tower.<sup>7</sup> wall surrounding the top of a castle.<sup>8</sup> dome-like vault on top of building.<sup>9</sup> slender turret on Mohammedan mosque.<sup>10</sup> (pagoda), heathen temple, or idol-house.<sup>11</sup> opening through a wood, through which the light may come.<sup>12</sup> glittering (here an adjective).<sup>13</sup> (adjective) bounteous.<sup>14</sup> sweet-brier.

The primrose pale and violet flower  
Found in each cleft a narrow bower ;  
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,  
Emblems of punishment and pride,  
Grouped their dark hues with every stain  
The weather-beaten crags retain.  
With boughs that quaked at every breath,  
Gray birch and aspen <sup>1</sup> wept beneath ;  
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak  
Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;  
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung  
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,  
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,  
His boughs athwart <sup>2</sup> the narrowed sky.  
Highest <sup>3</sup> of all, where white peaks glanced,  
Where glistening streamers <sup>4</sup> 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.

## 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, <sup>5</sup>  
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.

<sup>1</sup> poplar-tree, whose leaves quiver with the  
slightest breeze.

<sup>2</sup> against.

<sup>3</sup> note the climax in this description.

<sup>4</sup> flag-like branches of the rose and ivy.

<sup>5</sup> winding.

The shaggy mounds no longer stood,  
Emerging from entangled wood,  
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,  
Like castle girdled with its moat ;<sup>1</sup>  
Yet broader floods extending still  
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,  
Unless he climb<sup>2</sup> with footing nice  
A far-projecting precipice.  
The broom's<sup>3</sup> tough roots his ladder made,  
The hazel saplings lent their aid ;  
And thus an airy point he won,  
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,  
One burnished sheet of living gold,  
Loch Katrine<sup>4</sup> lay beneath him rolled,  
In all her length far winding lay,  
With promontory, creek, and bay,  
And islands that, empurpled bright,  
Floated amid the livelier light,  
And mountains that like giants stand  
To sentinel enchanted land.  
High on the south, huge Benvenue  
Down to the lake in masses threw  
Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,  
The fragments of an earlier world ;  
A wildering forest feathered o'er  
His ruined sides and summit hoar,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> a ditch for defence around a castle.<sup>2</sup> note the use of the subjunctive mood.<sup>3</sup> a wild brambly shrub.<sup>4</sup> a lake about eight miles long and two miles wide (see map).<sup>5</sup> white.

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

## XV.

From the steep promontory gazed  
The stranger, raptured and amazed,  
And, "What a scene were <sup>1</sup> here," he cried,  
"For princely pomp or churchman's <sup>2</sup> pride !  
On this bold brow, a lordly tower ;  
In that soft vale, a lady's bower ;  
On yonder meadow far away  
The turrets of a cloister <sup>3</sup> gray ;  
How blithely <sup>4</sup> 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 <sup>5</sup>  
Her forehead in the silver wave,  
How solemn on the ear would come  
The holy matins' <sup>6</sup> distant hum,  
While the deep peal's commanding tone  
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,  
A sainted hermit from his cell,  
To drop a bead <sup>7</sup> with every knell !  
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,  
Should each bewildered stranger call  
To friendly feast and lighted hall.

## XVI.

"Blithe were it then to wander here !  
But now—beshrew <sup>8</sup> yon nimble deer !—

<sup>1</sup> subjunctive mood, to denote condition.

<sup>2</sup> abbot, prior, or other dignitary of the church.

<sup>3</sup> secluded place, as convent or monastery.

<sup>4</sup> in a joyful manner.

<sup>5</sup> bathe.

<sup>6</sup> morning prayers.

<sup>7</sup> as a record of prayers recited.

<sup>8</sup> may ill happen to (invoking a curse on).

Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,  
The copse must give my evening fare ;  
Some mossy bank my couch must be,  
Some rustling oak my canopy.<sup>1</sup>  
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 :  
But hosts may in these wilds abound,  
Such as are better missed than found ;  
To meet with Highland plunderers<sup>2</sup> here  
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.—  
I am alone ; my bugle-strain  
May call some straggler of the train ;  
Or, fall the worst that may betide,<sup>3</sup>  
Ere now this falchion<sup>4</sup> has been tried.”

## XVII.

But scarce again his horn he wound,  
When lo ! forth starting at the sound,  
From underneath an aged oak  
That slanted from the islet rock,  
A damsel<sup>5</sup> guider of its way,  
A little skiff shot to the bay,  
That round the promontory steep  
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.  
The boat had touched this silver strand<sup>6</sup>  
Just as the Hunter left his stand,

<sup>1</sup> overhead covering.

<sup>2</sup> the dwellers of this romantic region  
considered it honorable to plunder their  
Lowland neighbors.

<sup>3</sup> if the worst should happen.

<sup>4</sup> short sword, slightly curved.

<sup>5</sup> supply “ being ” after damsel.

<sup>6</sup> shore.

And stood concealed amid the brake,  
 To view this Lady of the Lake.  
 The maiden paused, as if again  
 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 <sup>1</sup> of Grecian art,  
 In listening mood, she seemed to stand,  
 The guardian Naiad <sup>2</sup> of the strand.

## XVIII.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
 A Nymph, <sup>3</sup> a Naiad, or a Grace, <sup>4</sup>  
 Of finer form or lovelier face !  
 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  
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow :  
 What though no rule of courtly grace  
 To measured mood <sup>5</sup> had trained her pace,—  
 A foot more light, a step more true,  
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew ;  
 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,  
 The listener held his breath to hear !

<sup>1</sup> statue.<sup>4</sup> the Graces were beautiful female attend-<sup>2</sup> (*nā'yāā*) water-goddess, presiding over rivers and springs.

ants of Venus, the goddess of love.

<sup>5</sup> studied behavior.<sup>3</sup> goddess of the mountains, forests, meadows, or waters.

## XIX.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid ;  
Her satin snood,<sup>1</sup> her silken plaid,<sup>2</sup>  
Her golden brooch,<sup>3</sup> such birth betrayed.  
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  
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  
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,  
Than every free-born glance confessed  
The guileless <sup>4</sup> movements of her breast ;  
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,  
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,  
Or filial love was glowing there,  
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,  
Or tale of injury called forth  
The indignant spirit of the North.  
One only passion unrevealed  
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 :—

<sup>1</sup> the ribbon with which Scottish maidens  
bound up their hair.

<sup>2</sup> a tartan wrap for the shoulders.

<sup>3</sup> ornament for fastening the folds of the  
plaid.

<sup>4</sup> free from deceit.

“ 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  
 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  
 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 prune<sup>1</sup> his ruffled wing.  
 Then safe, though fluttered and amazed,  
 She paused, and on the stranger gazed.  
 Not his the form, nor his the eye,  
 That youthful maidens wont<sup>2</sup> to fly.

## XXI.

On his bold visage<sup>3</sup> middle age  
 Had slightly pressed its signet sage,<sup>4</sup>  
 Yet had not quenched the open truth  
 And fiery vehemence<sup>5</sup> of youth ;  
 Forward and frolic glee was there,  
 The will to do, the soul to dare,  
 The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,  
 Of hasty love or headlong ire.<sup>6</sup>  
 His limbs were cast in manly mould  
 For hardy sports or contest bold ;  
 And though in peaceful garb<sup>7</sup> arrayed,  
 And weaponless except his blade,

<sup>1</sup> deck or trim the feathers.<sup>2</sup> are accustomed.<sup>3</sup> countenance.<sup>4</sup> mark or impress of wisdom.<sup>5</sup> forceful rashness.<sup>6</sup> wrath.<sup>7</sup> dress.



His stately mien<sup>1</sup> as well implied  
A high-born heart, a martial pride,  
As if a baron's crest he wore,  
And sheathed in armor trode the shore.  
Slighting the petty need<sup>2</sup> he showed,  
He told of his benighted<sup>3</sup> 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.

## XXII.

Awhile the maid the stranger eyed,  
And, reassured, at length replied,  
That Highland halls were open still  
To wildered<sup>4</sup> wanderers of the hill.  
“ 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  
Have ptarmigan<sup>5</sup> and heath-cock<sup>6</sup> bled,  
And our broad nets have swept the mere,<sup>7</sup>  
To furnish forth your evening cheer.” —  
“ Now, by the rood,<sup>8</sup> my lovely maid,  
Your courtesy has erred,” he said ;  
“ No right have I to claim, misplaced,  
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,

<sup>1</sup> carriage and bearing.<sup>2</sup> food and shelter.<sup>3</sup> overtaken by night.<sup>4</sup> lost (bewildered).<sup>5</sup> white grouse.<sup>6</sup> black grouse.<sup>7</sup> lake.<sup>8</sup> wooden cross.

Till on this lake's romantic strand  
I found a fay <sup>1</sup> in fairy land !” —

## XXIII.

“ I well believe,” the maid replied,  
As her light skiff approached the side, —  
“ I well believe, that ne'er before  
Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore ;  
But yet, as far as yesternight,  
Old Allan-bane foretold your plight, <sup>2</sup> —  
A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent  
Was on the visioned future <sup>3</sup> bent.  
He saw your steed, a dappled gray,  
Lie dead beneath the birchen way ;  
Painted exact your form and mien, <sup>4</sup>  
Your hunting-suit of Lincoln green, <sup>5</sup>  
That tasselled horn so gayly gilt,  
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,  
That cap with heron <sup>6</sup> plumage trim,  
And yon two hounds so dark and grim.  
He bade that all should ready be  
To grace a guest of fair degree ;  
But light I held his prophecy,  
And deemed it was my father's horn  
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne.”

## XXIV.

The stranger smiled :—“ Since to your home  
A destined errant-knight <sup>7</sup> I come,  
Announced by prophet sooth <sup>8</sup> and old,  
Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,

<sup>1</sup> elf or fairy.

<sup>2</sup> sad circumstances.

<sup>6</sup> a wading bird, with long bill, neck, and legs.

<sup>3</sup> the forecast of a seer, having the power of reading the future. <sup>4</sup> look ; countenance.

<sup>7</sup> one wandering in search of adventure.

<sup>5</sup> cloth formerly made in Lincoln, and worn by the huntsmen of the Lowlands.

<sup>8</sup> true.

I'll lightly front <sup>1</sup> each high emprise <sup>2</sup>  
 For one kind glance of those bright eyes.  
 Permit me first the task to guide  
 Your fairy frigate <sup>3</sup> o'er the tide."  
 The maid, with smile suppressed and sly,  
 The toil unwonted saw him try ;  
 For seldom, sure, if e'er before,  
 His noble hand had grasped an oar :  
 Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,  
 And o'er the lake the shallop flew ;  
 With heads erect and whimpering cry,  
 The hounds behind their passage ply.  
 Nor frequent does the bright oar break  
 The darkening mirror of the lake,  
 Until the rocky isle <sup>4</sup> they reach,  
 And moor their shallop on the beach.

## XXV.

The stranger viewed the shore around ;  
 'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,  
 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,  
 And opened on a narrow green,  
 Where weeping birch and willow round  
 With their long fibres swept the ground.  
 Here, for retreat in dangerous hour, <sup>5</sup>  
 Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

## XXVI.

It was a lodge of ample size,  
 But strange of structure and device ; <sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> face.<sup>2</sup> enterprise.<sup>4</sup> Ellen's Isle, at the foot of Loch Kat-<sup>3</sup> ship of war ; here, a mere skiff. This use of the word has become obsolete.

rine.

<sup>5</sup> when exposed to peril.<sup>6</sup> design.

Of such materials as around  
 The workman's hand had readiest found.  
 Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,  
 And by the hatchet rudely squared,  
 To give the walls their destined <sup>1</sup> height,  
 The sturdy oak and ash unite ;  
 While moss and clay and leaves combined  
 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,  
 A rural portico <sup>2</sup> 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 <sup>3</sup> vine,  
 The clematis, the favored 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,  
 And gayly to the stranger said :  
 " On heaven and on thy lady <sup>4</sup> call,  
 And enter the enchanted hall ! "

<sup>1</sup> desired ; determined.

<sup>2</sup> porch entrance.

<sup>3</sup> red whortleberry.

<sup>4</sup> Scott says, in his " Essay on Chivalry " :  
 " Their oath bound the new-made knights  
 to defend the cause of all women without  
 exception ; and the most pressing way of  
 conjuring them to grant a boon, was to im-  
 plore it in the name of God and the ladies.  
 But it was not enough that the ' very per-  
 fect, gentle knight,' should reverence the

fair sex in general. It was essential to his  
 character that he should select, as his proper  
 choice, ' a lady and a love,' to be the polar  
 star of his thoughts, the mistress of his  
 affections, and the directress of his actions.  
 In her service he was to observe the duties  
 of loyalty, faith, secrecy, and reverence.  
 Without such an empress of his heart, a  
 knight, in the phrase of the times, was a  
 ship without a rudder, a horse without  
 a bridle, a sword without a hilt."

## XXVII.

“My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,  
 My gentle guide, in following thee !”—  
 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,  
 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 <sup>1</sup> of the fight or chase :  
 A target <sup>2</sup> 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,  
 And there the wild-cat’s brindled hide  
 The frontlet of the elk adorns,  
 Or mantles o’er the bison’s horns ;  
 Pennons <sup>3</sup> and flags defaced and stained,  
 That blackening streaks of blood retained,  
 And deer-skins, dappled, dun,<sup>4</sup> and white,  
 With otter’s fur and seal’s unite,  
 In rude and uncouth <sup>5</sup> tapestry all,  
 To garnish <sup>6</sup> forth the sylvan <sup>7</sup> hall.

## XXVIII.

The wondering stranger round him gazed,  
 And next the fallen weapon raised :—

<sup>1</sup> things taken as a memorial of victory.

<sup>2</sup> small shield used for defence in war.

<sup>3</sup> banners.

<sup>4</sup> dark brown.

<sup>5</sup> rough ; shaggy.

<sup>6</sup> decorate, or adorn.

<sup>7</sup> pertaining to the woods.

Few were the arms whose sinewy strength  
 Sufficed to stretch it forth at length.  
 And as the brand he poised <sup>1</sup> and swayed,  
 "I never knew but one," he said,  
 "Whose stalwart arm might brook <sup>2</sup> 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  
 As in my grasp a hazel wand :  
 My sire's tall form might grace the part  
 Of Ferragus <sup>3</sup> or Ascabart, <sup>3</sup>  
 But in the absent giant's hold  
 Are women now, and menials <sup>4</sup> old."

## XXIX.

The mistress of the mansion came,  
 Mature of age, a graceful dame,  
 Whose easy step and stately port <sup>5</sup>  
 Had well become a princely court,  
 To whom, though more than kindred knew,  
 Young Ellen gave a mother's due. <sup>6</sup>  
 Meet <sup>7</sup> welcome to her guest she made,  
 And every courteous rite <sup>8</sup> was paid  
 That hospitality could claim,  
 Though all unasked <sup>9</sup> his birth and name.  
 Such then the reverence to a guest,  
 That fellest <sup>10</sup> foe might join the feast,  
 And from his deadliest foeman's door  
 Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er.

<sup>1</sup> balanced.<sup>2</sup> endure.<sup>3</sup> fabled giants of enormous strength.<sup>4</sup> servants.<sup>5</sup> carriage of body (deportment).<sup>6</sup> Ellen's mother was dead ; but she gaveto her aunt the love due to a mother. The  
aunt was Roderick Dhu's mother.<sup>7</sup> fit ; proper.<sup>8</sup> ceremony.<sup>9</sup> The Highlanders considered it impolite  
to ask a stranger's name before he had  
taken refreshment.<sup>10</sup> cruelest.

At length his rank the stranger names,  
 "The Knight of Snowdown,<sup>1</sup> 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,  
 And he, God wot,<sup>2</sup> 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,  
 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;  
 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.  
 'Twas strange in ruder rank to find  
 Such looks, such manners, and such mind.  
 Each hint the Knight of Snowdown gave,  
 Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;  
 Or Ellen, innocently gay,  
 Turned all inquiry light away :—  
 "Weird<sup>3</sup> women we ! by dale and down<sup>4</sup>  
 We dwell, afar from tower and town.  
 We stem the flood, we ride the blast,  
 On wandering knights our spells we cast ;

<sup>1</sup> the name applied by early chroniclers to  
 Stirling Castle.

<sup>2</sup> knows.

<sup>3</sup> uncanny ; gifted with supernatural  
 powers.

<sup>4</sup> hill.

While viewless minstrels touch the string,  
 'Tis thus our charmèd rhymes we sing."  
 She sung, and still a harp unseen  
 Filled up the symphony<sup>1</sup> between.

## XXXI.

## SONG.

"Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;  
 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,  
 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.

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
 Armor's clang or war-steed champing,  
 Trump nor pibroch<sup>2</sup> summon here  
 Mustering clan or squadron<sup>3</sup> tramping.  
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come  
 At the daybreak from the fallow,<sup>4</sup>  
 And the bittern<sup>5</sup> sound his drum,  
 Booming from the sedgy<sup>6</sup> shallow.  
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
 Guards nor warders<sup>7</sup> challenge here,  
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping."

<sup>1</sup> harmony of sounds.<sup>2</sup> Highland bagpipe music.<sup>3</sup> long troop of cavalry or mounted men.<sup>4</sup> ploughed but uncultivated land.<sup>5</sup> a kind of heron or wading bird.<sup>6</sup> covered with coarse grass. <sup>7</sup> sentinels.



## XXXII.

She paused,—then, blushing, led the lay,  
 To grace the stranger of the day.  
 Her mellow notes awhile prolong  
 The cadence <sup>1</sup> of the flowing song,  
 Till to her lips in measured frame  
 The minstrel verse spontaneous <sup>2</sup> came.

## SONG CONTINUED.

“Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done ;  
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye,  
 Dream not, with the rising sun,  
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.<sup>3</sup>  
 Sleep ! the deer is in his den ;  
 Sleep ! thy hounds are by thee lying ;  
 Sleep ! nor dream in yonder glen  
 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.”

## 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  
 Its moorland fragrance round his head ;  
 Not Ellen’s spell had lulled to rest  
 The fever of his troubled breast.  
 In broken dreams the image rose  
 Of varied perils, pains, and woes :

<sup>1</sup> fall or modulation of the voice (here, musical rendering.)

<sup>3</sup> (*pron.* re-vāl’yā) morning drum-beat or bugle-call.

<sup>2</sup> of its own accord ; not forced.

His steed now flounders in the brake,  
Now sinks his barge upon the lake ;  
Now leader of a broken host,  
His standard falls, his honor's lost.  
Then,—from my couch may heavenly might  
Chase that worst phantom <sup>1</sup> of the night !—  
Again returned the scenes of youth ;  
Of confident, undoubting truth ;  
Again his soul he interchanged  
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.<sup>2</sup>  
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,—  
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 ;  
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 <sup>3</sup> met his grasp :  
The phantom's sex was changed and gone,  
Upon his head a helmet shone ;  
Slowly enlarged to giant size,  
With darkened cheek and threatening eyes,  
The grisly visage,<sup>4</sup> stern and hoar,  
To Ellen still a likeness bore.—

<sup>1</sup> ghost ; dread vision.

<sup>2</sup> alienated ; turned to indifference or enmity.

<sup>3</sup> glove, with back protected with strips of metal.

<sup>4</sup> grim countenance.

He woke, and, panting with affright,  
Recalled the vision of the night.  
The hearth's decaying brands were red,  
And deep and dusky lustre<sup>1</sup> shed,  
Half showing, half concealing, all  
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,  
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 ;  
The aspen 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 !  
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,  
But she must bear the Douglas eye ?  
Can I not view a Highland brand,<sup>2</sup>  
But it must match the Douglas hand ?  
Can I not frame a fevered dream,  
But still the Douglas is the theme ?  
I'll dream no more,—by manly mind  
Not even in sleep is will resigned.

<sup>1</sup> brightness.<sup>2</sup> sword.

My midnight orisons<sup>1</sup> said o'er,  
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more."  
His midnight orisons he told,  
A prayer with every bead of gold,  
Consigned<sup>2</sup> to heaven his cares and woes,  
And sunk in undisturbed repose,  
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,  
And morning dawned on Benvenue.

<sup>1</sup> prayers.

<sup>2</sup> gave up ; intrusted to.

## CANTO SECOND.

### THE ISLAND.

#### SUMMARY.

Attended by a trusty Highland guide the stranger takes his leave the next morning. Ellen witnesses his departure, and the minstrel speeds him on his way with some strains from his harp. Shortly after, four large barges, conveying Roderick Dhu and his clan-followers, approach the island. While they are landing, Ellen hears her father's bugle on the shore, and hastens to meet him. With him is her lover, Malcolm Græme. They all come to the island, where the morning is spent in conversation and in pastimes. At noon, a messenger arrives and informs Roderick that the king, having subdued the Border chieftains, is about to attack the Highland robbers. Douglas proposes to withdraw with his daughter, and counsels Roderick to submit to the king. Roderick demands Ellen in marriage and the alliance of Douglas against the king. Both demands meet with refusal. Roderick, jealous of Græme, quarrels with him; bloodshed is prevented by Douglas's interposing. Græme is ordered to leave the island. Refusing to be indebted to his enemy for a boat, he swims to the mainland.

#### I.

AT morn the black-cock trims his jetty<sup>1</sup> wing,  
'Tis morning prompts the linnet's<sup>2</sup> blithest lay,  
All Nature's children feel the matin spring<sup>3</sup>  
Of life reviving, with reviving day;  
And while yon little bark glides down the bay,  
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!<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> jet-black.

<sup>2</sup> a small song-bird.

chieftains. His main duty was to celebrate in verse and song the triumphs of his clan.

<sup>3</sup> morning activity.

<sup>4</sup> a bard or minstrel was retained, to a late period, in the families of Highland

frequently the education of the children of the chief was intrusted to him.

## II.

## SONG.

“Not faster yonder rowers’ might  
Flings from their oars the spray,  
Not faster yonder rippling bright,  
That tracks the shallop’s course in light,  
Melts in the lake away,  
Than men from memory erase  
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.  
Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport !  
Where beauty sees the brave resort,  
The honored meed <sup>1</sup> be thine !  
True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,  
Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,  
And lost in love’s and friendship’s smile  
Be memory of the lonely isle !

## III.

## SONG CONTINUED.

“But if beneath yon southern sky  
A plaided stranger roam,  
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,  
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 ;

<sup>1</sup> reward.

Remember then thy hap <sup>1</sup> erewhile,  
A stranger in the lonely isle.

“ Or if on life’s uncertain main <sup>2</sup>

Mishap shall mar thy sail ;  
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,  
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain  
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.”

IV.

As died the sounds upon the tide,  
The shallop reached the mainland side,  
And ere his onward way he took,  
The stranger cast a lingering look,  
Where easily his eye might reach  
The Harper on the islet beach,  
Reclined against a blighted <sup>3</sup> tree,  
As wasted, gray, and worn as he.  
To minstrel meditation given,  
His reverend brow was raised to heaven,  
As from the rising sun to claim  
A sparkle of inspiring flame.  
His hand, reclined upon the wire,  
Seemed watching the awakening fire ;  
So still he sat as those who wait  
Till judgment speak the doom of fate ;  
So still, as if no breeze might dare  
To lift one lock of hoary hair ;  
So still, as life itself were fled  
In the last sound his harp had sped.

<sup>1</sup> what happened to thee formerly.    <sup>2</sup> ocean.    <sup>3</sup> withered or riven by lightning.

## V.

Upon a rock with lichens <sup>1</sup> wild,  
Beside him Ellen sat and smiled.—  
Smiled she to see the stately drake  
Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,  
While her vexed spaniel from the beach  
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  
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  
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 ;  
And after, oft the knight would say,  
That not when prize of festal day  
Was dealt him by the brightest fair  
Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,  
So highly did his bosom swell  
As at that simple mute farewell.  
Now with a trusty mountain-guide,  
And his dark stag-hounds by his side,  
He parts, <sup>2</sup>—the maid, unconscious still,  
Watched him wind slowly round the hill ;

<sup>1</sup> (*pron.* li'kenz) a fungus plant life, commonly termed moss.

<sup>2</sup> departs.



But when his stately form was hid,  
The guardian in her bosom chid,—  
“Thy Malcolm ! vain and selfish maid !”  
’Twas thus upbraiding conscience said,—  
“Not so had Malcolm idly hung  
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,—  
“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 !”<sup>1</sup>  
Scarce from her lip the word had rushed,  
When deep the conscious maiden blushed ;  
For of his clan, in hall and bower,  
Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower.

## VII.

The minstrel waked his harp,—three times  
Arose the well-known martial chimes,  
And thrice their high heroic pride  
In melancholy murmurs died.  
“Vainly thou bidst, O noble maid,”  
Clasping his withered hands, he said,  
“Vainly thou bidst me wake the strain,  
Though all unwont to bid in vain.  
Alas ! than mine a mightier hand  
Has tuned my harp, my strings has spanned !  
I touched the chords of joy, but low  
And mournful answer notes of woe ;

<sup>1</sup> The ancient and powerful family of the Grahams held extensive possessions in Dumbartonshire and Stirlingshire.

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,  
 This harp, which erst <sup>1</sup> Saint Modan <sup>2</sup> swayed,  
 Can thus its master's fate foretell,  
 Then welcome be the minstrel's knell ! <sup>3</sup>

## VIII.

“ But ah ! dear lady, thus it sighed,  
 The eve thy sainted mother died ;  
 And such the sounds which, while I strove  
 To wake a lay of war or love,  
 Came marring all the festal mirth,  
 Appalling <sup>4</sup> me who gave them birth,  
 And, disobedient to my call,  
 Wailed loud through Bothwell's bannered hall, <sup>5</sup>  
 Ere Douglasses, <sup>6</sup> to ruin driven,  
 Were exiled from their native heaven.—  
 O ! if yet worse mishap and woe  
 My master's house must undergo,  
 Or aught but weal to Ellen fair  
 Brood <sup>7</sup> in these accents of despair,

<sup>1</sup> formerly.

<sup>2</sup> Scott here assumes that Saint Modan could perform on the harp ; this was not an unsaintly accomplishment.

<sup>3</sup> note of evil omen.

<sup>4</sup> frightening.

<sup>5</sup> seat of the Earls of Angus and Douglas.

<sup>6</sup> The Douglas family had been exceedingly powerful ever since the great wars with England, when James Douglas had been the chief friend of Bruce, the champion of national independence. The Earls of Douglas and of Angus, with their many relatives, had since grown so powerful and unscrupulous as to be the terror of kings

and people ; so that it was said that no justice could be obtained against a Douglas or a Douglas's man. Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, had married Margaret Tudor, the mother of James V., and the young king in his boyhood had been held in such subjection that when at last he made his escape from the numerous Douglasses who guarded and watched him, he hated the very name of the family, and banished every one of them, including a brave old man, Douglas of Kilspindie, who had been a great favorite with him in his childhood, and from whom the character of the Douglas of the poem is taken.—YONGE.

<sup>7</sup> be foreshadowed.

No future bard, sad Harp ! shall fling  
 Triumph ~~or~~ rapture from thy string ;  
 One short, one final strain shall flow,  
 Fraught<sup>1</sup> with unutterable woe,  
 Then shivered shall thy fragments lie,  
 Thy master cast him down and die !”

## IX.

Soothing she answered him : “ Assuage,<sup>2</sup>  
 Mine honored friend, the fears of age ;  
 All melodies to thee are known  
 That harp has rung or pipe has blown,  
 In Lowland vale or Highland glen,  
 From Tweed to Spey<sup>3</sup>—what marvel, then,  
 At times unbidden notes should rise,  
 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.  
 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,<sup>4</sup>  
 The noble stem they cannot grieve.  
 For me ”—she stooped, and, looking round,  
 Plucked a blue harebell<sup>5</sup> from the ground,—  
 “ For me, whose memory scarce conveys  
 An image of more splendid days,  
 This little flower that loves the lea<sup>6</sup>  
 May well my simple emblem be ;

<sup>1</sup> laden ; filled.<sup>2</sup> soothe or quiet.<sup>4</sup> rob ; despoil.<sup>3</sup> *i.e.*, throughout the whole country ; the  
 Tweed being the southern boundary, the  
 Spey the northern.<sup>5</sup> also called the bluebell of Scotland.<sup>6</sup> meadow.

It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose  
 That in the King's own garden grows ;  
 And when I place it in my hair,  
 Allan, a bard is bound to swear  
 He ne'er saw coronet<sup>1</sup> so fair."  
 Then playfully the chaplet wild  
 She wreathed in her dark locks, and smiled.

## X.

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,  
 Wiled<sup>2</sup> the old Harper's mood away.  
 With such a look as hermits throw,  
 When angels stoop to soothe their woe,  
 He gazed, till fond regret and pride  
 Thrilled to a tear, then thus replied :  
 " Loveliest and best ! thou little know'st  
 The rank, the honors, thou hast lost !  
 O, might I live to see thee grace,  
 In Scotland's court, thy birthright place,  
 To see my favorite's step advance  
 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 !"<sup>3</sup>

## 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  
 In courtly dance than blithe strathspey,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> chaplet or wreath for the head.<sup>2</sup> beguiled.<sup>3</sup> the shield of the Douglas family bore a red heart crowned, in remembrance of thecharge given on his deathbed by Robert Bruce to James Douglas to bear his heart in Crusades to the Holy Land.  
<sup>4</sup> a lively Scottish dance.

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,—  
 Thou, flattering bard ! thyself wilt say,  
 That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.  
 The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,  
 The terror of Loch Lomond's <sup>1</sup> side,  
 Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay  
 A Lennox foray <sup>2</sup>—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 ?  
 In Holy-Rood <sup>3</sup> a knight he slew ; <sup>4</sup>  
 I saw, when back the dirk he drew,  
 Courtiers give place before the stride  
 Of the undaunted <sup>5</sup> homicide ; <sup>6</sup>  
 And since, though outlawed, <sup>7</sup> hath his hand  
 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 <sup>8</sup> by every noble peer,

<sup>1</sup> the gem of Scottish lakes, near Loch Katrine (see map).

<sup>2</sup> incursion of armed men for the sake of plunder.

<sup>3</sup> a palace in Edinburgh, ancient residence of Scottish royalty.

<sup>4</sup> not an uncommon occurrence; since the presence of even the sovereign could scarcely restrain the inveterate feuds which were the source of much bloodshed among the Scottish nobility.

<sup>5</sup> bold ; unterrified.

<sup>6</sup> one who kills another.

<sup>7</sup> deprived of the law's protection.

<sup>8</sup> “ The exiled state of this powerful race is not exaggerated in this and subsequent passages. The hatred of James against the race of Douglas was so inveterate, that, numerous as their allies were, and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not entertain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguise. James Doug-

Even the rude refuge we have here ?  
 Alas, this wild marauding Chief  
 Alone might hazard <sup>1</sup> our relief,  
 And now thy maiden charms expand,  
 Looks for his guerdon <sup>2</sup> in thy hand ;  
 Full soon may dispensation <sup>3</sup> sought,  
 To back his suit, from Rome be brought.  
 Then, though an exile on the hill,  
 Thy father, as the Douglas, still  
 Be held in reverence and fear ;  
 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."—

## XIII.

“ Minstrel,” the maid replied, and high  
 Her father's soul glanced from her eye,  
 “ My debts to Roderick's house I know :  
 All that a mother could bestow  
 To Lady Margaret's care I owe,  
 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 ;  
 And, could I pay it with my blood,

las, son of the banished Earl of Angus, afterwards well known by the title of Earl of Morton, lurked, during the exile of his family, in the north of Scotland, under the assumed name of James Innes, otherwise *James the Grieve* (i.e., reve, or bailiff). ‘And as he bore the name,’ says Godscroft, ‘so did he also execute the office of a grieve, or overseer, of the lands and rents, the corn and cattle of him with whom he lived.’ From the habits of frugality and

observation which he acquired in his humble situation, the historian traces that intimate acquaintance with popular character, which enabled him to rise so high in the state, and that honorable economy by which he repaired and established the shattered estates of Angus and Morton.”—SCOTT.

<sup>1</sup> attempt or risk.

<sup>2</sup> reward.

<sup>3</sup> the Pope's permission for Roderick to marry his first cousin Ellen, which the laws of the time forbade.

Allan ! Sir Roderick should command  
 My blood, my life,—but not my hand.  
 Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell  
 A votaress<sup>1</sup> in Maronnan's<sup>2</sup> cell ;  
 Rather through realms beyond the sea,  
 Seeking the world's cold charity,  
 Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,  
 And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,  
 An outcast pilgrim will she rove,  
 Than wed the man she cannot love.

## XIV.

“ Thou shak'st, good friend, thy tresses gray,—  
 That pleading look, what can it say  
 But what I own ?—I grant him brave,  
 But wild as Bracklinn's thundering wave ;<sup>3</sup>  
 And generous,—save vindictive<sup>4</sup> mood  
 Or jealous transport chafe his blood :  
 I grant him true to friendly band,  
 As his claymore<sup>5</sup> is to his hand ;  
 But O ! that very blade of steel  
 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,  
 Where once some pleasant hamlet stood,  
 A mass of ashes slaked<sup>6</sup> with blood.  
 The hand that for my father fought  
 I honor, as his daughter ought ;

<sup>1</sup> one consecrated by a vow to good works and a religious life (feminine form : the masculine is *votary*).

<sup>2</sup> parish of Kilmarnock (at the eastern end of Loch Lomond), so-called from a chapel dedicated to the saint.

<sup>3</sup> a cascade at the bridge of Bracklinn, a mile from the village of Callander.

<sup>4</sup> revengeful.

<sup>5</sup> Highland broadsword.

<sup>6</sup> wet ; drenched.

But can I clasp it reeking red <sup>1</sup>  
 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.  
 While yet a child,—and children know,  
 Instinctive <sup>2</sup> taught, the friend and foe,—  
 I shuddered at his brow of gloom,  
 His shadowy plaid and sable <sup>3</sup> plume ;  
 A maiden gown, I ill could bear  
 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.  
 To change such odious <sup>4</sup> theme were best,—  
 What think'st thou of our stranger guest ?"—

## XV.

“ What think I of him ?—woe the while  
 That brought such wanderer to our isle !  
 Thy father's battle-brand, of yore  
 For Tine-man <sup>5</sup> forged by fairy lore,  
 What time <sup>6</sup> he leagued, <sup>7</sup> no longer foes,  
 His Border <sup>8</sup> spears with Hotspur's bows,  
 Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshow  
 The footstep of a secret foe.  
 If courtly spy hath harbored here,  
 What may we for the Douglas fear ?

<sup>1</sup> smoking with fresh blood.

<sup>2</sup> (adverb, instinctively) by instinct, without reasoning.

<sup>3</sup> black.

<sup>4</sup> very disagreeable.

<sup>5</sup> applied to Archibald, third Earl of Doug-

las, because he tined, or lost, his followers in every battle. <sup>6</sup> when; at the time when.

<sup>7</sup> united for mutual support.

<sup>8</sup> Douglas with his Scottish spearmen allied himself with Percy Hotspur, whose men were armed with the crossbow.



What for this island, deemed of old  
 Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold ?  
 If neither spy nor foe, I pray  
 What yet may jealous Roderick say ? —  
 Nay, wave not thy disdainful head !  
 Bethink thee of the discord dread  
 That kindled when at Beltane game<sup>1</sup>  
 Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Græme ;  
 Still, though thy sire the peace renewed,  
 Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud :  
 Beware ! — But hark ! what sounds are these ?  
 My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,  
 No weeping birch nor aspens wake,  
 Nor breath is dimpling in the lake ;  
 Still is the canna's hoary beard,  
 Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—  
 And hark again ! some pipe of war  
 Sends the bold pibroch from afar.”

## 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,  
 And, bearing downwards from Glengyle,<sup>2</sup>  
 Steered full upon the lonely isle ;  
 The point of Brianchoil<sup>3</sup> they passed,  
 And, to the windward as they cast,<sup>4</sup>  
 Against the sun they gave to shine  
 The bold Sir Roderick's bannered Pine.<sup>5</sup>  
 Nearer and nearer as they bear,  
 Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air.

<sup>1</sup> Celtic May-day festival, celebrated by lighting bonfires on hilltops, and dancing in front of them.

<sup>2</sup> valley at the head of Loch Katrine.

<sup>3</sup> point on southern side of the lake.

<sup>4</sup> as they brought round the side of the boat to the wind.

<sup>5</sup> the badge of Clan-Alpine and the Macgregors.

Now might you see the tartans <sup>1</sup> brave,  
 And plaids and plumage dance and wave :  
 Now see the bonnets <sup>2</sup> sink and rise,  
 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 <sup>3</sup> flow  
 From their loud chanter, <sup>4</sup> down, and sweep  
 The furrowed bosom of the deep,  
 As, rushing through the lake amain,  
 They plied the ancient Highland strain.

## XVII.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud  
 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,  
 Then bursting bolder on the ear,  
 The clan's shrill Gathering <sup>5</sup> they could hear,  
 Those thrilling sounds that call the might  
 Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.  
 Thick beat the rapid notes, as when  
 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,  
 Ere peal of closing battle rose,  
 With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows ;

<sup>1</sup> bright-colored plaids. (*Brave* is in Scotch *braw*, or bonny.)

<sup>2</sup> Scotch caps worn by men (*Tam o' Shanters*).

<sup>3</sup> colored ribbons attached to the bagpipes for ornament.

<sup>4</sup> the pipe of the bagpipes on which the tune is played is called the chanter.

<sup>5</sup> rallying word of the clan ; war-cry.

And mimic din of stroke and ward,  
 As broadsword upon target jarred ;  
 And groaning pause, ere yet again,  
 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.  
 Nor ended thus the strain, but slow  
 Sunk in a moan prolonged and low,  
 And changed the conquering clarion<sup>1</sup> swell  
 For wild lament o'er those that fell.

## XVIII.

The war-pipes ceased, but lake and hill  
 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.  
 Each boatman, bending to his oar,  
 With measured sweep the burden bore,  
 In such wild cadence<sup>2</sup> as the breeze  
 Makes through December's leafless trees.  
 The chorus first could Allan know,  
 " Roderick Vich Alpine, ho ! iro ! "  
 And near, and nearer as they rowed,  
 Distinct the martial ditty flowed.

## XIX.

## BOAT SONG.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances !  
 Honored and blest be the ever-green Pine !  
 Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,  
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !

<sup>1</sup> trumpet with clear, shrill note.<sup>2</sup> rhythmical movement of music.

Heaven send it happy dew,  
 Earth lend it sap anew,  
 Gayly to bourgeon <sup>1</sup> and broadly to grow,  
 While every Highland glen  
 Sends our shout back again,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, <sup>2</sup> ho ! ieroe !"  
 Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,  
 Blooming at Beltane, <sup>3</sup> in winter to fade ;  
 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 ;  
 Menteith <sup>4</sup> and Breadalbane, <sup>4</sup> then,  
 Echo his praise again,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

## XX.

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin, <sup>5</sup>  
 And Bannochar's <sup>5</sup> groans to our slogan <sup>6</sup> replied ;  
 Glen Luss <sup>5</sup> and Ross-dhu, <sup>5</sup> 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 ;  
 Lennox and Leven-glen <sup>5</sup>  
 Shake when they hear again,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"  
 Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !  
 Stretch to your oars for the ever-green Pine !  
 O that the rosebud that graces yon islands

<sup>1</sup> to bud.

<sup>2</sup> beside his ordinary name and surname,  
 every Highland chief had an epithet ex-  
 pressive of his dignity as head of the clan.  
 "Black Roderick, the descendant of Al-

pine," is the meaning of Roderigh Vich  
 Alpine dhu. <sup>3</sup> Whitsuntide, May 1st.

<sup>4</sup> districts north of Loch Lomond.<sup>5</sup> valleys on the borders of Loch Lomond.<sup>6</sup> battle-cry of the Highlanders.

Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine !  
O that some seedling gem,  
Worthy such noble stem,  
Honored and blessed in their shadow might grow !  
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.  
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,  
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 ? ”  
Reluctantly<sup>1</sup> 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  
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,  
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.

<sup>1</sup> unwillingly.

## XXII.

Some feelings are to mortals given  
With less of earth in them than heaven ;  
And if there be a human tear  
From passions dross refined and clear,  
A tear so limpid <sup>1</sup> and so meek  
It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
Upon a duteous daughter's head !  
And as the Douglas to his breast  
His darling Ellen closely pressed,  
Such holy drops her tresses steeped,  
Though 'twas 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 ;  
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,  
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 :  
“ 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,  
While many a minstrel answered loud,

<sup>1</sup> clear.

When Percy's Norman pennon,<sup>1</sup> won  
 In bloody field, before me shone,  
 And twice ten knights, the least a name  
 As mighty as yon Chief may claim,  
 Gracing my pomp,<sup>2</sup> behind me came.  
 Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud  
 Was I of all that marshalled crowd,  
 Though the waned crescent<sup>3</sup> owned my might,  
 And in my train trooped lord and knight,  
 Though Blantyre<sup>4</sup> hymned her holiest lays,  
 And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,  
 As when this old man's silent tear,  
 And this poor maid's affection dear,  
 A welcome give more kind and true  
 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,  
 The bashful maiden's cheek appeared,  
 For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.  
 The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,  
 The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide ;  
 The loved caresses of the maid  
 The dogs with crouch and whimper paid ;  
 And, at her whistle, on her hand  
 The falcon took his favorite stand,  
 Closed his dark wing, relaxed his eye,  
 Nor, though unhooded,<sup>5</sup> sought to fly.

<sup>1</sup> a trophy captured by the Douglas, in 1388, before Newcastle.

<sup>2</sup> parade.

<sup>3</sup> silver half-moon badge of the Percies of Northumberland, and of Buccleuch Scotts.

<sup>4</sup> ancient abbey, opposite Bothwell castle.

<sup>5</sup> falcons were kept with head covered ; they took flight in search of prey as soon as the hood was removed.

And, trust, while in such guise she stood,  
Like fabled Goddess<sup>1</sup> of the wood,  
That if a father's partial thought  
O'erweighed her worth and beauty aught,  
Well might the lover's judgment fail  
To balance with a juster scale ;  
For with each secret glance he stole,  
The fond enthusiast<sup>2</sup> sent his soul.

## XXV.

Of stature fair, and slender frame,  
But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme.  
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  
The ptarmigan in snow could spy ;  
Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,  
He knew, through Lennox and Menteith ;  
Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe  
When Malcolm bent his sounding bow,  
And scarce that doe, though winged with fear,  
Outstripped in speed the mountaineer ;  
Right up Ben Lomond could he press,  
And not a sob his toil confess.  
His form accorded with a mind  
Lively and ardent, frank and kind ;  
A blither heart, till Ellen came,  
Did never love nor sorrow tame ;  
It danced as blithesome in his breast  
As played the feather on his crest.  
Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,  
His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,

<sup>1</sup> Diana, goddess of the wood.<sup>2</sup> one filled with emotion.



And bards, who saw his features bold  
 When kindled by the tales of old,  
 Said, were that youth to manhood grown,  
 Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown  
 Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,  
 But quail <sup>1</sup> to that of Malcolm Græme.

## XXVI.

Now back they wend their watery way,  
 And, "O my sire!" did Ellen say,  
 "Why urge thy chase so far astray?  
 And why so late returned? And why"—  
 The rest was in her speaking eye.  
 "My child, the chase I follow far,  
 'Tis mimicry <sup>2</sup> of noble war;  
 And with that gallant pastime reft  
 Were all the Douglas I have left.  
 I met young Malcolm as I strayed  
 Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' <sup>3</sup> shade;  
 Nor strayed I safe, for all around  
 Hunters and horsemen scoured the ground.  
 This youth, though still a royal ward, <sup>4</sup>  
 Risked life and land to be my guard,  
 And through the passes of the wood  
 Guided my steps, not unpursued;  
 And Roderick shall his welcome make,  
 Despite old spleen, <sup>5</sup> for Douglas' sake.  
 Then must he seek Strath-Endrick <sup>6</sup> glen,  
 Nor peril aught for me again."

## XXVII.

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,  
 Reddened at sight of Malcolm Græme,

<sup>1</sup> cower.<sup>2</sup> imitation.<sup>5</sup> old quarrels.<sup>3</sup> wooded valley northeast of the Trosachs.<sup>4</sup> under the king's guardianship.<sup>6</sup> valley drained by the stream (Endrick-water) which flows into Loch Lomond.

Yet, not in action, word, or eye,  
 Failed aught in hospitality.  
 In talk and sport they whiled away  
 The morning of that summer day ;  
 But at high noon a courier <sup>1</sup> light  
 Held secret parley <sup>2</sup> with the knight,  
 Whose moody aspect soon declared  
 That evil was the news he heard.  
 Deep thought seemed toiling in his head ;  
 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,  
 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,  
 Nor my plain temper, glozing <sup>3</sup> words.  
 Kinsmen and father,—if such name  
 Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim ;  
 Mine honored mother ;—Ellen,—why,  
 My cousin, turn away thine eye ?  
 And Græme, in whom I hope to know  
 Full soon a noble friend or foe,  
 When age shall give thee thy command,  
 And leading in thy native land,—  
 List all ! The King's vindictive pride  
 Boasts to have tamed the Border-side, <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> messenger sent in haste.

<sup>2</sup> conference. <sup>3</sup> flattering ; deceptive.

<sup>4</sup> In 1529 James V. strove to quell the law-

lessness of Border chiefs. He dealt out stern justice to them, and then “tamed” many of the Highland chiefs.

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,  
And wide their loyal portals<sup>1</sup> flung,  
O'er their own gateway struggling hung.  
Loud cries their blood from Meggat's<sup>2</sup> mead,  
From Yarrow<sup>2</sup> braes<sup>3</sup> and banks of Tweed,  
Where the lone streams of Ettrick<sup>2</sup> glide,  
And from the silver Teviot's<sup>2</sup> side ;  
The dales, where martial clans did ride,  
Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide.  
This tyrant of the Scottish throne,  
So faithless and so ruthless<sup>4</sup> known,  
Now hither comes ; his end the same,  
The same pretext<sup>5</sup> of sylvan game.  
What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye  
By fate of Border chivalry.  
Yet more ; amid Glenfinlas' green,  
Douglas, thy stately form was seen.  
This by espial<sup>6</sup> sure I know :  
Your counsel in the streight<sup>7</sup> I show."<sup>8</sup>

## XXIX.

Ellen and Margaret fearfully  
Sought comfort in each other's eye,  
Then turned their ghastly look, each one,  
This to her sire, that to her son.  
The hasty color went and came  
In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme,  
But from his glance it well appeared  
'Twas but for Ellen that he feared ;

<sup>1</sup> gates.<sup>2</sup> streams flowing into the Tweed.<sup>3</sup> hillsides.<sup>4</sup> without pity.<sup>5</sup> (here accented on second syllable) excuse.<sup>6</sup> observation made by means of spies.<sup>7</sup> (strait) difficulty.<sup>8</sup> desire (to be given me.)

While, sorrowful, but undismayed,  
The Douglas thus his counsel said :  
“ Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,  
It may but thunder and pass o’er ;  
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 <sup>1</sup> were fiercest sped.  
For thee, who, at thy King’s command,  
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  
The refuge of some forest cell,  
There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,  
Till on the mountain and the moor  
The stern pursuit be passed and o’er.”—

## XXX.

“ No, by mine honor,” Roderick said,  
“ 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 <sup>2</sup> of the Bleeding Heart !  
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 ; <sup>3</sup>  
Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief,  
Will bind to us each Western Chief.

<sup>1</sup> the king’s anger is likened to a destructive thunder-bolt.

<sup>2</sup> those who belong to the family or line.

<sup>3</sup> enough.

When the loud pipes my bridal tell,  
 The Links <sup>1</sup> of Forth shall hear the knell,  
 The guards shall start in Stirling's porch ;  
 And when I light the nuptial <sup>2</sup> torch,  
 A thousand villages in flames  
 Shall scare the slumbers of King James ! —  
 Nay, Ellen, blench <sup>3</sup> not thus away,  
 And, mother, cease these signs, <sup>4</sup> I pray ;  
 I meant not all my heat might say. —  
 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 <sup>5</sup> King from pathless glen  
 Shall bootless <sup>6</sup> turn him home again."

## XXXI.

There are <sup>7</sup> who have, at midnight hour,  
 In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,  
 And, on the verge that beetled <sup>8</sup> o'er  
 The ocean tide's incessant <sup>9</sup> roar,  
 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,  
 And heard unintermitted <sup>10</sup> sound,  
 And thought the battled fence <sup>11</sup> so frail,  
 It waved like cobweb in the gale ;—  
 Amid his senses' giddy wheel,  
 Did he not desperate impulse feel,

<sup>1</sup> the windings and meadows of the Forth  
 at Stirling.

<sup>2</sup> marriage.      <sup>3</sup> shrink.

<sup>4</sup> here, sign of the cross, meaning "Heaven  
 preserve us !"

<sup>5</sup> defeated.

<sup>6</sup> unsuccessful.

<sup>7</sup> there are those who, etc.

<sup>8</sup> hung ; projected heavily.

<sup>9</sup> unceasing.

<sup>10</sup> without pause.

<sup>11</sup> defensive wall, or battlement.

Headlong to plunge himself below,  
And meet the worst his fears foreshow ?—  
Thus Ellen, dizzy and astound,<sup>1</sup>  
As sudden ruin yawned around,  
By crossing terrors wildly tossed,  
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,  
And eager rose to speak,—but ere  
His tongue could hurry forth his fear,  
Had Douglas marked the hectic strife,<sup>2</sup>  
Where death seemed combating with life ;  
For to her cheek, in feverish flood,  
One instant rushed the throbbing blood,  
Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,  
Left its domain as wan<sup>3</sup> as clay.  
“ Roderick, enough ! enough ! ” he cried,  
“ My daughter cannot be thy bride ;  
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  
Will level a rebellious spear.  
’Twas I that taught his youthful hand  
To rein a steed and wield a brand ;  
I see him yet, the princely boy !  
Not Ellen more my pride and joy ;

<sup>1</sup> stunned.<sup>3</sup> colorless.<sup>2</sup> alternation of flushing and pallor in her cheek.

I love him still, despite my wrongs  
By hasty wrath and slanderous <sup>1</sup> tongues.  
O, seek the grace you well may find,  
Without a cause to mine combined !”

## XXXIII.

Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode ;  
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,  
Stooping his pinions' <sup>2</sup> shadowy sway  
Upon the nighted <sup>3</sup> pilgrim's way :  
But, unrequited Love ! thy dart  
Plunged deepest its envenomed <sup>4</sup> smart,  
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,  
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,  
But, struggling with his spirit proud,  
Convulsive heaved its checkered shroud, <sup>5</sup>  
While every sob—so mute were all—  
Was heard distinctly through the hall.  
The son's despair, the mother's look,  
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,

<sup>1</sup> uttering false reports.<sup>3</sup> overtaken by night.<sup>5</sup> tartan plaid covering.<sup>2</sup> wings.<sup>4</sup> poisoned.

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  
On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid :  
“ Back, beardless boy ! ” he sternly said,  
“ Back, minion ! <sup>1</sup> holdst thou thus at naught  
The lesson I so lately taught ?  
This roof, the Douglas, and that maid,  
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 ! ”  
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 !  
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 dishonorable broil ? ”  
Sullen and slowly they unclasp,  
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,  
Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung,  
And Malcolm heard his Ellen scream,  
As faltered through terrific dream.

<sup>1</sup> unworthy object, though once a term of endearment.



Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword,  
 And veiled his wrath in scornful word :  
 “ Rest safe till morning ; pity ’twere  
 Such cheek <sup>1</sup> should feel the midnight air !  
 Then mayst thou to James Stuart tell,  
 Roderick will keep the lake and fell,<sup>2</sup>  
 Nor lackey <sup>3</sup> with his freeborn clan  
 The pageant <sup>4</sup> pomp of earthly man.  
 More would he of Clan-Alpine know.  
 Thou canst our strength and passes show.—  
 Malise, what ho ! ”—his henchman <sup>5</sup> came :  
 “ Give our safe-conduct to the Græme.”  
 Young Malcolm answered, calm and bold :  
 “ Fear nothing for thy favorite hold ;  
 The spot an angel deigned <sup>6</sup> to grace  
 Is blessed, though robbers haunt the place.  
 Thy churlish <sup>7</sup> courtesy for those  
 Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.  
 As safe to me the mountain way  
 At midnight as in blaze of day,  
 Though with his boldest at his back  
 Even Roderick Dhu beset the track.—  
 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,”—  
 He said, and left the sylvan bower.

## XXXVI.

Old Allan followed to the strand—  
 Such was the Douglas’s command—

<sup>1</sup> This was a charge of effeminacy against Malcolm.

<sup>4</sup> showy display.

<sup>2</sup> a hill.

<sup>5</sup> body-servant, ready at all times to serve and defend his master.

<sup>3</sup> wait upon and attend.

<sup>6</sup> condescended. <sup>7</sup> rude ; graceless.

And anxious told, how, on the morn,  
The stern Sir Roderick deep 'had sworn,  
The Fiery Cross<sup>1</sup> should circle o'er  
Dale, glen, and valley, down and moor.  
Much were the peril to the Græme  
From those who to the signal came ;  
Far up the lake 'twere safest land,  
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,  
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,—  
“ O, could I point a place of rest !  
My sovereign holds in ward my land,  
My uncle leads my vassal band ;  
To tame his foes, his friends to aid,  
Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade.  
Yet, if there be one faithful Græme  
Who loves the chieftain of his name,  
Not long shall honored Douglas dwell  
Like hunted stag in mountain cell ;  
Nor, ere yon pride-swollen robber dare,—  
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.

<sup>1</sup> See Canto III., stanza i, note.

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,  
To which the moon her silver gave.  
Fast as the cormorant <sup>1</sup> could skim,  
The swimmer plied each active limb ;  
Then landing in the moonlight dell,  
Loud shouted of his weal <sup>2</sup> to tell.  
The minstrel heard the far halloo,  
And joyful from the shore withdrew.

<sup>1</sup> sea-bird, allied to the pelican.

<sup>2</sup> safety.

## CANTO THIRD.

### THE GATHERING.

#### SUMMARY.

Next morning, the Fiery Cross is sent out to summon Roderick's followers to Lanrick Mead. Malise, the chieftain's henchman, flies with the fatal symbol along the side of Loch Achray. At Duncraggan's huts he hears the coronach of the aged warrior Duncan. At once the stripling son belts on his father's sword and speeds forth with the cross. When he reaches Strath-Ire, he meets a bridal party, and puts the signal into the hand of the bridegroom, Norman, who tears himself from his bride to speed the message on. In this way all of Clan Alpine's warriors are summoned.

The same morning, Douglas and his daughter leave the island and take refuge, with Allan-bane, in the Goblin Cave, in the darkest cleft of Benvenue. On the way to the muster at Lanrick Mead, Roderick ventures into the neighborhood of their cell, and listens to Ellen's voice singing a hymn to the Virgin, to the accompaniment of the minstrel's harp.

#### I.

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,

Who danced our infancy upon their knee,  
And told our marvelling boyhood legends<sup>1</sup> store

Of their strange ventures<sup>2</sup> happened<sup>3</sup> by land or sea,  
How they are blotted from the things that be !

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,

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,

<sup>1</sup> remarkable stories.

<sup>2</sup> adventures of chance or danger.

<sup>3</sup> happened ; chanced.

What time the warning note was keenly wound,  
 What time aloft their kindred banner flew,  
 While clamorous war-pipes yelled the gathering sound,  
 And while the Fiery Cross ' glanced, like a meteor, round.

## II.

The Summer dawn's reflected hue  
 To purple changed Loch Katrine blue ;  
 Mildly and soft the western breeze  
 Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,  
 And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,<sup>2</sup>  
 Trembled but dimpled not for joy :  
 The mountain shadows on her breast  
 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<sup>3</sup> reared of silver bright ;  
 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 ;

<sup>1</sup> " 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 *Cream 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 neighbors, 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. During the civil war of 1745-46, the Fiery Cross often made its circuit ; and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours." —SCOTT.

<sup>2</sup> shy.

<sup>3</sup> cup or goblet.

Invisible in fleckèd <sup>1</sup> sky  
The lark sent down her revelry ; <sup>2</sup>  
The blackbird and the speckled thrush  
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush ;  
In answer cooed the cushat dove <sup>3</sup>  
Her notes of peace and rest and love.

## 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,  
And eyed the rising sun, and laid  
His hand on his impatient blade.  
Beneath a rock, his vassals' care  
Was prompt the ritual <sup>4</sup> to prepare,  
With deep and deathful meaning fraught ;  
For such Antiquity <sup>5</sup> had taught  
Was preface meet, ere yet abroad  
The Cross of Fire should take its road.  
The shrinking band stood off aghast  
At the impatient glance he cast ;—  
Such glance the mountain eagle threw,  
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.

## IV.

A heap of withered boughs was piled,  
Of juniper and rowan <sup>6</sup> wild,  
Mingled with shivers from the oak,  
Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.

<sup>1</sup> dotted with light, fleecy clouds.

<sup>2</sup> noisy enjoyment.

<sup>3</sup> wood-pigeon.

<sup>4</sup> performance of religious service.

<sup>5</sup> olden times (here, ancient tradition).

<sup>6</sup> European mountain-ash.

Brian the Hermit by it stood,  
 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 penance bore.  
 That monk, of savage form and face,  
 The impending danger of his race  
 Had drawn from deepest solitude,  
 Far in Benharrow's <sup>1</sup> bosom rude.  
 Not his the mien of Christian priest,  
 But Druid's, <sup>2</sup> from the grave released,  
 Whose hardened heart and eye might brook  
 On human sacrifice to look ;  
 And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore  
 Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er.  
 The hallowed creed gave only worse  
 And deadlier emphasis of curse.  
 No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,  
 His cave the pilgrim shunned with care ;  
 The eager huntsman knew his bound,  
 And in mid chase called off his hound ;  
 Or if, in lonely glen or strath, <sup>3</sup>  
 The desert-dweller met his path,  
 He prayed, and signed the cross between,  
 While terror took devotion's mien.

## V.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.  
 His mother watched a midnight fold, <sup>4</sup>  
 Built deep within a dreary glen,  
 Where scattered lay the bones of men

<sup>1</sup> mountain near Loch Lomond.

<sup>3</sup> a valley of large size through which a

<sup>2</sup> i. e., Druid's mien. The Druids were river flows.

the priests of old Britain, and sometimes offered human sacrifices. The monk, though

<sup>4</sup> pen or place for guarding animals over night.

a Christian priest, did not show Christian gentleness, but Druid hardness and severity.

In some forgotten battle slain,  
 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<sup>1</sup> fettered there the hand  
 Which once could burst an iron band ;  
 Beneath the broad and ample bone,  
 That bucklered<sup>2</sup> heart to fear unknown,  
 A feeble and a timorous guest,  
 The field-fare<sup>3</sup> framed her lowly nest ;  
 There the slow blindworm left his slime  
 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.  
 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,<sup>4</sup>  
 Yet ne'er again to braid her hair  
 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,  
 But locked her secret in her breast,  
 And died in travail, unconfessed.

## VI.

Alone, among his young compeers,  
 Was Brian from his infant years ;

<sup>1</sup> twitch-grass, difficult to root out.

<sup>2</sup> covered by a shield.

<sup>3</sup> thrush.

<sup>4</sup> "The snood, or riband, with which a Scottish lass braided her hair, had an em-

blematic signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the *curch*, *toy*, or *coif*, when she passed, by marriage, into the matron state."—SCOTT.



A moody and heart-broken boy,  
 Estranged from sympathy and joy,  
 Bearing each taunt which careless tongue  
 On his mysterious lineage<sup>1</sup> flung.  
 Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,  
 To wood and stream his hap to wail,  
 Till, frantic, he as truth received  
 What of his birth the crowd believed,  
 And sought, in mist and meteor fire,<sup>2</sup>  
 To meet and know his Phantom Sire !<sup>3</sup>  
 In vain, to soothe his wayward fate,  
 The cloister oped her pitying gate ;  
 In vain the learning of the age  
 Unclasped the sable-lettered page ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Even in its treasures he could find  
 Food for the fever of his mind.  
 Eager he read whatever tells  
 Of magic, cabala,<sup>5</sup> and spells,  
 And every dark pursuit allied  
 To curious and presumptuous pride ;  
 Till with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung,  
 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.  
 Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,  
 He watched the wheeling eddies boil,  
 Till from their foam his dazzled eyes  
 Beheld the River Demon<sup>6</sup> rise :

<sup>1</sup> unknown parentage.<sup>5</sup> (*pron.* kab'a-la) mysterious doctrine, or black art.<sup>2</sup> shooting star, or electrical illumination in the sky.<sup>3</sup> ghostly father.<sup>4</sup> the black, heavy-faced type was used in early books and manuscripts.<sup>6</sup> an evil and malicious spirit. "The River Demon, or River-horse, for it is that form which he commonly assumes, is the Kelpy

The mountain mist took form and limb  
 Of noontide hag<sup>1</sup> or goblin<sup>2</sup> 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 :  
 Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurled,  
 Shaped forth a disembodied world.<sup>3</sup>  
 One lingering sympathy of mind  
 Still bound him to the mortal kind ;  
 The only parent he could claim  
 Of ancient Alpine's lineage came.  
 Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,  
 The fatal Ben-Shie's<sup>4</sup> boding scream ;  
 Sounds,<sup>5</sup> too, had come in midnight blast  
 Of charging steeds, careering fast  
 Along Benharrow's shingly side,  
 Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride ;  
 The thunderbolt had split the pine,—  
 All augured<sup>6</sup> ill to Alpine's line.  
 He girt his loins, and came to show  
 The signals of impending woe,  
 And now stood prompt to bless or ban,<sup>7</sup>  
 As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

of the Lowlands, an evil and malicious spirit, delighting to forebode and to witness calamity."—SCOTT.

<sup>1</sup> ugly old woman.

<sup>2</sup> evil spirit.

<sup>3</sup> abode of spirits.

<sup>4</sup> (banshee) a female spirit that heralds or foretells death. "Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a tutelar, or rather a domestic spirit, attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity, and intimated by its wailings any approaching disaster. Ben-Shie implies a female fairy, whose lamentations were often supposed to precede the death of a chieftain of particular families."—SCOTT.

<sup>5</sup> "A presage of the kind alluded to in the text, is still believed to announce death to the ancient Highland family of M'Lean of Loch Buy. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard to gallop along a stony bank, and then to ride thrice around the family residence, ringing his fairy bridle, and thus intimating the approaching calamity. How easily the eye as well as the ear may be deceived upon such occasions, is evident from the stories of armies in the air, and other spectral phenomena with which history abounds."—SCOTT.

<sup>6</sup> prophesied ; foretold.

<sup>7</sup> curse.

## VIII.

'Twas all prepared ;—and from the rock  
 A goat, the patriarch <sup>1</sup> of the flock,  
 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,  
 Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.  
 The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,  
 A slender crosslet <sup>2</sup> framed with care,  
 A cubit's <sup>3</sup> length in measure due ;  
 The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,  
 Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach <sup>4</sup> 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,  
 With wasted hand and haggard <sup>5</sup> eye,  
 And strange and mingled feelings woke,  
 While his anathema <sup>6</sup> he spoke :—

## IX.

“ Woe to the clansman who shall view  
 This symbol <sup>7</sup> of sepulchral yew,<sup>8</sup>  
 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,  
 But, from his sires and kindred thrust,

<sup>1</sup> father ; leader.<sup>2</sup> a little cross, or crucifix.<sup>3</sup> eighteen inches.<sup>4</sup> Isle of Nuns, situate at the lower extremity of Loch Lomond.<sup>5</sup> wild and sunken.<sup>6</sup> a curse pronounced by the Church.<sup>7</sup> sign.<sup>8</sup> an evergreen tree growing over a grave.

Each clansman's execration <sup>1</sup> just  
 Shall doom him wrath <sup>2</sup> and woe."  
 He paused ; the word the vassals <sup>3</sup> took,  
 With forward step and fiery look,  
 On high their naked brands they shook,  
 Their clattering targets wildly strook ; <sup>4</sup>  
 And first in murmur low,  
 Then, like the billow in his course,  
 That far to seaward finds his source,  
 And flings to shore his mustered force,  
 Burst with loud roar their answer hoarse,  
 " Woe to the traitor, woe ! "  
 Ben-an's gray scalp <sup>5</sup> the accents knew,  
 The joyous wolf from covert drew,  
 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,  
 The while he scathed <sup>6</sup> 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  
 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,  
 A kindred fate shall know ;

<sup>1</sup> curse.<sup>2</sup> object of preposition to, understood.<sup>3</sup> persons living on lands of a superior, on condition of rendering military service whenever required.<sup>4</sup> obsolete form of *struck*.<sup>5</sup> the mountain's bare, rocky summit.<sup>6</sup> charred ; burnt.

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,

And infamy <sup>1</sup> and woe."

Then rose the cry of females, shrill  
 As goshawk's <sup>2</sup> whistle on the hill,  
 Denouncing misery and ill,  
 Mingled with childhood's babbling trill

Of curses stammered slow ;

Answering with imprecation dread,

"Sunk be his home in embers red !

And cursèd be the meanest shed

That e'er shall hide the houseless head

We doom to want and woe !"

A sharp and shrieking echo gave,

Coir-Uriskin, <sup>3</sup> thy goblin cave !

And the gray pass where birches wave

On Beala-nam-bo. <sup>4</sup>

#### XI.

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

<sup>1</sup> public disgrace.

<sup>2</sup> brown hawk (*lit.*, goose-hawk).

<sup>3</sup> a hollow cave in the side of Benvenue, the haunt of evil spirits, or Coir-nam-Uriskin ("the corry, or den, of the wild men"). "A hollow cleft in the northern side of Benvenue, supposed to be haunted by fairies and evil spirits. It is surrounded by rocks and overshadowed by birch-trees,

so as to give complete shelter. The Urisk is the equivalent of the Grecian Satyr, having a human form with goat's feet."—TAYLOR.

<sup>4</sup> a glade on the mountain side, frequented by cattle, or the pass of cattle :—"is a most magnificent glade, overhung with aged birch-trees, a little higher up the mountain than the Coir-nam-Uriskin."—SCOTT.

The crosslet's points of sparkling wood  
 He quenched among the bubbling blood,  
 And, as again the sign he reared,  
 Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard :  
 " When flits this Cross from man to man,  
 Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,  
 Burst be the ear that fails to heed !  
 Palsied the foot that shuns to speed !  
 May ravens tear the careless eyes,  
 Wolves make the coward heart their prize !  
 As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,  
 So may his heart's-blood drench his hearth !  
 As dies in hissing gore <sup>1</sup> the spark,  
 Quench thou his light, Destruction dark !  
 And be the grace <sup>2</sup> to him denied,  
 Brought by this sign to all beside !"  
 He ceased ; no echo gave again  
 The murmur of the deep Amen.<sup>3</sup>

## 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.  
 " The muster-place be Lanrick <sup>4</sup> mead—  
 Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed !"  
 Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,  
 A barge across Loch Katrine flew :  
 High stood the henchman on the prow ;  
 So rapidly the barge-men row,  
 The bubbles, where they launched the boat,  
 Were all unbroken and afloat,

<sup>1</sup> blood.<sup>2</sup> consolations of Christianity, the cross being its symbol.<sup>3</sup> muttered so low, in great earnestness, that an echo could not repeat it.<sup>4</sup> meadow at western end of Loch Ven-nachar.

Dancing in foam and ripple still,  
When it had neared the mainland hill ;  
And from the silver beach's side  
Still was the prow three fathom wide,<sup>1</sup>  
When lightly bounded to the land  
The messenger of blood and brand.

## XIII.

Speed, Malise, speed ! the dun deer's hide<sup>2</sup>  
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 ;  
With short and springing footstep pass  
The trembling bog and false morass ;<sup>3</sup>  
Across the brook like roebuck bound,  
And thread the brake like questing<sup>4</sup> hound ;  
The crag is high, the scaur<sup>5</sup> is deep,  
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 !  
The wounded hind<sup>6</sup> 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  
Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed !

<sup>1</sup> eighteen feet distant.

<sup>2</sup> the ancient buskin of the Highlander  
was made of the undressed deer's hide, with  
the hair outwards.

<sup>3</sup> spongy ground.

<sup>4</sup> hunting ; seeking about.

<sup>5</sup> bare face of a cliff.

<sup>6</sup> female deer.

## 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.  
 Nor slack'd the messenger his pace ;  
 He showed the sign, he named the place,  
 And, pressing forward like the wind,  
 Left clamor and surprise behind.  
 The fisherman forsook the strand,  
 The swarthy smith took dirk and brand ;  
 With changèd cheer, the mower blithe  
 Left in the half-cut swath <sup>1</sup> his scythe ;  
 The herds without a keeper strayed,  
 The plough was in mid-furrow stay'd,  
 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  
 Along the margin of Achray.  
 Alas, thou lovely lake ! that e'er  
 Thy banks should echo sounds of fear !  
 The rocks, the bosky <sup>2</sup> thickets, sleep  
 So stilly on thy bosom deep,  
 The lark's blithe carol from the cloud  
 Seems for the scene too gayly loud.

## XV.

Speed, Malise, speed ! The lake is past,  
 Duncraggan's <sup>3</sup> huts appear at last,  
 And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,  
 Half hidden in the copse so green ;

<sup>1</sup> grass cut by the sweep of a scythe in mowing.

<sup>2</sup> bushy.

<sup>3</sup> situated near the Brigg of Turk, between Lochs Achray and Vennachar.



There mayst thou rest, thy labor done,  
 Their lord shall speed the signal on.—  
 As stoops the hawk upon his prey,  
 The henchman shot him down the way.  
 What woeful accents load the gale ?  
 The funeral yell, the female wail !  
 A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,  
 A valiant warrior fights no more.  
 Who, in the battle or the chase,  
 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.  
 His stripling son stands mournful by,  
 His youngest weeps, but knows not why ;  
 The village maids and matrons round  
 The dismal coronach <sup>1</sup> resound.

## XVI.

## CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,  
 He is lost to the forest,  
 Like a summer-dried fountain,  
 When our need was the sorest.  
 The font, reappearing,  
 From the rain-drops shall borrow,  
 But to us comes no cheering,  
 To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper  
 Takes the ears that are hoary,<sup>2</sup>  
 But the voice of the weeper  
 Wails manhood in glory.

<sup>1</sup> funeral dirge,<sup>2</sup> white and ripe for harvest.

The autumn winds rushing  
 Waft the leaves that are searest,<sup>1</sup>  
 But our flower was in flushing,  
 When blighting was nearest.  
 Fleet foot on the correi,<sup>2</sup>  
 Sage counsel in cumber,<sup>3</sup>  
 Red hand in the foray,  
 How sound is thy slumber !  
 Like the dew on the mountain,  
 Like the foam on the river,  
 Like the bubble on the fountain,  
 Thou art gone, and forever !

## XVII.

See Stumah,<sup>4</sup> who, the bier beside,  
 His master's corpse with wonder eyed,  
 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.  
 'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread,  
 Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,  
 But headlong haste or deadly fear  
 Urge the precipitate career.  
 All stand aghast :—unheeding all,  
 The henchman bursts into the hall;  
 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,  
 Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.

<sup>1</sup> dryest.<sup>3</sup> trouble or anxiety.<sup>2</sup> the hollow side of a hill, frequented by game.<sup>4</sup> "faithful ;" the name of a dog

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,  
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,  
Dashed from his eye the gathering tear,  
Breathed deep to clear his laboring breast,  
And tossed aloft his bonnet crest,  
Then, like the high-bred colt when, freed,  
First he essays <sup>1</sup> his fire and speed,  
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  
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.  
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 <sup>2</sup> your blades that drew,  
To arms, and guard that orphan's head !  
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 <sup>3</sup> with hurried hand ;

<sup>1</sup> tries.<sup>2</sup> (behest) command, bidding.<sup>3</sup> shield.

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 ;  
Grief claimed his right, and tears their course.

## XIX.

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,  
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.<sup>1</sup>  
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,  
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew ;  
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,  
The chapel of Saint Bride<sup>2</sup> was seen.  
Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,  
But Angus paused not on the edge ;  
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,  
Though reeled his sympathetic eye,  
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,  
With hoarser swell the stream raced by ;  
And had he fallen,—forever there,  
Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir !  
But still, as if in parting life,  
Firmer he grasped the Cross of strife,

<sup>1</sup> valley above Loch Lubnaig, east of Ben Ledi, watered by the Teith in its upper course.    <sup>2</sup> small romantic knoll in the middle of Strath-Ire.

Until the opposing bank he gained,  
And up the chapel pathway strained.

## XX.

A blithesome rout that morning-tide  
Had sought the chapel of Saint Bride.  
Her troth <sup>1</sup> Tombea's Mary gave  
To Norman, heir of Armandave,  
And, issuing from the Gothic arch,  
The bridal now resumed their march.  
In rude but glad procession came  
Bonneted sire and coif-clad <sup>2</sup> dame ;  
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,  
Which snooded maiden would not hear ;  
And children, that, unwitting why,  
Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry ;  
And minstrels, that in measures vied  
Before the young and bonny bride,  
Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose  
The tear and blush of morning rose.  
With virgin step and bashful hand  
She held the kerchief's snowy band.  
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 ?  
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,

<sup>1</sup> trust ; promise of marriage. <sup>2</sup> cap or covering for the head, worn only by married women.

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  
Just linked to his by holy band,  
For the fell Cross of blood and brand ?  
And must the day so blithe that rose,  
And promised rapture in the close,  
Before its setting hour, divide  
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 !

## XXII.

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,  
And lingering eyed his lovely bride,  
Until he saw the starting tear  
Speak woe he might not stop to cheer ;  
Then, trusting not a second look,  
In haste he sped him up the brook,  
Nor backward glanced till on the heath  
Where Lubnaig’s lake supplies the Teith.—  
What in the racer’s bosom stirred ?  
The sickening pang of hope deferred,  
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  
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 honors on his crest,  
To clasp his Mary to his breast.  
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,  
The bracken curtain for my head,  
My lullaby the warder's tread,  
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary ;  
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,  
My couch may be my bloody plaid,  
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,  
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.

A time will come with feeling fraught,  
For, if I fall in battle fought,  
Thy hapless lover's dying thought  
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.  
And if returned from conquered foes,  
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,<sup>1</sup> speeds the midnight blaze,<sup>2</sup>  
 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,  
 As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.  
 The signal roused to martial coil<sup>3</sup>  
 The sullen margin of Loch Voil,  
 Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source  
 Alarmed, Balvaig,<sup>4</sup> thy swampy course ;  
 Thence southward turned its rapid road  
 Adown Strath-Gartney's<sup>5</sup> valley broad,  
 Till rose in arms each man might claim  
 A portion of Clan-Alpine's name,  
 From the gray sire, whose trembling hand  
 Could hardly buckle on his brand,  
 To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow  
 Where yet scarce terror to the crow.  
 Each valley, each sequestered<sup>6</sup> glen,  
 Mustered its little horde<sup>7</sup> of men,  
 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<sup>8</sup> they stood  
 By hundreds prompt for blows and blood,  
 Each trained to arms since life began,  
 Owning no tie but to his clan,

<sup>1</sup> a hamlet near Strath-Ire.

<sup>2</sup> it was customary for shepherds to burn  
 off the tough old heather to make room for  
 new herbage for pasture.

<sup>3</sup> warlike tumult.

<sup>4</sup> a stream flowing from Lochs Voil and  
 Doine into Lubnaig.

<sup>5</sup> a valley close to Loch Katrine.<sup>6</sup> secluded. <sup>7</sup> clan, group, or gathering.<sup>8</sup> meeting-place.



No oath but by his chieftain's hand,  
No law but Roderick Dhu's command.

## XXV.

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu  
Surveyed the skirts of Benvenue,  
And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,  
To view the frontiers of Menteith.  
All backward came with news of truce ;  
Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce,  
In Rednock <sup>1</sup> courts no horsemen wait,  
No banner waved on Cardross <sup>2</sup> gate,  
On Duchray's <sup>3</sup> towers no beacon shone,  
Nor scared the herons from Loch Con ; <sup>4</sup>  
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,  
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.  
By many a bard in Celtic tongue  
Has Coir-nam-Uriskin been sung ;  
A softer name the Saxons gave,  
And called the grot the Goblin Cave.

## XXVI.

It was a wild and strange retreat,  
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.

<sup>1</sup> a castle about a mile east of Lake Menteith.

<sup>2</sup> on the Forth, a few miles south of Rednock.

<sup>3</sup> a castle three miles southwest of Aberfoyle.

<sup>4</sup> a lake between Benvenue and Ben Lomond.

The dell, upon the mountain's crest,  
Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast;  
Its trench had stayed full many a rock,  
Hurled by primeval <sup>1</sup> earthquake shock  
From Benvenue's gray summit wild,  
And here, in random <sup>2</sup> ruin piled,  
They frowned incumbent <sup>3</sup> o'er the spot,  
And formed the rugged sylvan grot.  
The oak and birch with mingled shade  
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.  
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  
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 ;  
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,  
And satyrs <sup>4</sup> hold their sylvan court,  
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,  
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

<sup>1</sup> belonging to the earliest ages.

<sup>2</sup> without aim or plan.

<sup>3</sup> lying or resting upon.

<sup>4</sup> sylvan deities, part man, part goat.  
noted for riotous merriment.

## XXVII.

Now eve, with western shadows long,  
Floated on Katrine bright and strong,  
When Roderick with a chosen few  
Repassed the heights of Benvenue.  
Above the Goblin Cave they go,  
Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo ;  
The prompt retainers speed before,  
To launch the shallop from the shore,  
For 'cross Loch Katrine lies his way  
To view the passes of Achray,  
And place his clansmen in array.  
Yet lags the Chief in musing mind,  
Unwonted sight, his men behind.  
A single page, to bear his sword,  
Alone attended on his lord ;  
The rest their way through thickets break,  
And soon await him by the lake.  
It was a fair and gallant sight,  
To view them from the neighboring height,  
By the low-levelled sunbeam's light !  
For strength and stature, from the clan  
Each warrior was a chosen man,  
As even afar might well be seen,  
By their proud step and martial mien.  
Their feathers dance, their tartans float,  
Their targets gleam, as by the boat  
A wild and warlike group they stand,  
That well became such mountain-strand.

## XXVIII.

Their Chief with step reluctant still  
Was lingering on the craggy hill,  
Hard by where turned apart the road  
To Douglas's obscure abode.

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

## XXIX.

## HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

*Ave Maria !*<sup>1</sup> maiden mild !  
 Listen to a maiden's prayer !  
 Thou canst hear though from the wild,  
 Thou canst save amidst despair.  
 Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,  
 Though banished, outcast, and reviled—  
 Maiden ! hear a maiden's prayer ;  
 Mother, hear a suppliant child !  
*Ave Maria !*

<sup>1</sup> (*pron.* ah'vā mah-rē'a) Hail, Mary !

*Ave Maria!* undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share  
Shall seem with down <sup>1</sup> of eider piled,  
If thy protection hover there.  
The murky <sup>2</sup> cavern's heavy air  
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,  
From this their wonted haunt exiled,  
Shall flee before thy presence fair.  
We bow us to our lot of care,  
Beneath thy guidance reconciled:  
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,  
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,  
Until the page with humble sign  
Twice pointed to the sun's decline.  
Then while his plaid he round him cast,  
"It is the last time—'tis the last,"  
He muttered thrice,—"the last time e'er  
That angel-voice shall Roderick hear!"  
It was a goading thought,—his stride  
Hied hastier down the mountain-side;  
Sullen he flung him in the boat,  
And instant 'cross the lake it shot.

<sup>1</sup> feathers of the eider-duck, a seabird living in the arctic regions.

<sup>2</sup> dark; gloomy.

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  
Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

## XXXI.

A various scene the clansmen made :  
Some sat, some stood, some slowly strayed ;  
But most, with mantles folded round,  
Were couched to rest upon the ground,  
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  
Or lance's point a glimmer made,  
Like glow-worm twinkling through the shade.  
But when, advancing through the gloom,  
They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,  
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,  
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,  
And Silence claimed her evening reign.

## CANTO FOURTH.

### THE PROPHECY.

#### SUMMARY.

Roderick's monk, Brian the Hermit, has resorted to augury, in the hope of finding out, now that the clans are gathered, what the issue of the contest will be. The omen foretells that that party shall conquer which first spills the foeman's blood. News now reaches the camp that the Earls of Mar and Moray will march against Roderick's force on the morrow.

Meantime, Douglas has left for Stirling Castle, having first instructed Ellen and the minstrel that if he did not return before evening, they should go to meet him at Cambuskenneth. While they talk, near their cave, Fitz-James, led by Red Murdoch, the same guide who had taken him from the island, appears and declares his love for Ellen, and urges her to fly with him for protection to Stirling. She tells him that her heart is already pledged to Malcolm Græme. The knight's love turns into sympathy, and he gives her a signet ring, which the king had given him for saving his life, and by presenting which to the king she may obtain any favor she asks.

The knight departs, with his guide, now under suspicion, in consequence of some hint Ellen has dropped. The suspicion is strengthened when Blanche of Devan, a half-crazy woman, meets them and warns Fitz-James. He charges the guide with treachery, whereupon Murdoch escapes, but, turning, lets fly an arrow at the knight, which kills Blanche.

Fitz-James pursues and slays Murdoch. Returning to Blanche, he finds on her breast a braid of her bridegroom's hair. He entwines it with a lock of his own. Dipping it in her blood and placing it in his bonnet, he swears to wear no other favor till he has imbrued it in the blood of Roderick Dhu, for it was he who had slain Blanche's husband on their bridal morn. Wandering onward alone, he comes in the evening upon the encampment of a solitary Highlander, who receives him hospitably and shares with him his plaid and heather couch for the night, promising that on the morrow he will guide him on the way.

#### I.

“The rose is fairest when ’tis budding new,  
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears ;  
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,  
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.  
O wilding<sup>1</sup> rose, whom fancy thus endears,  
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.

<sup>1</sup> poetic for “wild.”

## II.

Such fond conceit,<sup>1</sup> half said, half sung,  
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.  
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.”<sup>2</sup>  
By thy keen step and glance I know  
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;  
To his lone couch I'll be your guide.”—  
Then called a slumberer by his side,  
And stirred him with his slacked bow,—  
“Up, up, Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho!  
We seek the Chieftain; on the track  
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;  
This certain,—that a band of war  
Has for two days been ready boune,<sup>3</sup>  
At prompt command to march from Doune;  
King James the while, with princely powers,  
Holds revelry in Stirling towers.

<sup>1</sup> quaint, fanciful idea.

<sup>3</sup> prepared to go forth (“ready boune” is

<sup>2</sup> hill slopes on the north bank of the Teith. a pleonasm).



Soon will this dark and gathering cloud  
 Speak on our glens in thunder loud.  
 Inured <sup>1</sup> to bide <sup>2</sup> such bitter bout,<sup>3</sup>  
 The warrior's plaid may bear it out ;  
 But, Norman, how wilt thou provide  
 A shelter for the bonny <sup>4</sup> bride ?"—  
 "What ! know ye not that Roderick's care  
 To the lone isle hath caused repair <sup>5</sup>  
 Each maid and matron of the clan,  
 And every child and aged man  
 Unfit for arms ; and given his charge,  
 Nor skiff, nor shallop, boat nor barge,  
 Upon these lakes shall float at large,  
 But all beside the islet moor,  
 That such dear pledge may rest secure ?"—

## IV.

"'Tis well advised,—the Chieftain's plan  
 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 <sup>6</sup> hath tried,  
 Of that dread kind which must not be  
 Unless in dread extremity,  
 The Taghairm <sup>7</sup> called ; by which, afar,  
 Our sires foresaw the events of war.

<sup>1</sup> used to ; hardened.<sup>2</sup> endure.<sup>3</sup> contest.<sup>4</sup> lovely.<sup>5</sup> *i. e.*, hath caused each maid, etc., to repair to the lone isle.<sup>6</sup> foretelling of events.<sup>7</sup> "The Highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of inquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the *Taghairm* mentioned in the text. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly-slain bullock, and deposited beside a

waterfall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation he revolved in his mind the question proposed, and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagination passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits who haunt the desolate recesses."—SCOTT.

Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew,"—

MALISE.

"Ah! well the gallant brute I knew!  
The choicest of the prey we had  
When swept our merry men Gallangad.  
His hide was snow, his horns were dark,  
His red eye glowed like fiery spark;  
So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,  
Sore did he cumber<sup>1</sup> our retreat,  
And kept our stoutest kerns<sup>2</sup> in awe,  
Even at the pass of Beal 'maha.<sup>3</sup>  
But steep and flinty was the road,  
And sharp the hurrying pikeman's goad,  
And when we came to Dennan's Row<sup>4</sup>  
A child might scathless<sup>5</sup> stroke his brow."

V.

NORMAN.

"That bull was slain; his reeking hide  
They stretched the cataract beside,<sup>6</sup>  
Whose waters their wild tumult toss  
Adown the black and craggy boss<sup>7</sup>  
Of that huge cliff whose ample verge  
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.<sup>8</sup>  
Couched on a shelf beneath its brink,  
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.

<sup>1</sup> encumber; hinder.

<sup>5</sup> without harm.

<sup>2</sup> armed retainers; really, robbers and marauders.

<sup>6</sup> note the poetic arrangement, the preposition following the noun it governs.

<sup>3</sup> "the pass of the plain," east of Loch Lomond.

<sup>7</sup> protuberance.

<sup>4</sup> starting-place for the ascent of Ben Lomond.

<sup>8</sup> rock in the forest of Glenfinlas, by which a cataract flows.

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,  
 That hovers o'er a slaughtered host ?  
 Or raven on the blasted oak,  
 That, watching while the deer is broke,<sup>1</sup>  
 His morsel claims with sullen croak ? ”

MALISE.

“ Peace ! peace ! to other than to me  
 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.  
 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 :—  
 “ Roderick ! it is a fearful strife,  
 For man endowed with mortal life,  
 Whose shroud of sentient<sup>2</sup> clay can still  
 Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,  
 Whose eye can stare in stony trance,  
 Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance,—  
 'Tis hard for such to view, unfurled,  
 The curtain of the future world.

<sup>1</sup> quartered ; cut up. “ Everything belonging to the chase was matter of solemnity among our ancestors ; but nothing was more so than the mode of cutting up, or, as it was technically called, *breaking*, the slaughtered stag. The forester had his

allotted portion ; the hounds had a certain allowance ; and, to make the division as general as possible, the very birds had their share also.”—SCOTT.

<sup>2</sup> that perceives or feels.

Yet, witness every quaking limb,  
 My sunken pulse, mine eyeballs dim,  
 My soul with harrowing anguish torn,  
 This for my Chieftain have I borne !—  
 The shapes that sought my fearful couch  
 A human tongue may ne'er avouch ;<sup>1</sup>  
 No mortal man—save he,<sup>2</sup> who, bred  
 Between the living and the dead,  
 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,  
 But borne and branded on my soul :—  
 WHICH<sup>3</sup> SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S LIFE,  
 THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE.”<sup>4</sup>

## VII.

“Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care !  
 Good is thine augury, and fair.  
 Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood  
 But first our broadswords tasted blood.  
 A surer victim still I know,  
 Self-offered to the auspicious<sup>5</sup> blow :  
 A spy has sought my land this morn,—  
 No eye shall witness his return !  
 My followers guard each pass's mouth,  
 To east, to westward, and to south ;  
 Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,  
 Has charge to lead his steps aside,

<sup>1</sup> affirm; declare.<sup>2</sup> modern usage would require “him” for “he.”<sup>3</sup> which party, or whichever.<sup>4</sup> this is in response to the Taghairm, or

Oracle of the Hide. The fate of a battle was often anticipated in the imagination of the combatants by noticing which party drew the first blood.

<sup>5</sup> of good omen.

Till in deep path or dingle brown  
 He light<sup>1</sup> on those shall bring him down.—  
 But see, who comes his news to show !  
 Malise ! what tidings of the foe ? ”

## VIII.

“ At Doune,<sup>2</sup> o’er many a spear and glaive<sup>3</sup>  
 Two Barons proud their banners wave.  
 I saw the Moray’s<sup>4</sup> silver star,<sup>5</sup>  
 And marked the sable pale<sup>6</sup> of Mar.”<sup>4</sup>  
 “ By Alpine’s soul, high tidings those !  
 I love to hear of worthy foes.  
 When move they on ? ” “ To-morrow’s noon  
 Will see them here for battle boune.”  
 “ Then shall it see a meeting stern !  
 But, for the place, say,—couldst thou learn  
 Naught of the friendly clans of Earn ? ”<sup>6</sup>  
 Strengthened by them, we well might bide  
 The battle on Benledi’s side.  
 Thou couldst not ?—well ! Clan-Alpine’s men  
 Shall man the Trosachs’ shaggy glen ;  
 Within Loch Katrine’s gorge we’ll fight,  
 All in our maids’ and matrons’ sight,  
 Each for his hearth and household fire,  
 Father for child, and son for sire,  
 Lover for maid beloved !—But why—  
 Is it the breeze affects mine eye ?  
 Or dost thou come, ill-omened tear !  
 A messenger of doubt or fear ?  
 No ! sooner may the Saxon lance  
 Unfix Benledi from his stance,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> (alight) ; “ light ” is in the subjunctive, to denote uncertainty.

<sup>2</sup> castle of the Earls of Menteith, between Sterling and Callander.

<sup>3</sup> sword ; claymore.

<sup>4</sup> both supporters of the king.

<sup>5</sup> The coat of arms of the Morays bore in its upper part three silver stars ; that of the Earls of Mar contained a *sable pale*, i. e., a black band, or broad perpendicular stripe.

<sup>6</sup> district about Loch-Earn.

<sup>7</sup> station (situation).

Than doubt or terror can pierce through  
The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu !  
'Tis stubborn as his trusty targe.  
Each to his post !—all know their charge.”  
The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,  
The broadswords gleam, the banners dance,  
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  
Fast by <sup>1</sup> the cave, and makes her moan,  
While vainly Allan's words of cheer  
Are poured on her unheeding ear.  
“ He will return—dear lady, trust !—  
With joy return ;—he will—he must.  
Well was it time to seek afar  
Some refuge from impending <sup>2</sup> war,  
When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm  
Are cowed by the approaching storm.  
I saw their boats with many a light,  
Floating the livelong yesternight,  
Shifting like flashes darted forth  
By the red streamers of the north ; <sup>3</sup>  
I marked at morn how close they ride,  
Thick moored by the lone islet's side,  
Like wild ducks couching in the fen <sup>4</sup>  
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  
Some safe retreat for thee prepare ? ”

<sup>1</sup> close to.<sup>2</sup> threatening.<sup>3</sup> “ the Northern Lights,” or Aurora Borealis.<sup>4</sup> marsh.

## 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,  
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,  
Reflects the invulnerable rock.  
He hears report of battle rife,<sup>1</sup>  
He deems himself the cause of strife.  
I saw him redden when the theme  
Turned, Allan, on thine idle dream  
Of Malcolm Græme in fetters bound,  
Which I, thou saidst, about him wound.  
Think’st thou he trowed<sup>2</sup> thine omen aught ?  
O no ! ’twas apprehensive<sup>3</sup> thought  
For the kind youth,—for Roderick too—  
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<sup>4</sup> on earth, we meet in heaven ! ’  
Why else, to Cambus-kenneth’s<sup>5</sup> 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 Douglas’ daughter been his son ! ”

<sup>1</sup> extended ; wide-spread. <sup>2</sup> trusted ; believed. <sup>4</sup> if we meet not, etc.<sup>3</sup> fearful of danger.<sup>5</sup> an abbey on the Forth, near Stirling.

## 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 sight may yet prove true,  
 Nor bode of ill to him or you.  
 When did my gifted dream beguile?<sup>1</sup>  
 Think of the stranger at the isle,  
 And think upon the harpings slow  
 That presaged<sup>2</sup> this approaching woe!  
 Sooth was my prophecy of fear;  
 Believe it when it augurs cheer.  
 Would he 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.”  
 The Minstrel tried his simple art,  
 But distant far was Ellen’s heart.

## XII.

BALLAD.

ALICE BRAND.

Merry it is in the good greenwood,  
 When the mavis<sup>3</sup> and merle<sup>4</sup> are singing,  
 When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,  
 And the hunter’s horn is ringing.

<sup>1</sup> deceive, or lead astray.<sup>2</sup> foreshadowed.<sup>3</sup> thrush.<sup>4</sup> blackbird.



“ O Alice Brand, my native land  
Is lost for love of you ;  
And we must hold by wood and wold,<sup>1</sup>  
As outlaws wont <sup>2</sup> to do.

“ O Alice, ’twas all for thy locks so bright,  
And ’twas all for thine eyes so blue,  
That on the night of our luckless flight  
Thy brother bold I slew.

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

“ And for vest of pall,<sup>3</sup> thy fingers small,  
That wont on harp to stray,  
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,  
To keep the cold away.”

“ O Richard ! if my brother died,  
’Twas but a fatal chance ;  
For darkling <sup>4</sup> was the battle tried,  
And fortune sped the lance.

“ If pall and vair <sup>5</sup> no more I wear,  
Nor thou the crimson sheen,  
As warm, we’ll say, is the russet <sup>6</sup> gray,  
As gay the forest-green.

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

<sup>1</sup> open grassy country.

<sup>2</sup> are accustomed.

<sup>3</sup> outer garment of purple cloth.

<sup>4</sup> in the dark.

<sup>5</sup> fur of variegated color, a mixture of ermine and weasel, worn by ladies of rank.

<sup>6</sup> “russet” is here used in the sense of homely, or rustic.

## XIII.

## BALLAD CONTINUED.

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

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,  
 Who woned <sup>1</sup> within the hill,—  
 Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,  
 His voice was ghostly shrill.

“ Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,  
 Our moonlight circle's screen ?  
 Or who comes here to chase the deer,<sup>2</sup>  
 Beloved of our Elfin Queen ?  
 Or who may dare on wold to wear  
 The fairies' fatal green ?<sup>3</sup>

“ Up, Urgan,<sup>4</sup> up ! to yon mortal hie,  
 For thou wert christened man ;  
 For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,  
 For muttered word or ban.

“ 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.”

<sup>1</sup> lived; dwelt.

<sup>2</sup> Fairies, if not positively malevolent, are capricious and easily offended. They are, like other proprietors of forests, peculiarly jealous of their rights of *vert* and *venison* (or, right to wood and game).

<sup>3</sup> “As the *Daoine Shi'*, or Men of Peace, wore green habits, they were supposed to

take offence when any mortals ventured to assume their favorite color. Indeed, from some reason, which has been, perhaps, originally a general superstition, *green* is held in Scotland to be unlucky to particular tribes and counties.”—SCOTT.

<sup>4</sup> herculean knight, slain by Sir Tristram, in an old romance.

## XIV.

## BALLAD CONTINUED.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,  
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,  
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,  
"I fear not sign," quoth the grizzly elf,  
"That is made with bloody hands."

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

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!  
It cleaves unto his hand,  
The stain of thine own kindly<sup>1</sup> blood,  
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.

"And I conjure thee, demon elf,  
By Him whom demons fear,  
To show us whence thou art thyself,  
And what thine errand here?"

<sup>1</sup> kindred (blood of kinsman).

## XV.

## BALLAD CONTINUED.

“ ’Tis merry, ’tis merry, in Fairy-land,  
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,  
Like the idle gleam that December’s beam  
Can dart on ice and snow.

“ And fading, like that varied gleam,  
Is our inconstant <sup>1</sup> shape,  
Who now like knight and lady seem,  
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  
To the joyless Elfin bower.

“ But wist <sup>2</sup> I of a woman bold,  
Who thrice my brow durst sign,  
I might regain my mortal mould,  
As fair a form as thine.”

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 ;  
He rose beneath her hand

<sup>1</sup> changeable.

<sup>2</sup> if I knew.

The fairest knight on Scottish mould,<sup>1</sup>  
Her brother, Ethert Brand !

Merry it is in good greenwood,  
When the mavis and merle are singing,  
But merrier were they in Dunfermline<sup>2</sup> gray,  
When all the bells were ringing.

## XVI.

Just as the minstrel sounds were stayed,  
A stranger climbed the steepy glade ;  
His martial step, his stately mien,  
His hunting-suit of Lincoln green,  
His eagle glance, remembrance claims—  
'Tis Snowdown's Knight, 'tis James Fitz-James.  
Ellen beheld as in a dream,  
Then, starting, scarce suppressed a scream :  
“ O stranger ! in such hour of fear  
What evil hap<sup>3</sup> has brought thee here ? ”  
“ An evil hap how can it be  
That bids me look again on thee ?  
By promise bound, my former guide  
Met me betimes<sup>4</sup> this morning-tide,  
And marshalled over bank and bourne<sup>5</sup>  
The happy path of my return.”  
“ The happy path !—what ! said he naught  
Of war, of battle to be fought,  
Of guarded pass ? ” “ No, by my faith !  
Nor saw I aught could augur scathe.”<sup>6</sup>  
“ O haste thee, Allan, to the kern :  
Yonder his tartans I discern ;  
Learn thou his purpose, and conjure  
That he will guide the stranger sure !—

<sup>1</sup> form ; shape.<sup>3</sup> chance.<sup>4</sup> early.<sup>2</sup> town and royal burgh in Fifeshire, once the residence of the kings of Scotland.<sup>5</sup> (Scottish *pron.* burn) stream.<sup>6</sup> predict injury.

What prompted thee, unhappy man ?  
The meanest serf <sup>1</sup> in Roderick's clan  
Had not been bribed, by love or fear,  
Unknown to him to guide thee here."

## XVII.

"Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,  
Since it is worthy care from thee ;  
Yet life I hold but idle breath  
When love or honor's weighed with death.  
Then let me profit by my chance,  
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 <sup>2</sup> and war.  
Near Bochastle my horses wait ;  
They bear us soon to Stirling gate.  
I'll place thee in a lovely bower,  
I'll guard thee like a tender flower—"  
"O hush, Sir Knight ! 'twere female art,  
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 ;  
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,  
Buy thine own pardon with thy shame !  
But first—my father is a man  
Outlawed and exiled, under ban ;

<sup>1</sup> slave.<sup>2</sup> deadly strife.

The price of blood is on his head,  
 With me 'twere infamy to wed.  
 Still wouldst thou speak?—then hear the truth!  
 Fitz-James, there is a noble youth—  
 If yet he is!<sup>1</sup>—exposed for me  
 And mine to dread extremity—  
 Thou hast the secret of my heart;  
 Forgive, be generous, and depart!”

## XVIII.

Fitz-James knew every wily train<sup>2</sup>  
 A lady's fickle heart to gain,  
 But here he knew and felt them vain.  
 There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,  
 To give her steadfast speech the lie;  
 In maiden confidence she stood,  
 Though mantled in her cheek the blood,  
 And told her love with such a sigh  
 Of deep and hopeless agony,  
 As<sup>3</sup> 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,  
 As brother would a sister guide.  
 “O little know'st thou Roderick's heart!  
 Safer for both we go apart.  
 O haste thee, and from Allan learn  
 If thou mayst trust yon wily kern.”  
 With hand upon his forehead laid,  
 The conflict of his mind to shade,  
 A parting step or two he made;  
 Then, as some thought had crossed his brain,  
 He paused, and turned, and came again.

<sup>1</sup> if he still lives.<sup>2</sup> artful device.<sup>3</sup> as if.

## XIX.

“Hear, lady, yet a parting word!—  
 It chanced in fight that my poor sword  
 Preserved the life of Scotland’s lord.  
 This ring the grateful Monarch gave,  
 And bade, when I had boon to crave,<sup>1</sup>  
 To bring it back, and boldly claim  
 The recompense that I would name.  
 Ellen, I am no courtly lord,  
 But one who lives by lance and sword,  
 Whose castle is his helm<sup>2</sup> and shield,  
 His lordship<sup>3</sup> the embattled field.  
 What from a prince can I demand,  
 Who neither reck of<sup>4</sup> state nor land?  
 Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine;  
 Each guard and usher knows the sign.  
 Seek thou the King without delay;  
 This signet<sup>5</sup> 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,  
 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,  
 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.—  
 “Murdoch! was that a signal cry?”—

<sup>1</sup> favor to beg.<sup>2</sup> helmet.<sup>4</sup> heed, or care for.<sup>3</sup> domain (the battle-field).<sup>5</sup> seal in the ring.



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 !  
For thee—for me, perchance—'twere well  
We ne'er had seen the Trosachs' dell.—  
Murdoch, move first—but silently ;  
Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die !"  
Jealous and sullen on they fared,<sup>1</sup>  
Each silent, each upon his guard.

## XXI.

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge  
Around a precipice's edge,  
When lo ! a wasted female form,  
Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,  
In tattered weeds<sup>2</sup> 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.  
Her brow was wreathed with gaudy broom ;<sup>3</sup>  
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,  
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 ;  
And then her hands she wildly wrung,  
And then she wept, and then she sung—

<sup>1</sup> journeyed.    <sup>2</sup> mourning garments.    <sup>3</sup> broom plant, having flowers of a bright yellow.

She sung !—the voice, in better time,  
Perchance to harp or lute might chime ;  
And now, though strained and roughened, still  
Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

## XXII.

## SONG.

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,  
They say my brain is warped and wrung,—  
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,  
I cannot pray in Highland tongue.  
But were I now where Allan <sup>1</sup> glides,  
Or heard my native Devan's <sup>1</sup> tides,  
So sweetly would I rest, and pray  
That heaven would close my wintry day !

'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,  
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 <sup>2</sup>  
That drowned in blood the morning smile !  
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,  
As the lone heron spreads his wing,  
By twilight, o'er a haunted spring.”  
“ 'Tis Blanche of Devan,” Murdoch said,  
“ A crazed and captive Lowland maid,  
Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,

<sup>1</sup> small tributaries of the Forth.

<sup>2</sup> deceit.

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<sup>1</sup> charge.—  
Hence, brain-sick fool!"—He raised his bow:—  
"Now, if thou strik'st her but one blow,  
I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far  
As ever peasant pitched a bar!"<sup>2</sup>  
"Thanks, champion, thanks!" the Maniac cried,  
And pressed her to Fitz-James's side.  
"See the gray pennons<sup>3</sup> I prepare,  
To seek my true love through the air!  
I will not lend that savage groom,  
To break his fall, one downy plume!  
No!—deep amid disjointed stones,  
The wolves shall batten<sup>4</sup> on his bones,  
And then shall his detested plaid,  
By bush and brier in mid-air stayed,  
Wave forth a banner fair and free,  
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;  
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!

<sup>1</sup> corruption of Magdalene.<sup>2</sup> tossed the heavy hammer.<sup>3</sup> wings or feathers.<sup>4</sup> grow fat.

His coat it was all of the 'greenwood hue,'<sup>1</sup>  
 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.  
 Still on the Clansman fearfully  
 She fixed her apprehensive<sup>2</sup> eye,  
 Then turned it on the Knight, and then  
 Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

## XXV.

“The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set,—  
 Ever sing merrily, merrily ;  
 The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,  
 Hunters<sup>3</sup> live so cheerily.

“It was a stag, a stag of ten,<sup>4</sup>  
 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,  
 O, so faithfully, faithfully !

“He had an eye, and he could heed,—  
 Ever sing warily,<sup>5</sup> warily ;  
 He had a foot, and he could speed,—  
 Hunters watch so narrowly.”

<sup>1</sup> the Lincoln green that the Knight of Snowdown wore reminded Blanche of her husband ; hence, she is led to warn the stranger of his peril.

<sup>2</sup> anticipative of evil.

<sup>3</sup> figurative expression, in which the

“hunters” are Clan-Alpine's men ; the “stag” is Fitz-James ; the “wounded doe” being Blanche.

<sup>4</sup> with ten branches on his antlers, and, therefore, full-grown, strong, and swift.

<sup>5</sup> with caution.

## 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,  
But lion of the hunt aware,  
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.  
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,  
The fierce avenger is behind !  
Fate judges of the rapid strife—  
The forfeit <sup>1</sup> death—the prize is life ;  
Thy kindred ambush <sup>2</sup> lies before,  
Close couched upon the heathery moor ;  
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 ;  
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,  
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

<sup>1</sup> fine.<sup>2</sup> (i.e., ambushed kindred) kinsmen in hiding.

## 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 ;  
Her wreath of broom and feathers gray,  
Daggled <sup>1</sup> with blood, beside her lay.  
The Knight to stanch the life-stream tried,—  
“Stranger, it is in vain !” she cried.  
“This hour of death has given me more  
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  
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,  
But blood and tears have dimmed its shine.  
I will not tell thee when ’twas shred,<sup>2</sup>  
Nor from what guiltless victim’s head,—  
My brain would turn !—but it shall wave  
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 honored sign,  
And for thy life preserved by mine,  
When thou shalt see a darksome man,  
Who boasts him Chief of Alpine’s Clan,

<sup>1</sup> moistened.<sup>2</sup> torn.

With tartans broad and shadowy plume,  
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,  
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,  
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong !—  
They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .  
Avoid the path . . . O God ! . . . farewell.”

## XXVIII.

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James ;  
Fast poured his eyes at pity's claims ;  
And now, with mingled grief and ire,  
He saw the murdered maid expire.  
“ God, in my need, be my relief,  
As I wreak <sup>1</sup> 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 favor <sup>2</sup> will I wear,  
Till this sad token I imbrue <sup>3</sup>  
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 :—

<sup>1</sup> avenge.<sup>2</sup> gift or token of a lady to a knight.<sup>3</sup> drench.

“ 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 :  
I’ll couch me here till evening gray,  
Then darkling <sup>1</sup> try my dangerous way.”

## XXIX.

The shades of eve come slowly down,  
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,  
The owl awakens from her dell,  
The fox is heard upon the fell ;  
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 solstice <sup>2</sup> there  
Tempered the midnight mountain air,  
But every breeze that swept the wold  
Benumbed his drenchèd 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.

<sup>1</sup> (adverb) in the dark.

<sup>2</sup> (summer solstice = time of longest day) the heat of midsummer did not temper, or soften, the coldness of the “ midnight mountain air.”



## XXX.

Beside its embers red and clear,  
Basked <sup>1</sup> in his plaid a mountaineer ;  
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—  
“ Thy name and purpose ! Saxon,<sup>2</sup> 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.”  
“ Art thou a friend to Roderick ? ” “ No.”  
“ Thou dar’st not call thyself a foe ? ”  
“ I dare !<sup>3</sup> 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,  
Ere hound we slip<sup>4</sup> 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 ! ”—  
“ 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,  
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.”

<sup>1</sup> lay exposed to the heat.

•

<sup>3</sup> dare to call myself a foe to him, etc.<sup>2</sup> the Highlander’s name for the Low-  
lander.<sup>4</sup> let loose.

## XXXI.

He gave him of his Highland cheer,  
 The hardened flesh <sup>1</sup> of mountain deer ;  
 Dry fuel on the fire he laid,  
 And bade the Saxon share his plaid.  
 He tended him like welcome guest,  
 Then thus his further speech addressed :—  
 “ Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu  
 A clansman born, a kinsman true ;  
 Each word against his honor spoke  
 Demands of me avenging stroke ;  
 Yet more,—upon thy fate, ’tis said,  
 A mighty augury is laid.  
 It rests with me to wind my horn,—  
 Thou art with numbers overborne ;  
 It rests with me, here, brand to brand,  
 Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand :  
 But, not for clan, nor kindred’s cause,  
 Will I depart from honor’s laws ;  
 To assail a wearied man were shame,  
 And stranger is a holy name ;  
 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 <sup>2</sup> and stone, through watch and ward,<sup>3</sup>  
 Till past Clan-Alpine’s outmost guard,  
 As far as Coilantogle’s <sup>4</sup> ford ;  
 From thence thy warrant <sup>5</sup> is thy sword.”  
 “ I take thy courtesy, by heaven,  
 As freely as ’tis nobly given ! ”

<sup>1</sup> prepared without cooking, by pressing  
 between two pieces of wood to force out the  
 blood (suggests *pemmican*).

<sup>2</sup> stumps of trees.

<sup>3</sup> through those who keep watch by night  
 and guard by day.

<sup>4</sup> ford where the Teith issues from Loch  
 Vennachar. <sup>5</sup> security ; safeguard.

“ 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 ;<sup>1</sup>  
And the brave foemen, side by side,  
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,  
And slept until the dawning beam  
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

<sup>1</sup> heap of heather.

## CANTO FIFTH.

### THE COMBAT.

#### SUMMARY.

After a hasty morning meal, the two set out on their journey, the Highlander, bound by his promise and the laws of hospitality, leading Fitz-James on his way.

As they converse, Roderick is called a traitor and murderer by his companion. The blood of the Highlander is aroused, and as they pass Loch Vennachar he blows his whistle. At this signal, armed men appear from behind every bush and bracken, and the guide reveals himself as Roderick Dhu. At another signal, the armed band disappears.

When Coilantogle Ford (the limit of Roderick's domain and protection) is reached, the two engage in mortal combat. Fitz-James, a skilful fencer, wounds Roderick severely and brings him to his knee, but with his remaining strength the Highlander springs at his opponent's throat. They wrestle and fall, Roderick being uppermost. He draws his dirk to stab Fitz-James, but his strength leaves him, and the weapon sinks harmless in the heath. Fitz-James rises, falters thanks to heaven for his preservation, and winds his horn. Horsemen appear, who carry the wounded Gael to Stirling Castle. On the journey, James of Douglas is observed, in the guise of a woodman, approaching the castle, with the purpose of interceding on behalf of both Roderick and Malcolm Græme. The king is informed of this.

Stirling Castle is engaging in holiday sports, with trials of strength and skill. Douglas takes part in these contests and wins the prize. For his prowess he receives the applause of the populace, but is hated by the nobles and frowned upon by the king, even while the rewards are bestowed upon him. A servant of the king strikes a hound belonging to Douglas (or rather to his daughter Ellen). Douglas knocks the servant down. Immediately there is an uproar. The king breaks off the sports and orders the imprisonment of the Earl.

A messenger arrives from the Earl of Mar and announces the muster of Clan-Alpine. The king sends back the messenger to forbid the war, since both Roderick and Douglas are now in his power. It was too late, however, to stop the fray, which began at noon and lasted until sunset.

#### I.

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,  
When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,  
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,  
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,  
And lights the fearful path on mountain-side,—  
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,  
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,

Shine ' martial Faith <sup>2</sup> and Courtesy's bright star,  
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow  
of War.

## II.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,<sup>3</sup>  
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,  
When, rousing at its glimmer red,  
The warriors left their lowly bed,  
Looked out upon the dappled <sup>4</sup> sky,  
Muttered their soldier matins by,  
And then awaked their fire, to steal,<sup>5</sup>  
As short and rude, their soldier meal.  
That o'er, the Gael <sup>6</sup> around him threw  
His graceful plaid of varied hue,  
And, true to promise, led the way,  
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,  
And all the vales between that lie,  
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky ;  
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance  
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.  
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain  
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 !

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.*, martial Faith and Courtesy's bright star shine fair as the earliest beam, etc.

<sup>2</sup> the faith and courtesy of the chieftain and of the knight shown in the combat ("martial" literally means pertaining to Mars, the god of war).

<sup>3</sup> bright and shining.

<sup>4</sup> spotted or flecked.

<sup>5</sup> to steal their soldier meal, *i. e.*, take and eat quickly.

<sup>6</sup> Highlander.

## 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,  
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,  
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,  
And patches bright of bracken green,  
And heather black, that waved so high,  
It held the copse in rivalry.  
But where the lake slept deep and still,  
Dank osiers <sup>1</sup> 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.  
So toilsome was the road to trace,  
The guide, abating <sup>2</sup> of his pace,  
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,  
And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause  
He sought these wilds, traversed by few,  
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

## IV.

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,  
Hangs in my belt and by my side ;  
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,  
"I dreamt not now to claim its aid.

<sup>1</sup> damp willows.<sup>2</sup> lessening.

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,  
 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 !—  
 Moves our free course by such fixed cause  
 As gives the poor mechanic laws ?  
 Enough, I sought to drive away  
 The lazy hours of peaceful day ;  
 Slight cause will then suffice <sup>1</sup> to guide  
 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 <sup>2</sup> alone.”

## V.

“ Thy secret keep, I urge thee not ;—  
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,  
 Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,  
 Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar ? ”  
 “ No, by my word ;—of bands prepared  
 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.”  
 “ Free be they flung ! for we were loath <sup>3</sup>  
 Their silken folds should feast the moth.

<sup>1</sup> be sufficient.<sup>2</sup> enticement.<sup>3</sup> unwilling.

Free be they flung!—as free shall wave  
 Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.  
 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  
 Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,  
 Save as an outlawed, desperate man,  
 The chief of a rebellious clan,  
 Who, in the Regent's court and sight,  
 With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;  
 Yet this alone might from his part  
 Sever each true and loyal heart."

## VI.

Wrathful at such arraignment<sup>1</sup> foul,  
 Dark lowered<sup>2</sup> the clansman's sable scowl.  
 A space he paused, then sternly said,  
 "And heardst thou why he drew his blade?  
 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?  
 He rights such wrong where it is given,  
 If it were in the court of heaven."

"Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,  
 Not then claimed sovereignty his due;  
 While Albany<sup>3</sup> with feeble hand  
 Held borrowed truncheon<sup>4</sup> of command,  
 The young King, mewed<sup>5</sup> in Stirling tower,  
 Was stranger to respect and power.  
 But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!—  
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife,

<sup>1</sup> charge.<sup>2</sup> frowned.

IV.) was regent while the king (James V.)

<sup>3</sup> the Duke of Albany (cousin of James V.) was a minor.<sup>4</sup> staff.<sup>5</sup> imprisoned.



Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain<sup>1</sup>  
 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 :  
 “ 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,  
 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<sup>2</sup> the land.  
 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<sup>3</sup> dry,  
 And well the mountain might reply,—  
 ‘ To you, as to your sires of yore,  
 Belong the target and claymore !  
 I give you shelter in my breast,  
 Your own good blades must win the rest.’  
 Pent<sup>4</sup> 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  
 The Saxon rears one shock of grain,

<sup>1</sup> countryman.<sup>3</sup> small stones imbedded in hill-side.<sup>2</sup> past tense of *reave*, to rob.<sup>4</sup> shut up.

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.  
 Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold  
 That plundering Lowland field and fold  
 Is aught but retribution<sup>1</sup> true ?  
 Seek other cause<sup>2</sup> 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

## VIII.

Answered Fitz-James : " And, if I sought,  
 Think'st thou no other could be brought ?  
 What deem ye of my path waylaid ?  
 My life given o'er to ambuscade ?"<sup>3</sup>  
 " As of a meed<sup>4</sup> to rashness due :  
 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—  
 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,  
 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.  
 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.

<sup>1</sup> that which is restored or paid back.<sup>3</sup> lying in wait to attack an enemy by sur-<sup>2</sup> these forays were considered by the prise.Highlanders not disgraceful ; they gave <sup>4</sup> reward ; recompense.  
 the young chiefs opportunity to show their courage and leadership.

For love-lorn <sup>1</sup> swain in lady's bower  
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,  
As I, until before me stand  
This rebel Chieftain and his band !”

## IX.

“ Have then thy wish !”—He whistled shrill,  
And he was answered from the hill ;  
Wild as the scream of the curlew, <sup>2</sup>  
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 <sup>3</sup> 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 <sup>4</sup> host had given.  
Watching their leader's beck <sup>5</sup> 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,  
With step and weapon forward flung,  
Upon the mountain-side they hung.

<sup>1</sup> love-lost ; forsaken by one's love.

<sup>4</sup> concealed in caves and hiding places in

<sup>2</sup> wading bird.

the earth.

<sup>5</sup> nod.

<sup>3</sup> fern, growing to the height of three or four feet.

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 ?  
 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,  
 Returned the Chief his haughty stare,  
 His back against a rock he bore,  
 And firmly placed his foot before :—  
 "Come one, come all !<sup>1</sup> this rock shall fly  
 From its firm base as soon as I."  
 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 space he stood—then waved his hand :  
 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<sup>2</sup> pale and copses low ;  
 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,  
 Where heath and fern were waving wide :  
 The sun's last glance was glinted<sup>3</sup> back  
 From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,<sup>4</sup>—

<sup>1</sup> whether one come, etc.<sup>3</sup> flashed.<sup>4</sup> leather jacket, plated with small pieces  
of burnished metal.<sup>2</sup> willows.

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

## XI.

Fitz-James looked round,—yet scarce believed  
The witness that his sight received ;  
Such apparition <sup>1</sup> well might seem  
Delusion <sup>2</sup> of a dreadful dream.  
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,  
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 :  
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  
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,  
Yet dare not say that now his blood  
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,  
As, following Roderick’s stride, he drew  
That seeming lonesome pathway through,  
Which yet by fearful proof was rife <sup>3</sup>  
With lances, that, to take his life,  
Waited but signal from a guide,  
So late dishonored and defied.  
Ever, by stealth, his eyes sought round  
The vanished guardians of the ground,

<sup>1</sup> sudden appearance.<sup>2</sup> deception.<sup>3</sup> swarming.

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  
 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.

## XII.

The Chief in silence strode before,  
 And reached that torrent's sounding shore,  
 Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,<sup>1</sup>  
 From Vennachar in silver breaks,  
 Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines  
 On Bochastle<sup>2</sup> the mouldering lines,  
 Where Rome, the Empress of the world,  
 Of yore her eagle<sup>3</sup> wings unfurled.  
 And here his course the Chieftain stayed,  
 Threw down his target and his plaid,  
 And to the Lowland warrior said :  
 " Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,  
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.  
 This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,  
 This head of a rebellious clan,  
 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.

<sup>1</sup> Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar.

<sup>2</sup> "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 entrenchments which have been thought Roman."—SCOTT.

<sup>3</sup> the eagle was the principal standard of the Roman army.

See, here all vantageless <sup>1</sup> I stand,  
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 ;  
Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death ;  
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,  
And my deep debt for life preserved,  
A better meed have well deserved :  
Can naught but blood or feud atone ?  
Are there no means ?"—" No, stranger, none !  
And here,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—  
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;  
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred  
Between the living and the dead :  
' Who spills the foremost foeman's life,  
His party conquers in the strife.'"  
" Then, by my word," the Saxon said,  
" The riddle is already read.  
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—  
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.  
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy ;  
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.  
To James at Stirling let us go,  
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,  
Or if the King shall not agree  
To grant thee grace and favor free,  
I plight mine honor, oath, and word  
That, to thy native strength restored,  
With each advantage shalt thou stand  
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

<sup>1</sup> without advantage.

## XIV.

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye :  
"Soars thy presumption,<sup>1</sup> then, so high,  
Because a wretched kern ye slew,  
Homage<sup>2</sup> to name to Roderick Dhu ?  
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate !  
Thus 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 valor light  
As that of some vain carpet knight,<sup>3</sup>  
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 !  
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,<sup>4</sup> farewell ! and, ruth,<sup>5</sup> begone !—  
Yet think not that by thee alone,  
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.  
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—  
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."  
Then each at once his falchion drew,  
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,  
Each looked to sun and stream and plain  
As what they ne'er might see again ;  
Then foot and point and eye opposed,  
In dubious<sup>6</sup> strife they darkly closed.

<sup>1</sup> daring.<sup>2</sup> submission.<sup>4</sup> stopping of warfare for a time.<sup>3</sup> carpet knight : knight winning honor in  
royal halls by favoritism.<sup>5</sup> pity.<sup>6</sup> uncertain in result.



## XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,  
That on the field his targe he threw,  
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide  
Had death so often dashed aside ;  
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,  
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.  
He practised every pass and ward,  
To thrust,<sup>1</sup> 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 ;  
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  
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,  
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 !  
Let recreant <sup>2</sup> yield, who fears to die.”  
Like adder darting from his coil,  
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,

<sup>1</sup> attack with a pointed weapon.    <sup>2</sup> coward ; villain ; one not to be depended upon.

Like mountain-cat who guards her young,  
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ;  
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  
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 ;  
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  
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.  
Down came the blow ! but in the heath  
The erring <sup>1</sup> blade found bloodless sheath.<sup>2</sup>  
The struggling foe may now unclasp  
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp ;  
Unwounded from the dreadful close,<sup>3</sup>  
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

## XVII.

He faltered thanks to Heaven for life,  
Redeemed, unhopd, from desperate strife ;  
Next on his foe his look he cast,  
Whose every gasp appeared his last ;

<sup>1</sup> wandering from the mark.<sup>2</sup> covering.<sup>3</sup> grapple.

In Roderick's gore he dipped the braid,—  
“Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid;  
Yet with thy foe must die or live  
The praise that faith and valor give.”  
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;  
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,  
And by Fitz-James reined up his horse,—  
With wonder viewed the bloody spot,—  
“Exclaim not, gallants! <sup>1</sup> question not.—  
You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,  
And bind the wounds of yonder knight;  
Let the gray palfrey <sup>2</sup> bear his weight,  
We destined for a fairer freight,  
And bring him on to Stirling straight;  
I will before at better speed,  
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.  
The sun rides high;—I must be boune  
To see the archer-game at noon;  
But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—  
De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

## XVIII.

“Stand, Bayard, stand!”—the steed obeyed,  
With arching neck and bended head,

<sup>1</sup> brave men.<sup>2</sup> small saddle horse, for lady's use.

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,  
 But wreathed his left hand in the mane,  
 And lightly bounded from the plain,  
 Turned on the horse his armèd heel,  
 And stirred his courage with the steel.  
 Bounded the fiery steed in air,  
 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 hill they flew ;  
 Still at the gallop pricked the Knight,  
 His merry men followed as they might.  
 Along thy banks, swift Teith ! they ride,  
 And in the race they mock thy tide ;  
 Torry <sup>1</sup> and Lendrick <sup>1</sup> now are past,  
 And Dernstoun <sup>1</sup> lies behind them cast ;  
 They rise, the bannered towers of Doune,<sup>2</sup>  
 They sink in distant woodland soon ;  
 Blair-Drummond <sup>1</sup> sees the hoofs strike fire,  
 They sweep like breeze through Ochertyre ; <sup>1</sup>  
 They mark just glance and disappear  
 The lofty brow of ancient Kier ; <sup>1</sup>  
 They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,  
 Dark Forth ! amid thy sluggish tides,  
 And on the opposing shore take ground,  
 With plash, with scramble, and with bound.  
 Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth !  
 And soon the bulwark of the North,

<sup>1</sup> Torry, Lendrick, Dernstoun, Blair-Drummond, Ochertyre, and Kier, lie on the banks of the Teith.

the residence of the Earls of Menteith, now the property of the Earl of Moray, are situated at the confluence of the Ardoch and the Teith."—SCOTT.

<sup>2</sup> "The ruins of Doune Castle, formerly

Gray Stirling,<sup>1</sup> with her towers and town,  
Upon their fleet career looked down.

## XIX.

As up the flinty path they strained,  
Sudden his steed the leader reined ;  
A signal to his squire he flung,  
Who instant to his stirrup sprung :—  
“ Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman gray,  
Who townward holds the rocky way,  
Of stature tall and poor array ?  
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride  
With which he scales the mountain-side ?  
Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom ? ”  
“ No, by my word ;—a burly groom  
He seems, who in the field or chase  
A baron's train would nobly grace—”  
“ Out, out, De Vaux ! can fear supply,  
And jealousy, no sharper eye ?  
Afar, ere to the hill he drew,  
That stately form and step I knew ;  
Like form in Scotland is not seen,  
Treads not such step on Scottish green.  
'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle !  
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.”  
Then right-hand wheeled their steeds, and straight  
They won the Castle's postern gate.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This castle was one of the principal commands a fine view of the surrounding fortresses of Scotland, and the residence of country and Firth of Forth.  
James V Standing upon a lofty rock, it <sup>2</sup> back gate.

## XX.

The Douglas, who had bent his way  
 From Cambus-kenneth's abbey gray,  
 Now, as he climbed the rocky shelf,  
 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.  
 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 ;<sup>1</sup>—  
 Be pardoned one repining tear !  
 For He who gave her knows how dear,  
 How excellent !—but that is by,<sup>2</sup>  
 And now my business is—to die.—  
 Ye towers ! within whose circuit dread  
 A Douglas<sup>3</sup> by his sovereign bled ;  
 And thou, O sad and fatal mound !<sup>4</sup>  
 That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,  
 As on the noblest of the land  
 Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand,—  
 The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb  
 Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom !  
 But hark ! what blithe and jolly peal  
 Makes the Franciscan<sup>5</sup> steeple reel ?  
 And see ! upon the crowded street,  
 In motley groups what masquers meet !  
 Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,  
 And merry morrice-dancers<sup>6</sup> come.

<sup>1</sup> one whose life is devoted to the Church.<sup>2</sup> past.<sup>3</sup> William, eighth Earl of Douglas, stabbed by James II.<sup>4</sup> an eminence, northeast of Stirling Castle, where state criminals were executed.<sup>5</sup> Roman Catholic order, founded by St. Francis.<sup>6</sup> performers of a Moorish dance, in which bells and tinkling ornaments were used.

I guess, by all this quaint array,  
The burghers hold their sports to-day.  
James will be there ; he loves such show,  
Where the good yeoman <sup>1</sup> bends his bow,  
And the tough wrestler foils his foe,  
As well as where, in proud career,  
The high-born tilter <sup>2</sup> shivers spear.  
I'll follow to the Castle-park,  
And play my prize ;—King James shall mark  
If age has tamed these sinews stark, <sup>3</sup>  
Whose force so oft in happier days  
His boyish wonder loved to praise.”

## XXI.

The Castle gates were open flung,  
The quivering drawbridge rocked and rung,  
And echoed loud the flinty street  
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,  
As slowly down the steep descent  
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,  
While all along the crowded way  
Was jubilee and loud huzza.  
And ever James was bending low  
To his white jennet's <sup>4</sup> saddle-bow,  
Doffing <sup>5</sup> his cap to city dame,  
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,  
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,  
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,

<sup>1</sup> countryman, next in rank to gentry.

<sup>3</sup> strong and stiff muscles.

<sup>2</sup> here means: one using a lance on horse-back.

<sup>4</sup> small Spanish horse.

<sup>5</sup> taking off.

Who rend the heavens with their acclaims,—  
 “Long live the Commons’ King,<sup>1</sup> King James!”  
 Behind the King thronged peer and knight,  
 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;  
 There nobles mourned their pride restrained,  
 And the mean burgher’s joys disdained;  
 And chiefs, who, hostage<sup>2</sup> for their clan,  
 Were each from home a banished man,  
 There thought upon their own gray tower,  
 Their waving woods, their feudal power,<sup>3</sup>  
 And deemed themselves a shameful part  
 Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

## XXII.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out  
 Their checkered<sup>4</sup> bands the joyous rout.  
 There morricers,<sup>5</sup> with bell at heel  
 And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;  
 But chief, beside the butts, there stand  
 Bold Robin Hood<sup>6</sup> and all his band,—  
 Friar Tuck<sup>7</sup> with quarterstaff<sup>8</sup> and cowl,  
 Old Scathelocke<sup>7</sup> with his surly scowl,  
 Maid Marian,<sup>7</sup> fair as ivory bone,  
 Scarlet,<sup>7</sup> and Mutch,<sup>7</sup> and Little John;<sup>7</sup>  
 Their bugles challenge all that will,  
 In archery to prove their skill.

<sup>1</sup> so-called, since he favored the common people as against the nobles.

<sup>2</sup> held by the King as security for the good behavior of their followers.

<sup>3</sup> ability to command the services of tenants or vassals in case of war.

<sup>4</sup> gayly dressed in motley colors.

<sup>5</sup> morrice-dancers.

<sup>6</sup> noted outlaw in the reign of Richard I. It was a favorite frolic at festivals to represent him and his companions in their forest attire.

<sup>7</sup> companions of Robin Hood mentioned in “Ivanhoe.”

<sup>8</sup> stout staff used for defence.



The Douglas bent a bow of might,—  
 His first shaft centred in the white,  
 And when in turn he shot again,  
 His second split the first in twain.  
 From the King's hand must Douglas take  
 A silver dart, the archers' stake ;  
 Fondly he watched, with watery eye,  
 Some answering glance of sympathy,—  
 No kind emotion made reply !  
 Indifferent as to archer wight,<sup>1</sup>  
 The monarch gave the arrow bright.

## XXIII.

Now, clear the ring ! for, hand to hand,  
 The manly wrestlers take their stand.  
 Two o'er the rest superior rose,  
 And proud demanded mightier foes,—  
 Nor called in vain, for Douglas came.—  
 For life is Hugh of Larbert lame ;  
 Scarce better John of Alloa's<sup>2</sup> fare,  
 Whom senseless home his comrades bare.  
 Prize of the wrestling match, the King  
 To Douglas gave a golden ring,  
 While coldly glanced his eye of blue,  
 As frozen drop of wintry dew.  
 Douglas would speak, but in his breast  
 His struggling soul his words suppressed ;  
 Indignant then he turned him where  
 Their arms the brawny<sup>3</sup> yeomen bare,  
 To hurl the massive bar in air.  
 When each his utmost strength had shown,  
 The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone

<sup>1</sup> strong and valiant. Obsolete in this sense, and wholly distinct from *wight* meaning a person.

<sup>2</sup> a seaport on the Firth of Forth, six miles east of Stirling.

<sup>3</sup> strong ; muscular.

From its deep bed, then heaved it high,  
And sent the fragment through the sky  
A rood <sup>1</sup> beyond the farthest mark ;  
And still in Stirling's royal park,  
The gray-haired sires, who know the past,  
To strangers point the Douglas cast,  
And moralize <sup>2</sup> on the decay  
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

## XXIV.

The vale with loud applauses rang,  
The Ladies' Rock <sup>3</sup> sent back the clang.  
The King, with look unmoved, bestowed  
A purse well filled with pieces broad.  
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,  
And threw the gold among the crowd,  
Who now with anxious wonder scan,  
And sharper glance, the dark gray man ;  
Till whispers rose among the throng,  
That heart so free, and hand so strong,  
Must to the Douglas blood belong.  
The old men marked and shook the head,  
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.  
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,  
Till murmurs rose to clamors loud.

<sup>1</sup> here means the linear measure, rod ;  
five and a half yards.

<sup>2</sup> draw lessons from.

<sup>3</sup> mound whence ladies viewed the sports.

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 ;  
No, not from those who at the chase  
Once held his side the honored place,  
Begirt <sup>1</sup> his board, and in the field  
Found safety underneath his shield ;  
For he whom royal eyes disown,  
When was his form to courtiers known !

## XXV.

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,<sup>2</sup>  
And bade let loose a gallant stag,  
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,  
Two favorite greyhounds should pull down,  
That venison free and Bourdeaux wine  
Might serve the archery to dine.  
But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side  
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,  
The fleetest hound in all the North,—  
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.  
She left the royal hounds midway,  
And dashing on the antlered prey,  
Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,  
And deep the flowing life-blood drank.  
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport  
By strange intruder broken short,  
Came up, and with his leash<sup>3</sup> unbound  
In anger struck the noble hound.  
The Douglas had endured, that morn,  
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,  
And last, and worst to spirit proud,  
Had borne the pity of the crowd ;

<sup>1</sup> surrounded.<sup>3</sup> leather thong and line for tethering a<sup>2</sup> amusements drag, or lose their interest. hound.

But Lufra had been fondly bred,  
 To share his board, to watch his bed,  
 And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck  
 In maiden glee with garlands deck ;  
 They were such playmates that with name  
 Of Lufra Ellen's image came.  
 His stifled wrath is brimming high,  
 In darkened brow and flashing eye ;  
 As waves before the bark divide,  
 The crowd gave way before his stride ;  
 Needs but a buffet <sup>1</sup> and no more,  
 The groom lies senseless in his gore.  
 Such blow no other hand could deal,  
 Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

## XXVI.

Then clamored loud the royal train,  
 And brandished swords and staves amain,  
 But stern the baron's warning : " Back !  
 Back, on your lives, ye menial <sup>2</sup> pack !  
 Beware the Douglas.—Yes ! behold,  
 King James ! The Douglas, doomed of old,  
 And vainly sought for near and far,  
 A victim to atone the war,  
 A willing victim, now attends,  
 Nor craves thy grace but for his friends."—  
 " Thus is my clemency <sup>3</sup> repaid ?  
 Presumptuous Lord !" the Monarch said :  
 " Of thy misproud <sup>4</sup> ambitious clan,  
 Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,  
 The only man, in whom a foe  
 My woman-mercy <sup>5</sup> would not know ;  
 But shall a Monarch's presence brook  
 Injurious blow and haughty look ?—

<sup>1</sup> a blow with the fist.<sup>2</sup> servile.<sup>3</sup> mercy.<sup>4</sup> overproud, or wrongfully proud.<sup>5</sup> weak or effeminate clemency.

What ho ! the Captain of our Guard !  
 Give the offender fitting ward.<sup>1</sup>—  
 Break off the sports !”—for tumult rose,  
 And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows,—  
 “Break off the sports !” he said and frowned,  
 “And bid our horsemen clear the ground.”

## XXVII.

Then uproar wild and misarray  
 Marred the fair form of festal day.  
 The horsemen pricked among the crowd,  
 Repelled<sup>2</sup> 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  
 The royal spears in circle deep,  
 And slowly scale the pathway steep,  
 While on the rear in thunder pour  
 The rabble with disordered roar.  
 With grief the noble Douglas saw  
 The Commons rise against the law,  
 And to the leading soldier said :  
 “Sir John of Hyndford,<sup>3</sup> 'twas my blade  
 That knighthood<sup>4</sup> on thy shoulder laid ;  
 For that good deed permit me then  
 A word with these misguided men.—

## XXVIII.

“Hear, gentle friends, ere yet for me  
 Ye break the bands of fealty.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> imprisonment ; safe keeping.

<sup>2</sup> driven back. <sup>3</sup> a village in Lanarkshire.

<sup>4</sup> This degree was conferred with a stroke

of the flat part of a sword upon the shoulder

by the prince or his representative.

<sup>5</sup> loyalty in the service of a superior.

My life, my honor, 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 !”

## XXIX.

The crowd's wild fury sunk again  
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.  
With lifted hands and eyes, they prayed  
For blessings on his generous head  
Who for his country felt alone,  
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,

Triumphant over wrongs and ire,  
To whom the prattlers owed a sire.  
Even the rough soldier's heart was moved ;  
As if behind some bier beloved,  
With trailing arms <sup>1</sup> and drooping head,  
The Douglas up the hill he led,  
And at the Castle's battled verge,  
With sighs resigned his honored charge.

## XXX.

The offended Monarch rode apart,  
With bitter thought and swelling heart,  
And would not now vouchsafe again  
Through Stirling streets to lead his train.  
“ O Lennox, who would wish to rule  
This changeling <sup>2</sup> crowd, this common fool ?  
Hear'st thou,” he said, “ the loud acclaim  
With which they shout the Douglas name ?  
With like acclaim the vulgar throat  
Strained for King James their morning note ;  
With like acclaim they hailed the day  
When first I broke the Douglas sway ;  
And like acclaim would Douglas greet  
If he could hurl me from my seat.  
Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,  
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain ?  
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,  
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 ?—

## XXXI.

“ But soft ! what messenger of speed  
Spurs hitherward his panting steed ?

<sup>1</sup> spears carried in a horizontal or slightly sloping position.    <sup>2</sup> changeful ; unstable.

I guess his cognizance <sup>1</sup> afar—  
What from our cousin, John of Mar ? ”  
“ He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound  
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 ;  
'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid  
These loose banditti <sup>2</sup> stand arrayed.  
The Earl of Mar this morn from Doune  
To break their muster marched, and soon  
Your Grace will hear of battle fought ;  
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 ;  
I lost it in this bustling day.—  
Retrace with speed thy former way ;  
Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,  
The best of mine shall be thy meed.  
Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,  
We do forbid the intended war ;  
Roderick this morn in single fight  
Was made our prisoner by a knight,  
And Douglas hath himself and cause  
Submitted to our kingdom's laws.  
The tidings of their leaders lost  
Will soon dissolve the mountain host,  
Nor would we that the vulgar <sup>3</sup> feel,  
For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.

<sup>1</sup> badge by which an armored knight  
could be recognized.

<sup>2</sup> robbers ; outlaws.

<sup>3</sup> common herd of people.



Bear Mar our message, Braco, fly ! ”  
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.

## XXXIII.

Ill with King James’s mood that day  
Suited gay feast and minstrel lay ;  
Soon were dismissed the courtly throng,  
And soon cut short the festal song.  
Nor less upon the saddened town  
The evening sunk in sorrow down.  
The burghers spoke of civil jar,  
Of rumored feuds and mountain war,  
Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,  
All up in arms ;—the Douglas too,  
They mourned him pent within the hold,  
“ Where stout Earl William was of old.”—  
And there his word the speaker stayed,  
And finger on his lip he laid,  
Or pointed to his dagger blade.  
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,  
And lasted till the set of sun.  
Thus giddy rumor shook the town,  
Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

♦

## CANTO SIXTH.

### THE GUARD-ROOM.

#### SUMMARY.

The next day opens with great excitement at Stirling Castle, for news has come of the battle fought between Loch Katrine and Loch Achray. Old Bertram of Ghent arrives, accompanied by a minstrel and a maid—Allan-bane and Ellen.

The latter endures many indignities from the boisterous soldiers, but upon showing the knight's signet-ring, which Fitz-James had given her, young Lewis of Tullibardine—the officer of the guard—leads her to a chamber, where she receives attention from a maid and obtains needed repose. Allan-bane desires admission to his master's cell. His wish is granted, but by mistake he is ushered into the presence of Roderick Dhu. The minstrel narrates to the dying chieftain the incidents of the battle of Beal' an Duine; but before the bard concludes the chieftain expires.

Fitz-James, of whom Ellen had sought audience, appears, and conducts Ellen to court. She observes that amid the gay assemblage he alone wears cap and plume. This leads to the discovery that "Snowdoun's knight is Scotland's king." Another discovery she makes is that her father has been reconciled to the king. Through her father, she asks pardon for her lover, Malcolm Græme, who kneels before the king. The latter dooms the suppliant to happy "fetters," and, throwing his own golden chain about Malcolm's neck, lays the clasp in Ellen's hand.

#### I.

THE sun, awakening, through the smoky air  
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,  
Rousing each caitiff <sup>1</sup> to his task of care,  
Of sinful man the sad inheritance; <sup>2</sup>  
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,  
Scaring the prowling robber to his den;  
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,  
And warning student pale to leave his pen,  
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men. <sup>3</sup>

What various scenes, and O, what scenes of woe,  
Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam!  
The fevered patient, from his pallet low,  
Through crowded hospital beholds it stream;

<sup>1</sup> miserable wretch.

<sup>2</sup> Gen. iii. 19.

<sup>3</sup> sleep.

The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam,  
 The debtor wakes to thought of gyve <sup>1</sup> and jail,  
 The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream ;  
 The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,  
 Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail.

## II.

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang  
 With soldier-step and weapon-clang,  
 While drums with rolling note foretell  
 Relief to weary sentinel.  
 Through narrow loop <sup>2</sup> and casement <sup>3</sup> barred,  
 The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,  
 And, struggling with the smoky air,  
 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,  
 All haggard from the midnight watch,  
 And fevered with the stern debauch ; <sup>4</sup>  
 For the oak table's massive board,  
 Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,  
 And beakers <sup>5</sup> drained, and cups o'erthrown,  
 Showed in what sport the night had flown.  
 Some, weary, snored on floor and bench ;  
 Some labored still their thirst to quench ;  
 Some, chilled with watching, spread their hands  
 O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,  
 While round them, or beside them flung,  
 At every step their harness <sup>6</sup> rung.

## III.

These drew not for their fields the sword,  
 Like tenants of a feudal lord,

<sup>1</sup> (*pron.* jīv) iron manacle or leg-fetter.<sup>3</sup> window.<sup>5</sup> large drinking-cups.<sup>2</sup> loop-hole.<sup>4</sup> drinking bout.<sup>6</sup> armor.

Nor owned the patriarchal claim  
 Of Chieftain in their leader's name ;  
 Adventurers<sup>1</sup> 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 ;  
 The mountain-loving Switzer<sup>2</sup> there  
 More freely breathed in mountain-air ;  
 The Fleming<sup>3</sup> there despised the soil  
 That paid so ill the laborer's toil ;  
 Their rolls showed French and German name :  
 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,<sup>4</sup> brand, and shield ;  
 In camps licentious,<sup>5</sup> wild, and bold ;  
 In pillage fierce and uncontrolled ;  
 And now, by holytide<sup>6</sup> and feast,  
 From rules of discipline released.

## IV.

They held debate of bloody fray,  
 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,

<sup>1</sup> here, mercenary or hiring soldiers.  
 "The Scottish armies consisted chiefly of the nobility and barons, with their vassals, who held lands under them, for military service by themselves and their tenants. James V. seems first to have introduced, in addition to the militia furnished from these sources, the service of a small number

of mercenaries, who formed a body-guard, called the Foot-Band."—SCOTT.

<sup>2</sup> an inhabitant of Switzerland.

<sup>3</sup> a citizen of Flanders, now part of Belgium.

<sup>4</sup> a long-handled axe.

<sup>5</sup> unrestrained.

<sup>6</sup> holiday ; festal season (tide means time).

Whose mangled limbs and bodies gored  
 Bore token of the mountain sword,  
 Though, neighboring to the Court of Guard,  
 Their prayers and feverish wails were heard,—  
 Sad burden to the ruffian joke,  
 And savage oath by fury spoke !—  
 At length up started John of Brent,  
 A yeoman from the banks of Trent ;  
 A stranger to respect or fear,  
 In peace a chaser of the deer,  
 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,  
 And shouted loud, " Renew the bowl !  
 And, while a merry catch <sup>1</sup> I troll, <sup>2</sup>  
 Let each the buxom <sup>3</sup> chorus bear,  
 Like brethren of the brand and spear."

## V.

## SOLDIER'S SONG.

Our vicar <sup>4</sup> still preaches that Peter and Poule <sup>5</sup>  
 Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl,  
 That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-jack, <sup>6</sup>  
 And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack ; <sup>7</sup>  
 Yet whoop, Barnaby ! off with thy liquor,  
 Drink upsees out, <sup>8</sup> and a fig for the vicar !

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip  
 The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,

<sup>1</sup> part-song, or glee.

<sup>2</sup> sing gayly.

<sup>3</sup> brisk ; lively.

<sup>4</sup> subordinate clergyman.

<sup>5</sup> Paul.

<sup>6</sup> pitcher, of black leather, for beer.

<sup>7</sup> a kind of wine.

<sup>8</sup> drain to the bottom of the tankard.

Says that Beëlzebub<sup>1</sup> lurks in her kerchief so sly,  
 And Apollyon<sup>2</sup> shoots darts from her merry black eye;  
 Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,  
 Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches,—and why should he not?  
 For the dues of his cure<sup>3</sup> are the placket<sup>4</sup> and pot;<sup>5</sup>  
 And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch<sup>6</sup>  
 Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church.  
 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,—  
 “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,  
 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,  
 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.”—  
 “But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil  
 As theirs must needs reward thy toil.

<sup>1</sup> prince of devils.<sup>4</sup> favor of the ladies.<sup>2</sup> name of destroying angel (see Rev. ix.<sup>5</sup> tankard of ale.

11).

<sup>6</sup> lie in wait for (from *lurk*).<sup>3</sup> charge or parish of a priest (what is under his *care*).

Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp ;  
Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp !  
Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,  
The leader of a juggler <sup>1</sup> band.”

## VII.

“No, comrade ;—no such fortune mine.  
After the fight these sought our line,  
That aged harper and the girl,  
And, having audience of the Earl,  
Mar bade I should purvey <sup>2</sup> them steed,  
And bring them hitherward with speed.  
Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,  
For none shall do them shame or harm.”—  
“Hear ye his boast ?” cried John of Brent,  
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,  
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 ;  
But Ellen boldly stepped between,  
And dropped at once the tartan screen :—  
So, from his morning cloud, appears  
The sun of May through summer tears.  
The savage soldiery, amazed,  
As on descended angel gazed ;  
Even hardy Brent, abashed and tamed,  
Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

<sup>1</sup> jester.<sup>2</sup> provide.

## VIII.

Boldly she spoke : “ Soldiers, attend !  
My father was the soldier’s friend,  
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  
In every feat of good or ill :  
“ I shame me of the part I played ;  
And thou an outlaw’s child, poor maid !  
An outlaw I by forest laws,  
And merry Needwood <sup>1</sup> knows the cause.  
Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now,”—  
He wiped his iron eye and brow,—  
“ Must bear such age, I think, as thou.—  
Hear ye, my mates ! I go to call  
The Captain of our watch to hall :  
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 ;  
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough.”

## IX.

Their Captain came, a gallant young,—  
Of Tullibardine’s <sup>2</sup> house he sprung,—  
Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight ;  
Gay was his mien, his humor light,  
And, though by courtesy controlled,  
Forward his speech, his bearing bold.

<sup>1</sup> a royal forest in England.

<sup>2</sup> the family of the Murrays of Tullibardine. Their castle is near Auchterarder, in Perthshire.



The high-born maiden ill could brook  
The scanning of his curious look  
And dauntless eye :—and yet, in sooth,  
Young Lewis was a generous youth ;  
But Ellen's lovely face and mien,  
Ill suited to the garb and scene,  
Might lightly bear construction strange,  
And give loose fancy scope to range.  
“ Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid !  
Come ye to seek a champion's aid,  
On palfrey white, with harper hoar,  
Like errant damosel <sup>1</sup> of yore ?  
Does thy high quest a knight require,  
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,  
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  
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.  
Soon as the day flings wide his gates,  
The King shall know what suitor waits.  
Please <sup>2</sup> you meanwhile in fitting bower  
Repose you till his waking hour ;

<sup>1</sup> wandering maiden (damsel).<sup>2</sup> may it please you to repose, etc.

Female attendance shall obey  
Your hest, for service or array.  
Permit <sup>1</sup> I marshal you the way.”  
But, ere she followed, with the grace  
And open bounty of her race,  
She bade her slender purse be shared  
Among the soldiers of the guard.  
The rest with thanks their guerdon <sup>2</sup> took,  
But Brent, with shy and awkward look,  
On the reluctant maiden's hold  
Forced bluntly back the proffered gold :—  
“ Forgive a haughty English heart,  
And O, forget its ruder part !  
The vacant purse shall be my share,  
Which in my barret-cap <sup>3</sup> I'll bear,  
Perchance, in jeopardy of war,  
Where gayer crests may keep afar.”  
With thanks—'twas all she could—the maid  
His rugged courtesy repaid.

## XI.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,  
Allan made suit to John of Brent :—  
“ 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  
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,  
Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace  
His earliest feat of field and chase ;

<sup>1</sup> if you permit me, I shall marshal, etc.    <sup>2</sup> reward.    <sup>3</sup> a priest's flat square cap.

In peace, in war, our rank we keep,  
We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,  
Nor leave him till we pour our verse—  
A doleful tribute !—o'er his hearse.  
Then let me share his captive lot ;  
It is my right,—deny it not ! ”  
“ Little we reckon,” said John of Brent,  
“ We southern men, of long descent ;  
Nor wot we how a name—a word—  
Makes clansmen vassals to a lord :  
Yet kind my noble landlord's part,—  
God bless the house of Beaudesert !  
And, but I loved to drive the deer  
More than to guide the laboring 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,  
A bunch of ponderous keys he took,  
Lighted a torch, and Allan led  
Through grated arch and passage dread.  
Portals they passed, where, deep within,  
Spoke prisoner's moan and fetters' din ;  
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,  
Lay wheel, and axe, and headsman's sword,  
And many a hideous engine grim,  
For wrenching joint and crushing limb,  
By artists formed who deemed it shame  
And sin to give their work a name.  
They halted at a low-browed porch,  
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,  
While bolt and chain he backward rolled,  
And made the bar unhasp its hold.

They entered :—'twas a prison-room  
Of stern security and gloom,  
Yet not a dungeon ; for the day  
Through lofty gratings found its way,  
And rude and antique garniture<sup>1</sup>  
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<sup>2</sup> visit him again.  
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  
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.

## XIII.

As the tall ship, whose lofty prore<sup>3</sup>  
Shall never stem the billows more,  
Deserted by her gallant band,  
Amid the breakers lies astrand,<sup>4</sup>—  
So on his couch lay Roderick Dhu !  
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 ;—  
O, how unlike her course at sea !  
Or his free step on hill and lea !—

<sup>1</sup> decorations and furnishings.<sup>2</sup> physician.<sup>3</sup> prow or stem.<sup>4</sup> on the shore (stranded).

Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,—  
“What of thy lady ?—of my clan ?—  
My mother ?—Douglas ?—tell me all !  
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.—  
“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 !”  
“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.  
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  
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 !—  
That stirring air that peals on high,  
O'er Dermid's race our victory.—  
Strike it !—and then,—for well thou canst,—  
Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,

Fling me the picture of the fight,  
 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,  
 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  
 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,  
 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 DUINE.<sup>1</sup>

"The Minstrel came once more to view  
 The eastern ridge of Benvenue,  
 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,  
 No ripple on the lake,  
 Upon her eyry<sup>2</sup> nods the erne,<sup>3</sup>  
 The deer has sought the brake ;  
 The small birds will not sing aloud,  
 The springing trout lies still,

<sup>1</sup> a skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the Trosachs, but at a much later date.

<sup>2</sup> eagle's nest.

<sup>3</sup> eagle.

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-crest of Mar,  
I see the Moray's silver star,  
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,  
That up the lake comes winding far !  
To hero bound for battle-strife,  
Or bard of martial lay,  
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,  
One glance at their array !

## XVI.

“ Their light-armed archers far and near  
Surveyed the tangled ground,  
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,  
A twilight forest frowned,  
Their barded <sup>1</sup> horsemen in the rear  
The stern battalia <sup>2</sup> crowned.  
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,  
Still were the pipe and drum ;  
Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,  
The sullen march was dumb.  
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,  
Or wave their flags abroad ;

<sup>1</sup> applies to the horses, not to the horse-      <sup>2</sup> an army in battle array ; order of bat-  
men (from French *barde*, armor for a horse).      tle.

Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,  
That shadowed o'er their road.  
Their vaward <sup>1</sup> scouts no tidings bring,  
Can rouse no lurking foe,  
Nor spy a trace of living thing,  
Save when they stirred the roe ;  
The host moves like a deep-sea wave,  
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,  
High-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,  
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

## XVII.

“ At once there rose so wild a yell  
Within that dark and narrow dell,  
As all the fiends from heaven that fell  
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell !  
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,  
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,  
The archery appear :  
For life ! for life ! their flight they ply—  
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,  
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 ;  
Before that tide of flight and chase,  
How shall it keep its rooted place,  
The spearmen's twilight wood ?—

<sup>1</sup> (for *vanward*) the vanguard, or front of an army.



‘Down, down,’ cried Mar, ‘your lances down !

Bear back both friend and foe !’—

Like reeds before the tempest’s frown,

That serried <sup>1</sup> grove of lances brown

At once lay levelled low ;

And closely shouldering side to side,

The bristling ranks the onset bide.—

‘We’ll quell the savage mountaineer,

As their Tinchel <sup>2</sup> cows <sup>3</sup> the game !

They come as fleet as forest deer,

We’ll drive them back as tame.’

#### XVIII.

“Bearing before them in their course

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,

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,

As when the whirlwind rends the ash ;

I heard the broadsword’s deadly clang,

As if a hundred anvils rang !

And Moray wheeled his rearward rank

Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine’s flank,—

‘My banner-man, advance !

I see,’ he cried, ‘their column shake.

Now, gallants ! for your ladies’ sake,

Upon them with the lance !’—

<sup>1</sup> compacted ; closely packed.

<sup>2</sup> circle within which game was narrowed and shot. “A circle of sportsmen, by surrounding a great space, and gradually nar-

rowing, brought immense quantities of deer together, which usually made desperate efforts to break through the *Tinchel*.”—SCOTT. <sup>3</sup> subdues or depresses with fear.

The horsemen dashed among the rout,  
As deer break through the broom ;  
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,  
They soon make lightsome room.  
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—  
Where, where was Roderick then !  
One blast upon his bugle-horn  
Were worth a thousand men.  
And refluents<sup>1</sup> through the pass of fear  
The battle's tide was poured.  
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,  
Vanished the mountain-sword.  
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,  
Receives her roaring linn,  
As the dark caverns of the deep  
Suck the wild whirlpool in,  
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,  
That deep and doubling pass within.—  
Minstrel, away ! the work of fate  
Is bearing on ; its issue wait,  
Where the rude Trosachs' dread defile  
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.  
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  
To the deep lake has given ;

<sup>1</sup> flowing back ; retreating.

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,  
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  
The dirge of many a passing soul.

Nearer it comes—the dim-wood glen  
The martial flood disgorged again,

But not in mingled tide ;

The plaided warriors of the North  
High on the mountain thunder forth

And overhang its side,

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

At weary bay each shattered band,

Eying their foemen, sternly stand ;

Their banners stream like tattered sail,

That flings its fragments to the gale,

And broken arms and disarray

Marked the fell havoc of the day.

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  
But women weak, that wring the hand :  
'Tis there of yore the robber band  
Their booty wont to pile ;—

My purse, with bonnet-pieces <sup>1</sup> store,  
 To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,  
 And loose a shallop from the shore.  
 Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,  
 Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.<sup>2</sup>  
 Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,  
 On earth his casque <sup>2</sup> and corselet <sup>3</sup> rung,

He plunged him in the wave :—  
 All saw the deed,—the purpose knew,  
 And to their clamors Benvenue

A mingled echo gave ;  
 The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,  
 The helpless females scream for fear,  
 And yells for rage the mountaineer.  
 'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,  
 Poured down at once the lowering heaven :  
 A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast,  
 Her billows reared their snowy crest.  
 Well for the swimmer swelled they high,  
 To mar the Highland marksman's eye ;  
 For round him showered, mid rain and hail,  
 The vengeful arrows of the Gael.  
 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,  
 Behind an oak I saw her stand,  
 A naked dirk gleamed in her hand :—  
 It darkened,—but amid the moan  
 Of waves I heard a dying groan ;—

<sup>1</sup> gold coins bearing the head of James V., wearing a bonnet ; “a gold coin on which the king's head was represented with a bonnet instead of a crown, coined by the ‘Commons’ King.’”—TAYLOR.

<sup>2</sup> helmet ; a piece of armor for protecting the head and neck in battle.

<sup>3</sup> a piece of armor for protecting the front of the body.

Another flash !—the spearman floats  
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.  
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  
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  
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  
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 ;  
At length, no more his deafened ear  
The minstrel melody can hear ;  
His face grows sharp,—his hands are clenched,  
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched ;  
Set are his teeth, his fading eye  
Is sternly fixed on vacancy ;

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

## XXII.

## LAMENT.

“ And art thou cold and lowly laid,  
Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,  
Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade !  
For thee shall none a requiem <sup>1</sup> say ?  
For thee, who loved the minstrel's lay,  
For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,  
The shelter of her exiled line,  
E'en in this prison-house of thine,  
I'll wail for Alpine's honored Pine !

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

“ Sad was thy lot on mortal stage !—  
The captive thrush may brook the cage,  
The prisoned eagle dies for rage.  
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain !  
And, when its notes awake again,  
Even she, so long beloved in vain,

<sup>1</sup> musical service for the repose of the soul.

Shall with my harp her voice combine,  
And mix her woe and tears with mine,  
To wail Clan-Alpine's honored Pine."

## XXIII.

Ellen the while, with bursting heart,  
Remained in lordly bower apart,  
Where played, with many-colored gleams,  
Through storied pane <sup>1</sup> the rising beams.  
In vain on gilded roof they fall,  
And lightened up a tapestried wall,  
And for her use a menial train  
A rich collation <sup>2</sup> spread in vain.  
The banquet proud, the chamber gay,  
Scarce draw one curious glance astray ;  
Or if she looked, 'twas 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  
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 Græme,  
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.  
What distant music has the power  
To win her in this woful hour ?  
'Twas from a turret that o'erhung  
Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

<sup>1</sup> window adorned with historical paintings.<sup>2</sup> a lunch, or light repast.

## XXIV.

## LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

“My hawk is tired of perch and hood,  
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,  
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,  
Inch after inch, along the wall.  
The lark was wont my matins ring,  
The sable rook my vespers sing ;  
These towers, although a king’s they be,  
Have not a hall of joy for me.  
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,  
And lay my trophies at her feet,  
While fled the eve on wing of glee,—  
That life is lost to love and me !”

## XXV.

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,  
The listener had not turned her head,  
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.



“ 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,  
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.  
Come, Ellen, come ! ’tis more than time,  
He holds his court at morning prime.” <sup>1</sup>  
With beating heart, and bosom wrung,  
As to a brother’s arm she clung.  
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, <sup>2</sup>  
Till at his touch its wings of pride  
A portal arch unfolded wide.

## XXVI.

Within ’twas brilliant all and light,  
A thronging scene of figures bright ;  
It glowed on Ellen’s dazzled sight,  
As when the setting sun has given  
Ten thousand hues to summer even,  
And from their tissue fancy frames  
Aërial <sup>3</sup> knights and fairy dames.  
Still by Fitz-James her footing stayed ;  
A few faint steps she forward made,  
Then slow her drooping head she raised,  
And fearful round the presence <sup>4</sup> gazed ;

<sup>1</sup> dawn ; early day.<sup>3</sup> (of the air) spectral.<sup>2</sup> a series of arches supported by columns.<sup>4</sup> presence-chamber.

For him she sought who owned this state,  
The dreaded Prince whose will was fate !—  
She gazed on many a princely port <sup>1</sup>  
Might well have ruled a royal court ;  
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,  
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 Snowdown's Knight is Scotland's King !

## 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,—  
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 ;  
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,  
And bade her terrors be dismissed :—  
“ Yes, fair ; the wandering poor Fitz-James  
The fealty <sup>2</sup> of Scotland claims.  
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 ;

<sup>1</sup> carriage of the body.<sup>2</sup> loyalty to a superior person or power.

Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,  
I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.  
We would not to the vulgar crowd,  
Yield what they craved with clamor loud ;  
Calmly we heard and judged his cause,  
Our council aided and our laws.  
I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern  
With stout De Vaux and gray Glencairn ;  
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own  
The friend and bulwark of our throne.—  
But, lovely infidel, how now ?  
What clouds thy misbelieving brow ?  
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid ;  
Thou must confirm this doubting maid.”

## XXVIII.

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,  
And on his neck his daughter hung.  
The monarch drank, that happy hour,  
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 <sup>1</sup> long should pry ;  
He stepped between—“Nay, Douglas, nay,  
Steal not my proselyte <sup>2</sup> away !  
The riddle 'tis my right to read,  
That brought this happy chance to speed.<sup>3</sup>  
Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray  
In life's more low but happier way,  
'Tis under name which veils my power,  
Nor falsely veils,—for Stirling's tower  
Of yore the name of Snowdown claims,  
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.*, James would not have the eye of the crowd gaze long on the natural joy felt by the daughter at the safety of her father.

<sup>2</sup> convert.

<sup>3</sup> to a successful issue.

Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,  
Thus learn to right the injured cause."  
Then, in a tone apart and low,—  
“ Ah, little traitress ! none must know  
What idle dream, what lighter thought,  
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 ! ”  
Aloud he spoke : “ Thou still dost hold  
That little talisman <sup>1</sup> of gold,  
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring,—  
What seeks fair Ellen of the King ? ”

## XXIX.

Full well the conscious maiden guessed,  
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  
Rebellious broadsword boldly drew ;  
And, to her generous feeling true,  
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.  
“ Forbear thy suit ;—the King of kings  
Alone can stay life's parting wings.  
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 ?  
No other captive friend to save ? ”  
Blushing, she turned her from the King,  
And to the Douglas gave the ring,

<sup>1</sup> magical charm.

As if she wished her sire to speak  
The suit that stained<sup>1</sup> her glowing cheek.  
“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,  
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,  
Who nurtured underneath our smile,  
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,<sup>2</sup>  
And sought amid thy faithful clan  
A refuge for an outlawed man,  
Dishonoring 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,  
And laid the clasp on Ellen’s hand.

---

Harp of the North, farewell ! The hills grow dark,  
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending ;  
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,  
The deer, half seen, are to the covert wending.  
Resume thy wizard elm ! the fountain lending,  
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy ;  
Thy numbers sweet with nature’s vespers<sup>3</sup> blending,  
With distant echo from the fold and lea,  
And herd-boy’s evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel Harp !  
Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,  
And little reck I of the censure sharp  
May idly cavil<sup>4</sup> at an idle lay.

<sup>1</sup> flushed.<sup>2</sup> trick or stratagem.<sup>3</sup> the lulling evening breeze.<sup>4</sup> (supply *that*) that may idly cavil ; find fault without cause.

Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,  
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,  
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string !  
'Tis now a seraph <sup>1</sup> bold, with touch of fire,  
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.  
Receding now the dying numbers ring  
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell ;  
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring  
A wandering witch-note <sup>2</sup> of the distant spell—  
And now, 'tis silent all !—Enchantress, fare thee well !

<sup>1</sup> an angel of the highest order.

<sup>2</sup> a note of music with a witching spell.

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