



THE
LADY OF THE LAKE
•
SCOTT



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walkers

From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence (1820), now at Windsor Castle

Scott, See Walker, text
" SCOTT'S

LADY OF THE LAKE

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PREFACE

THIS edition of "The Lady of the Lake," originally prepared for young children, has now been revised to bring it into conformity with the other numbers in the Standard English Classics Series. Many of the simpler notes have been omitted, and such changes have been made in the introductory matter as to complete whatever apparatus is needed in studying so simple a book. The general method has been retained.

In abridging and quoting from Scott and other writers, we have used their own language without change as far as possible, thinking it better to retain the original vigorous expression, at the risk sometimes of its being a little abrupt, than to restate the thought less forcibly in a smoother connection of sentences.

We regret that no more space could be allowed for the biography, but we trust enough has been given to lead the pupil to read Lockhart's complete biography of Scott. Great as he appears in his works, his real grandeur is shown in his quiet, unassuming life, in his unselfish devotion to the comforts of others, and in his heroic struggle, when crippled with disease, against adverse fortune. The text of Dr. Rolfe has been employed by permission.



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INTRODUCTION

LIFE OF WALTER SCOTT

I

[*Abridged from his Autobiography*]

WALTER SCOTT, my father, was born in 1729, and educated to the profession of a Writer to the Signet.¹ I was born, as I believe, on the 15th August, 1771. I showed every sign of health and strength until I was about eighteen months old. One night, I have been often told, I showed great reluctance to be caught and put to bed; and after being chased about the room was apprehended and consigned to my dormitory with some difficulty. It was the last time I was to show such personal agility. In the morning I was discovered to be affected with the fever which often accompanies the cutting of large teeth. It held me three days. On the fourth, when they went to bathe me as usual, they discovered that I had lost the power of my right leg. My grandfather, an excellent anatomist as well as physician, the late worthy Alexander Wood, and many others of the most respectable of the faculty, were consulted. There appeared to be no dislocation or sprain; blisters and other topical remedies were applied in vain. The advice of my grandfather, Dr. Rutherford, that I should be sent to reside in the country, to give the chance of

¹An Edinburgh solicitor.

natural exertion, excited by free air and liberty, was first resorted to ; and before I have the recollection of the slightest event I was, agreeably to this friendly counsel, an inmate in the farmhouse of Sandy-Knowe.

It is here at Sandy-Knowe, in the residence of my paternal grandfather, already mentioned, that I have the first consciousness of existence.

My grandmother, in whose youth the old Border depredations were matter of recent tradition, used to tell me many a tale of Watt of Harden, Wight Willie of Aikwood, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead, and other heroes, — merry-men all of the persuasion and calling of Robin Hood and Little John. Two or three old books which lay in the window seat were explored for my amusement in the tedious winter days. *Automathes* and Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany* were my favorites, although at a later period an odd volume of Josephus's *Wars of the Jews* divided my partiality.

My kind and affectionate aunt, Miss Janet Scott, whose memory will ever be dear to me, used to read these works to me with admirable patience, until I could repeat long passages by heart. The ballad of Hardyknute I was early master of, to the great annoyance of almost our only visitor, the worthy clergyman of the parish, Dr. Duncan, who had not patience to have a sober chat interrupted by my shouting forth this ditty. Methinks I now see his tall, thin, emaciated figure, his legs cased in clasped gambadoes, and his face of a length that would have rivaled the Knight of La Mancha's, and hear him exclaiming, "One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is."

I was in my fourth year when my father was advised that the Bath waters might be of some advantage to my lameness. My affectionate aunt, although such a journey promised to a person of her retired habits anything but pleasure or

amusement, undertook as readily to accompany me to the wells of Bladud as if she had expected all the delight that ever the prospect of a watering place held out to its most impatient visitants. My health was by this time a good deal confirmed by the country air and the influence of that imperceptible and unfatiguing exercise to which the good sense of my grandfather had subjected me ; for, when the day was fine, I was usually carried out and laid down beside the old shepherd, among the crags or rocks round which he fed his sheep. The impatience of a child soon inclined me to struggle with my infirmity, and I began by degrees to stand, to walk, and to run. Although the limb affected was much shrunk and contracted, my general health, which was of more importance, was much strengthened by being frequently in the open air ; and, in a word, I, who in a city had probably been condemned to hopeless and helpless decrepitude, was now a healthy, high-spirited, and, my lameness apart, a sturdy child.

During my residence at Bath I acquired the rudiments of reading at a day school kept by an old dame near our lodgings, and I had never a more regular teacher, although I think I did not attend her a quarter of a year. An occasional lesson from my aunt supplied the rest. Afterwards, when grown a big boy, I had a few lessons from Mr. Stalker of Edinburgh, and finally from the Rev. Mr. Cleeve. But I never acquired a just pronunciation, nor could I read with much propriety.

The most delightful recollections of Bath are dated after the arrival of my uncle, Captain Robert Scott, who introduced me to all the little amusements which suited my age, and, above all, to the theater. The play was *As You Like It* ; and the witchery of the whole scene is alive in my mind at this moment. I made, I believe, noise more than enough, and remember being so much scandalized at the quarrel

between Orlando and his brother, in the first scene, that I screamed out, "A'n't they brothers?" A few weeks' residence at home convinced me, who had till then been an only child in the house of my grandfather, that a quarrel between brothers was a very natural event.

After being a year at Bath I returned first to Edinburgh, and afterwards for a season to Sandy-Knowe; and thus the time whiled away till about my eighth year, when it was thought sea bathing might be of service to my lameness.

For this purpose, still under my aunt's protection, I remained some weeks at Prestonpans, — a circumstance not worth mentioning, excepting to record my juvenile intimacy with an old military veteran, Dalgetty by name, who had pitched his tent in that little village, after all his campaigns, subsisting upon an ensign's half pay, though called by courtesy a Captain. As this old gentleman, who had been in all the German wars, found very few to listen to his tales of military feats, he formed a sort of alliance with me, and I used invariably to attend him for the pleasure of hearing those communications. Sometimes our conversation turned on the American war, which was then raging. It was about the time of Burgoyne's unfortunate expedition, to which my Captain and I augured different conclusions. Somebody had shown me a map of North America, and, struck with the rugged appearance of the country and the quantity of lakes, I expressed some doubts on the subject of the General's arriving safely at the end of his journey, which were very indignantly refuted by the Captain. The news of the Saratoga disaster, while it gave me a little triumph, rather shook my intimacy with the veteran.

Besides this veteran, I found another ally at Prestonpans in the person of George Constable, an old friend of my father's. He was the first person who told me about Falstaff and Hotspur, and other characters in Shakespeare. What idea I

annexed to them I know not, but I must have annexed some, for I remember quite well being interested in the subject. Indeed, I rather suspect that children derive impulses of a powerful and important kind in hearing things which they cannot entirely comprehend; and, therefore, that to write *down* to children's understanding is a mistake: set them on the scent, and let them puzzle it out.

From Prestonpans I was transported back to my father's house in George's Square, which continued to be my most established place of residence until my marriage in 1797. I felt the change, from being a single indulged brat to becoming a member of a large family, very severely; for, under the gentle government of my kind grandmother, who was meekness itself, and of my aunt, who, though of an higher temper, was exceedingly attached to me, I had acquired a degree of license which could not be permitted in a large family. I had sense enough, however, to bend my temper to my new circumstances; but, such was the agony which I internally experienced, that I have guarded against nothing more, in the education of my own family, than against their acquiring habits of self-willed caprice and domination. I found much consolation, during this period of mortification, in the partiality of my mother. She joined to a light and happy temper of mind a strong turn to study poetry and works of imagination.

My lameness and my solitary habits had made me a tolerable reader, and my hours of leisure were usually spent in reading aloud to my mother Pope's translation of Homer, which, excepting a few traditionary ballads, and the songs in Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen*, was the first poetry which I perused. My mother had good natural taste and great feeling: she used to make me pause upon those passages which expressed generous and worthy sentiments, and, if she could not divert

me from those which were descriptive of battle and tumult, she contrived at least to divide my attention between them. My own enthusiasm, however, was chiefly awakened by the wonderful and the terrible — the common taste of children, but in which I have remained a child even unto this day. I got by heart, not as a task, but almost without intending it, the passages with which I was most pleased, and used to recite them aloud, both when alone and to others — more willingly, however, in my hours of solitude, for I had observed some auditors smile, and I dreaded ridicule at that time of life more than I have ever done since.

In 1778 I was sent to the second class of the Grammar School, or High School of Edinburgh, then taught by Mr. Luke Fraser, a good Latin scholar and a very worthy man. Though I had received, with my brothers, in private, lessons of Latin from Mr. James French, now a minister of the Kirk of Scotland, I was nevertheless rather behind the class in which I was placed both in years and in progress. This was a real disadvantage, and one to which a boy of lively temper and talents ought to be as little exposed as one who might be less expected to make up his leeway, as it is called. The situation has the unfortunate effect of reconciling a boy of the former character (which in a posthumous work I may claim for my own) to holding a subordinate station among his class fellows — to which he would otherwise affix disgrace. There is also, from the constitution of the High School, a certain danger not sufficiently attended to. The boys take precedence in their *places*, as they are called, according to their merit, and it requires a long while, in general, before even a clever boy, if he falls behind the class, or is put into one for which he is not quite ready, can force his way to the situation which his abilities really entitle him to hold. But, in the meanwhile, he is necessarily led to be the associate and

companion of those inferior spirits with whom he is placed ; for the system of precedence, though it does not limit the general intercourse among the boys, has nevertheless the effect of throwing them into clubs and coteries, according to the vicinity of the seats they hold. A boy of good talents, therefore, placed even for a time among his inferiors, especially if they be also his elders, learns to participate in their pursuits and objects of ambition, which are usually very distinct from the acquisition of learning ; and it will be well if he does not also imitate them in that indifference which is contented with bustling over a lesson so as to avoid punishment, without affecting superiority or aiming at reward. It was probably owing to this circumstance, that, although at a more advanced period of life I have enjoyed considerable facility in acquiring languages, I did not make any great figure at the High School ; or, at least, any exertions which I made were desultory and little to be depended on.

Our class contained some very excellent scholars. As for myself, I glanced like a meteor from one end of the class to the other, and commonly disgusted my kind master as much by negligence and frivolity as I occasionally pleased him by flashes of intellect and talent. Among my companions my good nature and a flow of ready imagination rendered me very popular. Boys are uncommonly just in their feelings, and at least equally generous. My lameness, and the efforts which I made to supply that disadvantage, by making up in address what I wanted in activity, engaged the latter principle in my favor ; and in the winter play hours, when hard exercise was impossible, my tales used to assemble an admiring audience round Lucky Brown's fireside, and happy was he that could sit next to the inexhaustible narrator. I was also, though often negligent of my own task, always ready to assist my friends ; and hence I had a little party of stanch partisans

and adherents, stout of hand and heart, though somewhat dull of head, — the very tools for raising a hero to eminence. So, on the whole, I made a brighter figure in the *yards* than in the *class*.

After having been three years under Mr. Fraser, our class was, in the usual routine of the school, turned over to Dr. Adam, the Rector. It was from this respectable man that I first learned the value of the knowledge I had hitherto considered only as a burdensome task. It was the fashion to remain two years at his class, where we read Cæsar and Livy and Sallust, in prose; Virgil, Horace, and Terence, in verse. I had by this time mastered, in some degree, the difficulties of the language, and began to be sensible of its beauties. This was really gathering grapes from thistles; nor shall I soon forget the swelling of my little pride when the Rector pronounced, that though many of my school-fellows understood the Latin better, *Gualterus Scott* was behind few in following and enjoying the author's meaning. Thus encouraged, I distinguished myself by some attempts at poetical versions from Horace and Virgil. Dr. Adam used to invite his scholars to such essays, but never made them tasks. I gained some distinction upon these occasions, and the Rector in future took much notice of me; and his judicious mixture of censure and praise went far to counterbalance my habits of indolence and inattention. I saw I was expected to do well, and I was piqued in honor to vindicate my master's favorable opinion. I climbed, therefore, to the first form; and, though I never made a first-rate Latinist, my school-fellows, and what was of more consequence, I myself, considered that I had a character for learning to maintain.

From Dr. Adam's class I should, according to the usual routine, have proceeded immediately to college. But, fortunately, I was not yet to lose, by a total dismissal from constraint,

the acquaintance with the Latin which I had acquired. My health had become rather delicate from rapid growth, and my father was easily persuaded to allow me to spend half a year at Kelso with my kind aunt, Miss Janet Scott, whose inmate I again became. It was hardly worth mentioning that I had frequently visited her during our short vacations.

In the meanwhile my acquaintance with English literature was gradually extending itself. In the intervals of my school hours I had always perused with avidity such books of history or poetry or voyages and travels as chance presented to me, — not forgetting the usual, or rather ten times the usual, quantity of fairy tales, eastern stories, romances, etc. These studies were totally unregulated and undirected. My tutor thought it almost a sin to open a profane play or poem; and my mother, besides that she might be in some degree trammelled by the religious scruples which he suggested, had no longer the opportunity to hear me read poetry as formerly. I found, however, in her dressing room (where I slept at one time) some odd volumes of Shakespeare; nor can I easily forget the rapture with which I sate up in my shirt reading them by the light of a fire in her apartment, until the bustle of the family rising from supper warned me it was time to creep back to my bed, where I was supposed to have been safely deposited since nine o'clock. Chance, however, threw in my way a poetical preceptor. This was no other than the excellent and benevolent Dr. Blacklock, well known at that time as a literary character. I know not how I attracted his attention, and that of some of the young men who boarded in his family; but so it was that I became a frequent and favored guest. The kind old man opened to me the stores of his library, and through his recommendation I became intimate with Ossian and Spenser. I was delighted with both, yet I think chiefly with the latter poet. The tawdry repetitions of the Ossianic phraseology

disgusted me rather sooner than might have been expected from my age. But Spenser I could have read forever. Too young to trouble myself about the allegory, I considered all the knights and ladies and dragons and giants in their outward and exoteric sense, and God only knows how delighted I was to find myself in such society. As I had always a wonderful facility in retaining in my memory whatever verses pleased me, the quantity of Spenser's stanzas which I could repeat was really marvelous. But this memory of mine was a very fickle ally, and has through my whole life acted merely upon its own capricious motion, and might have enabled me to adopt old Beattie of Meikledale's answer, when complimented by a certain reverend divine on the strength of the same faculty: "No, sir," answered the old Borderer, "I have no command of my memory. It only retains what hits my fancy; and probably, sir, if you were to preach to me for two hours, I would not be able when you finished to remember a word you had been saying." My memory was precisely of the same kind: it seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a favorite passage of poetry, a play-house ditty, or, above all, a Border-raid ballad; but names, dates, and the other technicalities of history escaped me in a most melancholy degree. The philosophy of history, a much more important subject, was also a sealed book at this period of my life; but I gradually assembled much of what was striking and picturesque in historical narrative; and when, in riper years, I attended more to the deduction of general principles, I was furnished with a powerful host of examples in illustration of them. I was, in short, like an ignorant gamester, who kept up a good hand until he knew how to play it.

I left the High School, therefore, with a great quantity of general information, ill arranged, indeed, and collected without system; yet deeply impressed upon my mind, readily

assorted by my power of connection and memory, and gilded, if I may be permitted to say so, by a vivid and active imagination. If my studies were not under any direction at Edinburgh, in the country, it may be well imagined, they were less so. A respectable subscription library, a circulating library of ancient standing, and some private bookshelves were open to my random perusal, and I waded into the stream like a blind man into a ford, without the power of searching my way, unless by groping for it. My appetite for books was as ample and indiscriminating as it was indefatigable, and I since have had too frequently reason to repent that few ever read so much, and to so little purpose.

Among the valuable acquisitions I made about this time was an acquaintance with Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. But, above all, I then first became acquainted with Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. I remember well the spot where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge platanus tree, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbor in the *garden* I have mentioned. The summer day sped onward so fast, that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and to remember was in this instance the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my school-fellows, and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently or with half the enthusiasm. About this period also I became acquainted with the works of Richardson, and those of Mackenzie, with Fielding, Smollett, and some others of our best novelists.

To this period also I can trace distinctly the awaking of that delightful feeling for the beauties of natural objects which has never since deserted me. The neighborhood of Kelso, the most beautiful, if not the most romantic village in Scotland, is eminently calculated to awaken these ideas.

From this time the love of natural beauty, more especially when combined with ancient ruins, or remains of our fathers' piety or splendor, became with me an insatiable passion, which, if circumstances had permitted, I would willingly have gratified by traveling over half the globe.

If, however, it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages — let such a reader remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth ; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance ; and that I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by doing so I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science.

II

[Abridged mainly from Lockhart and Hutton]

As Scott grew up, entered the classes of the college, and began his legal studies, first as apprentice to his father, and then in the law classes of the University, he became noticeable to all his friends for his gigantic memory and the rich stores of romantic material with which it was loaded.

His reading was almost all in the direction of military exploit, or romance and mediæval legend and the later Border songs of his own country. He learned Italian and read Ariosto. Later he learned Spanish and devoured Cervantes,

whose "*novelas*,"¹ he said, "first inspired him with the ambition to excel in fiction"; and all that he read and admired he remembered.

It might be supposed that, with these romantic tastes, Scott could scarcely have made much of a lawyer, though the inference would, I believe, be quite mistaken. His father, however, reproached him with being better fitted for a peddler than a lawyer, — so persistently did he trudge over all the neighboring counties in search of the beauties of nature and the historic associations of battle, siege, or legend.

In spite of all this love of excitement Scott became a sound lawyer, and might have been a great one had not his pride of character, the impatience of his genius, and the stir of his imagination rendered him indisposed to wait and slave in the precise manner which the prepossessions of solicitors appoint.

He continued to practice at the bar — nominally at least — for fourteen years, but the life of literature and the life of the bar hardly ever suit, and in Scott's case they suited the less, that he felt himself likely to be a dictator in the one field, and only a postulant in the other. Literature was a far greater gainer by his choice than law could have been a loser. For his capacity for the law he shared with thousands of able men, his capacity for literature with few or none.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

One Sunday, about two years before his call to the bar, Scott offered his umbrella to a young lady of much beauty who was coming out of the Greyfriars Church during a shower. The umbrella was graciously accepted; and it was not an unprecedented consequence that Scott fell in love with the borrower, who turned out to be Margaret, daughter of Sir John

¹ *Novelas*. Novels or romances.

and Lady Jane Stuart Belches, of Ivernay. For near six years after this, Scott indulged the hope of marrying this lady, and it does not seem doubtful that the lady herself was in part responsible for this impression.

For some reason this strong attachment was broken off. It may have been on account of some disagreement between the young people themselves, but most likely from a difference in the rank of the parties. It was his first and only deep passion, so far as ever can be known to us, and had a great influence on his after life, both in keeping him free from some of the most dangerous temptations in life during his youth, and in creating in him an interior world of dreams and recollections, on which his imagination was continually fed.

The pride which was always so notable a feature in Scott probably sustained him through the keen inward pain which it is very certain from a great many of his own words that he must have suffered in this uprooting of his most passionate hopes. And it was in part probably the same pride which led him to form within the year a new tie, his engagement to Mademoiselle Charpentier, or Miss Carpenter, as she was usually called, the daughter of a French royalist of Lyons who had died early in the revolution.

She made on the whole a very good wife, only one to be protected by him from every care, and not one to share Scott's deeper anxieties or to participate in his dreams.

BORDER MINSTRELSY AND MATURER POEMS

Ever since his earliest college days Scott had been collecting, in those excursions of his into Liddesdale and elsewhere, materials for a book on *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; and the publication of this work, in January, 1802, was his first great literary success. The whole edition of eight hundred

copies was sold within the year, while the skill and care which Scott had devoted to the historical illustration of the ballads, and the force and spirit of his own new ballads, written in imitation of the old, gained him at once a very high literary name. And the name was well deserved.

•Scott's genius flowered late. It was not until he was already thirty-one years of age that he wrote the first canto of his first great romance in verse, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Jeffrey says of the three poems: "*The Lay*, if I may venture to state the creed now established, is, I should say, generally considered as the most natural and original, *Marmion* as the most powerful and splendid, *The Lady of the Lake* as the most interesting, romantic, picturesque, and graceful of his great poems."

It is in painting those moods and exploits, in relation to which Scott shares most completely the feelings of ordinary men, but experiences them with far greater strength and purity than ordinary men, that he triumphs as a poet.

His romance is like his native scenery, — bold, bare, and rugged, with a swift, deep stream of strong, pure feeling running through it. There is plenty of color in his pictures, as there is on the Scotch hills when the heather is out. And so too there is plenty of intensity in his romantic situations; but it is the intensity of simple, natural, unsophisticated, hardy, and manly characters.

PARTNERSHIP WITH THE BALLANTYNE BROTHERS

Before proceeding further with Scott's life, it may be well to mention briefly his commercial relations with the Ballantyne Brothers, which had such an important bearing on the rest of his life.

About the year 1805, before he had any idea of the gains he might derive from his writings, and while his income from

other sources was very limited, he formally, but secretly, entered into the printing business as a partner with his old schoolmate, James Ballantyne.

Although Ballantyne kept his accounts in a loose way, he otherwise managed the business fairly well; and it might have proved a good investment had not Scott soon after, in order to furnish work to the printing office, engaged in the publishing and bookselling business with John Ballantyne.

Great risks attend this business; requiring good financial ability, a large acquaintance with men, sound judgment, and close application; yet Scott selected a frivolous man of pleasure, with neither character nor capacity, as a partner, relying probably on his own judgment for managing the publishing house. For such a task he was wholly unfitted. Because he was fond of antiquarian and historical researches, he supposed the people were eager for such reading; and because some of his friends desired to write unsalable books, he could not refuse to publish them. It is not sufficient for a publisher to ascertain that the book offered is a good one, but he must know whether it is so well adapted to the times and the wants of the community as to command a reasonable sale.

Besides the firm's making so many bad investments, John Ballantyne was squandering its money in dissipation, so that Scott was kept in constant fear of bankruptcy all through the years 1813 and 1814; and it was not until the publication of *Waverley*, opening up the richest vein in his own genius and popularity, that these alarms were ended.

So great was the success of this novel that the leading publishers were very eager to purchase a share in it and subsequent issues. Constable, of Edinburgh, secured the works, but on condition that he should buy also a large part of the worthless stock of John Ballantyne & Co. This sale enabled

Scott to wind up that unfortunate enterprise fairly well, although the printing house of James Ballantyne & Co. still held some of their notes, and Constable, on whom he was depending for money to extend his estate, build his castle, and pay his other expenses, was seriously crippled by the purchase of all this unsalable stock.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS

In the summer of 1814 Scott took up again and completed—almost at a single heat—a fragment of a Jacobite story begun in 1805 and then laid aside. It was published anonymously, and its astonishing success turned back again the scales of Scott's fortunes, already inclining ominously towards a catastrophe. This story was *Waverley*.

Scott's method of composition was always the same; and, when writing an imaginative work, the rate of progress seems to have been pretty even, depending much more on the absence of disturbing engagements than on any mental irregularity. The morning was always his brightest time; but morning or evening, in country or in town, well or ill, writing with his own pen or dictating to an amanuensis in the intervals of screaming fits due to the torture of cramp in the stomach, Scott spun away at his imaginative web almost as evenly as a silkworm spins at its golden cocoon.

In the fourteen most effective years of Scott's literary life, during which he wrote twenty-three novels besides shorter tales, the best stories appear to have been on the whole the most rapidly written, probably because they took the strongest hold of the author's imagination.

But though, to our larger experience, Scott's achievement, in respect of mere fertility, is by no means the miracle which it once seemed, I do not think one of his successors can

compare with him for a moment in the ease and truth with which he painted, not merely the life of his own time and country, — seldom indeed that of precisely his own time, — but that of days long past, and often, too, of scenes far distant. The most powerful of all his stories, *Old Mortality*, was the story of a period more than a century and a quarter before he wrote; and others — which, though inferior to this in force, are nevertheless, when compared with the so-called historical romances of any other English writer, what sunlight is to moonlight, if you can say as much for the latter as to admit even that comparison — go back to the period of the Tudors, that is, two centuries and a half. *Quentin Durward* runs back farther still, far into the previous century, while *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman* carry us back more than five hundred years.

The most striking feature of Scott's romances is that, for the most part, they are pivoted on public rather than mere private interests and passions. With but few exceptions — (*The Antiquary*, *St. Ronan's Well*, and *Guy Mannering* are the most important) — Scott's novels gives us an imaginative view, not of mere individuals, but of individuals as they are affected by the public strifes and social divisions of the age. No man can read Scott without being more of a public man.

SCOTT IN ADVERSITY

With the year 1825 came a financial crisis, and Constable began to tremble for his solvency. From the date of his baronetcy (1820), Sir Walter had launched out into a considerable increase of expenditure. He got plans on a rather large scale in 1821 for the extension of Abbotsford, which were all carried out. To meet his expenses in this and other ways he received Constable's bills for "four unnamed works of fiction," of which he had not written a line.

Nor were the obligations he incurred on his own account, and that of his family, the only ones by which he was burdened. He was always incurring expenses, often heavy expenses, for other people. Such obligations, however, would have been nothing when compared with Sir Walter's means, had all his bills on Constable been duly honored, and had not the printing firm of Ballantyne and Co. been so deeply involved with Constable's house that it necessarily became insolvent when he stopped. Taken altogether, I believe that Sir Walter earned during his own lifetime at least £140,000 by his literary work alone, probably more; while even on his land and building combined he did not apparently spend more than half that sum.

Thus even his loss of the price of several novels by Constable's failure would not seriously have compromised Scott's position, but for his share in the printing house, which fell with Constable, and the obligations of which amounted to £117,000.

As Scott had always forestalled his income, — spending the purchase-money of his poems and novels before they were written, — such a failure as this, at the age of fifty-five, when all the freshness of his youth was gone out of him, when he saw his son's prospects blighted as well as his own, and knew perfectly that James Ballantyne, unassisted by him, could never hope to pay any fraction of the debt worth mentioning, would have been paralyzing, had he not been a man of iron nerve, and of a pride and courage hardly ever equaled. Domestic calamity, too, was not far off. For two years he had been watching the failure of his wife's health with increasing anxiety, and, as calamities seldom come single, her illness took a most serious form at the very time when the blow fell, and she died within four months of the failure. Nay, Scott was himself unwell at the critical moment, and was taking sedatives which discomposed his brain.

And this was Scott's preparation for his failure, and the bold resolve which followed it, — to work for his creditors as he had worked for himself, and to pay off, if possible, the whole £117,000 by his own literary exertions.

His estate was conveyed to trustees for the benefit of his creditors till such time as he should pay off Ballantyne and Co.'s debt, which of course in his lifetime he never did. Yet between January, 1826, and January, 1828, he earned for his creditors very nearly £40,000. *Woodstock* sold for £8228, "a matchless sale," as Sir Walter remarked, "for less than three months' work." Had Sir Walter's health lasted, he would have redeemed his obligations on behalf of Ballantyne and Co. within eight or nine years at most from the time of his failure. But what is more remarkable still is that after his health failed he struggled on with little more than half a brain, but a whole will, to work while it was yet day, though the evening was dropping fast.

Not only did he row much harder against the stream of fortune than he had ever rowed with it, but, what required still more resolution, he fought on against the growing conviction that his imagination would not kindle, as it used to do, to its old heat.

He struggled on even to the end, and did not consent to try the experiment of a voyage and visit to Italy till his immediate work was done. But the rest came too late. So intense and continuous had been his application to work that even his very robust constitution was so completely exhausted that it was no longer able to repair the ravages of disease. He spent several months abroad, visiting Malta, Naples, Rome, Venice, and other places of interest, without improvement. He intended to visit Goethe, but the death of the great author at this time changed his plans, increasing his desire for an immediate return home. He sank rapidly, becoming quite

unconscious during the latter part of the homeward journey, until his eye caught the towers of Abbotsford, when he sprang up with a cry of delight. Mr. Laidlaw, a dear friend, was waiting for him, and he met him with a cry, "Ha! Willie Laidlaw. O, man, how often I have thought of you!" His dogs came round his chair, and began to fawn on him and lick his hands, while Sir Walter smiled or sobbed over them. The next morning he was wheeled about his garden, and on the following morning was out in this way for a couple of hours; within a day or two he fancied that he could write again, but on taking the pen into his hand his fingers could not clasp it, and he sank back with tears rolling down his cheek. Later, when Laidlaw said in his hearing that Sir Walter had had a little repose, he replied, "No, Willie; no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave." As the tears rushed from his eyes, his old pride revived. "Friends," he said, "don't let me expose myself; get me to bed, — that is the only place." A few days afterwards, awaking conscious and composed, he desired to see his son-in-law. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, — be virtuous, — be religious, — be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused, and Lockhart said, "Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" "No," said he, "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all!" With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness. He died Sept. 21, 1832, sixty-one years and one month old.

Well might Lord Chief Baron Shepherd apply to Scott Cicero's description of some contemporary of his own, who "had borne adversity wisely, who had not been broken by fortune, and who, amidst the buffets of fate, had maintained his dignity." There was in Sir Walter, I think, at least as

much of the Stoic as the Christian. But Stoic or Christian, he was a hero of the old indomitable type. Even the last fragments of his imaginative power were all turned to account by that unconquerable will, amidst the discouragement of friends and the still more disheartening doubts of his own mind. Like the headland stemming a rough sea, he was gradually worn away, but never crushed.

Sir Walter certainly left his "name unstained," unless the serious mistakes natural to a sanguine temperament such as his are to be counted as stains upon his name; and if they are, where among the sons of men would you find many unstained names as noble as his with such a stain upon it? He was not only sensitively honorable in motive, but, when he found what evil his sanguine temper had worked, he used his gigantic powers to repair it, and, as a result of these almost superhuman efforts, within fifteen years after Sir Walter's death, the debt was at last, through the value of the copyrights he had left behind him, finally extinguished, and the small estate of Abbotsford left cleared. Sir Walter's effort to found a new house was even less successful than the effort to endow it.

The only direct descendant of Sir Walter Scott is now Mary Monica Hope-Scott, who was born on the 2d October, 1852, the grandchild of Mrs. Lockhart, and the great-grandchild of the founder of Abbotsford.

III

[*A Tribute from Lockhart*]

"I am drawing near the close of my career; I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of the day; and it *is* a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle."

In the social relations of life, where men are most effectually tried, no spot can be detected in him. He was a patient, dutiful, reverent son ; a generous, compassionate, tender husband ; an honest, careful, and most affectionate father. Never was a more virtuous or a happier fireside than his. The influence of his mighty genius shadowed it imperceptibly ; his calm good sense, and his angelic sweetness of heart and temper, regulated and softened a strict but paternal discipline. His children, as they grew up, understood by degrees the high privilege of their birth ; but the profoundest sense of his greatness never disturbed their confidence in his goodness.

Perhaps the most touching evidence of the lasting tenderness of his early domestic feelings was exhibited to his executors, when they opened his repositories in search of his testament, the evening after his burial. On lifting up his desk, we found arranged in careful order a series of little objects, which had obviously been so placed there that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his tasks. These were the old-fashioned boxes that had garnished his mother's toilet, when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room ; the silver taper-stand which the young advocate had bought for her with his first five-guinea fee ; a row of small packets inscribed with her hand, and containing the hair of those of her offspring that had died before her ; his father's snuff-box and étui-case ; and more things of the like sort, recalling the "old familiar faces." The same feeling was apparent in all the arrangement of his private apartment. Pictures of his father and mother were the only ones in his dressing-room. The clumsy antique cabinets that stood there, things of a very different class from the beautiful and costly productions in the public rooms below, had all belonged to the furniture of George's Square. Even his father's rickety washing-stand, with all its cramped appurtenances, though exceedingly unlike

what a man of his very scrupulous habits would have selected in these days, kept its ground. The whole place seemed fitted up like a little chapel of the Lares.

Such a son and parent could hardly fail in any of the other social relations. No man was a firmer or more indefatigable friend. I knew not that he ever lost one; and a few, with whom, during the energetic middle stage of life, from political differences or other accidental circumstances, he lived less familiarly, had all gathered round him, and renewed the full warmth of early affection in his later days. There was enough to dignify the connection in their eyes, but nothing to chill it on either side. The imagination that so completely mastered him, when he chose to give her the rein, was kept under most determined control when any of the positive obligations of active life came into question. A high and pure sense of duty presided over whatever he had to do as a citizen and a magistrate; and, as a landlord, he considered his estate as an extension of his hearth.

But his moral, political, and religious character has sufficiently impressed itself upon the great body of his writings. He is indeed one of the few great authors of modern Europe who stand acquitted of having written a line that ought to have embittered the bed of death. His works teach the practical lessons of morality and Christianity in the most captivating form — unobtrusively and unaffectedly.

The race that grew up under the influence of that intellect can hardly be expected to appreciate fully their own obligations to it: and yet, if we consider what were the tendencies of the minds and works that, but for his, must have been unrivaled in the power and opportunity to mold young ideas, we may picture to ourselves in some measure the magnitude of the debt we owe to a perpetual succession, through thirty years, of publications unapproached in charm, and all

instilling a high and healthy code ; a bracing, invigorating spirit ; a contempt of mean passions, whether vindictive or voluptuous ; humane charity, as distinct from moral laxity as from unsympathizing austerity ; sagacity too deep for cynicism, and tenderness never degenerating into sentimentality : animated throughout in thought, opinion, feeling, and style, by one and the same pure, energetic principle — a pith and savor of manhood ; appealing to whatever is good and loyal in our natures, and rebuking whatever is low and selfish.

I have no doubt that, the more details of his personal history are revealed and studied, the more powerfully will that be found to inculcate the same great lessons with his works. Where else shall we be taught better how prosperity may be extended by beneficence, and adversity confronted by exertion ? Where can we see the “follies of the wise” more strikingly rebuked, and a character more beautifully purified and exalted in the passage through affliction to death ?

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

I

THE HIGHLANDERS AND BORDERERS OF SCOTLAND — JAMES V

[It is hoped that this brief outline, abridged from Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, may not only enable the reader to gain a better knowledge of the poem, but also awaken an interest in this important epoch of Henry VIII and Elizabeth of England, and James V and Mary Queen of Scots, and her son, James VI, under whom both kingdoms were united.]

THE HIGHLANDERS AND BORDERERS OF SCOTLAND

There were two great divisions of the country, namely, the Highlands and the Borders, which were so much wilder and more barbarous than the others, that they might be said to be altogether without law ; and, although they were nominally subjected to the King of Scotland, yet when he desired to execute any justice in either of these great districts, he could not do so otherwise than by marching there in person, at the head of a strong body of forces, and seizing upon the offenders and putting them to death with little or no form of trial. Such a rough course of justice, perhaps, made these disorderly countries quiet for a short time, but it rendered them still more averse to the royal government in their hearts, and disposed on the slightest occasion to break out, either into disorders amongst themselves or into open rebellion. I must give you some more particular account of these wild and uncivilized districts of Scotland, and of the particular sort of people who

were their inhabitants, that you may know what I mean when I speak of Highlanders and Borderers.

The Highlands of Scotland, so called from the rocky and mountainous character of the country, consist of a very large proportion of the northern parts of that kingdom. It was into these pathless wildernesses that the Romans drove the ancient inhabitants of Great Britain; and it was from these that they afterwards sallied to invade and distress that part of Britain which the Romans had conquered, and in some degree civilized. The inhabitants of the Highlands spoke, and still speak, a language totally different from the Lowland Scots. That last language does not greatly differ from English, and the inhabitants of both countries easily understand each other, though neither of them comprehend the Gaelic, which is the language of the Highlanders. The dress of these mountaineers was also different from that of the Lowlanders. They wore a plaid, or mantle of frieze, or of a striped stuff called tartan, one end of which being wrapped round the waist, formed a short petticoat, which descended to the knee, while the rest was folded round them like a sort of cloak. They had buskins made of rawhide; and those who could get a bonnet had that covering for their heads, though many never wore one during their whole lives, but had only their own shaggy hair tied back by a leathern strap. They went always armed, carrying bows and arrows, large swords, which they wielded with both hands, called claymores, poleaxes, and daggers for close fight. For defense, they had a round wooden shield, or target, stuck full of nails; and their great men had shirts of mail, not unlike to the flannel shirts now worn, only composed of links of iron instead of threads of worsted; but the common men were so far from desiring armor that they sometimes threw their plaids away, and fought in their shirts, which they wore very long and large, after the Irish fashion.

This part of the Scottish nation was divided into clans, that is, tribes. The persons composing each of these clans believed themselves all to be descended, at some distant period, from the same common ancestor, whose name they usually bore. Thus, one tribe was called MacDonald, which signifies the sons of Donald; another, MacGregor, or the sons of Gregor; MacNeil, the sons of Neil, and so on. Every one of these tribes had its own separate chief, or commander, whom they supposed to be the immediate representative of the great father of the tribe from whom they were all descended. To this chief they paid the most unlimited obedience, and willingly followed his commands in peace or war; not caring although, in doing so, they transgressed the laws of the King, or went into rebellion against the King himself. Each tribe lived in a valley, or district of the mountains, separated from the others; and they often made war upon, and fought desperately with, each other. But with Lowlanders they were always at war. They differed from them in language, in dress, and in manners; and they believed that the richer grounds of the low country had formerly belonged to their ancestors, and therefore they made incursions upon it, and plundered it without mercy. The Lowlanders, on the other hand, equal in courage and superior in discipline, gave many severe checks to the Highlanders; and thus there was almost constant war or discord between them, though natives of the same country.

Some of the most powerful of the Highland chiefs set themselves up as independent sovereigns. Such were the famous Lords of the Isles, called MacDonald, to whom the island called the Hebrides, lying on the northwest of Scotland, might be said to belong in property. These petty sovereigns made alliances with the English in their own name. They took the part of Robert the Bruce in the wars, and joined him with their

forces. We shall find that, after his time, they gave great disturbance to Scotland. The Lords of Lorn, MacDougals by name, were also extremely powerful; and were able to give battle to Bruce, and to defeat him, and place him in the greatest jeopardy. He revenged himself afterwards by driving John of Lorn out of the country, and by giving great part of his possessions to his own nephew, Sir Colin Campbell, who became the first of the great family of Argyll, which afterwards enjoyed such power in the Highlands.

Upon the whole, you can easily understand that these Highland clans, living among such high and inaccessible mountains, and paying obedience to no one save their own chiefs, should have been very instrumental in disturbing the tranquillity of the kingdom of Scotland. They had many virtues, being a kind, brave, and hospitable people, and remarkable for their fidelity to their chiefs; but they were restless, revengeful, fond of plunder, and delighting rather in war than in peace, in disorder than in repose.

The Border counties were in a state little more favorable to a quiet or peaceful government. In some respects the inhabitants of the counties of Scotland lying opposite to England greatly resembled the Highlanders, and particularly in their being, like them, divided into clans, and having chiefs whom they obeyed in preference to the King, or the officers whom he placed among them. How clanship came to prevail in the Highlands and Borders, and not in the provinces which separated them from each other, it is not easy to conjecture, but the fact was so. The Borders are not, indeed, so mountainous and inaccessible a country as the Highlands; but they also are full of hills, especially on the more western part of the frontier, and were in early times covered with forests, and divided by small rivers and morasses into dales and valleys, where the different clans lived, making war sometimes on the English,

sometimes on each other, and sometimes on the more civilized country which lay behind them.

But though the Borderers resembled the Highlanders in their mode of government and habits of plundering, and, as it may be truly added, in their disobedience to the general government of Scotland, yet they differed in many particulars. The Highlanders fought always on foot; the Borderers were all horsemen. The Borderers spoke the same language with the Lowlanders, wore the same sort of dress, and carried the same arms. Being accustomed to fight against the English, they were also much better disciplined than the Highlanders. But in point of obedience to the Scottish government, they were not much different from the clans of the north.

Military officers, called Wardens, were appointed along the Borders, to keep these unruly people in order; but as these wardens were generally themselves chiefs of clans, they did not do much to mend the evil. Robert the Bruce committed great part of the charge of the Borders to the good Lord James of Douglas, who fulfilled his trust with great fidelity. But the power which the family of Douglas thus acquired proved afterwards, in the hands of his successors, very dangerous to the crown of Scotland.

The Highlanders continued to lead this same marauding kind of life, owning no allegiance to any power except that of their chief, until about the year 1745, when Charles Edward, the last of the Stuarts, made a most desperate attempt to regain the throne of his grandfather, James II.

The Highland clans had remained loyal to the Stuarts during all their misfortunes, and when this brave young prince, trusting to their fidelity, landed almost alone upon their shores, they flocked to his standard in great numbers.

They were successful in the earlier engagements, but finally, in the battle of Culloden, were utterly defeated, the bravest of

the clans, together with their chiefs, being slain on the field. The government followed up its victory with unrelenting cruelty, slaughtering the fugitives, executing the prisoners, and laying waste the country, being determined to crush out the last spark of this power that had for so many centuries disturbed the peace of both kingdoms.

Fine military roads were built into those inaccessible glens and wild mountains, enabling the government to execute the laws throughout the realm. Severe laws, also, were passed, forbidding the wearing of the plaid, the national costume, and the bearing of arms.

These measures were entirely successful in breaking down this patriarchal system; and, although they seemed unnecessarily harsh at the time, in the end they proved wise and beneficent. The Highlanders, no longer able to subsist on plundering the Lowlanders, were obliged to turn their attention to some other means of gaining a living. Some emigrated to America, others enlisted in foreign armies, but the great majority settled down to an agricultural life. Mingling together in peaceful pursuits, the difference between Highlander and Lowlander soon disappeared, and they became one people, prosperous and happy.

JAMES V OF SCOTLAND — 1512-1542

James V (James Fitz-James of the poem) was the son of James IV of Scotland, and Margaret, sister of Henry VIII of England. His father having lost his life on the battlefield of Flodden, the son became king when but a child of less than two years of age. For a while, his mother managed the affairs of the kingdom as regent; but, becoming unpopular, she not only lost the regency, but also the control of her son, who fell into the hands of the powerful family of the Douglasses,

who, although governing in the name of the young King, nevertheless kept him under such careful guard that the restraint became very irksome to him, and he determined to escape from their power. In two attempts by force he was unsuccessful; but finally, on pretense of going hunting, he escaped from his captivity, and fled into the strong fortress of Stirling Castle, whose governor was friendly to him. Here he assembled around him the numerous nobility favorable to him, and threatened to declare a traitor any of the name of Douglas who should approach within twelve miles of his person, or who should attempt to meddle with the administration of government. He retained, ever after, this implacable resentment against the Douglasses, not permitting one of the name to settle in Scotland while he lived. James was especially ungenerous to one Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie, the one mentioned in the poem who had been a favorite of the young King. He was noted for great strength, manly appearance, and skill in all kinds of exercises. When an old man, becoming tired of his exile in England, he resolved to try the King's mercy, thinking that, as he had not personally offended James, he might find favor on account of their old intimacy. He therefore threw himself in the King's way one day as he returned from hunting in the Park at Stirling. Although it was several years since James had seen him, he knew him at a great distance by his firm and stately step. When they met he showed no sign of recognizing his old servant. Douglas turned, hoping still to obtain a glance of favorable recollection, and ran along by the King's side; and, although James trotted his horse hard, and Douglas wore a heavy shirt of mail, yet he reached the castle gate as soon as the King. James passed by him, without the slightest sign of recognition, and entered the castle. Douglas, exhausted, sat down at the gate and asked for a cup of wine; but no domestic dared to offer it. The King,

however, blamed this discourtesy in his servants, saying that, but for his oath, he would have received Archibald into his service. Yet he sent his command for him to retire to France, where the old man soon died of a broken heart.

Freed from the stern control of the Douglas family, James V now began to exercise the government in person, and displayed most of the qualities of a wise and good prince. He was handsome in his person, and resembled his father in the fondness for military exercises and the spirit of chivalrous honor which James IV loved to display. He also inherited his father's love of justice, and his desire to establish and enforce wise and equal laws which should protect the weak against the oppression of the great. It was easy enough to make laws, but to put them in vigorous exercise was of much greater difficulty ; and, in his attempt to accomplish this laudable purpose, James often incurred the ill-will of the more powerful nobles. He was a well-educated and accomplished man, and, like his ancestor, James I, was a poet and musician. He had, however, his defects. He avoided his father's failing of profusion, having no hoarded treasures to employ on pomp and show ; but he rather fell into the opposite fault, being of a temper too parsimonious ; and though he loved state and display he endeavored to gratify that taste as economically as possible, so that he has been censured as rather close and covetous. He was also, though the foibles seem inconsistent, fond of pleasure, and disposed to too much indulgence. It must be added that, when provoked, he was unrelenting even to cruelty ; for which he had some apology, considering the ferocity of the subjects over whom he reigned. But on the whole James V was an amiable man and a good sovereign.

His first care was to bring the Borders of Scotland to some degree of order. As before stated, these were inhabited by tribes of men, forming each a different clan, as they were

called, and obeying no orders save those which were given by their chiefs. These chiefs were supposed to represent the first founder of the name or family. The attachment of the clansmen to the chief was very great; indeed, they paid respect to no one else. In this the Borderers agreed with the Highlanders, as also in their love of plunder and neglect of the general laws of the country. But the Border men wore no tartan dress, and served almost always on horseback, whereas the Highlanders acted always on foot. The Borderers spoke the Scottish language, and not the Gaelic tongue used by the mountaineers.

The situation of these clans on the frontiers exposed them to constant war; so that they thought of nothing else but of collecting bands of their followers together, and making incursions, without much distinction, on the English, on the Lowland (or inland) Scots, or upon each other. They paid little respect either to times of truce or treaties of peace, but exercised their depredations without regard to either, and often occasioned wars betwixt England and Scotland which would not otherwise have taken place.

James's first step was to secure the persons of the principal chieftains by whom these disorders were privately encouraged, and who might have opposed his purposes, and imprison them in separate fortresses.

He then assembled an army, in which warlike purposes were united with those of sylvan sport; for he ordered all the gentlemen in the wild districts which he intended to visit to bring in their best dogs, as if his only purpose had been to hunt the deer in those desolate regions. This was intended to prevent the Borderers from taking the alarm, in which case they would have retreated into their mountains and fastnesses, from whence it would have been difficult to dislodge them.

These men had indeed no distinct idea of the offenses which they had committed, and consequently no apprehension

of the King's displeasure against them. The laws had been so long silent in that remote and disorderly country, that the outrages which were practiced by the strong against the weak seemed to the perpetrators the natural course of society, and to present nothing that was worthy of punishment. Thus the King suddenly approached the castles of these great lords and barons while they were preparing a great entertainment to welcome him, and caused them to be seized and executed.

There is reason to censure the extent to which James carried his severity, as being to a certain degree impolitic and beyond doubt cruel and excessive.

In the like manner James proceeded against the Highland chiefs, and by executions, forfeitures, and other severe measures he brought the Northern mountaineers, as he had already done those of the South, into comparative subjection.

Such were the effects of the terror struck by these general executions that James was said to have made "the rush bush keep the cow"; that is to say, that, even in this lawless part of the country, men dared no longer make free with property, and cattle might remain on their pastures unwatched. James was also enabled to draw profit from the lands which the crown possessed near the Borders, and is said to have had ten thousand sheep at one time grazing in Ettrick forest under the keeping of one Andrew Bell, who gave the King as good an account of the flock as if they had been grazing in the bounds of Fife, then the most civilized part of Scotland.

James V had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person in order that he might hear complaints which might not otherwise reach his ears, and, perhaps, that he might enjoy amusement which he could not have partaken of in his avowed royal character.

He was also very fond of hunting, and when he pursued that amusement in the Highlands he used to wear the peculiar

dress of that country, having a long and wide Highland shirt, and a jacket of tartan velvet, with plaid hose, and everything else corresponding.

The reign of James V was not alone distinguished by his personal adventures and pastimes, but is honorably remembered on account of wise laws made for the government of his people, and for restraining the crimes and violence which were frequently practiced among them; especially those of assassination, burning of houses, and driving¹ of cattle, the usual and ready means by which powerful chiefs avenged themselves on their feudal enemies.

Had not James become involved in a war with Henry VIII of England, he might have been as fortunate a prince as his many good qualities deserved; but, the war going against him, in despair and desolation he shut himself up in his palace, refusing to listen to consolation. A burning fever, the consequence of his grief and shame, seized on the unfortunate monarch. When they brought him tidings that his wife had given birth to a daughter, who afterwards became the brilliant, but most unfortunate, Mary Queen of Scots, he only replied, "Is it so?" reflecting on the alliance which had placed the Stuart family on the throne; "then God's will be done. It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass." With these words, presaging the extinction of his house, he made a signal of adieu to his courtiers, spoke little more, but turned his face to the wall and, when scarcely thirty-one years old, in the very prime of life, he died of the most melancholy of all diseases, a broken heart.

¹ Driving, here, means stealing.

II

SCOTT'S INTRODUCTION

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

Οὗτος μὲν δὴ ἀεθλος ἀάατος ἐκτετέλεσται.

Νῦν αὖτε σκοπὸν ἄλλον.

Odys. xxii, 5.

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

The ancient manners, the habits and customs of the aboriginal race by whom the Highlands of Scotland were inhabited, had always appeared to me peculiarly adapted to poetry. The change in their manners, too, had taken place almost within my own time, or at least I had learned many particulars concerning the ancient state of the Highlands from the old men of the last generation. I had always thought the old Scottish Gael highly adapted for poetical composition. The feuds and political dissensions which, half a century earlier, would have rendered the richer and wealthier part of the kingdom indisposed to countenance a poem the scene of which was laid in the Highlands, were now sunk in the generous compassion which the English more than any other nation feel for the misfortunes of an honorable foe. The poems of Ossian had by their popularity sufficiently shown that if writings on Highland subjects were qualified to interest the reader, mere national prejudices were, in the present day, very unlikely to interfere with their success.

I had also read a great deal, seen much, and heard more, of that romantic country where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katrine

was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days. This poem, the action of which lay among scenes so beautiful and so deeply imprinted on my recollections, was a labor of love, and it was no less so to recall the manners and incidents introduced. The frequent custom of James IV, and particularly of James V, to walk through the kingdom in disguise, afforded me the hint of an incident which never fails to be interesting if managed with the slightest address or dexterity.

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

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

"If I fail," I said, for the dialogue is strong in my recollection, "it is a sign that I ought never to have succeeded, and I

will write prose for life ; you shall see no change in my temper, nor will I eat a single meal the worse. But if I succeed, —

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

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

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

As this friend happened to dine with me at Ashestiel one day, I took the opportunity of reading to him the first canto of *The Lady of the Lake*, in order to ascertain the effect the poem was likely to produce upon a person who was but too favorable a representative of readers at large. It is of course to be supposed that I determined rather to guide my opinion by what my friend might appear to feel, than by what he might think fit to say. His reception of my recitation, or prelection, was rather singular. He placed his hand across his brow, and

listened with great attention, through the whole account of the stag hunt, till the dogs threw themselves into the lake to follow their master, who embarks with Ellen Douglas. He then started up with a sudden exclamation, struck his hand on the table, and declared, in a voice of censure calculated for the occasion, that the dogs must have been totally ruined by being permitted to take the water after such a severe chase. I own I was much encouraged by the species of reverie which had possessed so zealous a follower of the sports of the ancient Nimrod, who had been completely surprised out of all doubts of the reality of the tale. Another of his remarks gave me less pleasure. He detected the identity of the king with the wandering knight, Fitz-James, when he winds his bugle to summon his attendants. . . .

This discovery, as Mr. Pepys says of the rent in his camlet cloak, was but a trifle, yet it troubled me ; and I was at a good deal of pains to efface any marks by which I thought my secret could be traced before the conclusion, when I relied on it with the same hope of producing effect, with which the Irish post-boy is said to reserve a "trot for the avenue."

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

After a considerable delay *The Lady of the Lake* appeared in June, 1810 ; and its success was certainly so extraordinary as to induce me for the moment to conclude that I had at last fixed a nail in the proverbially inconstant wheel of Fortune, whose stability in behalf of an individual who had so boldly courted her favors for three successive times had not as yet

been shaken. I had attained, perhaps, that degree of reputation at which prudence, or certainly timidity, would have made a halt and discontinued efforts by which I was far more likely to diminish my fame than to increase it. But, as the celebrated John Wilkes is said to have explained to his late Majesty, that he himself, amid his full tide of popularity, was never a Wilkite, so I can, with honest truth, exculpate myself from having been at any time a partisan of my own poetry, even when it was in the highest fashion with the million. It must not be supposed that I was either so ungrateful or so superabundantly candid as to despise or scorn the value of those whose voice had elevated me so much higher than my own opinion told me I deserved. I felt, on the contrary, the more grateful to the public, as receiving that from partiality to me, which I could not have claimed from merit; and I endeavored to deserve the partiality by continuing such exertions as I was capable of for their amusement.

It may be that I did not, in this continued course of scribbling, consult either the interest of the public or my own. But the former had effectual means of defending themselves, and could, by their coldness, sufficiently check any approach to intrusion; and for myself, I had now for several years dedicated my hours so much to literary labor that I should have felt difficulty in employing myself otherwise; and so, like Dogberry, I generously bestowed all my tediousness on the public, comforting myself with the reflection that, if posterity should think me undeserving of the favor with which I was regarded by my contemporaries, "they could not but say I *had* the crown," and had enjoyed for a time that popularity which is so much coveted.

I conceived, however, that I held the distinguished situation I had obtained, however unworthily, rather like the champion of pugilism, on the condition of being always ready to

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

It only remains for me to say that, during my short preëminence of popularity, I faithfully observed the rules of moderation which I had resolved to follow before I began my course as a man of letters. If a man is determined to make a noise in the world, he is sure to encounter abuse and ridicule, as he who gallops furiously through a village must reckon on being followed by the curs in full cry. Experienced persons know that in stretching to flog the latter, the rider is very apt to catch a bad fall; nor is an attempt to chastise a malignant critic attended with less danger to the author. On this principle, I let parody, burlesque, and squibs find their own level; and while the latter hissed most fiercely, I was cautious never to catch them up, as schoolboys do, to throw them back against the naughty boy who fired them off, wisely remembering that they are in such cases apt to explode in the handling. Let me add that my reign (since Byron has so called it) was marked by some instances of good nature as well as patience. I never refused a literary person of merit such services in smoothing his way to the public as were in my power; and I had the advantage—rather an uncommon one with our

irritable race—to enjoy general favor without incurring permanent ill-will, so far as is known to me, among any of my contemporaries.

ABBOTSFORD, April, 1830

III

THE POEM

A glance at the table which concludes the Introduction will indicate the general relation of *The Lady of the Lake* to Scott's entire literary product. The further experiments in metrical romance which he made during the next two or three years appear to have convinced him that his vein of poetic expression, of which he always thought modestly, was worked out. With the beginning of the publication of the Waverley novels in 1814 he finds his true field, and from this time on his attempts at poetry are few and comparatively unimportant. Nothing need be said here of the famous prose romances which, following each other with extraordinary rapidity, laid the foundation for a more permanent fame than he could have hoped for from his efforts in verse.

It should not be forgotten, however, that his verse, while it is not of the very highest type, is excellent in its kind, and still worth reading for its own sake as well as for the sake of the great man who wrote it. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and *The Lady of the Lake* must still stand as the best as well as the best-known examples in English of the metrical romance, an epical form of verse midway between the "grand" or heroic epic and the ballad. Scott's minute and sympathetic acquaintance with the ancient Scottish ballads made it possible for him to produce not only numerous fine ballads of his own, but to incarnate the ballad spirit in

the fuller form, which is more effective even than the ballad to the reader of poetry as contrasted with the listener to songs. The poet himself considered the chief merit of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* to consist in its style, of *Marmion* in its descriptions, and of *The Lady of the Lake* in its incidents. For a more detailed comparison with the earlier poems we cannot do better than quote the judgment of the most influential critic among Scott's contemporaries, Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*. "It is," he said, "more polished in diction and more regular in its versification; the story is constructed with infinitely more skill and address; there is a greater proportion of pleasing and tender passages, with much less antiquarian detail; and, upon the whole, a larger variety of characters, more artfully and judicially contrasted. There is nothing so fine, perhaps, as the battle in *Marmion*, or so picturesque as some of the scattered sketches in the *Lay*; but there is a richness and a spirit in the whole piece which does not pervade either of those poems, — a profusion of incident and a shifting brilliancy of coloring that remind us of the witchery of Ariosto, and a constant elasticity and occasional energy which seem to belong more particularly to the author now before us."

Scott had, without possessing the loftiest quality of poetic imagination, produced a poem so vigorous, so picturesque, above all so expressive of the border spirit which had entered into his own being, that he could hardly hope to equal it later. It is good, on the whole, that he did not long persist in the attempt. Scott's novels are greater than his metrical romances. But it would be idle to ignore the fact that his exercises in verse writing did much toward preparing him for his great prose stories, or to depreciate the value which his three famous narrative poems possess in themselves.

TABLE OF SCOTT'S LIFE AND WORKS

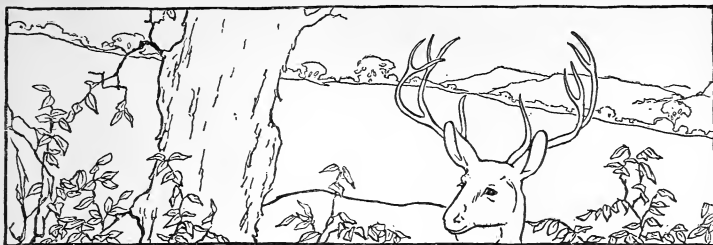
- 1771 Born August 15.
- 1778 Entered Edinburgh High School.
- 1785 Entered University of Edinburgh.
- 1792 Admitted to the Scottish Bar.
- 1797 Married.
- 1799 Appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire.
- 1802-1803 *Border Minstrelsy.*
- 1805 *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*
- 1806 Appointed "Clerk of Session."
- 1808 *Marmion.*
- 1810 *The Lady of the Lake.*
- 1811 Bought Abbotsford. *The Vision of Don Roderick.*
- 1812 *Rokeby.* Took possession of Abbotsford.
- 1813 *The Bride of Triermain.*
- 1814 *Waverley. The Border Antiquities.*
- 1815 *The Lord of the Isles. Guy Mannering. The Field of Waterloo.*
- 1816 *The Antiquary. The Black Dwarf. Old Mortality.*
- 1817 *Harold the Dauntless.*
- 1818 *Rob Roy. The Heart of Midlothian.*
- 1819 *The Bride of Lammermoor. The Legend of Montrose.*
- 1820 *Ivanhoe. The Monastery. The Abbot.*
- 1821 *Kenilworth.*
- 1822 *The Pirate. The Fortunes of Nigel. Peveril of the Peak.*
- 1823 *Quentin Durward.*
- 1824 *St. Ronan's Well. Redgauntlet.*
- 1825 Ballantyne & Co. became bankrupt. *The Betrothed. The Talisman. Tales of the Crusaders.*
- 1826 *Provincial Antiquities of Scotland. Woodstock.*

- 1827 *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte. Chronicles of the Canon-
gate, First Series. (The Highland Widow. The Two
Drovers. The Surgeon's Daughter.)*
- 1828 *Miscellaneous Prose Works (six vols.). Tales of a Grand-
father, First Series. Chronicles of the Canongate, Sec-
ond Series. (Saint Valentine's Day; or, The Fair Maid
of Perth.)*
- 1829 *Tales of a Grandfather, Second Series. Anne of Geierstein.*
- 1830 *Tales of a Grandfather, Third Series. The Doom of
Devoirgoil: a melodrama.*
- 1831 *Tales of a Grandfather, Fourth Series. Count Robert of
Paris. Castle Dangerous.*
- 1832 Died September 21.

ARGUMENT

The scene of the following poem is laid chiefly in the vicinity of Loch Katrine, in the Western Highlands of Perthshire. The time of action includes six days, and the transactions of each day occupy a canto.

This poem was first published in 1810.



THE LADY OF THE LAKE

CANTO FIRST

THE CHASE

HARP of the North ! that moldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string, — 5
O Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep ?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep ?

1. **Harp of the North !** An invocation to ancient Scottish minstrelsy. The harp was formerly the national musical instrument.

2. **Witch-elm.** The broad-leaved elm. Twigs cut from it were used as riding whips for good luck ; also for divining rods. — **Saint Fillan.** A Scotch saint of some reputation. There are in Perthshire several wells and springs dedicated to St. Fillan, which are still places of pilgrimage and offerings, even among the Protestants. They are held powerful in cases of madness. — SCOTT. (See *Marmion* I, 509.)

3. **Numbers.** Lines or verses of poetry.

6. **Minstrel.** The minstrels, as the wandering singers and musicians of the Middle Ages were called, were always welcomed wherever they went. They sang songs recounting the valiant deeds of their entertainers and their ancestors. — STEVENS and MORRIS.

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

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

I

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
 Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,

10. **Caledon.** For Caledonia, the ancient name of Scotland.

14. **According pause.** In music, that which suitably fills the intervals.

15. **Ardent symphony.** Stirring music with which the minstrel filled up the pauses of his lay. — STEVENS and MORRIS.

29. **Monan.** A Scotch martyr of the fourth century.

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

II

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

31. **Glenartney.** A valley through which a small stream called the Artney flows.

33. **Benvoirlich.** A mountain north of Glenartney. *Ben* means "mountain." (See map.)

45. **Beamed frontlet.** The forehead of a stag, with full-grown antlers or horns.

And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

III

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

53. *Uam-Var.* *Ua-var*, as the name is pronounced, or more properly *Uaighmor*, is a mountain to the northeast of the village of Callander in Menteith, deriving its name, which signifies the "great den" or "cavern," from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said, by tradition, to have been the abode of a giant. In latter times it was the refuge of robbers and banditti, who have been only extirpated within these forty or fifty years. Strictly speaking, this stronghold is not a cave, as the name would imply, but a sort of small enclosure or recess, surrounded with large rocks, and open above head. — SCOTT.

54. *Opening pack.* A hunting term, alluding to the hounds barking at sight of the game.

68. *Ken.* Sight.

Faint, and more faint, its failing din
 Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn, 70
 And silence settled, wide and still,
 On the lone wood and mighty hill.

IV

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
 Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var, 75
 And roused the cavern where, 't is told,
 A giant made his den of old ;
 For ere that steep ascent was won,
 High in his pathway hung the sun,
 And many a gallant, stayed perforce, 80
 Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
 And of the trackers of the deer,
 Scarce half the lessening pack was near ;
 So shrewdly on the mountain-side
 Had the bold burst their mettle tried. 85

V

The noble stag was pausing now
 Upon the mountain's southern brow,
 Where broad extended, far beneath,
 The varied realms of fair Menteith.
 With anxious eye he wandered o'er 90
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,

71. Linn. Cataract ; pool.

84. Shrewdly. Severely.

89. Menteith. A district watered by the Teith.

And pondered refuge from his toil
 By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
 But nearer was the copsewood gray
 That waved and wept on Loch Achray. 95
 And mingled with the pine-trees blue
 On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.
 Fresh vigor with the hope returned,
 With flying foot the heath he spurned,
 Held westward with unwearied race, 100
 And left behind the panting chase.

VI

'T were long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
 As swept the hunt through Cambusmore ;
 What reins were tightened in despair,
 When rose Benledi's ridge in air ; 105
 Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
 Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith, —

93. **Lochard.** A small lake near the village of Aberfoyle.

95. **Loch Achray.** "The Lake of the Level Field." A small lake at the foot of Benvenue. — 97. **Benvenue.** "Center Mountain," being midway between Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi. (See map.)

99. **Heath.** A low shrub, very abundant on the hills and mountains of Scotland. Its foliage gives to the landscape a very soft olive tinge; its blossoms, a purplish hue.

103. **Cambusmore.** An estate near Callander.

105. **Benledi.** A mountain near Callander. The name signifies "Mountain of God."

106. **Bochastle's heath.** A flat plain between the east end of Loch Vennachar and Callander. — TAYLOR.

107. **The flooded Teith.** The Teith, receiving the waters of Lochs Lubnaig, Voil, Vennachar, Achray, and Katrine, was liable to overflow its banks in rainy seasons.

For twice that day, from shore to shore,
 The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
 Few were the stragglers, following far, 110
 That reached the lake of Vennachar ;
 And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
 The headmost horseman rode alone.

VII

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

111. **Vennachar.** "Lake of the Fair Valley," one of the three lakes around which the scenery of the poem lies.

112. **Brigg of Turk.** An old stone bridge over the Turk, a small stream in Glenfinlas valley.

117. **Embossed.** Hunted until the foam from the mouth covered the stag like raised figures in ornamental work.

120. **Saint Hubert.** The hounds which are called St. Hubert's are found of various colors, but are commonly all black. The abbots of St. Hubert have always kept some of this race of hounds in remembrance of their patron saint, who was a hunter.

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

VIII

The Hunter marked that mountain high,
 The lone lake's western boundary,
 And deemed the stag must turn to bay,
 Where that huge rampart barred the way;
 Already glorying in the prize, 135
 Measured his antlers with his eyes;
 For the death-wound and death-halloo
 Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew:—
 But thundering as he came prepared,
 With ready arm and weapon bared, 140
 The wily quarry shunned the shock,
 And turned him from the opposing rock;
 Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
 Soon lost to hound and Hunter's ken,

127. Quarry. The hunted animal.

129. Brake. Coarse ferns; bushes.

130. Stock. Log or stump.

137. For the death-wound, etc. When the stag turned to bay, the ancient hunter had the perilous task of going in upon and killing or disabling the desperate animal. At certain times of the year this was held particularly dangerous, a wound received from a stag's horn being then deemed poisonous, and more dangerous than one from the tusks of a boar. — SCOTT. — Death-halloo. The shout when the huntsman had given the death stroke to the stag.

138. Whinyard. A sword or hanger.

In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook 145
His solitary refuge took.
There, while close couched the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain, 150
Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

IX

Close on the hounds the Hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanished game ;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell. 155
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labors o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more ;

145. *Trosachs.* The name "Trosachs," or "bristled territory," is generally applied to the whole country about Loch Katrine, but, strictly speaking, belongs only to the region between Lochs Katrine and Achray. A fine turnpike, shaded by overhanging trees and abrupt mountain cliffs, winds through this beautiful wild valley. It is the more enjoyable because it is so rare in Scotland to see anything like a native forest. The trees are mostly set out when very small, and so thickly and irregularly as to resemble a natural growth. They are cultivated not so much for the timber as a shelter for game. The mountains of Scotland for the most part are treeless. With the exception of a few of the highest peaks which are barren, they are covered to the very tops with heather and grass kept green by the frequent rains. Not only are these beautiful mountains with the thousands of white sheep moving to and fro over their sides pleasant to look upon, but they form a great source of wealth to the people, as is well known by the quantity and excellence of the Scotch woolsens.

Then, touched with pity and remorse, 160
 He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.
 "I little thought, when first thy rein
 I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
 That Highland eagle e'er should feed
 On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed! 165
 Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
 That costs thy life, my gallant gray!"

X

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

166. Woe worth the chase. Woe be to the chase. *Worth* used in the sense of *be*, imperative.

XI

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

196. **Tower.** Tower of Babel. Genesis xi. 1-9.

199. **Battlement.** A wall round the top of a castle, with openings to look through and annoy the enemy.

201. **Minaret.** A high, slender turret on a Mohammedan mosque from which the people are called to prayers.

202. **Pagod.** Pagoda.

All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,
 The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
 And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes
 210 Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

XII

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
 Here eglantine embalmed the air,
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there; 215
 The primrose pale and violet flower
 Found in each cleft a narrow bower;
 Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
 Emblems of punishment and pride,
 Grouped their dark hues with every stain 220
 The weather-beaten crags retain.
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,
 Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
 Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock; 225
 And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
 His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
 Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
 His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced, 230
 Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
 The wanderer's eye could barely view
 The summer heaven's delicious blue;

So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream. 235

XIII

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.
Lost for a space, through thickets veering, 240
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;
And farther as the Hunter strayed,
Still broader sweep its channels made. 245
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still 250
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

XIV

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken, 255
Unless he climb with footing nice
A far-projecting precipice.

256. Unless he climb, etc. Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to describe

The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
 The hazel saplings lent their aid;
 And thus an airy point he won, 260
 Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
 One burnished sheet of living gold,
 Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
 In all her length far winding lay,
 With promontory, creek, and bay, 265
 And islands that, empurpled bright,
 Floated amid the livelier light,
 And mountains that like giants stand
 To sentinel enchanted land.
 High on the south, huge Benvenue 270
 Down to the lake in masses threw
 Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
 The fragments of an earlier world;
 A wildering forest feathered o'er
 His ruined sides and summit hoar, 275

in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of the defile called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder composed of the branches and roots of trees. — SCOTT.

258. **Broom.** A large bushy shrub having tough, leafless stems and flowers of a deep golden yellow. Brooms were so called because they were originally made from it. — STEVENS and MORRIS.

263. **Loch Katrine.** The scene of the poem is one of the most beautiful of the Scottish lakes, situated in Perthshire. It is about eight miles long and two miles wide, serpentine in shape, and surrounded by high mountains and deep ravines. A small steamer plies on the lake. Near its outlet is situated Ellen's Isle in the wild region of the Trosachs. It is supposed to have derived its name from "Catterins or Ketterins, a wild band of robbers, who prowled about its shores to the terror of all wayfarers."

274. **Wildering.** Bewildering.

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

XV

From the steep promontory gazed
The stranger, raptured and amazed,
And, "What a scene were here," he cried, 280
"For princely pomp or churchman's pride!
On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow far away
The turrets of a cloister gray; 285
How blithely might the bugle-horn
Chide on the lake the lingering morn!
How sweet at eve the lover's lute
Chime when the groves were still and mute!
And when the midnight moon should lave 290
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matins' distant hum,
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake, in yonder islet lone, 295
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell!
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,

277. **Ben-an.** "Little Mountain," lying north of the Trosachs.

293. **Matins.** Early morning prayers in Catholic churches.

297. **Bead.** Formerly meant a prayer, and hence came to be applied to the small perforated balls used in keeping an account of the number of prayers recited.

Should each bewildered stranger call
To friendly feast and lighted hall. 300

XVI

“Blithe were it then to wander here!
But now — beshrew yon nimble deer! —
Like that same hermit’s, thin and spare,
The copse must give my evening fare;
Some mossy bank my couch must be, 305
Some rustling oak my canopy.
Yet pass we that; the war and chase
Give little choice of resting-place; —
A summer night in greenwood spent
Were but to-morrow’s merriment: 310
But hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better missed than found;
To meet with Highland plunderers here
Were worse than loss of steed or deer. —
I am alone; — my bugle strain 315
May call some straggler of the train;
Or, fall the worst that may betide,
Ere now this falchion has been tried.”

XVII

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

302. *Beshrew*. “May ill betide,” a slight curse.

313. *Highland plunderers*. The class who inhabited the romantic regions in the neighborhood of Loch Katrine were, even until a late period, much addicted to predatory excursions upon their Lowland neighbors. — SCOTT.

318. *Falchion* (*faw’chun*). A broadsword with slightly curved point.

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

XVIII

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
 Of finer form or lovelier face! 345
 What though the sun, with ardent frown,
 Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown, —

342. Naiad (nā'yād). A water nymph or goddess presiding over rivers and springs.

The sportive toil, which, short and light,
 Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
 Served too in hastier swell to show 350
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow :
 What though no rule of courtly grace
 To measured mood had trained her pace, —
 A foot more light, a step more true,
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew ; 355
 E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
 Elastic from her airy tread :
 What though upon her speech there hung
 The accents of the mountain tongue, —
 Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear, 360
 The listener held his breath to hear !

XIX

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid ;
 Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
 Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
 And seldom was a snood amid 365
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
 Whose glossy black to shame might bring
 The plumage of the raven's wing ;

353. Measured mood. Studied behavior.

363. Snood. A headband worn by Scottish maidens. — Plaid. Pronounced *played* by the Scotch. It consisted of about a dozen yards of woolen cloth, checked with threads of various bright colors. It was wrapped around the middle of the body, fastened with a belt, and extended down to the knee. It was much worn as an over-garment by the Highlanders of both sexes, and each clan was distinguished by its own peculiar plaid. *Plaid* is the garment ; *tartan* is the pattern.





And seldom o'er a breast so fair
 Mantled a plaid with modest care, 370
 And never brooch the folds combined
 Above a heart more good and kind.
 Her kindness and her worth to spy,
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye ;
 Not Katrine in her mirror blue 375
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
 Than every freeborn glance confessed
 The guileless movements of her breast ;
 Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
 Or woe or pity claimed a sigh, 380
 Or filial love was glowing there,
 Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
 Or tale of injury called forth
 The indignant spirit of the North.
 One only passion unrevealed 385
 With maiden pride the maid concealed,
 Yet not less purely felt the flame ;—
 O, need I tell that passion's name ?

XX

Impatient of the silent horn,
 Now on the gale her voice was borne :— 390
 "Father!" she cried ; the rocks around
 Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
 Awhile she paused, no answer came ;—
 "Malcolm, was thine the blast?" the name
 Less resolutely uttered fell, 395
 The echoes could not catch the swell.

"A stranger I," the Huntsman said,
 Advancing from the hazel shade.
 The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar
 Pushed her light shallop from the shore, 400
 And when a space was gained between,
 Closer she drew her bosom's screen;—
 So forth the startled swan would swing,
 So turn to prune his ruffled wing.
 Then safe, though fluttered and amazed, 405
 She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
 Not his the form, nor his the eye,
 That youthful maidens wont to fly.

XXI

On his bold visage middle age
 Had slightly pressed its signet sage, 410
 Yet had not quenched the open truth
 And fiery vehemence of youth;
 Forward and frolic glee was there,
 The will to do, the soul to dare,
 The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire, 415
 Of hasty love or headlong ire.
 His limbs were cast in manly mold
 For hardy sports or contest bold;
 And though in peaceful garb arrayed,
 And weaponless except his blade, 420
 His stately mien as well implied
 A high-born heart, a martial pride,

404. **Prune.** To trim and arrange the feathers with the bill.

408. **Wont.** Are accustomed.

410. **Signet sage.** Seal of wisdom; impression of gravity.

As if a baron's crest he wore,
 And sheathed in armor trode the shore.
 Slighting the petty need he showed, 425
 He told of his benighted road ;
 His ready speech flowed fair and free,
 In phrase of gentlest courtesy,
 Yet seemed that tone and gesture bland
 Less used to sue than to command. 430

XXII

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

425. **Slighting the need.** Treating lightly his lack of food and shelter.

426. **Benighted.** Overtaken by night.

440. **Ptarmigan.** White grouse. — **Heath-cock.** Black grouse.

443. **By the rood.** By the cross.

A wanderer, here by fortune tost,
 My way, my friends, my courser lost,
 I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
 Have ever drawn your mountain air, 450
 Till on this lake's romantic strand
 I found a fay in fairy land!" —

XXIII

"I well believe," the maid replied,
 As her light skiff approached the side, —
 "I well believe, that ne'er before 455
 Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore ;
 But yet, as far as yesternight
 Old Allan-bane foretold your plight, —
 A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
 Was on the visioned future bent. 460
 He saw your steed, a dappled gray,
 Lie dead beneath the birchen way ;
 Painted exact your form and mien,
 Your hunting-suit of Lincoln green,

460. On the visioned future bent. If force of evidence could authorize us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favor of the existence of the second-sight. "The second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object without any previous means used by the person that used it for that end: the vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of anything else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object that was represented to them." — SCOTT.

464. Lincoln green. The color of cloth formerly made in Lincoln and worn by the Lowland huntsmen.

That tasseled horn so gayly gilt, 465
 That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
 That cap with heron plumage trim,
 And yon two hounds so dark and grim.
 He bade that all should ready be
 To grace a guest of fair degree ; 470
 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 I come, 475
 Announced by prophet sooth and old,
 Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,
 I'll lightly front each high emprise
 For one kind glance of those bright eyes.
 Permit me first the task to guide 480
 Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."
 The maid, with smile suppressed and sly,
 The toil unwonted saw him try ;
 For seldom, sure, if e'er before,
 His noble hand had grasped an oar : 485
 Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,
 And o'er the lake the shallop flew ;
 With heads erect and whimpering cry,
 The hounds behind their passage ply.

475. **Errant-knight.** A knight wandering in search of adventure.

476. **Sooth.** True.

478. **Emprise.** A dangerous undertaking.

Nor frequent does the bright oar break 490
 The darkening mirror of the lake,
 Until the rocky isle they reach,
 And moor their shallop on the beach.

XXV

The stranger viewed the shore around ;
 'T was all so close with copsewood bound, 495
 Nor track nor pathway might declare
 That human foot frequented there,
 Until the mountain maiden showed
 A clambering unsuspected road,
 That winded through the tangled screen, 500
 And opened on a narrow green,
 Where weeping birch and willow round
 With their long fibers swept the ground.
 Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
 Some chief had framed a rustic bower. 505

492. *Rocky isle.* Ellen's Isle, situated at the foot of the beautiful Loch Katrine, is a small island containing two or three acres of land rising abruptly from the water to a height of from twenty-five to fifty feet. It is covered with a thick undergrowth of shrubbery, ferns, honeysuckle, and heather, with a few native birches and pines. The landing is in a slight recess hidden by trees. The ascent is up a steep bank, the roots of the trees forming steps in the winding path well trodden by the thousands of travelers yearly visiting this wild and romantic spot. As the traveler lingers here he recalls the events of this poem more as matters of history than the creation of the great poet. Beautiful as are lake, isle, and "silver strand," one is glad to yield a grateful tribute to the memory of him who has invested this spot with a charm that shall endure so long as the love of knight and maiden shall interest mortals.

504. *For retreat in dangerous hour.* The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired

XXVI

It was a lodge of ample size,
 But strange of structure and device ;
 Of such materials as around
 The workman's hand had readiest found.
 Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared, 510
 And by the hatchet rudely squared,
 To give the walls their destined height,
 The sturdy oak and ash unite ;
 While moss and clay and leaves combined
 To fence each crevice from the wind. 515
 The lighter pine-trees overhead
 Their slender length for rafters spread,
 And withered heath and rushes dry
 Supplied a russet canopy.
 Due westward, fronting to the green, 520
 A rural portico was seen,
 Aloft on native pillars borne,
 Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
 Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
 The ivy and Idæan vine, 525
 The clematis, the favored flower
 Which boasts the name of virgin bower,

spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic hut, in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward, in his perilous wanderings after the battle of Culloden. — SCOTT.

507. *Device.* Design.

525. *Idæan vine.* Red whortleberry. *Ida* is a mountain in Crete.

And every hardy plant could bear
 Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
 An instant in this porch she stayed, 530
 And gayly to the stranger said,
 "On heaven and on thy lady call,
 And enter the enchanted hall!"

XXVII

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
 My gentle guide, in following thee!" — 535
 He crossed the threshold, — and a clang
 Of angry steel that instant rang.
 To his bold brow his spirit rushed,
 But soon for vain alarm he blushed,
 When on the floor he saw displayed, 540
 Cause of the din, a naked blade
 Dropped from the sheath, that careless flung
 Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;
 For all around, the walls to grace,
 Hung trophies of the fight or chase : 545
 A target there, a bugle here,
 A battle-ax, a hunting-spear,
 And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
 With the tusked trophies of the boar.
 Here grins the wolf as when he died, 550
 And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
 The frontlet of the elk adorns,
 Or mantles o'er the bison's horns ;

528. (Which) could bear. Relative omitted.

546. Target. A small shield used for defense in battle.

Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
 That blackening streaks of blood retained, 555
 And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
 With otter's fur and seal's unite,
 In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
 To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

XXVIII

The wondering stranger round him gazed, 560
 And next the fallen weapon raised : —
 Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
 Sufficed to stretch it forth at length.
 And as the brand he poised and swayed,
 "I never knew but one," he said, 565
 "Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield
 A blade like this in battlefield."
 She sighed, then smiled and took the word :
 "You see the guardian champion's sword ;
 As light it trembles in his hand 570
 As in my grasp a hazel wand :
 My sire's tall form might grace the part
 Of Ferragus or Ascabart,
 But in the absent giant's hold
 Are women now, and menials old." 575

566. *Brook.* Endure.

573. *Ferragus and Ascabart.* Fabled giants. These two sons of Anak flourished in romantic fable. The first is well known to lovers of Ariosto. Ascabart makes a very material figure in the History of Bevis of Hampton, by whom he was conquered. — SCOTT.

575. *Menials.* Servants.

XXIX

The mistress of the mansion came,
 Mature of age, a graceful dame,
 Whose easy step and stately port
 Had well become a princely court,
 To whom, though more than kindred knew, 580
 Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
 Meet welcome to her guest she made,
 And every courteous rite was paid
 That hospitality could claim,
 Though all unasked his birth and name. 585
 Such then the reverence to a guest,
 That fellest foe might join the feast,
 And from his deadliest foeman's door
 Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er.
 At length his rank the stranger names, 590
 "The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James ;
 Lord of a barren heritage,
 Which his brave sires, from age to age,

578. *Port.* Bearing, deportment.

580. *More than kindred knew.* Ellen's mother being dead, she loved this Lady Margaret, her maternal aunt, as though she were her mother, and treated her as such. — STEVENS and MORRIS.

585. *Unasked his birth and name.* The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious excess, are said to have considered it as churlish to ask a stranger his name or lineage, before he had taken refreshment. Feuds were so frequent among them that a contrary rule would in many cases have produced the discovery of some circumstance which might have excluded the guest of the benefit of the assistance he stood in need of. — SCOTT.

587. *Fellest.* Most cruel.

592. *Snowdoun.* Name of Stirling Castle. (See Canto VI, line 789.)

By their good swords had held with toil;
 His sire had fallen in such turmoil, 595
 And he, God wot, was forced to stand
 Oft for his right with blade in hand.
 This morning with Lord Moray's train
 He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
 Outstripped his comrades, missed the deer, 600
 Lost his good steed, and wandered here."

XXX

Fain would the Knight in turn require
 The name and state of Ellen's sire.
 Well showed the elder lady's mien
 That courts and cities she had seen; 605
 Ellen, though more her looks displayed
 The simple grace of sylvan maid,
 In speech and gesture, form and face,
 Showed she was come of gentle race.
 'T was strange in ruder rank to find 610
 Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
 Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,
 Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;
 Or Ellen, innocently gay,
 Turned all inquiry light away:— 615
 "Weird women we! by dale and down
 We dwell, afar from tower and town.
 We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
 On wandering knights our spells we cast;

596. Wot. Knows.

616. Weird. Skilled in witchcraft.

While viewless minstrels touch the string, 620
 'T is thus our charmed rhymes we sing."
 She sung, and still a harp unseen
 Filled up the symphony between.

XXXI

Song

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking; 625
 Dream of battled fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.
 In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 Fairy strains of music fall, 630
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more;
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking. 635

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armor's clang or war-steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan or squadron tramping.
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come 640
 At the daybreak from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.

638. Pibroch (pē'broch). A Highland air played upon the bagpipe.

Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here, 645
 Here 's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping."

XXXII

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

Song Continued

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done ;
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye, 655
 Dream not, with the rising sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
 Sleep! the deer is in his den ;
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying ;
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen 660
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done ;
 Think not of the rising sun,
 For at dawning to assail ye
 Here no bugles sound reveillé." 665

657. *Reveillé* (rě-väl'yā). The beat of drums or bugle call at day-break for awakening the soldiers.

XXXIII

The hall was cleared, — the stranger's bed
 Was there of mountain heather spread,
 Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
 And dreamed their forest sports again.
 But vainly did the heath-flower shed 670
 Its moorland fragrance round his head;
 Not Ellen's spell had lulled to rest
 The fever of his troubled breast.
 In broken dreams the image rose
 Of varied perils, pains, and woes: 675
 His steed now flounders in the brake,
 Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
 Now leader of a broken host,
 His standard falls, his honor's lost.
 Then, — from my couch may heavenly might 680
 Chase that worst phantom of the night! —
 Again returned the scenes of youth,
 Of confident, undoubting truth;
 Again his soul he interchanged
 With friends whose hearts were long estranged. 685
 They come, in dim procession led,
 The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
 As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
 As if they parted yesterday.
 And doubt distracts him at the view, — 690
 O were his senses false or true?

679. **His standard falls.** A foreboding of the fatal disaster which was to close the life of James V.

Dreamed he of death or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now ?

XXXIV

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

699. Gauntlet. A glove protected on the back with metal, and formerly used in battle.

704. Grisly. Frightful.

XXXV .

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



CANTO SECOND

THE ISLAND

I

AT morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
'T is morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
All Nature's children feel the matin spring
Of life reviving, with reviving day;
And while yon little bark glides down the bay, 5
Wafting the stranger on his way again,
Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel gray,
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,
Mixed with the sounding harp, O white-haired
Allan-bane!

II

Song

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

9. **White-haired Allan-bane.** To a late period Highland chieftains retained in their service the bard, as a family officer.

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

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

III

Song Continued

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

“ Or if on life’s uncertain main
 Mishap shall mar thy sail ;

17. Speed. Success.

35. Hap. Lot or fortune.

If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain 40
 Beneath the fickle gale;
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
On thankless courts, or friends estranged,
But come where kindred worth shall smile,
To greet thee in the lonely isle." 45

IV

As died the sounds upon the tide,
The shallop reached the mainland side,
And ere his onward way he took,
The stranger cast a lingering look,
Where easily his eye might reach 50
The Harper on the islet beach,
Reclined against a blighted tree,
As wasted, gray, and worn as he.
To minstrel meditation given,
His reverend brow was raised to heaven, 55
As from the rising sun to claim
A sparkle of inspiring flame.
His hand, reclined upon the wire,
Seemed watching the awakening fire;
So still he sat as those who wait 60
Till judgment speak the doom of fate;
So still, as if no breeze might dare
To lift one lock of hoary hair;
So still, as life itself were fled
In the last sound his harp had sped. 65

V

Upon a rock with lichens wild,
 Beside him Ellen sat and smiled. —
 Smiled she to see the stately drake
 Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,
 While her vexed spaniel from the beach 70
 Bayed at the prize beyond his reach?
 Yet tell me, then, the maid who knows,
 Why deepened on her cheek the rose? —
 Forgive, forgive, Fidelity!
 Perchance the maiden smiled to see 75
 Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,
 And stop and turn to wave anew;
 And, lovely ladies, ere your ire
 Condemn the heroine of my lyre,
 Show me the fair would scorn to spy 80
 And prize such conquest of her eye!

VI

While yet he loitered on the spot,
 It seemed as Ellen marked him not;
 But when he turned him to the glade,
 One courteous parting sign she made; 85
 And after, oft the knight would say,
 That not when prize of festal day
 Was dealt him by the brightest fair
 Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,
 So highly did his bosom swell 90
 As at that simple mute farewell.

Now with a trusty mountain guide,
 And his dark stag-hounds by his side,
 He parts, — the maid, unconscious still,
 Watched him wind slowly round the hill ; 95
 But when his stately form was hid,
 The guardian in her bosom chid, —
 “ Thy Malcolm ! vain and selfish maid ! ”
 ’T was thus upbraiding conscience said, —
 “ Not so had Malcolm idly hung 100
 On the smooth phrase of Southern tongue ;
 Not so had Malcolm strained his eye
 Another step than thine to spy.” —
 “ Wake, Allan-bane,” aloud she cried
 To the old minstrel by her side, — 105
 “ Arouse thee from thy moody dream !
 I’ll give thy harp heroic theme,
 And warm thee with a noble name ;
 Pour forth the glory of the Græme ! ”

109. *Græme*. The ancient and powerful family of Graham (which, for metrical reasons, is here spelt after the Scottish pronunciation) held extensive possessions in the counties of Dumbarton and Stirling. Few families can boast of more historical renown, having claim to three of the most remarkable characters in the Scottish annals. Sir John the Græme, the faithful and undaunted partaker of the labors and patriotic warfare of Wallace, fell in the unfortunate field of Falkirk, in 1298. The celebrated Marquis of Montrose, in whom De Retz saw realized his abstract idea of the heroes of antiquity, was the second of these worthies. And, notwithstanding the severity of his temper, and the rigor with which he executed the oppressive mandates of the princes whom he served, I do not hesitate to name as a third, John Græme of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, whose heroic death in the arms of victory may be allowed to cancel the memory of his cruelty to the Nonconformists during the reigns of Charles II and James II. — SCOTT.

Scarce from her lip the word had rushed, 110
 When deep the conscious maiden blushed ;
 For of his clan, in hall and bower,
 Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower.

VII

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

112. **Clan.** A number of families united under one chieftain, having a common ancestor and bearing the same surname. — **Bower.** Chamber or lady’s parlor. “In hall and bower.” In assemblies of men and women.

131. **Saint Modan.** I am not prepared to show that St. Modan was a performer on the harp. It was, however, no unsaintly accomplishment ; for St. Dunstan certainly did play upon that instrument,

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

VIII

“But ah! dear lady, thus it sighed,
The eve thy sainted mother died; 135
And such the sounds which, while I strove
To wake a lay of war or love,
Came marring all the festal mirth,
Appalling me who gave them birth,
And, disobedient to my call, 140
Wailed loud through Bothwell's bannered hall,
Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,
Were exiled from their native heaven. —

which retaining, as was natural, a portion of the sanctity attached to its master's character, announced future events by its spontaneous sound. — SCOTT.

141. *Bothwell's bannered hall.* Bothwell Castle, now in ruins, situated near Glasgow on the Clyde.

142. *Douglasses.* 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.

O! if yet worse mishap and woe
 My master's house must undergo, 145
 Or aught but weal to Ellen fair
 Brood in these accents of despair,
 No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling
 Triumph or rapture from thy string;
 One short, one final strain shall flow, 150
 Fraught with unutterable woe,
 Then shivered shall thy fragments lie,
 Thy master cast him down and die!"

IX

Soothing she answered him: "Assuage,
 Mine honored friend, the fears of age; 155
 All melodies to thee are known
 That harp has rung or pipe has blown,
 In Lowland vale or Highland glen,
 From Tweed to Spey — what marvel, then,
 At times unbidden notes should rise, 160
 Confusedly bound in memory's ties,
 Entangling, as they rush along,
 The war march with the funeral song? —
 Small ground is now for boding fear;
 Obscure, but safe, we rest us here. 165
 My sire, in native virtue great,
 Resigning lordship, lands, and state,
 Not then to fortune more resigned
 Than yonder oak might give the wind;

159. *Tweed and Spey.* Throughout the whole country, the Tweed being the southern boundary and the Spey in the far north.

The graceful foliage storms may reave, 170
 The noble stem they cannot grieve.
 For me " — she stooped, and, looking round,
 Plucked a blue harebell from the ground, —
 " For me, whose memory scarce conveys
 An image of more splendid days, 175
 This little flower that loves the lea
 May well my simple emblem be ;
 It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
 That in the King's own garden grows ;
 And when I place it in my hair, 180
 Allan, a bard is bound to swear
 He ne'er saw coronet so fair."
 Then playfully the chaplet wild
 She wreathed in her dark locks, and smiled.

X

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway, 185
 Wiled the old Harper's mood away.
 With such a look as hermits throw,
 When angels stoop to soothe their woe,
 He gazed, till fond regret and pride
 Thrilled to a tear, then thus replied : 190
 " Loveliest and best ! thou little know'st
 The rank, the 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 195
 The lightest in the courtly dance,

170. Reave. To tear from or sweep away.

The cause of every gallant's sigh,
 And leading star of every eye,
 And theme of every minstrel's art,
 The Lady of the Bleeding Heart!" 200

XI

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

200. **The Bleeding Heart.** The shield of the Douglas family bore a red heart crowned, in remembrance of the charge given on his deathbed by Robert Bruce to James Douglas to bear his heart to Jerusalem.

206. **Strathspey.** A lively Scottish dance.

213. **Alpine.** An ancient king from whom several clans claimed descent.

214. **Loch Lomond.** One of the largest and most beautiful of Scottish lakes, near Loch Katrine.

216. **Lennox foray.** The raid of a body of armed men, for the sake of plunder, into the territory of the Lennox family, which lay around the south end of Loch Lomond.

XII

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

220. Black Sir Roderick. See note, line 408.

221. Holy-Rood. A castle in Edinburgh, the residence of the royal family of Scotland. It gets its name from its connection with the Abbey of Holy-Rood, or Holy Cross. — In Holy-Rood a knight he slew. This was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the Court of Scotland ; nay, the presence of the sovereign himself scarcely restrained the ferocious and inveterate feuds which were the perpetual source of bloodshed among the Scottish nobility. — SCOTT.

230. Disowned by every noble peer. The exiled state of this powerful race is not exaggerated in this and subsequent passages. The hatred of James against the race of Douglas was so inveterate, that, numerous as their allies were, and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not entertain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguise. James Douglas, son of the banished Earl of Angus, afterwards well known by the title of Earl of Morton, lurked, during the exile of his family, in the north of Scotland, under

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

XIII

"Minstrel," the maid replied, and high
 Her father's soul glanced from her eye,
 "My debts to Roderick's house I know :
 All that a mother could bestow
 To Lady Margaret's care I owe, 250

the assumed name of James Innes, otherwise *James the Grieve* (*i.e.*, Reeve 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.

235. Guerdon. Reward.

236. Dispensation. The granting of a license by the pope; in this case permission for Roderick to marry his cousin Ellen.

Since first an orphan in the wild
 She sorrowed o'er her sister's child ;
 To her brave chieftain son, from ire
 Of Scotland's King who shrouds my sire,
 A deeper, holier debt is owed ; 255
 And, could I pay it with my blood,
 Allan ! Sir Roderick should command
 My blood, my life, — but not my hand.
 Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell
 A votaress in Maronnan's cell ; 260
 Rather through realms beyond the sea,
 Seeking the world's cold charity,
 Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,
 And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,
 An outcast pilgrim will she rove, 265
 Than wed the man she cannot love.

XIV

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

254. **Shrouds.** Protects.

260. **Votaress.** A woman devoted to any particular service or worship. — **Maronnan.** The parish of Kilmaronock, at the eastern extremity of Loch Lomond, derives its name from a cell or chapel, dedicated to St. Maronnan. — SCOTT.

270. **Bracklinn.** This is a beautiful cascade made by a mountain stream called the Keltie, at a place called the Bridge of Bracklinn, about a mile from the village of Callander. — SCOTT.

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

274. **Claymore.** A large sword formerly used by the Highlanders.

282. **Slaked.** Drenched.

To change such odious theme were best, —
 What think'st thou of our stranger guest? —

XV

“ What think I of him? — woe the while
 That brought such wanderer to our isle!
 Thy father's battle-brand, of yore 305
 For Tine-man forged by fairy lore,
 What time he leagued, no longer foes,
 His Border spears with Hotspur's bows,
 Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshow
 The footstep of a secret foe. 310
 If courtly spy hath harbored here,
 What may we for the Douglas fear?
 What for this island, deemed of old
 Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold?
 If neither spy nor foe, I pray 315
 What yet may jealous Roderick say? —
 Nay, wave not thy disdainful head!
 Bethink thee of the discord dread
 That kindled when at Beltane game
 Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Græme; 320

306. **Tine-man.** Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprises, that he acquired the epithet of *TINE-MAN*, because he *tined*, or lost, his followers in every battle which he fought. — SCOTT.

308. **His Border spears with Hotspur's bows.** The reference is to the alliance of Douglas with his Scottish spearmen, and the English under Percy, or Hotspur, armed with the crossbow.

319. **Beltane game.** A May-day festival in honor of Beal, the Sun, celebrated by kindling fires on the hilltops and other ceremonies.

Still, though thy sire the peace renewed,
 Smolders in Roderick's breast the feud :
 Beware ! — But hark ! what sounds are these ?
 My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,
 No weeping birch nor aspens wake, 325
 Nor breath is dimpling in the lake ;
 Still is the canna's hoary beard,
 Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard —
 And hark again ! some pipe of war
 Sends the bold pibroch from afar." 330

XVI

Far up the lengthened lake were spied
 Four darkening specks upon the tide,
 That, slow enlarging on the view,
 Four manned and masted barges grew,
 And, bearing downwards from Glengyle, 335
 Steered full upon the lonely isle ;
 The point of Brianchoil they passed,
 And, to the windward as they cast,
 Against the sun they gave to shine
 The bold Sir Roderick's bannered Pine. 340
 Nearer and nearer as they bear,
 Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air.
 Now might you see the tartans brave,
 And plaids and plumage dance and wave :

327. **Canna.** Cotton grass.

340. **Bannered Pine.** The pine was the badge of Clan-Alpine.

343. **Tartans brave.** Showy plaids. (Cf. Canto I, 363.)

Now see the bonnets sink and rise, 345
 As his tough oar the rower plies ;
 See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
 The wave ascending into smoke ;
 See the proud pipers on the bow,
 And mark the gaudy streamers flow 350
 From their loud chanters down, and sweep
 The furrowed bosom of the deep,
 As, rushing through the lake amain,
 They plied the ancient Highland strain.

XVII

Ever, as on they bore, more loud 355
 And louder rung the pibroch proud.
 At first the sounds, by distance tame,
 Mellowed along the waters came,
 And, lingering long by cape and bay,
 Wailed every harsher note away. 360
 Then bursting bolder on the ear,
 The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear,
 Those thrilling sounds that call the might
 Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.
 Thick beat the rapid notes, as when 365
 The mustering hundreds shake the glen,

345. **Bonnets.** The ordinary Scotch cap worn by men is called a bonnet in Scotland.

351. **Chanter.** Tube of the bagpipe.

363. **Thrilling sounds, etc.** The connoisseurs in pipe music affect to discover, in a well-composed pibroch, the imitative sounds of march, conflict, flight, pursuit, and all the "current of a heady fight." — SCOTT.

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

XVIII

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

383. **Clarion.** A kind of trumpet whose note is clear and shrill.

392. **Burden.** Chorus.

In such wild cadence as the breeze
 Makes through December's leafless trees.
 The chorus first could Allan know, 395
 "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! 400
 Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
 Heaven send it happy dew,
 Earth lend it sap anew,
 Gayly to bourgeon and broadly to grow, 405
 While every Highland glen
 Sends our shout back again,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

405. Bourgeon (bur'jun). To bud or sprout.

408. Roderigh Vich Alpine. Besides his ordinary name and surname, which were chiefly used in the intercourse with the Lowlands, every Highland chief had an epithet expressive of his patriarchal dignity as head of the clan, and which was common to all his predecessors and successors, as Pharaoh to the kings of Egypt, or Arsaces to those of Parthia. This name was usually a patronymic, expressive of his descent from the founder of the family. Besides this title, which belonged to his office and dignity, the chieftain had usually another peculiar to himself, which distinguished him from the chieftains of the same race. This was sometimes derived from complexion, as *dhu* or *roy*; sometimes from size, as *beg* or *more*; at other times, from some peculiar exploit, or from some peculiarity of habit or appearance. The line of the text therefore signifies Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine. — SCOTT.

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

XX

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
 And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied ; 420
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
 And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
 Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid,
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ; 425
 Lennox and Leven-glen
 Shake when they hear again,
 " Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! "

416. Menteith and Breadalbane. Districts north of Loch Lomond.

419-426. Glen Fruin, Bannochar, Glen Luss, Ross-dhu, Leven-glen. Valleys on the borders of Loch Lomond.

420. Slogan. Highland war cry.

422. And the best of Loch Lomond, etc. The Lennox, as the district is called, which encircles the lower extremity of Loch Lomond, was peculiarly exposed to the incursions of the mountaineers, who inhabited

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
 Stretch to your oars for the ever-green Pine! 430
 O that the rosebud that graces yon islands
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
 O that some seedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honored and blessed in their shadow might grow! 435
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from her deepmost glen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

XXI

With all her joyful female band
 Had Lady Margaret sought the strand. 440
 Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,
 And high their snowy arms they threw,
 As echoing back with shrill acclaim,
 And chorus wild, the Chieftain's name;
 While, prompt to please, with mother's art, 445
 The darling passion of his heart,
 The dame called Ellen to the strand,
 To greet her kinsman ere he land:
 "Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou,
 And shun to wreathe a victor's brow?" 450
 Reluctantly and slow, the maid
 The unwelcome summoning obeyed,

the inaccessible fastnesses at the upper end of the lake, and the neighboring district of Loch Katrine. These were often marked by circumstances of great ferocity. — SCOTT.

And when a distant bugle rung,
 In the mid-path aside she sprung :—
 “ List, Allan-bane ! From mainland cast 455
 I hear my father’s signal blast.
 Be ours,” she cried, “ the skiff to guide,
 And waft him from the mountain-side.”
 Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,
 She darted to her shallop light, 460
 And, eagerly while Roderick scanned,
 For her dear form, his mother’s band,
 The islet far behind her lay,
 And she had landed in the bay.

XXII

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

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

XXIII

Allan, with wistful look the while,
Marked Roderick landing on the isle;
His master piteously he eyed, 485
Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride,
Then dashed with hasty hand away
From his dimmed eye the gathering spray;
And Douglas, as his hand he laid
On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said: 490
"Canst thou, young friend, no meaning spy
In my poor follower's glistening eye?
I'll tell thee:— he recalls the day
When in my praise he led the lay
O'er the arched gate of Bothwell proud, 495
While many a minstrel answered loud,
When Percy's Norman pennon, won
In bloody field, before me shone,
And twice ten knights, the least a name
As mighty as yon Chief may claim, 500
Gracing my pomp, behind me came.
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
Was I of all that marshaled crowd,
Though the waned crescent owned my might,
And in my train trooped lord and knight, 505

497. Percy's Norman pennon was captured by the Douglas.

504. Waned crescent. Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, whose shield bore a crescent moon, had endeavored to set the king free from the

Though Blantyre hymned her holiest lays,
 And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,
 As when this old man's silent tear,
 And this poor maid's affection dear,
 A welcome give more kind and true 510
 Than aught my better fortunes knew.
 Forgive, my friend, a father's boast, —
 O, it out-beggars all I lost !”

XXIV

Delightful praise ! — like summer rose,
 That brighter in the dewdrop glows, 515
 The bashful maiden's cheek appeared,
 For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.
 The flush of shamefaced joy to hide,
 The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide ;
 The loved caresses of the maid 520
 The dogs with crouch and whimper paid ;
 And, at her whistle, on her hand
 The falcon took his favorite stand,
 Closed his dark wing, relaxed his eye,
 Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly. 525
 And, trust, while in such guise she stood,
 Like fabled goddess of the wood,

Douglases, but had been defeated by them. His failure is hence called the waning of the crescent. — YONGE.

506. **Blantyre.** An old priory or abbey opposite Bothwell Castle.

525. **Unhooded.** It was very unusual for the falcon to rest quietly unhooded. He was kept with his head covered, and when the hood was removed he took flight at once in search of prey.

That if a father's partial thought
O'erweighed her worth and beauty aught,
Well might the lover's judgment fail 530
To balance with a juster scale ;
For with each secret glance he stole,
The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

XXV

Of stature fair, and slender frame,
But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme. 535
The belted plaid and tartan hose
Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose ;
His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,
Curled closely round his bonnet blue.
Trained to the chase, his eagle eye 540
The ptarmigan in snow could spy ;
Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,
He knew, through Lennox and Menteith ;
Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe
When Malcolm bent his sounding bow, 545
And scarce that doe, though winged with fear,
Outstripped in speed the mountaineer :
Right up Ben Lomond could he press,
And not a sob his toil confess.
His form accorded with a mind 550
Lively and ardent, frank and kind ;
A blither heart, till Ellen came,
Did never love nor sorrow tame ;
It danced as lightsome in his breast
As played the feather on his crest. 555

Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,
 His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,
 And bards, who saw his features bold
 When kindled by the tales of old,
 Said, were that youth to manhood grown, 560
 Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown
 Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,
 But quail to that of Malcolm Græme.

XXVI

Now back they wend their watery way,
 And, "O my sire!" did Ellen say, 565
 "Why urge thy chase so far astray?
 And why so late returned? And why" —
 The rest was in her speaking eye.
 "My child, the chase I follow far,
 'T is mimicry of noble war ; 570
 And with that gallant pastime reft
 Were all of Douglas I have left.
 I met young Malcolm as I strayed
 Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade ;
 Nor strayed I safe, for all around 575
 Hunters and horsemen scoured the ground.
 This youth, though still a royal ward,
 Risked life and land to be my guard,
 And through the passes of the wood
 Guided my steps, not unpursued ; 580

571. Reft. Bereft, taken away.

574. Glenfinlas. A wooded valley.

And Roderick shall his welcome make,
 Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.
 Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen,
 Nor peril aught for me again."

XXVII

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

583. *Strath-Endrick glen.* A valley drained by Strath-Endrick into Loch Lomond.

XXVIII

" Short be my speech ; — nor time affords, 605
 Nor my plain temper, glozing words.
 Kinsman and father, — if such name
 Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim ;
 Mine honored mother ; — Ellen, — why,
 My cousin, turn away thine eye ? — 610
 And Græme, in whom I hope to know
 Full soon a noble friend or foe,
 When age shall give thee thy command,
 And leading in thy native land, —
 List all ! — The King's vindictive pride 615
 Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,
 Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came
 To share their monarch's sylvan game,
 Themselves in bloody toils were snared,
 And when the banquet they prepared, 620
 And wide their loyal portals flung,
 O'er their own gateway struggling hung.
 Loud cries their blood from Meggat's mead,
 From Yarrow braes and banks of Tweed,
 Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide, 625
 And from the silver Teviot's side ;

606. Glozing. Fair, smooth, or flattering.

616. Tamed the Border-side. James V strove to put down the lawlessness of the Border chiefs, who were almost licensed robbers. He made a progress, dealing stern justice, and taking several by surprise, in especial one Johnnie Armstrong who came out to welcome him, but was seized and put to death. — YONGE.

623-626. Meggat, Yarrow, Ettrick, Teviot. Streams flowing into the Tweed.

624. Braes. Sloping or hilly ground.

The dales, where martial clans did ride,
 Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide.
 This tyrant of the Scottish throne,
 So faithless and so ruthless known, 630
 Now hither comes ; his end the same,
 The same pretext of sylvan game.
 What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye
 By fate of Border chivalry.
 Yet more ; amid Glenfinlas' green, 635
 Douglas, thy stately form was seen.
 This by espial sure I know :
 Your counsel in the streight I show."

XXIX

Ellen and Margaret fearfully
 Sought comfort in each other's eye, 640
 Then turned their ghastly look, each one,
 This to her sire, that to her son.
 The hasty color went and came
 In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme,
 But from his glance it well appeared 645
 'T was but for Ellen that he feared ;
 While, sorrowful, but undismayed,
 The Douglas thus his counsel said :
 " Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,
 It may but thunder and pass o'er ; 650
 Nor will I here remain an hour,
 To draw the lightning on thy bower ;

638. Streight or *strait*. Difficulty or emergency.

For well thou know'st, at this gray head
 The royal bolt were fiercest sped.
 For thee, who, at thy King's command, 655
 Canst aid him with a gallant band,
 Submission, homage, humbled pride,
 Shall turn the Monarch's wrath aside.
 Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,
 Ellen and I will seek apart 660
 The refuge of some forest cell,
 There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
 Till on the mountain and the moor
 The stern pursuit be passed and o'er." —

XXX

"No, by mine honor," Roderick said, 665
 "So help me Heaven, and my good blade!
 No, never! Blasted be yon Pine,
 My father's ancient crest and mine,
 If from its shade in danger part
 The lineage of the Bleeding Heart! 670
 Hear my blunt speech: grant me this maid
 To wife, thy counsel to mine aid;
 To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,
 Will friends and allies flock enow;
 Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief, 675
 Will bind to us each Western Chief.
 When the loud pipes my bridal tell,
 The Links of Forth shall hear the knell,

670. *Lineage of the Bleeding Heart.* Descendants of the Douglas family. (Cf. note, line 200.)

678. *Links of Forth.* Windings of the River Forth.

The guards shall start in Stirling's porch ;
 And when I light the nuptial torch, 680
 A thousand villages in flames
 Shall scare the slumbers of King James ! —
 Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away,
 And, mother, cease these signs, I pray ;
 I meant not all my heat might say. — 685
 Small need of inroad or of fight,
 When the sage Douglas may unite
 Each mountain clan in friendly band,
 To guard the passes of their land,
 Till the foiled King from pathless glen 690
 Shall bootless turn him home again."

XXXI

There are who have, at midnight hour,
 In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,
 And, on the verge that beetled o'er
 The ocean tide's incessant roar, 695
 Dreamed calmly out their dangerous dream,
 Till wakened by the morning beam ;
 When, dazzled by the eastern glow,
 Such startler cast his glance below,
 And saw unmeasured depth around, 700
 And heard unintermitted sound,

679. *Stirling's porch.* Stirling Castle was long the residence of the Scottish kings.

683. *Blench.* To draw back or shrink from.

684. *Signs.* The mother was probably making the sign of the cross to ward off evil.

694. *Beetled.* Hung, extended.

And thought the battled fence so frail,
 It waved like cobweb in the gale ; —
 Amid his senses' giddy wheel,
 Did he not desperate impulse feel, 705
 Headlong to plunge himself below,
 And meet the worst his fears foreshow ? —
 Thus Ellen, dizzy and astound,
 As sudden ruin yawned around,
 By crossing terrors wildly tossed, 710
 Still for the Douglas fearing most,
 Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,
 To buy his safety with her hand.

XXXII

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

702. Battled fence. A defensive wall with openings from which to discharge missiles.

708. Astound. Astounded.

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. 730
 'T was I that taught his youthful hand
 To rein a steed and wield a brand ;
 I see him yet, the princely boy !
 Not Ellen more my pride and joy ; 735
 I love him still, despite my wrongs
 By hasty wrath and slanderous tongues.
 O, seek the grace you well may find,
 Without a cause to mine combined ! ”

XXXIII

Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode ; 740
 The waving of his tartans broad,
 And darkened brow, where wounded pride
 With ire and disappointment vied,
 Seemed, by the torch's gloomy light,
 Like the ill Demon of the night, 745
 Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway
 Upon the nighted pilgrim's way :
 But, unrequited Love ! thy dart
 Plunged deepest its envenomed smart,
 And Roderick, with thine anguish stung. 750
 At length the hand of Douglas wrung,

While eyes that mocked at tears before
 With bitter drops were running o'er.
 The death-pangs of long-cherished hope
 Scarce in that ample breast had scope, 755
 But, struggling with his spirit proud,
 Convulsive heaved its checkered shroud,
 While every sob — so mute were all —
 Was heard distinctly through the hall.
 The son's despair, the mother's look, 760
 Ill might the gentle Ellen brook ;
 She rose, and to her side there came,
 To aid her parting steps, the Græme.

XXXIV

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke —
 As flashes flame through sable smoke, 765
 Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,
 To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,
 So the deep anguish of despair
 Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air.
 With stalwart grasp his hand he laid 770
 On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid :
 " Back, beardless boy ! " he sternly said,
 " Back, minion ! holdst thou thus at naught
 The lesson I so lately taught ?
 This roof, the Douglas, and that maid, 775
 Thank thou for punishment delayed."
 Eager as greyhound on his game,
 Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme.

"Perish my name, if aught afford
 Its Chieftain safety save his sword!" 780
 Thus as they strove their desperate hand
 Griped to the dagger or the brand,
 And death had been — but Douglas rose,
 And thrust between the struggling foes
 His giant strength: — "Chieftains, forego! 785
 I hold the first who strikes my foe. —
 Madmen, forbear your frantic jar!
 What! is the Douglas fallen so far,
 His daughter's hand is deemed the spoil
 Of such dishonorable broil?" 790
 Sullen and slowly they unclasp,
 As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,
 And each upon his rival glared,
 With foot advanced and blade half bared.

XXXV

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung, 795
 Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung,
 And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,
 As faltered through terrific dream.
 Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword,
 And veiled his wrath in scornful word: 800
 "Rest safe till morning; pity 't were
 Such cheek should feel the midnight air!

802. Such cheek should feel the midnight air. Hardihood was in every respect so essential to the character of a Highlander that the reproach of effeminacy was the most bitter which could be thrown upon him. — SCOTT.

Then mayst thou to James Stuart tell,
 Roderick will keep the lake and fell,
 Nor lackey with his freeborn clan 805
 The pageant pomp of earthly man.
 More would he of Clan-Alpine know,
 Thou canst our strength and passes show. —
 Malise, what ho!" — his henchman came :
 "Give our safe-conduct to the Græme." 810
 Young Malcolm answered, calm and bold :
 "Fear nothing for thy favorite hold ;
 The spot an angel deigned to grace
 Is blessed, though robbers haunt the place.
 Thy churlish courtesy for those 815
 Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.
 As safe to me the mountain way
 At midnight as in blaze of day,
 Though with his boldest at his back
 Even Roderick Dhu beset the track. — 820
 Brave Douglas, — lovely Ellen, — nay,
 Naught here of parting will I say.
 Earth does not hold a lonesome glen
 So secret but we meet again. —
 Chieftain! we too shall find an hour," — 825
 He said, and left the sylvan bower.

804. **Fell.** A moor.

805. **Lackey.** To serve as footman or wait upon.

809. **Henchman.** This officer is a sort of secretary, and is to be ready upon all occasions to venture his life in defense of his master; and at drinking bouts he stands behind his seat, at his haunch, from which his title is derived, and watches the conversation to see if any one offends his patron. — SCOTT.

XXXVI

Old Allan followed to the strand —
 Such was the Douglas's command —
 And anxious told, how, on the morn,
 The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn, 830
 The Fiery Cross should circle o'er
 Dale, glen, and valley, down and moor.
 Much were the peril to the Græme
 From those who to the signal came ;
 Far up the lake 't were safest land, 835
 Himself would row him to the strand.
 He gave his counsel to the wind,
 While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,
 Round dirk and pouch and broadsword rolled,
 His ample plaid in tightened fold, 840
 And stripped his limbs to such array
 As best might suit the watery way, —

XXXVII

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

831. **The Fiery Cross.** See Canto III, line 18.

832. **Down.** A barren tract of sand hills blown up by the wind.

847. **My sovereign holds in ward my land.** Because Malcolm was not of age.

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



CANTO THIRD

THE GATHERING

I

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marveling boyhood legends store
Of their strange ventures happed by land or sea,
How they are blotted from the things that be! 5

How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,

Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight ! Time rolls his cease-
less course.

Yet live there still who can remember well, 10

How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,

And solitary heath, the signal knew ;
And fast the faithful clan around him drew,

What time the warning note was keenly wound, 15
What time aloft their kindred banner flew,

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

18. **Fiery Cross.** When a chieftain designed to summon his clan

II

The Summer dawn's reflected hue
 To purple changed Loch Katrine blue ; 20
 Mildly and soft the western breeze
 Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
 And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
 Trembled but dimpled not for joy :
 The mountain shadows on her breast 25
 Were neither broken nor at rest ;
 In bright uncertainty they lie,
 Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
 The water-lily to the light
 Her chalice reared of silver bright ; 30
 The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
 Begemmed with dewdrops, led her fawn ;

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 dispatch, to the next village ; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and 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 accouterments, 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 1745-1746, 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.

The gray mist left the mountain-side,
 The torrent showed its glistening pride;
 Invisible in flecked sky 35
 The lark sent down her revelry;
 The blackbird and the speckled thrush
 Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
 In answer cooed the cushat dove
 Her notes of peace and rest and love. 40

III

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

39. *Cushat.* Ringdove, or wood pigeon.

48. *Ritual.* Performance of religious service.

With her broad shadow on the lake,
Silenced the warblers of the brake. 60

IV

A heap of withered boughs was piled,
Of juniper and rowan wild,
Mingled with shivers from the oak,
Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.
Brian the Hermit by it stood, 65
Barefooted, in his frock and hood.
His grizzled beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair;
His naked arms and legs, seamed o'er,
The scars of frantic penance bore. 70
That monk, of savage form and face,
The impending danger of his race
Had drawn from deepest solitude,
Far in Benharrow's bosom rude.
Not his the mien of Christian priest, 75
But Druid's, from the grave released,
Whose hardened heart and eye might brook
On human sacrifice to look;

71. *That monk, etc.* The state of religion in the Middle Ages afforded considerable facilities for those whose mode of life excluded them from regular worship, to secure, nevertheless, the ghostly assistance of confessors, perfectly willing to adapt the nature of their doctrine to the necessities and peculiar circumstances of their flock. Robin Hood, it is well known, had his celebrated domestic chaplain, Friar Tuck. — SCOTT.

74. *Benharrow.* A mountain near Loch Lomond.

76. *Druid.* A priest of the Celtic inhabitants of Gaul and Britain, who worshiped in groves, and made human sacrifices.

And much, 't was said, of heathen lore
 Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er. 80
 The hallowed creed gave only worse
 And deadlier emphasis of curse.
 No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,
 His cave the pilgrim shunned with care;
 The eager huntsman knew his bound, 85
 And in mid chase called off his hound;
 Or if, in lonely glen or strath,
 The desert-dweller met his path,
 He prayed, and signed the cross between,
 While terror took devotion's mien. 90

V

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

81. **Hallowed creed.** The hallowed or Christian creed as distinguished from heathen lore or knowledge.

87. **Glen.** A narrow valley through which a small stream usually flows. — **Strath.** A valley of considerable size through which a river runs.

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

VI

Alone, among his young compeers,
 Was Brian from his infant years ;
 A moody and heart-broken boy, 125
 Estranged from sympathy and joy,

116. **Snood.** The snood, or riband, with which a Scottish lass braided her hair, had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the *curch*, *toy*, or *coif*, when she passed, by marriage, into the matron state. — SCOTT.

Bearing each taunt which careless tongue
 On his mysterious lineage flung.
 Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,
 To wood and stream his hap to wail, 130
 Till, frantic, he as truth received
 What of his birth the crowd believed,
 And sought, in mist and meteor fire,
 To meet and know his Phantom Sire!
 In vain, to soothe his wayward fate, 135
 The cloister oped her pitying gate;
 In vain the learning of the age
 Unclasped the sable-lettered page;
 Even in its treasures he could find
 Food for the fever of his mind. 140
 Eager he read whatever tells
 Of magic, cabala, and spells,
 And every dark pursuit allied
 To curious and presumptuous pride;
 Till with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung, 145
 And heart with mystic horrors wrung,
 Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,
 And hid him from the haunts of men.

VII

The desert gave him visions wild,
 Such as might suit the specter's child. 150

138. Sable-lettered page. Black lettered, so called because of the heavy-faced type used in early prints.

142. Cabala. A Hebrew word signifying a method of finding concealed meanings, often prophetic, in passages of Scripture

Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,
 He watched the wheeling eddies boil,
 Till from their foam his dazzled eyes
 Beheld the River Demon rise :
 The mountain mist took form and limb 155
 Of noontide hag or goblin grim ;
 The midnight wind came wild and dread,
 Swelled with the voices of the dead ;
 Far on the future battle-heath
 His eye beheld the ranks of death : 160
 Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurled,
 Shaped forth a disembodied world.
 One lingering sympathy of mind
 Still bound him to the mortal kind ;
 The only parent he could claim 165
 Of ancient Alpine's lineage came.
 Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,
 The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream ;
 Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast
 Of charging steeds, careering fast 170

154. **River Demon.** The river demon, or river horse, for it is that form which he commonly assumes, is the Kelpy of the Lowlands, an evil and malicious spirit, delighting to forebode and to witness calamity.—SCOTT.

168. **Ben-Shie.** 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.

169. **Sounds, too, had come.** 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

Along Benharrow's shingly side,
 Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride;
 The thunderbolt had split the pine, —
 All augured ill to Alpine's line.
 He girt his loins, and came to show 175
 The signals of impending woe,
 And now stood prompt to bless or ban,
 As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

VIII

'T was all prepared; — and from the rock
 A goat, the patriarch of the flock, 180
 Before the kindling pile was laid,
 And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.
 Patient the sickening victim eyed
 The life-blood ebb in crimson tide
 Down his clogged beard and shaggy limb, 185
 Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.
 The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,
 A slender crosslet framed with care,
 A cubit's length in measure due;
 The shaft and limbs were rods of yew, 190

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.

171. **Shingly.** Gravelly.

177. **Ban.** To curse.

188. **Crosslet.** A little cross.

Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave
 Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,
 And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,
 Soothe many a Chieftain's endless sleep.
 The Cross thus formed he held on high, 195
 With wasted hand and haggard eye,
 And strange and mingled feelings woke,
 While his anathema he spoke :—

IX

“ Woe to the clansman who shall view
 This symbol of sepulchral yew, 200
 Forgetful that its branches grew
 Where weep the heavens their holiest dew
 On Alpine's dwelling low!
 Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
 He ne'er shall mingle with their dust, 205
 But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
 Each clansman's execration just
 Shall doom him wrath and woe.”

191. **Inch-Cailliach.** The Isle of Nuns, or of Old Women, is a most beautiful island at the lower extremity of Loch Lomond. The church belonging to the former nunnery was long used as the place of worship for the parish of Buchanan, but scarce any vestiges of it now remain. The burial ground continues to be used, and contains the family places of sepulture of several neighboring clans. The monuments of the lairds of MacGregor, and of other families, claiming a descent from the old Scottish King Alpine, are most remarkable. The Highlanders are as zealous of their rights of sepulture as may be expected from a people whose whole laws and government, if clanship can be called so, turned upon the single principle of family descent. — SCOTT.

198. **Anathema.** A ban or curse pronounced by the Church.

200. **Sepulchral yew.** Yew trees were often planted in graveyards.

He paused ; — the word the vassals took,
 With forward step and fiery look, 210
 On high their naked brands they shook,
 Their clattering targets wildly strook ;
 And first in murmur low,
 Then, like the billow in his course,
 That far to seaward finds his source, 215
 And flings to shore his mustered force,
 Burst with loud roar their answer hoarse,
 “ Woe to the traitor, woe ! ”
 Ben-an’s gray scalp the accents knew,
 The joyous wolf from covert drew, 220
 The exulting eagle screamed afar, —
 They knew the voice of Alpine’s war.

X

The shout was hushed on lake and fell,
 The Monk resumed his muttered spell :
 Dismal and low its accents came, 225
 The while he scathed the Cross with flame ;
 And the few words that reached the air,
 Although the holiest name was there,
 Had more of blasphemy than prayer.
 But when he shook above the crowd 230
 Its kindled points, he spoke aloud : —
 “ Woe to the wretch who fails to rear
 At this dread sign the ready spear !

212. Strook. Old form of struck.

219. Ben-an’s gray scalp. Bare top.

226. Scathed. Charred.

For, as the flames this symbol sear,
 His home, the refuge of his fear, 235
 A kindred fate shall know;
 Far o'er its roof the volumed flame
 Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,
 While maids and matrons on his name
 Shall call down wretchedness and shame, 240
 And infamy and woe."
 Then rose the cry of females, shrill
 As goshawk's whistle on the hill,
 Denouncing misery and ill,
 Mingled with childhood's babbling trill 245
 Of curses stammered slow;
 Answering with imprecation dread,
 "Sunk be his home in embers red!
 And cursed be the meanest shed
 That e'er shall hide the houseless head 250
 We doom to want and woe!"
 A sharp and shrieking echo gave,
 Coir-Uriskin, thy goblin cave!
 And the gray pass where birches wave
 On Beala-nam-bo. 255

243. *Goshawk*. A slender brown hawk with white breast.

253. *Coir-Uriskin*, or *Coir-nan-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.

255. *Beala-nam-bo*, or the pass of cattle, is a most magnificent glade, overhung with aged birch trees, a little higher up the mountain than the *Coir-nan-Uriskin*. — SCOTT.

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, 260
And deadlier, on the clansman's head
Who, summoned to his Chieftain's aid,
The signal saw and disobeyed.
The crosslet's points of sparkling wood
He quenched among the bubbling blood, 265
And, as again the sign he reared,
Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard :
"When flits this Cross from man to man,
Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,
Burst be the ear that fails to heed! 270
Palsied the foot that shuns to speed!
May ravens tear the careless eyes,
Wolves make the coward heart their prize!
As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,
So may his heart's-blood drench his hearth! 275
As dies in hissing gore the spark,
Quench thou his light, Destruction dark!
And be the grace to him denied,
Bought by this sign to all beside!"
He ceased ; no echo gave again 280
The murmur of the deep Amen.

XII

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

XIII

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide 300
 On fleeter foot was never tied.
 Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste
 Thine active sinews never braced.
 Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
 Burst down like torrent from its crest; 305

286. *Lanrick mead.* A meadow bordering on Loch Vennachar.

300. *Dun deer's hide.* The ancient buskin of the Highlander was made of the undressed deer's hide, with the hair outwards.





With short and springing footstep pass
 The trembling bog and false morass ;
 Across the brook like roebuck bound,
 And thread the brake like questing hound ;
 The crag is high, the scaur is deep, 310
 Yet shrink not from the desperate leap:
 Parched are thy burning lips and brow,
 Yet by the fountain pause not now ;
 Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
 Stretch onward in thy fleet career ! 315
 The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
 Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,
 Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace
 With rivals in the mountain race ;
 But danger, death, and warrior deed 320
 Are in thy course — speed, Malise, speed !

XIV

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
 In arms the huts and hamlets rise ;
 From winding glen, from upland brown,
 They poured each hardy tenant down. 325
 Nor slacked the messenger his pace ;
 He showed the sign, he named the place,
 And, pressing forward like the wind,
 Left clamor and surprise behind.
 The fisherman forsook the strand, 330
 The swarthy smith took dirk and brand ;

309. Questing. Hunting.

310. Scaur (skar). Steep bank ; cliff.

With changed cheer, the mower blithe
 Left in the half-cut swath his scythe;
 The herds without a keeper strayed,
 The plow was in mid-furrow stayed, 335
 The falconer tossed his hawk away,
 The hunter left the stag at bay;
 Prompt at the signal of alarms,
 Each son of Alpine rushed to arms;
 So swept the tumult and affray 340
 Along the margin of Achray.
 Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er
 Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
 The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep
 So stilly on thy bosom deep, 345
 The lark's blithe carol from the cloud
 Seems for the scene too gayly loud.

XV

Speed, Malise, speed! The lake is past,
 Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
 And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen, 350
 Half hidden in the copse so green;
 There 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. 355
 What woeful accents load the gale?
 The funeral yell, the female wail!

344. **Bosky.** Woody or bushy.

349. **Duncraggan.** A homestead near the Brigg of Turk.

A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,
 A valiant warrior fights no more.
 Who, in the battle or the chase, 360
 At Roderick's side shall fill his place! —
 Within the hall, where torch's ray
 Supplies the excluded beams of day,
 Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
 And o'er him streams his widow's tear. 365
 His stripling son stands mournful by,
 His youngest weeps, but knows not why;
 The village maids and matrons round
 The dismal coronach resound.

XVI

Coronach

He is gone on the mountain, 370
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.
 The font, reappearing,
 From the raindrops shall borrow, 375
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary,

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

But the voice of the weeper 380
 Wails manhood in glory.
 The autumn winds rushing
 Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing,
 When blighting was nearest. 385

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

XVII

See Stumah, who, the bier beside,
 His master's corpse with wonder eyed, 395
 Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo
 Could send like lightning o'er the dew,
 Bristles his crest, and points his ears,
 As if some stranger step he hears.
 'T is not a mourner's muffled tread, 400
 Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,
 But headlong haste or deadly fear
 Urge the precipitate career.

384. **Flushing.** Full bloom.

386. **Correi.** The hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.

387. **Cumber.** Trouble, perplexity.

394. **Stumah.** Faithful; the name of a dog.

All stand aghast : — unheeding all,
 The henchman bursts into the hall ; 405
 Before the dead man's bier he stood,
 Held forth the Cross besmeared with blood ;
 " The muster-place is Lanrick mead ;
 Speed forth the signal ! clansmen, speed ! "

XVIII

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line, 410
 Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.
 In haste the stripling to his side
 His father's dirk and broadsword tied ;
 But when he saw his mother's eye
 Watch him in speechless agony, 415
 Back to her opened arms he flew,
 Pressed on her lips a fond adieu, —
 " Alas ! " she sobbed, — " and yet be gone,
 And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son ! "
 One look he cast upon the bier, 420
 Dashed from his eye the gathering tear,
 Breathed deep to clear his laboring breast,
 And tossed aloft his bonnet crest,
 Then, like the high-bred colt when, freed,
 First he essays his fire and speed, 425
 He vanished, and o'er moor and moss
 Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.
 Suspended was the widow's tear
 While yet his footsteps she could hear ;
 And when she marked the henchman's eye 430
 Wet with unwonted sympathy,

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

XIX

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

439. **Hest.** Behest; command.

445. **Targe.** Shield.

453. **Strath-Ire.** The first stage of the Fiery Cross is to Duncraggan, a place near the Brigg of Turk, where a short stream divides Loch Achray from Loch Vennachar. From thence it passes towards Callander, and then, turning to the left up the pass of Leny, is consigned to

O'er dale and hill the summons flew,
 Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew; 455
 The tear that gathered in his eye
 He left the mountain-breeze to dry;
 Until, where Teith's young waters roll
 Betwixt him and a wooded knoll
 That graced the sable strath with green, 460
 The chapel of Saint Bride was seen.
 Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,
 But Angus paused not on the edge;
 Though the dark waves danced dizzily,
 Though reeled his sympathetic eye, 465
 He dashed amid the torrent's roar:
 His right hand high the crosslet bore,
 His left the pole-ax grasped, to guide
 And stay his footing in the tide.
 He stumbled twice, — the foam splashed high, 470
 With hoarser swell the stream raced by;
 And had he fallen, — forever there,
 Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir!
 But still, as if in parting life,
 Firmer he grasped the Cross of strife, 475
 Until the opposing bank he gained,
 And up the chapel pathway strained.

Norman at the chapel of Saint Bride, which stood on a small and romantic knoll in the middle of the valley called Strath-Ire. Tombea and Amandave, or Ardmandave, are names of places in the vicinity. The alarm is then supposed to pass along the lake of Lubnaig, and through the various glens in the district of Balquidder, including the neighboring tracts of Glenfinlas and Strath-Gartney. — SCOTT.

468. **Pole-ax.** A kind of long-handled hatchet.

XX

A blithesome rout that morning-tide
 Had sought the chapel of Saint Bride.
 Her troth Tombea's Mary gave 480
 To Norman, heir of Armandave,
 And, issuing from the Gothic arch,
 The bridal now resumed their march.
 In rude but glad procession came
 Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame ; 485
 And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,
 Which snooded maiden would not hear ;
 And children, that, unwitting why,
 Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry ;
 And minstrels, that in measures vied 490
 Before the young and bonny bride,
 Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
 The tear and blush of morning rose.
 With virgin step and bashful hand
 She held the kerchief's snowy band. 495
 The gallant bridegroom by her side
 Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
 And the glad mother in her ear
 Was closely whispering word of cheer.

XXI

Who meets them at the churchyard gate ? 500
 The messenger of fear and fate !
 Haste in his hurried accent lies,
 And grief is swimming in his eyes.

485, 495. Coif, kerchief. See note, Canto III, line 116.

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

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, 525
 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, 530

528. Lubnaig. "The lake of small bends," lying east of Ben Ledi.

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

XXIII

Song

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

I may not, dare not, fancy now
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,

I dare not think upon thy vow, 555
 And all it promised me, Mary.
 No fond regret must Norman know ;
 When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
 His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, Mary. 560

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

XXIV

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
 Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze, 570
 Rushing in conflagration strong
 Thy deep ravines and dells along,
 Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,
 And reddening the dark lakes below ;
 Nor faster speeds it, nor so far, 575
 As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.

570. **Midnight blaze.** The heath on the Scottish moorlands is often set fire to, that the sheep may have the advantage of the young herbage produced, in room of the tough old heather plants. This custom (execrated by sportsmen) produces occasionally the most beautiful nocturnal appearances, similar almost to the discharge of a volcano. — SCOTT.

The signal roused to martial coil
 The sullen margin of Loch Voil,
 Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source
 Alarmed, Balvaig, thy swampy course ; 580
 Thence southward turned its rapid road
 Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,
 Till rose in arms each man might claim
 A portion of Clan-Alpine's name,
 From the gray sire, whose trembling hand 585
 Could hardly buckle on his brand,
 To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
 Were yet scarce terror to the crow.
 Each valley, each sequestered glen,
 Mustered its little horde of men, 590
 That met as torrents from the height
 In Highland dales their streams unite,
 Still gathering, as they pour along,
 A voice more loud, a tide more strong,
 Till at the rendezvous they stood 595
 By hundreds prompt for blows and blood,
 Each trained to arms since life began,
 Owning no tie but to his clan,
 No oath but by his Chieftain's hand,
 No law but Roderick Dhu's command. 600

577. *Coil.* Tumult, confusion.

580. *Balvaig.* River flowing from Lochs Voil and Doine into Lubnaig.

582. *Strath-Gartney.* Valley bordering on Loch Katrine.

599. *By his Chieftain's hand.* The deep and implicit respect paid by the Highland clansmen to their chief rendered this both a common and a solemn oath. In other respects they were like most savage nations, capricious in their ideas concerning the obligatory power of oaths. — SCOTT.

XXV

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu
 Surveyed the skirts of Benvenue,
 And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,
 To view the frontiers of Menteith.
 All backward came with news of truce ; 605
 Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce,
 In Rednock courts no horsemen wait,
 No banner waved on Cardross gate,
 On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,
 Nor scared the herons from Loch Con ; 610
 All seemed at peace. — Now wot ye why
 The Chieftain with such anxious eye,
 Ere to the muster he repair,
 This western frontier scanned with care? —
 In Benvenue's most darksome cleft, 615
 A fair though cruel pledge was left ;
 For Douglas, to his promise true,
 That morning from the isle withdrew,
 And in a deep sequestered dell
 Had sought a low and lonely cell. 620
 By many a bard in Celtic tongue
 Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung ;
 A softer name the Saxons gave,
 And called the grot the Goblin Cave.

606. **Græme.** See note, Canto II, line 109. — **Bruce.** A family illustrious in Scottish history.

607–609. **Rednock, Cardross, Duchray.** Castles.

610. **Loch Con.** “Lake of the dogs,” lying between Benvenue and Ben Lomond.

622. **Coir-nan-Uriskin.** See note, Canto III, line 253.

XXVI

It was a wild and strange retreat, 625
 As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.
 The dell, upon the mountain's crest,
 Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast;
 Its trench had stayed full many a rock,
 Hurl'd by primeval earthquake shock 630
 From Benvenue's gray summit wild,
 And here, in random ruin piled,
 They frowned incumbent o'er the spot,
 And formed the rugged sylvan grot.
 The oak and birch with mingled shade 635
 At noontide there a twilight made,
 Unless when short and sudden shone
 Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
 With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
 Gains on thy depth, Futurity. 640
 No murmur waked the solemn still,
 Save tinkling of a fountain rill;
 But when the wind chafed with the lake,
 A sullen sound would upward break,
 With dashing hollow voice, that spoke 645
 The incessant war of wave and rock.
 Suspended cliffs with hideous sway
 Seemed nodding o'er the cavern gray.
 From such a den the wolf had sprung,
 In such a wild-cat leaves her young; 650
 Yet Douglas and his daughter fair
 Sought for a space their safety there.

633. Incumbent. Lying upon or overhanging.





Gray Superstition's whisper dread
 Debarred the spot to vulgar tread ;
 For there, she said, did fays resort, 655
 And satyrs hold their sylvan court,
 By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
 And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

XXVII

Now eve, with western shadows long,
 Floated on Katrine bright and strong, 660
 When Roderick with a chosen few
 Repassed the heights of Benvenue.
 Above the Goblin Cave they go,
 Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo;
 The prompt retainers speed before, 665
 To launch the shallop from the shore,
 For 'cross Loch Katrine lies his way
 To view the passes of Achray,
 And place his clansmen in array.
 Yet lags the Chief in musing mind, 670
 Unwonted sight, his men behind.
 A single page, to bear his sword,
 Alone attended on his lord;
 The rest their way through thickets break,
 And soon await him by the lake. 675

656. *Satyr* (sā'tēr). See note, Canto III, line 253.

672. *Single page*. A Highland chief, being as absolute in his authority as any prince, had a corresponding number of officers attached to his person : (1) the henchman ; (2) the bard ; (3) bladier, or spokesman ; (4) gillie-more, or sword bearer ; and so on. There were five more, including the piper and his attendant. — SCOTT.

It was a fair and gallant sight,
To view them from the neighboring height,
By the low-leveled sunbeam's light !
For strength and stature, from the clan
Each warrior was a chosen man, 680
As even afar might well be seen,
By their proud step and martial mien.
Their feathers dance, their tartans float,
Their targets gleam, as by the boat
A wild and warlike group they stand, 685
That well became such mountain-strand.

XXVIII

Their Chief with step reluctant still
Was lingering on the craggy hill,
Hard by where turned apart the road
To Douglas's obscure abode. 690
It was but with that dawning morn
That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn
To drown his love in war's wild roar,
Nor think of Ellen Douglas more ;
But he who stems a stream with sand, 695
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove, —
By firm resolve to conquer love !
Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost,
Still hovering near his treasure lost ; 700
For though his haughty heart deny
A parting meeting to his eye,

Still fondly strains his anxious ear
 The accents of her voice to hear,
 And inly did he curse the breeze 705
 That waked to sound the rustling trees.
 But hark! what mingles in the strain?
 It is the harp of Allan-bane,
 That wakes its measure slow and high,
 Attuned to sacred minstrelsy. 710
 What melting voice attends the strings?
 'T is Ellen, or an angel, sings.

XXIX

Hymn to the Virgin

Ave Maria! maiden mild!
 Listen to a maiden's prayer!
 Thou canst hear though from the wild, 715
 Thou canst save 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! 720

Ave Maria!

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

713. *Ave Maria!* Hail, Mary! The beginning of the Roman Catholic prayer to the Virgin Mary.

The murky cavern's heavy air 725
 Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
 Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,
 Mother, list a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! stainless styled!
 Foul demons of the earth and air, 730
 From this their wonted haunt exiled,
 Shall flee before thy presence fair.
 We bow us to our lot of care,
 Beneath thy guidance reconciled:
 Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer, 735
 And for a father hear a child!
Ave Maria!

XXX

Died on the harp the closing hymn, —
 Unmoved in attitude and limb,
 As listening still, Clan-Alpine's lord
 Stood leaning on his heavy sword, 740
 Until the page with humble sign
 Twice pointed to the sun's decline.
 Then while his plaid he round him cast,
 "It is the last time — 't is the last,"
 He muttered thrice, — "the last time e'er 745
 That angel-voice shall Roderick hear!"
 It was a goading thought, — his stride
 Hied hastier down the mountain-side;
 Sullen he flung him in the boat,
 An instant 'cross the lake it shot. 750

They landed in that silvery bay,
And eastward held their hasty way,
Till, with the latest beams of light,
The band arrived on Lanrick height,
Where mustered in the vale below
Clan-Alpine's men in martial show. 755

XXXI

A various scene the clansmen made:
Some sat, some stood, some slowly strayed;
But most, with mantles folded round,
Were couched to rest upon the ground, 760
Scarce to be known by curious eye
From the deep heather where they lie,
So well was matched the tartan screen
With heath-bell dark and brackens green;
Unless where, here and there, a blade 765
Or lance's point a glimmer made,
Like glow-worm twinkling through the shade.
But when, advancing through the gloom,
They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide, 770
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. 775



CANTO FOURTH

THE PROPHECY

I

“THE rose is fairest when ’t is budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears ;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears, 5
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years !”

Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,
What time the sun arose on Vennachar’s broad wave.

II

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung, 10
Love prompted to the bridegroom’s tongue.

All while he stripped the wild-rose spray,
His ax and bow beside him lay,
For on a pass ’twixt lake and wood
A wakeful sentinel he stood. 15

Hark ! — on the rock a footstep rung,
And instant to his arms he sprung.

10. Conceit. Fancy ; anticipation.

"Stand, or thou diest! — What, Malise? — soon
 Art thou returned from Braes of Doune.
 By thy keen step and glance I know, 20
 Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe." —
 For while the Fiery Cross hied on,
 On distant scout had Malise gone. —
 "Where sleeps the Chief?" the henchman said.
 "Apart, in yonder misty glade; 25
 To his lone couch I'll be your guide." —
 Then called a slumberer by his side,
 And stirred him with his slackened bow, —
 "Up, up, Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho!
 We seek the Chieftain; on the track 30
 Keep eagle watch till I come back."

III

Together up the pass they sped:
 "What of the foeman?" Norman said. —
 "Varying reports from near and far;
 This certain, — that a band of war 35
 Has for two days been ready boune,
 At prompt command to march from Doune;
 King James the while, with princely powers,
 Holds revelry in Stirling towers.
 Soon will this dark and gathering cloud 40
 Speak on our glens in thunder loud.
 Inured to bide such bitter bout,
 The warrior's plaid may bear it out;

19. Braes of Doune. Hill slopes on the north side of the Teith, near Doune Castle.

36. Boune. Prepared.

But, Norman, how wilt thou provide
 A shelter for thy bonny bride? — 45
 “What! know ye not that Roderick’s care
 To the lone isle hath caused repair
 Each maid and matron of the clan,
 And every child and aged man
 Unfit for arms; and given his charge, 50
 Nor skiff, nor shallop, boat nor barge,
 Upon these lakes shall float at large,
 But all beside the islet moor,
 That such dear pledge may rest secure?” —

IV

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

63. *Taghairm*. The Highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of inquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the *Taghairm* mentioned in the text. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly slain bullock, and deposited beside a waterfall or at the bottom of a 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

MALISE

"Ah! well the gallant brute I knew!
 The choicest of the prey we had
 When swept our merry men Gallangad.
 His hide was snow, his horns were dark,
 His red eye glowed like fiery spark; 70
 So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,
 Sore did he cumber our retreat,
 And kept our stoutest kerns in awe,
 Even at the pass of Beal 'maha.
 But steep and flinty was the road, 75
 And sharp the hurrying pikeman's goad,
 And when we came to Dennan's Row
 A child might scathless stroke his brow."

V

NORMAN

"That bull was slain; his reeking hide
 They stretched the cataract beside, 80
 Whose waters their wild tumult toss
 Adown the black and craggy boss

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.

68. Gallangad. Near Loch Lomond.

73. Kerns. Foot soldiers of the lowest rank.

74. Beal'maha. "The pass of the plain," on the east of Loch Lomond.

77. Dennan's Row. A starting place for ascending Ben Lomond.

82. Boss. A protuberance.

Of that huge cliff whose ample verge
 Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.
 Couched on a shelf beneath its brink, 85
 Close where the thundering torrents sink,
 Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
 And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
 Midst groan of rock and roar of stream,
 The wizard waits prophetic dream. 90
 Nor distant rests the Chief ; — but hush !
 See, gliding slow through mist and bush,
 The hermit gains yon rock, and stands
 To gaze upon our slumbering bands.
 Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost, 95
 That hovers o'er a slaughtered host?
 Or raven on the blasted oak,
 That, watching while the deer is broke,
 His morsel claims with sullen croak? ”

MALISE

“ Peace ! peace ! to other than to me 100
 Thy words were evil augury ;
 But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade,
 Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,
 Not..aught that, gleaned from heaven or hell,
 Yon fiend-begotten Monk can tell. 105

84. *Hero's Targe.* The name of a rock in the Forest of Glenfinlas by which a noisy cataract runs.

98. *Broke.* Quartered. Everything belonging to the chase was matter of solemnity among our ancestors; but nothing was more so than

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, 110
For man endowed with mortal life,
Whose shroud of sentient clay can still
Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,
Whose eye can stare in stony trance,
Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance, — 115
'T is hard for such to view, unfurled,
The curtain of the future world.
Yet, witness every quaking limb,
My sunken pulse, mine eyeballs dim,
My soul with harrowing anguish torn, — 120
This for my Chieftain have I borne !
The shapes that sought my fearful couch
A human tongue may ne'er avouch ;
No mortal man — save he, who, bred
Between the living and the dead, 125
Is gifted beyond nature's law —
Had e'er survived to say he saw.
At length the fateful answer came
In characters of living flame !

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.

Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll, 130
 But borne and branded on my soul : —
 WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S LIFE,
 THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE!"

VII

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

130. **Blazed.** Blazoned ; displayed.

133. **That party conquers in the strife.** Though this be in the text described as a response of the Taghairm, or Oracle of the Hide, it was of itself an augury frequently attended to. The fate of the battle was often anticipated in the imagination of the combatants, by observing which party first shed blood. It is said that the Highlanders under Montrose were so deeply imbued with this notion that on the morning of the battle of Tippermoor they murdered a defenseless herdsman whom they found in the fields, merely to secure an advantage of so much consequence to their party. — SCOTT.

VIII

“At Doune, o’er many a spear and glaive 150
Two Barons proud their banners wave.

I saw the Moray’s silver star,
And marked the sable pale of Mar.”

“By Alpine’s soul, high tidings those !
I love to hear of worthy foes. 155

When move they on ?” “To-morrow’s noon
Will see them here for battle bouné.”

“Then shall it see a meeting stern !
But, for the place, — say, couldst thou learn
Naught of the friendly clans of Earn ? 160

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, 165

All in our maids’ and matrons’ sight,
Each for his hearth and household fire,
Father for child, and son for sire,
Lover for maid beloved ! — But why —
Is it the breeze affects mine eye ? 170

Or dost thou come, ill-omened tear !

A messenger of doubt or fear ?

150. **Glaive.** A broadsword ; from Latin *gladius*.

152-153. **Moray’s silver star . . . sable pale of Mar.** The earls of Moray and Mar were supporters of the King. The shield or banner of the one bore a star, the other a black band going perpendicularly down the center of the shield, called a pale.

160. **Earn.** District about Loch Earn.

No! sooner may the Saxon lance
 Unfix Benledi from his stance,
 Than doubt or terror can pierce through 175
 The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu!
 'T is stubborn as his trusty targe.
 Each to his post! — all know their charge."
 The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,
 The broadswords gleam, the banners dance, 180
 Obedient to the Chieftain's glance. —
 I turn me from the martial roar,
 And seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

IX

Where is the Douglas? — he is gone ;
 And Ellen sits on the gray stone 185
 Fast by 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. 190
 Well was it time to seek afar
 Some refuge from impending war,
 When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm
 Are cowed by the approaching storm.
 I saw their boats with many a light, 195
 Floating the livelong yesternight,
 Shifting like flashes darted forth
 By the red streamers of the north;

174. **Stance.** Station; foundation.

198. **Red streamers of the north.** Aurora Borealis, or northern lights.

I marked at morn how close they ride,
 Thick moored by the lone islet's side, 200
 Like wild ducks couching in the fen
 When stoops the hawk upon the glen.
 Since this rude race dare not abide
 The peril on the mainland side,
 Shall not thy noble father's care 205
 Some safe retreat for thee prepare?"

X

ELLEN

"No, Allan, no! Pretext so kind
 My wakeful terrors could not blind.
 When in such tender tone, yet grave,
 Douglas a parting blessing gave, 210
 The tear that glistened in his eye
 Drowned not his purpose fixed and high.
 My soul, though feminine and weak,
 Can image his; e'en as the lake,
 Itself disturbed by slightest stroke, 215
 Reflects the invulnerable rock.
 He hears report of battle rife,
 He deems himself the cause of strife.
 I saw him redden when the theme
 Turned, Allan, on thine idle dream 220
 Of Malcolm Græme in fetters bound,
 Which I, thou saidst, about him wound.
 Think'st thou he trowed thine omen aught?
 'O no! 't was apprehensive thought

For the kind youth, — for Roderick too — 225
 Let me be just — that friend so true ;
 In danger both, and in our cause !
 Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.
 Why else that solemn warning given,
 ‘ If not on earth, we meet in heaven ! ’ 230
 Why else, to Cambus-kenneth’s fane,
 If e’er return him not again,
 Am I to hie and make me known ?
 Alas ! he goes to Scotland’s throne,
 Buys his friends’ safety with his own ; 235
 He goes to do — what I had done,
 Had Douglas’ daughter been his son ! ”

XI

“ Nay, lovely Ellen ! — dearest, nay !
 If aught should his return delay,
 He only named yon holy fane 240
 As fitting place to meet again.
 Be sure he’s safe ; and for the Græme, —
 Heaven’s blessing on his gallant name ! —
 My visioned sight may yet prove true,
 Nor bode of ill to him or you. 245
 When did my gifted dream beguile ?
 Think of the stranger at the isle,
 And think upon the harpings slow
 That presaged this approaching woe !
 Sooth was my prophecy of fear ; 250
 Believe it when it augurs cheer.

231. *Cambus-kenneth’s fane.* An abbey near Stirling.

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, 255
 My harp was wont thy grief to cheer.”

ELLEN

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

XII

Ballad*Alice Brand*

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

“ O Alice Brand, my native land 265
 Is lost for love of you ;
 And we must hold by wood and wold,
 As outlaws wont to do.

“ O Alice, ’t was all for thy locks so bright,
 And ’t was all for thine eyes so blue, 270

253. **Grot.** Grotto; secluded place.

262. **Mavis.** Thrush. — **Merle.** Blackbird.

267. **Wold.** Open grassy country.

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, 275
And stakes to fence our cave.

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

“O Richard! if my brother died,
’T was but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

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

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

277. *Vest of pall.* An outer garment of rich material.

283. *Darkling.* In the dark.

285. *Vair.* The fur of a small, bluish-gray animal resembling a polecat. Such furs were only worn by ladies of rank. — YONGE.

XIII

Ballad Continued

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

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

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

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

298. Woned. Dwelt.

304. Elfin Queen. 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).

306. Fatal green. As the *Daoine Shi'*, or Men of Peace, wore green habits, they were supposed to take offense 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. . . . More especially is it held fatal to the whole clan of Grahame. — SCOTT.

308. Christened man. The elves were supposed greatly to envy the

For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
 For muttered word or ban. 310

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

XIV

Ballad Continued

'T is merry, 't is merry, in good greenwood, 315
 Though the birds have stilled their singing ;
 The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
 And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
 Before Lord Richard stands, 320
 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, — 325
 “And if there 's blood upon his hand,
 'T is but the blood of deer.”

privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals who had fallen into their power a certain precedence, founded upon this advantageous distinction. — SCOTT.

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

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

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

XV

Ballad Continued

“ ’T is merry, ’t is merry, in Fairy-land, 340
 When fairy birds are singing,
 When the court doth ride by their monarch’s side,
 With bit and bridle ringing :

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

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

Who now like knight and lady seem, 350
 And now like dwarf and ape.

“It was between the night and day,
 When the Fairy King has power,
 That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
 And 'twixt life and death was snatched away 355
 To the joyless Elfin bower.

“But wist I of a woman bold,
 Who thrice my brow durst sign,
 I might regain my mortal mold,
 As fair a form as thine.” 360

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

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

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

357. Wist. Knew.

367. Mold. Soil.

371. *Dunfermline*. A town on the Firth of Forth ; the seat of an extensive abbey, and the residence of the kings of Scotland in early times.

XVI

Just as the minstrel sounds were stayed,
 A stranger climbed the steepy glade ;
 His martial step, his stately mien, 375
 His hunting-suit of Lincoln green,
 His eagle glance, remembrance claims —
 'Tis Snowdoun's Knight, 't is James Fitz-James.
 Ellen beheld as in a dream,
 Then, starting, scarce suppressed a scream : 380
 "O stranger ! in such hour of fear
 What evil hap has brought thee here ?"
 "An evil hap how can it be
 That bids me look again on thee ?
 By promise bound, my former guide 385
 Met me betimes this morning-tide,
 And marshaled over bank and bourne
 The happy path of my return."
 "The happy path ! — what ! — said he naught
 Of war, of battle to be fought, 390
 Of guarded pass ?" "No, by my faith !
 Nor saw I aught could augur scathe."
 "O haste thee, Allan, to the kern :
 Yonder his tartans I discern ;
 Learn thou his purpose, and conjure 395
 That he will guide the stranger sure ! —
 What prompted thee, unhappy man ?
 The meanest serf in Roderick's clan
 Had not been bribed, by love or fear,
 Unknown to him to guide thee here." 400

387. Bourne. Stream

392. Augur scathe. Predict injury.

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, 405
 And speak my purpose bold at once.
 I come to bear thee from a wild
 Where ne'er before such blossom smiled,
 By this soft hand to lead thee far
 From frantic scenes of feud and war. 410
 Near Bochastle my horses wait ;
 They bear us soon to Stirling gate.
 I 'll place thee in a lovely bower,
 I 'll guard thee like a tender flower — "
 " O hush, Sir Knight ! 't were female art, 415
 To say I do not read thy heart ;
 Too much, before, my selfish ear
 Was idly soothed my praise to hear.
 That fatal bait hath lured thee back,
 In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track ; 420
 And how, O how, can I atone
 The wreck my vanity brought on ! —
 One way remains — I 'll tell him all —
 Yes ! struggling bosom, forth it shall !
 Thou, whose light folly bears the blame, 425
 Buy thine own pardon with thy shame !
 But first — my father is a man
 Outlawed and exiled, under ban ;

The price of blood is on his head,
 With me 't were infamy to wed. 430
 Still wouldst thou speak? — then hear the truth!
 Fitz-James, there is a noble youth —
 If yet he is! — exposed for me
 And mine to dread extremity —
 Thou hast the secret of my heart; 435
 Forgive, be generous, and depart!"

XVIII

Fitz-James knew every wily train
 A lady's fickle heart to gain,
 But here he knew and felt them vain.
 There shot no glance from Ellen's eye, 440
 To give her steadfast speech the lie;
 In maiden confidence she stood,
 Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
 And told her love with such a sigh
 Of deep and hopeless agony, 445
 As death had sealed her Malcolm's doom
 And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.
 Hope vanished from Fitz-James's eye,
 But not with hope fled sympathy.
 He proffered to attend her side, 450
 As brother would a sister guide.
 "O little know'st thou Roderick's heart!
 Safer for both we go apart.
 O haste thee, and from Allan learn
 If thou mayst trust yon wily kern." 455

With hand upon his forehead laid,
 The conflict of his mind to shade,
 A parting step or two he made;
 Then, as some thought had crossed his brain,
 He paused, and turned, and came again. 460

XIX

“Hear, lady, yet a parting word! —
 It chanced in fight that my poor sword
 Preserved the life of Scotland’s lord.
 This ring the grateful Monarch gave,
 And bade, when I had boon to crave, 465
 To bring it back, and boldly claim
 The recompense that I would name.
 Ellen, I am no courtly lord,
 But one who lives by lance and sword,
 Whose castle is his helm and shield, 470
 His lordship the embattled field.
 What from a prince can I demand,
 Who neither reck of state nor land?
 Ellen, thy hand — the ring is thine;
 Each guard and usher knows the sign. 475
 Seek thou the King without delay;
 This signet shall secure thy way:
 And claim thy suit, whate’er it be,
 As ransom of his pledge to me.”
 He placed the golden circlet on, 480
 Paused — kissed her hand — and then was gone.

471. His lordship the embattled field. His estate the battlefield.

473. Reck of. Mind or care for.





The aged Minstrel stood aghast,
 So hastily Fitz-James shot past.
 He joined his guide, and wending down
 The ridges of the mountain brown, 485
 Across the stream they took their way
 That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

XX

All in the Trosachs' glen was still,
 Noontide was sleeping on the hill:
 Sudden his guide whooped loud and high — 490
 "Murdoch! was that a signal cry?" —
 He stammered forth, "I shout to scare
 Yon raven from his dainty fare."
 He looked — he knew the raven's prey,
 His own brave steed: "Ah! gallant gray! 495
 For thee — for me, perchance — 't were well
 We ne'er had seen the Trosachs' dell. —
 Murdoch, move first — but silently;
 Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die!"
 Jealous and sullen on they fared, 500
 Each silent, each upon his guard.

XXI

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge
 Around a precipice's edge,
 When lo! a wasted female form,
 Blighted by wrath of sun and storm, 505
 In tattered weeds and wild array,
 Stood on a cliff beside the way,

And glancing round her restless eye,
 Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
 Seemed naught to mark, yet all to spy. 510
 Her brow was wreathed with gaudy broom;
 With gesture wild she waved a plume
 Of feathers, which the eagles fling
 To crag and cliff from dusky wing;
 Such spoils her desperate step had sought, 515
 Where scarce was footing for the goat.
 The tartan plaid she first descried,
 And shrieked till all the rocks replied;
 As loud she laughed when near they drew,
 For then the Lowland garb she knew; 520
 And then her hands she wildly wrung,
 And then she wept, and then she sung —
 She sung! — the voice, in better time,
 Perchance to harp or lute might chime;
 And now, though strained and roughened, still 525
 Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

XXII

Song

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
 They say my brain is warped and wrung, —
 I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
 I cannot pray in Highland tongue. 530
 But were I now where Allan glides,
 Or heard my native Devan's tides,

So sweetly would I rest, and pray
That Heaven would close my wintry day!

'T was thus my hair they bade me braid, 535
They made me to the church repair;
It was my bridal morn, they said,
And my true love would meet me there.
But woe betide the cruel guile
That drowned in blood the morning smile! 540
And woe betide the fairy dream!
I only waked to sob and scream.

XXIII

“Who is this maid? what means her lay?
She hovers o'er the hollow way,
And flutters wide her mantle gray, 545
As the lone heron spreads his wing,
By twilight, o'er a haunted spring.”
“'T is Blanche of Devan,” Murdoch said,
“A crazed and captive Lowland maid,
Ta'en on the morn she was a bride, 550
When Roderick forayed Devan-side.
The gay bridegroom resistance made,
And felt our Chief's unconquered blade.
I marvel she is now at large,
But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge. — 555
Hence, brain-sick fool!” — He raised his bow:—
“Now, if thou strik'st her but one blow,
I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far
As ever peasant pitched a bar!”

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

XXIV

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

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

"It was not that I meant to tell . . .
 But thou art wise and guessest well."

562. Pennons. Pinions; wings. 567. Batten. Fatten.

578. O my sweet William. The sight of the Lincoln green reminds Blanche of her husband, and she is led to warn the stranger of his peril.

Then, in a low and broken tone,
 And hurried note, the song went on. 585
 Still on the Clansman fearfully
 She fixed her apprehensive eye,
 Then turned it on the Knight, and then
 Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

XXV

“The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set,— 590
 Ever sing merrily, merrily;
 The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,
 Hunters live so cheerily.

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

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

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

593. Hunters live so cheerily, etc. The hunters are Clan-Alpine's men; the stag of ten is Fitz-James; the wounded doe is Blanche herself.

594. Stag of ten. Stag having ten branches on his horns.

XXVI

Fitz-James's mind was passion-tossed,
 When Ellen's hints and fears were lost ;
 But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,
 And Blanche's song conviction brought.
 Not like a stag that spies the snare, 610
 But lion of the hunt aware,
 He waved at once his blade on high, —
 "Disclose thy treachery, or die!"
 Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,
 But in his race his bow he drew. 615
 The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,
 And thrilled in Blanche's faded breast. —
 Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,
 For ne'er had Alpine's son such need ;
 With heart of fire, and foot of wind, 620
 The fierce avenger is behind!
 Fate judges of the rapid strife —
 The forfeit death — the prize is life ;
 Thy kindred ambush lies before,
 Close couched upon the heathery moor ; 625
 Them couldst thou reach! — it may not be —
 Thine ambushed kin thou ne'er shalt see,
 The fiery Saxon gains on thee! —
 Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,
 As lightning strikes the pine to dust ; 630
 With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain
 Ere he can win his blade again.
 Bent o'er the fallen with falcon eye,
 He grimly smiled to see him die,

Then slower wended back his way,
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay. 635

XXVII

She sat beneath the birchen tree,
Her elbow resting on her knee ;
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
And gazed on it, and feebly laughed ; 640
Her wreath of broom and feathers gray,
Daggled with blood, beside her lay.
The Knight to stanch the life-stream tried, —
“Stranger, it is in vain !” she cried.
“This hour of death has given me more 645
Of reason’s power than years before ;
For, as these ebbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away.
A helpless injured wretch I die,
And something tells me in thine eye 650
That thou wert mine avenger born.
Seest thou this tress ? — O, still I’ve worn
This little tress of yellow hair,
Through danger, frenzy, and despair !
It once was bright and clear as thine, 655
But blood and tears have dimmed its shine.
I will not tell thee when ’t was shred,
Nor from what guiltless victim’s head, —
My brain would turn ! — but it shall wave
Like plumage on thy helmet brave, 660

Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,
 And thou wilt bring it me again.
 I waver still. — O God! more bright
 Let reason beam her parting light! —
 O, by thy knighthood's honored sign, 665
 And for thy life preserved by mine,
 When thou shalt see a darksome man,
 Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's Clan,
 With tartans broad and shadowy plume,
 And hand of blood, and brow of gloom, 670
 Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
 And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong! —
 They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .
 Avoid the path . . . O God! . . . farewell."

XXVIII

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James ; 675
 Fast poured his eyes at pity's claims ;
 And now, with mingled grief and ire,
 He saw the murdered maid expire.
 "God, in my need, be my relief,
 As I wreak this on yonder Chief!" 680
 A lock from Blanche's tresses fair
 He blended with her bridegroom's hair ;
 The mingled braid in blood he dyed,
 And placed it on his bonnet-side :
 "By Him whose word is truth, I swear, 685
 No other favor will I wear,

680. Wreak. Avenge.

686. Favor. Gift of a lady to a knight, as a glove or a scarf, to be worn by him.

Till this sad token I imbrue
 In the best blood of Roderick Dhu! —
 But hark! what means yon faint halloo?
 The chase is up, — but they shall know, 690
 The stag at bay's a dangerous foe."
 Barred from the known but guarded way,
 Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must stray,
 And oft must change his desperate track,
 By stream and precipice turned back. 695
 Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,
 From lack of food and loss of strength,
 He couched him in a thicket hoar,
 And thought his toils and perils o'er: —
 "Of all my rash adventures past, 700
 This frantic feat must prove the last!
 Who e'er so mad but might have guessed
 That all this Highland hornet's nest
 Would muster up in swarms so soon
 As e'er they heard of bands at Doune? — 705
 Like bloodhounds now they search me out, —
 Hark, to the whistle and the shout! —
 If farther through the wilds I go,
 I only fall upon the foe:
 I'll couch me here till evening gray, 710
 Then darkling try my dangerous way."

XXIX

The shades of eve come slowly down,
 The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,

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

XXX

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

722. **Summer solstice.** The longest day, when the heat is greatest.

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

XXXI

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
 The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
 Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
 And bade the Saxon share his plaid.

746. Slip. Let loose for the game.

762. Hardened flesh. The Scottish Highlanders in former times had a way of preparing their venison without cooking, by simply pressing it between two pieces of wood, so as to force out the blood and render it extremely hard. This was considered a great delicacy.

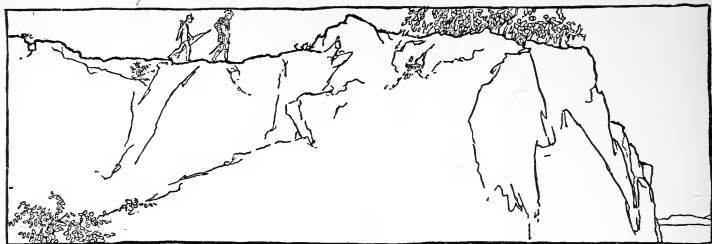
He tended him like welcome guest, 765
 Then thus his further speech addressed : —
 “ Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
 A clansman born, a kinsman true ;
 Each word against his honor spoke
 Demands of me avenging stroke ; 770
 Yet more, — upon thy fate, ’t is said,
 A mighty augury is laid.
 It rests with me to wind my horn, —
 Thou art with numbers overborne ;
 It rests with me, here, brand to brand, 775
 Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand :
 But, not for clan, nor kindred’s cause,
 Will I depart from honor’s laws ;
 To assail a wearied man were shame,
 And stranger is a holy name ; 780
 Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
 In vain he never must require.
 Then rest thee here till dawn of day ;
 Myself will guide thee on the way,
 O’er stock and stone, through watch and ward, 785
 Till past Clan-Alpine’s outmost guard,
 As far as Coilantogle’s ford ;
 From thence thy warrant is thy sword.”
 “ I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
 As freely as ’t is nobly given ! ” 790

787. *Coilantogle’s ford.* On arriving at Coilantogle’s ford, near the foot of Loch Vennachar, Fitz-James, having passed beyond the limits of the lawless Highlands, came within the district loyal to the Scottish king, and, therefore, needed no further protection from the Highland chief.

“ Well, rest thee ; for the bittern’s cry
Sings us the lake’s wild lullaby.”

With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath ;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

795



CANTO FIFTH

THE COMBAT

I

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

II

That early beam, so fair and sheen, 10
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by, 15
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.

16, 17. To steal their meal. To eat hurriedly.

That o'er, the Gael around him threw
 His graceful plaid of varied hue,
 And, true to promise, led the way, 20
 By thicket green and mountain gray.
 A wildering path! — they winded now
 Along the precipice's brow,
 Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
 The windings of the Forth and Teith, 25
 And all the vales between that lie,
 Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
 Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
 Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
 'T was oft so steep, the foot was fain 30
 Assistance from the hand to gain;
 So tangled oft that, bursting through,
 Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew, —
 That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
 It rivals all but Beauty's tear! 35

III

At length they came where, stern and steep,
 The hill sinks down upon the deep.
 Here Vennachar in silver flows,
 There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
 Ever the hollow path twined on, 40
 Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
 A hundred men might hold the post
 With hardihood against a host.

18. Gael. The Highlander is called *Gael*, and the Lowlander *Saxon*.

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

IV

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

Thy dangerous Chief was then afar, 70
 Nor soon expected back from war.
 Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
 Though deep perchance the villain lied."
 "Yet why a second venture try?"
 "A warrior thou, and ask me why! — 75
 Moves our free course by such fixed cause
 As gives the poor mechanic laws?
 Enough, I sought to drive away
 The lazy hours of peaceful day;
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide 80
 A Knight's free footsteps far and wide, —
 A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
 The merry glance of mountain maid;
 Or, if a path be dangerous known,
 The danger's self is lure alone." 85

V

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not; —
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
 Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,
 Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"
 "No, by my word; — of bands prepared 90
 To guard King James's sports I heard;
 Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
 This muster of the mountaineer,
 Their pennons will abroad be flung,
 Which else in Doune had peaceful hung." 95

93. **Muster.** Gathering.

94. **Pennons.** Flags or streamers.

95. **Doune.** See note, Canto V, line 492.

"Free be they flung! for we were loath
 Their silken folds should feast the moth.
 Free be they flung! — as free shall wave
 Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
 But, stranger, peaceful since you came, 100
 Bewildered in the mountain-game,
 Whence the bold boast by which you show
 Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"
 "Warrior, but yester-morn I knew
 Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu, 105
 Save as an outlawed, desperate man,
 The chief of a rebellious clan,
 Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
 With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
 Yet this alone might from his part 110
 Sever each true and loyal heart."

VI

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,
 Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
 A space he paused, then sternly said,
 "And heardst thou why he drew his blade? 115
 Heardst thou that shameful word and blow
 Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
 What recked the Chieftain if he stood
 On Highland heath or Holy-Rood?
 He rights such wrong where it is given, 120
 If it were in the court of heaven."

108. Regent. John Stuart, Duke of Albany, regent during the minority of James V.

119. Holy-Rood. See note, Canto II, line 221.

"Still was it outrage; — yet, 't is true,
 Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
 While Albany with feeble hand
 Held borrowed truncheon of command, 125
 The young King, mewed in Stirling tower,
 Was stranger to respect and power.
 But then, thy Chieftain's robber life! —
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
 Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain 130
 His herds and harvest reared in vain, —
 Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
 The spoils from such foul foray borne."

VII

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
 And answered with disdainful smile: 135
 "Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
 I marked thee send delighted eye
 Far to the south and east, where lay,
 Extended in succession gay,
 Deep waving fields and pastures green, 140
 With gentle slopes and groves between: —

125. Truncheon. Staff.

126. Mewed. Imprisoned.

127. Stranger to respect and power. There is scarcely a more disorderly period in Scottish history than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden and occupied the minority of James V. Feuds of ancient standing broke out like old wounds, and every quarrel among the independent nobility, which occurred daily, and almost hourly, gave rise to fresh bloodshed. — SCOTT.

These fertile plains, that softened vale,
 Were once the birthright of the Gael;
 The stranger came with iron hand,
 And from our fathers reft the land. 145
 Where dwell we now? See, rudely swell
 Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
 Ask we this savage hill we tread
 For fattened steer or household bread,
 Ask we for flocks these shingles dry, 150
 And well the mountain might reply, —
 'To you, as to your sires of yore,
 Belong the target and claymore!
 I give you shelter in my breast,
 Your own good blades must win the rest.' 155
 Pent in this fortress of the North,
 Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
 To spoil the spoiler as we may,
 And from the robber rend the prey?
 Ay, by my soul! — While on yon plain 160
 The Saxon rears one shock of grain,
 While of ten thousand herds there strays
 But one along yon river's maze, —
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,
 Shall with strong hand redeem his share. 165
 Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold
 That plundering Lowland field and fold
 Is aught but retribution true?
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

169. Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu. So far, indeed, was a *Creagh*, or foray, from being held disgraceful, that a young chief was

VIII

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

always expected to show his talents for command, so soon as he assumed it, by leading his clan on a successful enterprise of this nature, either against a neighboring sept, for which constant feuds usually furnished an apology, or against the Saxons, or Lowlanders, for which no apology was necessary. The Gael, great traditional historians, never forgot that the Lowlands had, at some remote period, been the property of their Celtic forefathers, which furnished an ample vindication of all the ravages that they could make on the unfortunate districts which lay within their reach. — SCOTT.

For love-lorn swain in lady's bower
 Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
 As I, until before me stand
 This rebel Chieftain and his band!" 195

IX

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

With step and weapon forward flung, 220
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James: "How say'st thou now? 225
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, — I am Roderick Dhu!"

X

Fitz-James was brave: — though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air, 230
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before: —
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I." 235
Sir Roderick marked, — and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foeman worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood — then waved his hand: 240
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low; 245
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.

The wind's last breath had tossed in air
 Pennon and plaid and plumage fair, —
 The next but swept a lone hill-side, 250
 Where heath and fern were waving wide :
 The sun's last glance was glinted back
 From spear and glaive, from targe and jack, —
 The next, all unreflected, shone
 On bracken green and cold gray stone. 255

XI

Fitz-James looked round, — yet scarce believed
 The witness that his sight received ;
 Such apparition well might seem
 Delusion of a dreadful dream.
 Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed, 260
 And to his look the Chief replied :
 " Fear naught — nay, that I need not say —
 But — doubt not aught from mine array.
 Thou art my guest ; — I pledged my word
 As far as Coilantogle ford : 265
 Nor would I call a clansman's brand
 For aid against one valiant hand,
 Though on our strife lay every vale
 Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
 So move we on ; — I only meant 270
 To show the reed on which you leant,
 Deeming this path you might pursue
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."

253. From targe and jack. From shield and coat of armor. The peasant's coat of armor was a leathern jacket.

273. Without a pass from Roderick Dhu. This incident, like some

They moved ;— I said Fitz-James was brave
 As ever knight that belted glaive, 275
 Yet dare not say that now his blood
 Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
 As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
 That seeming lonesome pathway through,
 Which yet by fearful proof was rife 280
 With lances, that, to take his life,
 Waited but signal from a guide,
 So late dishonored and defied.
 Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
 The vanished guardians of the ground, 285
 And still from copse and heather deep
 Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
 And in the plover's shrilly strain
 The signal whistle heard again.
 Nor breathed he free till far behind 290
 The pass was left ; for then they wind
 Along a wide and level green,
 Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
 Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
 To hide a bonnet or a spear. 295

XII

The Chief in silence strode before,
 And reached that torrent's sounding shore,

other passages in the poem illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary but borrowed from fact. The Highlanders, with the inconsistency of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of generosity and of cruel revenge and perfidy. — SCOTT.

Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
 From Vennachar in silver breaks,
 Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines 300
 On Bochastle the moldering lines,
 Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
 Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.
 And here his course the Chieftain stayed,
 Threw down his target and his plaid, 305
 And to the Lowland warrior said :
 " Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
 This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
 This head of a rebellious clan, 310
 Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
 A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
 See, here all vantageless I stand, 315
 Armed like thyself with single brand ;
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

298. **Three mighty lakes.** Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar.

301. **Bochastle.** The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Vennachar, the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Trosachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor called Bochastle. Upon a small eminence called the *Dun* of Bochastle, and, indeed, on the plain itself, are some intrenchments which have been thought Roman. — SCOTT.

303. **Eagle wings unfurled.** The eagle was the principal standard of the Roman army.

XIII

The Saxon paused : " I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade ; 320
Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death ;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved :
Can naught but blood our feud atone ? 325
Are there no means ? " — " No, stranger, none !
And hear, — to fire thy flagging zeal, —
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead : 330
' Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife. ' "

" Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
" The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff, — 335
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy ;
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James at Stirling let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe, 340
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favor free,
I plight mine honor, oath, and word
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand 345
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

XIV

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye :
 "Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
 Because a wretched kern ye slew,
 Homage to name to Roderick Dhu? 350
 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate ;—
 My clansman's blood demands revenge.
 Not yet prepared? — By heaven, I change
 My thought, and hold thy valor light 355
 As that of some vain carpet knight,
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,
 And whose best boast is but to wear
 A braid of his fair lady's hair."
 "I thank thee, Roderick, for the word! 360
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
 For I have sworn this braid to stain
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.
 Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone! —
 Yet think not that by thee alone, 365
 Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
 Of this small horn one feeble blast
 Would fearful odds against thee cast. 370
 But fear not — doubt not — which thou wilt —
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."

356. *Carpet knight.* One who wins his honors in royal halls by favoritism rather than by bravery on the battlefield.

Then each at once his falchion drew,
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
 Each looked to sun and stream and plain 375
 As what they ne'er might see again ;
 Then foot and point and eye opposed,
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

XV

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
 That on the field his targe he threw, 380
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
 Had death so often dashed aside ;
 For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
 He practiced every pass and ward, 385
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard ;
 While less expert, though stronger far,
 The Gael maintained unequal war.
 Three times in closing strife they stood,
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood ; 390
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
 And showered his blows like wintry rain ;

380. **His targe he threw, etc.** A round target of light wood, covered with strong leather and studded with brass or iron, was a necessary part of a Highlander's equipment. In charging regular troops they received the thrust of the bayonet in this buckler, twisted it aside, and used the broadsword against the encumbered soldier. — SCOTT.

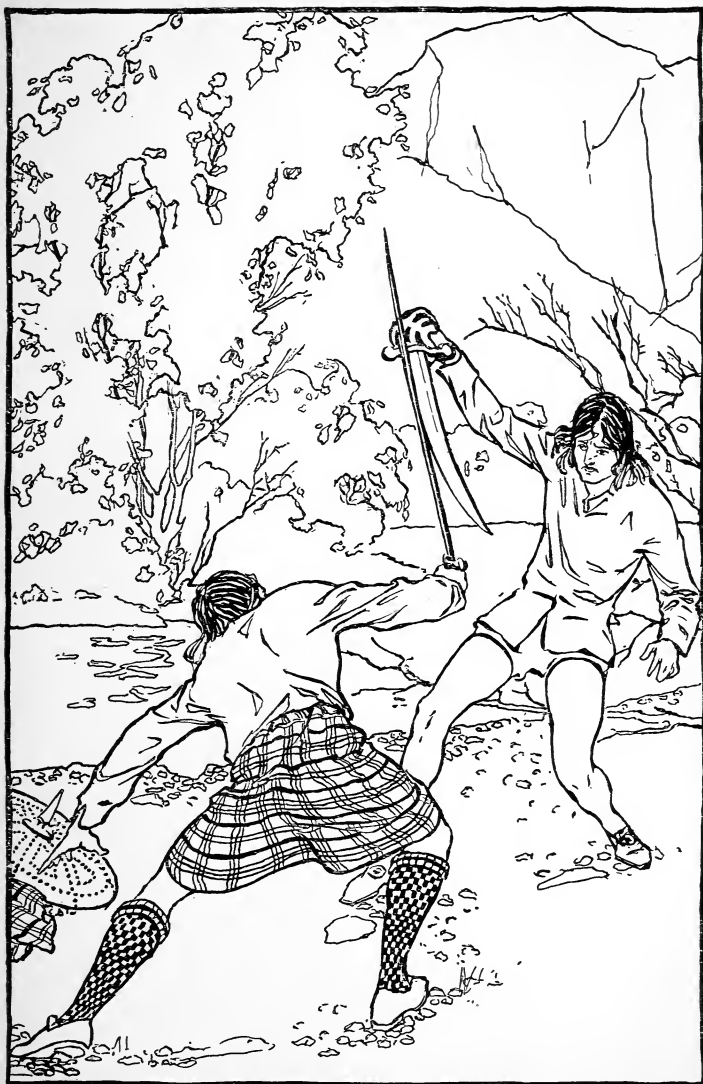
383. **Abroad.** In France, undoubtedly, where the best swordsmen are still found.

And, as firm rock or castle-roof 395
 Against the winter shower is proof,
 The foe, invulnerable still,
 Foiled his wild rage by steady skill ;
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand, 400
 And backward borne upon the lea,
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

XVI

"Now yield thee, or by Him who made
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
 "Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy! 405
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
 Like adder darting from his coil,
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ; 410
 Received, but recked not of a wound,
 And locked his arms his foeman round. —
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel 415
 Through bars of brass and triple steel !
 They tug, they strain ! down, down they go,
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
 His knee was planted on his breast ; 420

416. Triple steel. Threefold armor.





His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright !
But hate and fury ill supplied 425
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game ;
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye. 430
Down came the blow ! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp ;
Unwounded from the dreadful close, 435
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

XVII

He faltered thanks to Heaven for life,
Redeemed, unhopèd, from desperate strife ;
Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every gasp appeared his last ; 440
In Roderick's gore he dipped the braid, —
“ Poor Blanche ! thy wrongs are dearly paid ;
Yet with thy foe must die or live
The praise that faith and valor give.”
With that he blew a bugle note, 445
Undid the collar from his throat,
Unbonneted, and by the wave
Sat down his brow and hands to lave.

Then faint afar are heard the feet
 Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet; 450
 The sounds increase, and now are seen
 Four mounted squires in Lincoln green;
 Two who bear lance, and two who lead
 By loosened rein a saddled steed;
 Each onward held his headlong course, 455
 And by Fitz-James reined up his horse, —
 With wonder viewed the bloody spot, —
 “Exclaim not, gallants! question not. —
 You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
 And bind the wounds of yonder knight; 460
 Let the gray palfrey bear his weight,
 We destined for a fairer freight,
 And bring him on to Stirling straight;
 I will before at better speed,
 To seek fresh horse and fitting weed. 465
 The sun rides high; — I must be 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, 470
 With arching neck and bended head,
 And glancing eye and quivering ear,
 As if he loved his lord to hear.
 No foot Fitz-James in stirrup stayed,
 No grasp upon the saddle laid, 475

461. Palfrey. A small saddle horse for ladies' use.

466. Boune. Ready.

But wreathed his left hand in the mane,
 And lightly bounded from the plain,
 Turned on the horse his armed heel,
 And stirred his courage with the steel.
 Bounded the fiery steed in air, 480
 The rider sat erect and fair,
 Then like a bolt from steel crossbow
 Forth launched, along the plain they go.
 They dashed that rapid torrent through,
 And up Carhonie's hill they flew; 485
 Still at the gallop pricked the Knight,
 His merrymen followed as they might.
 Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,
 And in the race they mock thy tide;
 Torry and Lendrick now are past, 490
 And Deanstown lies behind them cast;
 They rise, the bannered towers of Doune,
 They sink in distant woodland soon;
 Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
 They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre; 495
 They mark just glance and disappear
 The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
 They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
 Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,

486. Pricked. Spurred or rode.

490-497. Torry, Lendrick, Deanstown, Blair-Drummond, Ochtertyre, and Kier lie on the banks of the Teith, and were all familiar to Scott in his early years.

492. The bannered towers of Doune. The ruins of Doune Castle, formerly the residence of the earls of Menteith, now the property of the Earl of Moray, are situated at the confluence of the Ardoch and the Teith. — SCOTT.

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

XIX

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, 510
 Who townward holds the rocky way,
 Of stature tall and poor array?
 Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
 With which he scales the mountain-side?
 Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom?” 515
 “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? 520
 Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
 That stately form and step I knew;
 Like form in Scotland is not seen,
 Treads not such step on Scottish green.

504. *Stirling*. This castle was one of the principal fortresses of Scotland and the residence of James V. Standing upon a lofty rock, it commands a fine view of the surrounding country and Firth of Forth.

'T is James of Douglas, by Saint Serle! 525
 The uncle of the banished Earl.
 Away, away, to court, to show
 The near approach of dreaded foe :
 The King must stand upon his guard ;
 Douglas and he must meet prepared." 530
 Then right-hand wheeled their steeds, and straight
 They won the Castle's postern gate.

XX

The Douglas, who had bent his way
 From Cambus-kenneth's abbey gray,
 Now, as he climbed the rocky shelf, 535
 Held sad communion with himself : —
 " Yes ! all is true my fears could frame ;
 A prisoner lies the noble Græme,
 And fiery Roderick soon will feel
 The vengeance of the royal steel. 540
 I, only I, can ward their fate, —
 God grant the ransom come not late !
 The Abbess hath her promise given,
 My child shall be the bride of Heaven ; —
 Be pardoned one repining tear ! 545
 For He who gave her knows how dear,
 How excellent ! — but that is by,
 And now my business is — to die. —

532. Postern gate. Back gate.

544. Bride of Heaven. One whose life is wholly devoted to the church.

Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
 A Douglas by his sovereign bled ; 550
 And thou, O sad and fatal mound !
 That oft hast heard the death-ax sound,
 As on the noblest of the land
 Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand, —
 The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb 555
 Prepare — for Douglas seeks his doom !
 But hark! what blithe and jolly peal
 Makes the Franciscan steeple reel ?
 And see! upon the crowded street
 In motley groups what masquers meet ! 560
 Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,
 And merry morrice-dancers come.
 I guess, by all this quaint array,
 The burghers hold their sports to-day.

550. **Douglas.** The fate of William, eighth Earl of Douglas, whom James II stabbed in Stirling Castle with his own hand and while under his royal safe conduct, is familiar to all who read Scottish history. — SCOTT.

551. **O sad and fatal mound.** An eminence on the northeast of the Stirling Castle where state criminals were executed. Stirling was often polluted with noble blood. — SCOTT.

558. **Franciscan steeple.** Grayfriars' church. The Franciscans were a Roman Catholic order founded by St. Francis on the principle of poverty. He held that neither the individual nor an institution should acquire or hold any right of property.

562. **Morrice-dancers.** Performers of a Moorish dance, a popular amusement of the day, in which all classes of society joined. The actors, personating certain characters, as Friar Tuck, Robin Hood, etc., were disguised in curious vestments of fawn-colored silk in the form of a tunic, with trappings of green and red satin, and wore bells around their ankles, with which they kept time to the music. (See note, Canto V, line 615.)

564. **The burghers hold their sports to-day.** Every burgh of Scotland of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had their

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

XXI

The Castle gates were open flung, 575
 The quivering drawbridge rocked and rung,
 And echoed loud the flinty street
 Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,
 As slowly down the steep descent
 Fair Scotland's King and nobles went, 580
 While all along the crowded way
 Was jubilee and loud huzza.

solemn *play*, or festival, when feats of archery were exhibited, and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar, and the other gymnastic exercises of the period. Stirling, a usual place of royal residence, was not likely to be deficient in pomp upon such occasions, especially since James V was very partial to them. His ready participation in these popular amusements was one cause of his acquiring the title of King of the Commons. — SCOTT.

566. **Yeoman.** A countryman ; in England, next in order of rank to the gentry. The term is also applied to a member of the king's guard.

572. **Stark.** Strong ; rugged.

575. **Castle.** Stirling. (See note, Canto V, line 504.)

And ever James was bending low
 To his white jennet's saddle-bow,
 Doffing his cap to city dame, 585
 Who smiled and blushed for pride and shame.
 And well the simperer might be vain, —
 He chose the fairest of the train.
 Gravely he greets each city sire,
 Commends each pageant's quaint attire, 590
 Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
 And smiles and nods upon the crowd,
 Who rend the heavens with their acclaims, —
 "Long live the Commons' King, King James!"
 Behind the King thronged peer and knight, 595
 And noble dame and damsel bright,
 Whose fiery steeds ill brooked the stay
 Of the steep street and crowded way.
 But in the train you might discern
 Dark lowering brow and visage stern; 600
 There nobles mourned their pride restrained,
 And the mean burgher's joys disdained;
 And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,
 Were each from home a banished man,
 There thought upon their own gray tower, 605
 Their waving woods, their feudal power,
 And deemed themselves a shameful part
 Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

584. *Jennet.* A small Spanish horse.

594. *Commons' King.* So called because he favored the common people as opposed to the nobles.

606. *Feudal power.* Power to command the services of tenants or vassals in case of war.

XXII

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out
 Their checkered bands the joyous rout. 610
 There morricers, with bell at heel
 And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;
 But chief, beside the butts, there stand
 Bold Robin Hood and all his band, —
 Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl, 615
 Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,
 Maid Marian, fair as ivory bone,
 Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;
 Their bugles challenge all that will,
 In archery to prove their skill. 620
 The Douglas bent a bow of might, —
 His first shaft centered in the white,
 And when in turn he shot again,
 His second split the first in twain.
 From the King's hand must Douglas take 625
 A silver dart, the archers' stake;
 Fondly he watched, with watery eye,
 Some answering glance of sympathy, —
 No kind emotion made reply!
 Indifferent as to archer wight, 630
 The Monarch gave the arrow bright.

610. Checkered bands. Companies of players in gay dresses.

613. Butts. Targets.

614. Robin Hood. A noted robber or outlaw in the reign of Richard I, about the year 1190. The exhibition of this renowned outlaw and his band was a favorite frolic at festivals in which kings did not disdain to be actors.

615-618. Friar Tuck, Scathelocke, Maid Marian, Scarlet, Mutch, and Little John were companions of Robin Hood, renowned in valor, and mentioned in Scott's *Ivanhoe*.

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, — 635
 Nor called in vain, for Douglas came. —
 For life is Hugh of Larbert lame;
 Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
 Whom senseless home his comrades bare.
 Prize of the wrestling match, the King 640
 To Douglas gave a golden ring,
 While coldly glanced his eye of blue,
 As frozen drop of wintry dew.
 Douglas would speak, but in his breast
 His struggling soul his words suppressed; 645
 Indignant then he turned him where
 Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,
 To hurl the massive bar in air.
 When each his utmost strength had shown,
 The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone 650
 From its deep bed, then heaved it high,
 And sent the fragment through the sky
 A rood beyond the farthest mark;
 And still in Stirling's royal park,
 The gray-haired sires, who know the past, 655
 To strangers point the Douglas cast,
 And moralize on the decay
 Of Scottish strength in modern day.

XXIV

The vail with loud applauses rang,
 The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang. 660
 The King, with look unmoved, bestowed
 A purse well filled with pieces broad.
 Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
 And threw the gold among the crowd,
 Who now with anxious wonder scan, 665
 And sharper glance, the dark 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, 670
 To see his hair with silver spread,
 And winked aside, and told each son
 Of feats upon the English done,
 Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand
 Was exiled from his native land. 675
 The women praised his stately form,
 Though wrecked by many a winter's storm ;
 The youth with awe and wonder saw
 His strength surpassing Nature's law.
 Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd, 680
 Till murmurs rose to clamors loud.
 But not a glance from that proud ring
 Of peers who circled round the King
 With Douglas held communion kind,
 Or called the banished man to mind ; 685

660. The Ladies' Rock. The ladies' stand for viewing the sports.

No, not from those who at the chase
 Once held his side the honored place,
 Begirt his board, and in the field
 Found safety underneath his shield;
 For he whom royal eyes disown, 690
 When was his form to courtiers known!

XXV

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

But Lufra had been fondly bred,
 To share his board, to watch his bed, 715
 And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck
 In maiden glee with garlands deck;
 They were such playmates that with name
 Of Lufra Ellen's image came.
 His stifled wrath is brimming high, 720
 In darkened brow and flashing eye;
 As waves before the bark divide,
 The crowd gave way before his stride;
 Needs but a buffet and no more,
 The groom lies senseless in his gore. 725
 Such blow no other hand could deal,
 Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

XXVI

Then clamored loud the royal train,
 And brandished swords and staves amain.
 But stern the Baron's warning: "Back! 730
 Back, on your lives, ye menial pack!
 Beware the Douglas. — Yes! behold,
 King James! The Douglas, doomed of old,
 And vainly sought for near and far,
 A victim to atone the war, 735
 A willing victim, now attends,
 Nor craves thy grace but for his friends." —
 "Thus is my clemency repaid?
 Presumptuous Lord!" the Monarch said:
 "Of thy misproud ambitious clan, 740

740. Misproud. Mistakenly proud.

Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
 The only man, in whom a foe
 My woman-mercy would not know;
 But shall a Monarch's presence brook
 Injurious blow and haughty look? — 745
 What ho! the Captain of our Guard!
 Give the offender fitting ward. —
 Break off the sports!" — for tumult rose,
 And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows, —
 "Break off the sports!" he said, and frowned, 750
 "And bid our horsemen clear the ground."

XXVII

Then uproar wild and misarray
 Marred the fair form of festal day.
 The horsemen pricked among the crowd
 Repelled by threats and insult loud; 755
 To earth are borne the old and weak,
 The timorous fly, the women shriek;
 With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,
 The hardier urge tumultuous war.
 At once round Douglas darkly sweep 760
 The royal spears in circle deep,
 And slowly scale the pathway steep,
 While on the rear in thunder pour
 The rabble with disordered roar.
 With grief the noble Douglas saw 765
 The Commons rise against the law,
 And to the leading soldier said:
 "Sir John of Hyndford, 't was my blade

That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
 For that good deed permit me then 770
 A word with these misguided men. —

XXVIII

“Hear, gentle friends, ere yet for me
 Ye break the bands of fealty.
 My life, my honor, and my cause,
 I tender free to Scotland’s laws. 775
 Are these so weak as must require
 The aid of your misguided ire?
 Or if I suffer causeless wrong,
 Is then my selfish rage so strong,
 My sense of public weal so low, 780
 That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
 Those cords of love I should unbind
 Which knit my country and my kind?
 O no! Believe, in yonder tower
 It will not soothe my captive hour, 785
 To know those spears our 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, 790
 For me that orphans weep their sires,
 That patriots mourn insulted laws,
 And curse the Douglas for the cause.

769. *Knighthood.* This degree was conferred with a stroke of the flat part of a sword upon the shoulder by the prince or his representative.

O let your patience ward such ill,
 And keep your right to love me still!" 795

XXIX

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
 In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
 With lifted hands and eyes, they prayed
 For blessings on his generous head
 Who for his country felt alone, 800
 And prized her blood beyond his own.
 Old men upon the verge of life
 Blessed him who stayed the civil strife;
 And mothers held their babes on high,
 The self-devoted Chief to spy, 805
 Triumphant over wrongs and ire,
 To whom the prattlers owed a sire.
 Even the rough soldier's heart was moved;
 As if behind some bier beloved,
 With trailing arms and drooping head, 810
 The Douglas up the hill he led,
 And at the Castle's battled verge,
 With sighs resigned his honored charge.

XXX

The offended Monarch rode apart,
 With bitter thought and swelling heart, 815
 And would not now vouchsafe again
 Through Stirling streets to lead his train.

810. *Trailing arms.* Carrying a gun in an oblique position, pointing forward with the breech near the ground.

812. *Battled verge.* See note, Canto I, line 199.

"O Lennox, who would wish to rule
 This changeling crowd, this common fool?
 Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim 820
 With which they shout the Douglas name?
 With like acclaim the vulgar throat
 Strained for King James their morning note;
 With like acclaim they hailed the day
 When first I broke the Douglas sway; 825
 And like acclaim would Douglas greet
 If he could hurl me from my seat.
 Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain?
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream, 830
 And fickle as a changeful dream;
 Fantastic as a woman's mood,
 And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
 Thou many-headed monster-thing,
 O who would wish to be thy king? — 835

XXXI

"But soft! what messenger of speed
 Spurs hitherward his panting steed?
 I guess his cognizance afar —
 What from our cousin, John of Mar?"
 "He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound 840
 Within the safe and guarded ground;
 For some foul purpose yet unknown, —
 Most sure for evil to the throne, —

838. **Cognizance.** A badge by which a knight in armor could be recognized.

The outlawed Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
 Has summoned his rebellious crew; 845
 'T is said, in James of Bothwell's aid
 These loose banditti stand arrayed.
 The Earl of Mar this morn from Doune
 To break their muster marched, and soon
 Your Grace will hear of battle fought; 850
 But earnestly the Earl besought,
 Till for such danger he provide,
 With scanty train you will not ride."

XXXII

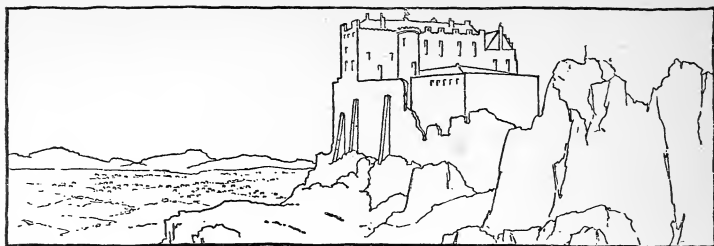
"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss, —
 I should have earlier looked to this; 855
 I lost it in this bustling day. —
 Retrace with speed thy former way;
 Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
 The best of mine shall be thy meed.
 Say to our faithful Lord of Mar, 860
 We do forbid the intended war;
 Roderick this morn in single fight
 Was made our prisoner by a knight,
 And Douglas hath himself and cause
 Submitted to our kingdom's laws. 865
 The tidings of their leaders lost
 Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
 Nor would we that the vulgar feel,
 For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.
 Bear Mar our message, Braco, fly!" 870
 He turned his steed, — "My liege, I hie,

Yet ere I cross this lily lawn
 I fear the broadswords will be drawn."
 The turf the flying courser spurned,
 And to his towers the King returned. 875

XXXIII

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

887. Earl William. See note, Canto V, line 550.



CANTO SIXTH

THE GUARD-ROOM

I

THE sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance ;
Summoning revelers from the lagging dance, 5
Scaring the prowling robber to his den ;
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

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

II

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang
With soldier-step and weapon-clang, 20
While drums with rolling note foretell
Relief to weary sentinel.
Through narrow loop and casement barred,
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,
And, struggling with the smoky air, 25
Deadened the torches' yellow glare.
In comfortless alliance shone
The lights through arch of blackened stone,
And showed wild shapes in garb of war,
Faces deformed with beard and scar, 30
All haggard from the midnight watch,
And fevered with the stern debauch ;
For the oak table's massive board,
Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,
And beakers drained, and cups o'erthrown, 35
Showed in what sport the night had flown.
Some, weary, snored on floor and bench ;
Some labored still their thirst to quench ;
Some, chilled with watching, spread their hands
O'er the huge chimney's dying brands, 40
While round them, or beside them flung,
At every step their harness rung.

23. **Loop.** Loophole, a narrow opening in a fortification through which small arms are discharged.

32. **Stern.** Violent.

42. **Harness.** Armor.

III

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

47. *Adventurers.* 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 bodyguard, called the Foot-Band. — SCOTT.

51. *Switzer.* An inhabitant of Switzerland.

53. *Fleming.* A citizen of Flanders, now part of Belgium.

IV

They held debate of bloody fray, 65
 Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray.
 Fierce was their speech, and mid their words
 Their hands oft grappled to their swords;
 Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear
 Of wounded comrades groaning near, 70
 Whose mangled limbs and bodies gored
 Bore token of the mountain sword,
 Though, neighboring to the Court of Guard,
 Their prayers and feverish wails were heard, —
 Sad burden to the ruffian joke, 75
 And savage oath by fury spoke! —
 At length up started John of Brent,
 A yeoman from the banks of Trent;
 A stranger to respect or fear,
 In peace a chaser of the deer, 80
 In host a hardy mutineer,
 But still the boldest of the crew
 When deed of danger was to do.
 He grieved that day their games cut short,
 And marred the dicer's brawling sport, 85
 And shouted loud, "Renew the bowl!
 And, while a merry catch I troll,
 Let each the buxom chorus bear,
 Like brethren of the brand and spear."

81. **Host.** An army.

87. **Troll.** Sing loudly.

88. **Buxom.** Brisk; frolicsome.

V

Soldier's Song

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

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

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

VI

The warder's challenge, heard without,
 Stayed in mid-roar the merry shout.

92. **Black-jack.** A pitcher made of black leather.

95. **Upsees out.** To the bottom of the tankard.

103. **Cure.** Priestly office. — **Placket and pot.** Women and wine.

104. **Lurch.** Outwit.

A soldier to the portal went, — 110
 “Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent ;
 And — beat for jubilee the drum ! —
 A maid and minstrel with him come.”
 Bertram, a Fleming, gray and scarred,
 Was entering now the Court of Guard, 115
 A harper with him, and, in plaid
 All muffled close, a mountain maid,
 Who backward shrunk to ’scape the view
 Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.
 “What news ?” they roared : — “I only know, 120
 From noon till eve we fought with foe,
 As wild and as untamable
 As the rude mountains where they dwell ;
 On both sides store of blood is lost,
 Nor much success can either boast.” — 125
 “But whence thy captives, friend ? such spoil
 As theirs must needs reward thy toil.
 Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp ;
 Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp !
 Get thee an ape, and trudge the land, 130
 The leader of a juggler band.”

VII

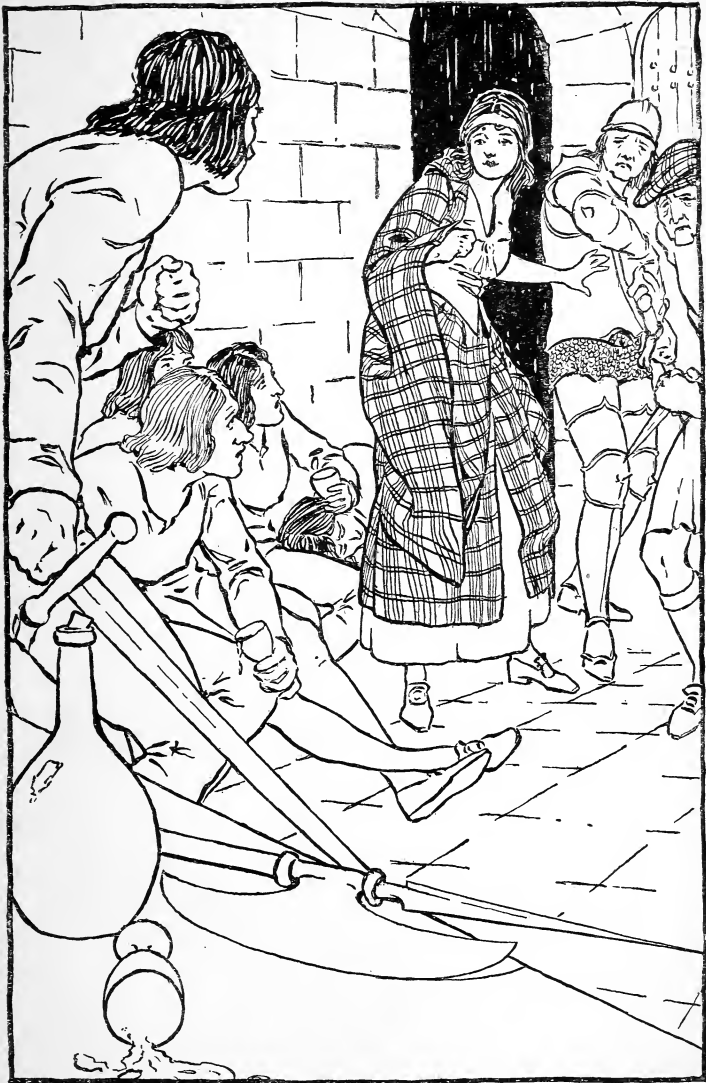
“No, comrade ; — no such fortune mine.
 After the fight these sought our line,

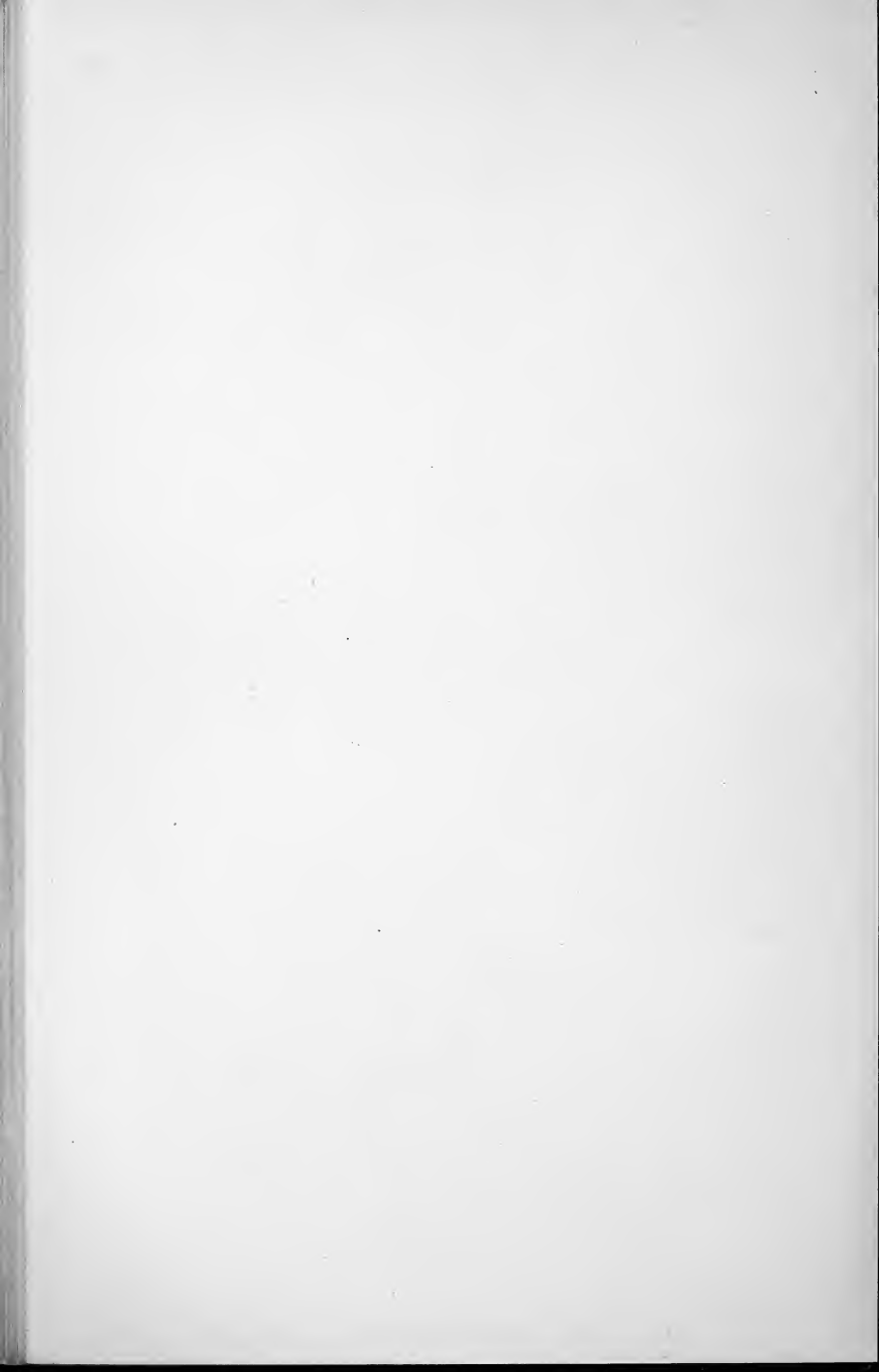
131. **Juggler.** The jugglers used to call in the aid of various assistants to render these performances as captivating as possible. The glee-maiden was a necessary attendant. Her duty was tumbling and dancing, and therefore the Anglo-Saxon version of St. Mark’s Gospel states Herodias to have vaulted or tumbled before King Herod. — SCOTT.

That aged harper and the girl,
 And, having audience of the Earl, 135
 Mar bade I should purvey them steed,
 And bring them hitherward with speed.
 Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,
 For none shall do them shame or harm." —
 "Hear ye his boast?" cried John of Brent, 140
 Ever to strife and jangling bent;
 "Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,
 And yet the jealous niggard grudge
 To pay the forester his fee?
 I'll have my share howe'er it be, 145
 Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee."
 Bertram his forward step withstood;
 And, burning in his vengeful mood,
 Old Allan, though unfit for strife,
 Laid hand upon his dagger-knife; 150
 But Ellen boldly stepped between,
 And dropped at once the tartan screen: —
 So, from his morning cloud, appears
 The sun of May through summer tears.
 The savage soldiery, amazed, 155
 As on descended angel gazed;
 Even hardy Brent, abashed and tamed,
 Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

VIII

Boldly she spoke: "Soldiers, attend!
 My father was the soldier's friend, 160





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

IX

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

170. Needwood. A royal forest in England.

183. Tullibardine's house. The seat of the Murrays, who were noted for their pride.

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

X

The signet ring young Lewis took 210
 With deep respect and altered look,

And said : " This ring our duties own ;
And pardon, if to worth unknown,
In semblance mean obscurely veiled,
Lady, in aught my folly failed. 215
Soon as the day flings wide his gates,
The King shall know what suitor waits.
Please you meanwhile in fitting bower
Repose you till his waking hour ;
Female attendance shall obey 220
Your hest, for service or array.
Permit I marshal you the way."
But, ere she followed, with the grace
And open bounty of her race,
She bade her slender purse be shared 225
Among the soldiers of the guard.
The rest with thanks their guerdon took,
But Brent, with shy and awkward look,
On the reluctant maiden's hold
Forced bluntly back the proffered gold : — 230
" Forgive a haughty English heart,
And O, forget its ruder part !
The vacant purse shall be my share,
Which in my barret-cap I'll bear,
Perchance, in jeopardy of war, 235
Where gayer crests may keep afar."
With thanks — 't was all she could — the maid
His rugged courtesy repaid.

234. Barret-cap. A cap formerly worn by soldiers.

XI

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,
Allan made suit to John of Brent : — 240
“ My lady safe, O let your grace
Give me to see my master’s face !
His minstrel I, — to share his doom
Bound from the cradle to the tomb.
Tenth in descent, since first my sires 245
Waked for his noble house their lyres,
Nor one of all the race was known
But prized its weal above their own.
With the Chief’s birth begins our care ;
Our harp must soothe the infant heir, 250
Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace
His earliest feat of field or chase ;
In peace, in war, our rank we keep,
We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,
Nor leave him till we pour our verse — 255
A doleful tribute ! — o’er his hearse.
Then let me share his captive lot ;
It is my right, — deny it not ! ”
“ Little we reck,” said John of Brent,
“ We southern men, of long descent ; 260
Nor wot we how a name — a word —
Makes clansmen vassals to a lord :
Yet kind my noble landlord’s part, —
God bless the house of Beaudesert !
And, but I loved to drive the deer 265
More than to guide the 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, 270
A bunch of ponderous keys he took,
Lighted a torch, and Allan led
Through grated arch and passage dread.
Portals they passed, where, deep within,
Spoke prisoner's moan and fetters' din ; 275
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,
Lay wheel, and ax, and headsman's sword,
And many a hideous engine grim,
For wrenching joint and crushing limb,
By artists formed who deemed it shame 280
And sin to give their work a name.
They halted at a low-browed porch,
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,
While bolt and chain he backward rolled,
And made the bar unhasp its hold. 285
They entered : — 't was a prison-room
Of stern security and gloom,
Yet not a dungeon ; for the day
Through lofty gratings found its way,
And rude and antique garniture 290
Decked the sad walls and oaken floor,
Such as the rugged days of old
Deemed fit for captive noble's hold.
" Here," said De Brent, " thou mayst remain
Till the Leech visit him again. 295

Strict is his charge, the warders tell,
 To tend the noble prisoner well."
 Retiring then the bolt he drew,
 And the lock's murmurs growled anew.
 Roused at the sound, from lowly bed 300
 A captive feebly raised his head ;
 The wondering Minstrel looked, and knew —
 Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu !
 For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,
 They, erring, deemed the Chief he sought. 305

XIII

As the tall ship, whose lofty prore
 Shall never stem the billows more,
 Deserted by her gallant band,
 Amid the breakers lies astrand, —
 So on his couch lay Roderick Dhu ! 310
 And oft his fevered limbs he threw
 In toss abrupt, as when her sides
 Lie rocking in the advancing tides,
 That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,
 Yet cannot heave her from her seat ; — 315
 O, how unlike her course at sea !
 Or his free step on hill and lea ! —
 Soon as the Minstrel he could scan, —
 " What of thy lady ? — of my clan ? —
 My mother ? — Douglas ? — tell me all ! 320
 Have they been ruined in my fall ?

Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here?
 Yet speak, — speak boldly, — do not fear.” —
 For Allan, who his mood well knew,
 Was choked with grief and terror too. — 325
 “ Who fought? — who fled? — Old man, be
 brief; —
 Some might, — for they had lost their Chief.
 Who basely live? — who bravely died?”
 “ O, calm thee, Chief!” the Minstrel cried,
 “ Ellen is safe!” “ For that thank Heaven!” 330
 “ And hopes are for the Douglas given; —
 The Lady Margaret, too, is well;
 And, for thy clan, — on field or fell,
 Has never harp of minstrel told
 Of combat fought so true and bold. 335
 Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,
 Though many a goodly bough is rent.”

XIV

The Chieftain reared his form on high,
 And fever's fire was in his eye;
 But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks 340
 Checkered his swarthy brow and cheeks.
 “ Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play,
 With measure bold on festal day,
 In yon lone isle, — again where ne'er
 Shall harper play or warrior hear! — 345
 That stirring air that peals on high,
 O'er Dermid's race our victory. —

Strike it! — and then, — for well thou canst, —
 Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,
 Fling me the picture of the fight, 350
 When met my clan the Saxon might.
 I'll listen, till my fancy hears
 The clang of swords, the crash of spears!
 These grates, these walls, shall vanish then
 For the fair field of fighting men, 355
 And my free spirit burst away,
 As if it soared from battle fray."
 The trembling Bard with awe obeyed, —
 Slow on the harp his hand he laid;
 But soon remembrance of the sight 360
 He witnessed from the mountain's height,
 With what old Bertram told at night,
 Awakened the full power of song,
 And bore him in career along; —
 As shallop launched on river's tide, 365
 That slow and fearful leaves the side,
 But, when it feels the middle stream,
 Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

XV

Battle of Beal' an Duine

"The Minstrel came once more to view
 The eastern ridge of Benvenue, 370

348. **Strike it!** It is popularly told of a famous freebooter that he composed the tune known as "Macpherson's Rant" while under sentence of death and played it at the gallows tree. Some spirited words have been adapted to it by Burns. — SCOTT.

Battle of Beal' an Duine. A skirmish actually took place at a pass

For ere he parted he would say
 Farewell to lovely Loch Achray —
 Where shall he find, in foreign land,
 So lone a lake, so sweet a strand! —
 There is no breeze upon the fern, 375
 No ripple on the lake,
 Upon her eyry nods the erne,
 The deer has sought the brake ;
 The small birds will not sing aloud,
 The springing trout lies still, 380
 So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
 That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
 Benledi's distant hill.
 Is it the thunder's solemn sound
 That mutters deep and dread, 385
 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 390
 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 ! 395
 To hero bound for battle-strife,
 Or bard of martial lay,

thus called in the Trosachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text. It was greatly posterior in date to the reign of James V. — SCOTT.

377. Erne. The sea eagle.

'T were worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array !

XVI

“ Their light-armed archers far and near 400
Surveyed the tangled ground,
Their center ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned,
Their barded horsemen in the rear
The stern battalia crowned. 405
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum ;
Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake, 410
Or wave their flags abroad ;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
That shadowed o'er their road.
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe, 415
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe ;
The host moves like a deep-sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow. 420
The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,

404. Barded. Wearing armor.

405. Battalia. Order of battle.

Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws ;
 And here the horse and spearmen pause,
 While, to explore the dangerous glen, 425
 Dive through the pass the archer-men.

XVII

"At once there rose so wild a yell
 Within that dark and narrow dell,
 As all the fiends from heaven that fell
 Had pealed the banner-cry of hell! 430

Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
 Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
 The archery appear :

For life! for life! their flight they ply —
 And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry, 435
 And plaids and bonnets waving high,
 And broadswords flashing to the sky,
 Are maddening in the rear.

Onward they drive in dreadful race,
 Pursuers and pursued ; 440

Before that tide of flight and chase,
 How shall it keep its rooted place,
 The spearmen's twilight wood? —

'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down!
 Bear back both friend and foe!' — 445

Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
 That serried grove of lances brown

At once lay leveled low ;
 And closely shouldering side to side,
 The bristling ranks the onset bide. — 450

‘We’ll quell the savage mountaineer,
 As their Tinchel cows the game!
 They come as fleet as forest deer,
 We’ll drive them back as tame.’

XVIII

“Bearing before them in their course 455
 The relics of the archer force,
 Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
 Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
 Above the tide, each broadsword bright
 Was brandishing like beam of light, 460
 Each targe was dark below ;
 And with the ocean’s mighty swing,
 When heaving to the tempest’s wing,
 They hurled them on the foe.
 I heard the lance’s shivering crash, 465
 As when the whirlwind rends the ash ;
 I heard the broadsword’s deadly clang,
 As if a hundred anvils rang !
 But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
 Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine’s flank, — 470
 ‘My banner-man, advance !
 I see,’ he cried, ‘their column shake.
 Now, gallants! for your ladies’ sake,
 Upon them with the lance!’ —
 The horsemen dashed among the rout, 475
 As deer break through the broom ;

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

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

XIX

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

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

XX

"Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
 The Saxons stood in sullen trance,

Till Moray pointed with his lance,
And cried: 'Behold yon isle! —
See! none are left to guard its strand 535
But women weak, that wring the hand:
'T is there of yore the robber band
Their booty wont to pile; —
My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er, 540
And loose a shallop from the shore.
Lightly we 'll tame the war-wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.'
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
On earth his casque and corselet rung, 545
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, 550
The helpless females scream for fear,
And yells for rage the mountaineer.
'T was then, as by the outcry riven,
Poured down at once the lowering heaven:
A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast, 555
Her billows reared their snowy crest.
Well for the swimmer swell they high,
To mar the Highland marksman's eye;
For round him showered, mid rain and hail,
The vengeful arrows of the Gael. 560

539. *Bonnet-pieces.* A gold coin on which the king's head was represented with a bonnet instead of a crown, coined by the "Commons' King." — TAYLOR.

In vain. — He nears the isle — and lo!
 His hand is on a shallop's bow.
 Just then a flash of lightning came,
 It tinged the waves and strand with flame;
 I marked Duncraggan's widowed dame, 565
 Behind an oak I saw her stand,
 A naked dirk gleamed in her hand: —
 It darkened, — but amid the moan
 Of waves I heard a dying groan; —
 Another flash! — the spearman floats 570
 A weltering corse beside the boats,
 And the stern matron o'er him stood,
 Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

XXI

“ ‘Revenge! revenge!’ the Saxons cried,
 The Gaels' exulting shout replied. 575
 Despite the elemental rage,
 Again they hurried to engage;
 But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
 Bloody with spurring came a knight,
 Sprung from his horse, and from a crag 580
 Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
 Clarion and trumpet by his side
 Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,
 While, in the Monarch's name, afar
 A herald's voice forbade the war, 585
 For Bothwell's lord and Roderick bold
 Were both, he said, in captive hold.” —

565. Duncraggan's widowed dame. See Canto III, lines 428-451.

586. Bothwell's lord. The Douglas.

But here the lay made sudden stand,
 The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand!
 Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy 590
 How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy:
 At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,
 With lifted hand kept feeble time;
 That motion ceased, — yet feeling strong
 Varied his look as changed the song; 595
 At length, no more his deafened ear
 The minstrel melody can hear;
 His face grows sharp, — his hands are clenched,
 As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched;
 Set are his teeth, his fading eye 600
 Is sternly fixed on vacancy;
 Thus, motionless and moanless, drew
 His parting breath stout Roderick Dhu! —
 Old Allan-bane looked on aghast,
 While grim and still his spirit passed; 605
 But when he saw that life was fled,
 He poured his wailing o'er the dead.

XXII

Lament

"And art thou cold and lowly laid,
 Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
 Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade! 610
 For thee shall none a requiem say? —
 For thee, who loved the minstrel's lay,
 For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,
 The shelter of her exiled line,

E'en in this prison-house of thine, 615
I'll wail for Alpine's 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, 620
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!
There breathes not clansman of thy line,
But would have given his life for thine.
O, woe for Alpine's honored Pine! 625

“Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!—
The captive thrush may brook the cage,
The prisoned eagle dies for rage.
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
And, when its notes awake again, 630
Even she, so long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her woe and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine's honored Pine.”

XXIII

Ellen the while, with bursting heart, 635
Remained in lordly bower apart,
Where played, with many-colored gleams,
Through storied pane the rising beams.
In vain on gilded roof they fall,
And lightened up a tapestried wall, 640

638. *Storied pane.* Windows adorned with historical or legendary paintings.

And for her use a menial train
 A rich collation spread in vain.
 The banquet proud, the chamber gay,
 Scarce draw one curious glance astray;
 Or if she looked, 't was but to say, 645
 With better omen dawned the day
 In that lone isle, where waved on high
 The dun-deer's hide for canopy;
 Where oft her noble father shared
 The simple meal her care prepared, 650
 While Lufra, crouching by her side,
 Her station claimed with jealous pride,
 And Douglas, bent on woodland game,
 Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme,
 Whose answer, oft at random made, 655
 The wandering of his thoughts betrayed.
 Those who such simple joys have known
 Are taught to prize them when they're gone.
 But sudden, see, she lifts her head,
 The window seeks with cautious tread. 660
 What distant music has the power
 To win her in this woeful hour?
 'T was from a turret that o'erhung
 Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

XXIV

Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman

"My hawk is tired of perch and hood, 665
 My idle greyhound loathes his food,
 My horse is weary of his stall,

And I am sick of captive thrall.
 I wish I were as I have been,
 Hunting the hart in forest green, 670
 With bended bow and bloodhound free,
 For that 's the life is meet for me.
 I hate to learn the ebb of time
 From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
 Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl, 675
 Inch after inch, along the wall.
 The lark was wont my matins ring,
 The sable rook my vespers sing;
 These towers, although a king's they be,
 Have not a hall of joy for me. 680
 No more at dawning morn I rise,
 And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
 Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
 And homeward wend with evening dew;
 A blithesome welcome blithely meet, 685
 And lay my trophies at her feet,
 While fled the eve on wing of glee, —
 That life is lost to love and me!"

XXV

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,
 The listener had not turned her head, 690
 It trickled still, the starting tear,
 When light a footstep struck her ear,
 And Snowdown's graceful Knight was near.
 She turned the hastier, lest again
 The prisoner should renew his strain. 695

"O welcome, brave Fitz-James!" she said;
 "How may an almost orphan maid
 Pay the deep debt —" "O say not so!
 To me no gratitude you owe.
 Not mine, alas! the boon to give, 700
 And bid thy noble father live;
 I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
 With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.
 No tyrant he, though ire and pride
 May lay his better mood aside. 705
 Come, Ellen, come! 't is more than time,
 He holds his court at morning prime."
 With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
 As to a brother's arm she clung.
 Gently he dried the falling tear, 710
 And gently whispered hope and cheer;
 Her faltering steps half led, half stayed,
 Through gallery fair and high arcade,
 Till at his touch its wings of pride
 A portal arch unfolded wide. 715

XXVI

Within 't was brilliant all and light,
 A thronging scene of figures bright;
 It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,
 As when the setting sun has given
 Ten thousand hues to summer even, 720

707. *Morning prime.* Dawn.

713. *Arcade.* A series of openings, or recesses, with arched ceilings supported by columns.

And from their tissue fancy frames
 Aërial knights and fairy dames.
 Still by Fitz-James her footing staid;
 A few faint steps she forward made,
 Then slow her drooping head she raised, 725
 And fearful round the presence gazed;
 For him she sought who owned this state,
 The dreaded Prince whose will was fate! —
 She gazed on many a princely port
 Might well have ruled a royal court; 730
 On many a splendid garb she gazed, —
 Then turned bewildered and amazed,
 For all stood bare; and in the room
 Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.
 To him each lady's look was lent, 735
 On him each courtier's eye was bent;
 Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
 He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
 The center of a glittering ring, —
 And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King! 740

726. *Presence.* Presence chamber, the room in which a great person receives guests.

740. *Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King.* James V, of whom we are treating, was a monarch whose good and benevolent intentions often rendered his romantic freaks venial, if not respectable, since, from his anxious attention to the interests of the lower and most oppressed class of his subjects, he was, as we have seen, popularly termed the King of the Commons. For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry, he used to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces in various disguises. — SCOTT.

XXVII

As wreath of snow on mountain-breast
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
And at the Monarch's feet she lay;
No word her choking voice commands, — 745
She showed the ring, — she clasped her hands.
O, not a moment could he brook,
The generous Prince, that suppliant look!
Gently he raised her, — and, the while,
Checked with a glance the circle's smile; 750
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,
And bade her terrors be dismissed: —
“ Yes, fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James
The fealty of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring; 755
He will redeem his signet ring.
Ask naught for Douglas; — yester even,
His Prince and he have much forgiven;
Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,
I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong. 760
We would not to the vulgar crowd
Yield what they craved with clamor loud;
Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
Our council aided and our laws.
I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern 765
With stout De Vaux and gray Glencairn;
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our throne. —
But, lovely infidel, how now?

What clouds thy misbelieving brow? 770
 Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid ;
 Thou must confirm this doubting maid."

XXVIII

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
 And on his neck his daughter hung.
 The Monarch drank, that happy hour, 775
 The sweetest, holiest draught of Power, —
 When it can say with godlike voice,
 Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
 Yet would not James the general eye
 On nature's raptures long should pry ; 780
 He stepped between — "Nay, Douglas, nay,
 Steal not my proselyte away!
 The riddle 't is my right to read,
 That brought this happy chance to speed.
 Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray 785
 In life's more low but happier way,
 'T is under name which veils my power,
 Nor falsely veils, — for Stirling's tower
 Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims,
 And Normans call me James Fitz-James. 790
 Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
 Thus learn to right the injured cause."
 Then, in a tone apart and low, —
 "Ah, little traitress ! none must know
 What idle dream, what lighter thought, 795
 What vanity full dearly bought,

784. To speed. To a successful result.

Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
 My spell-bound steps to Benvenue
 In dangerous hour, and all but gave
 Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!" 800
 Aloud he spoke: "Thou still dost hold
 That little talisman of gold,
 Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring, —
 What seeks fair Ellen of the King?"

XXIX

Full well the conscious maiden guessed 805
 He probed the weakness of her breast;
 But with that consciousness there came
 A lightening of her fears for Græme,
 And more she deemed the Monarch's ire
 Kindled 'gainst him who for her sire 810
 Rebellious broadsword boldly drew;
 And, to her generous feeling true,
 She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.
 "Forbear thy suit; — the King of kings
 Alone can stay life's parting wings. 815
 I know his heart, I know his hand,
 Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand; —
 My fairest earldom would I give
 To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live!
 Hast thou no other boon to crave? 820
 No other captive friend to save?"
 Blushing, she turned her from the King,
 And to the Douglas gave the ring,

As if she wished her sire to speak
 The suit that stained her glowing cheek. 825
 "Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
 And stubborn justice holds her course.
 Malcolm, come forth!" — and, at the word,
 Down kneeled the Græme to Scotland's Lord.
 "For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues, 830
 From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
 Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
 Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
 And sought amid thy faithful clan
 A refuge for an outlawed man, 835
 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, 840
 And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
 On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
 In twilight cospse the glow-worm lights her spark,
 The deer, half seen, are to the covert wending. 845
 Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
 And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
 Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
 With distant echo from the fold and lea,
 And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel Harp! 851

Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,

And little reck I of the censure sharp

May idly cavil at an idle lay.

Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way, 855

Through secret woes the world has never known,

When on the weary night dawned wearier day,

And bitterer was the grief devoured alone. —

That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire, 860

Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!

'T is now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,

'T is now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.

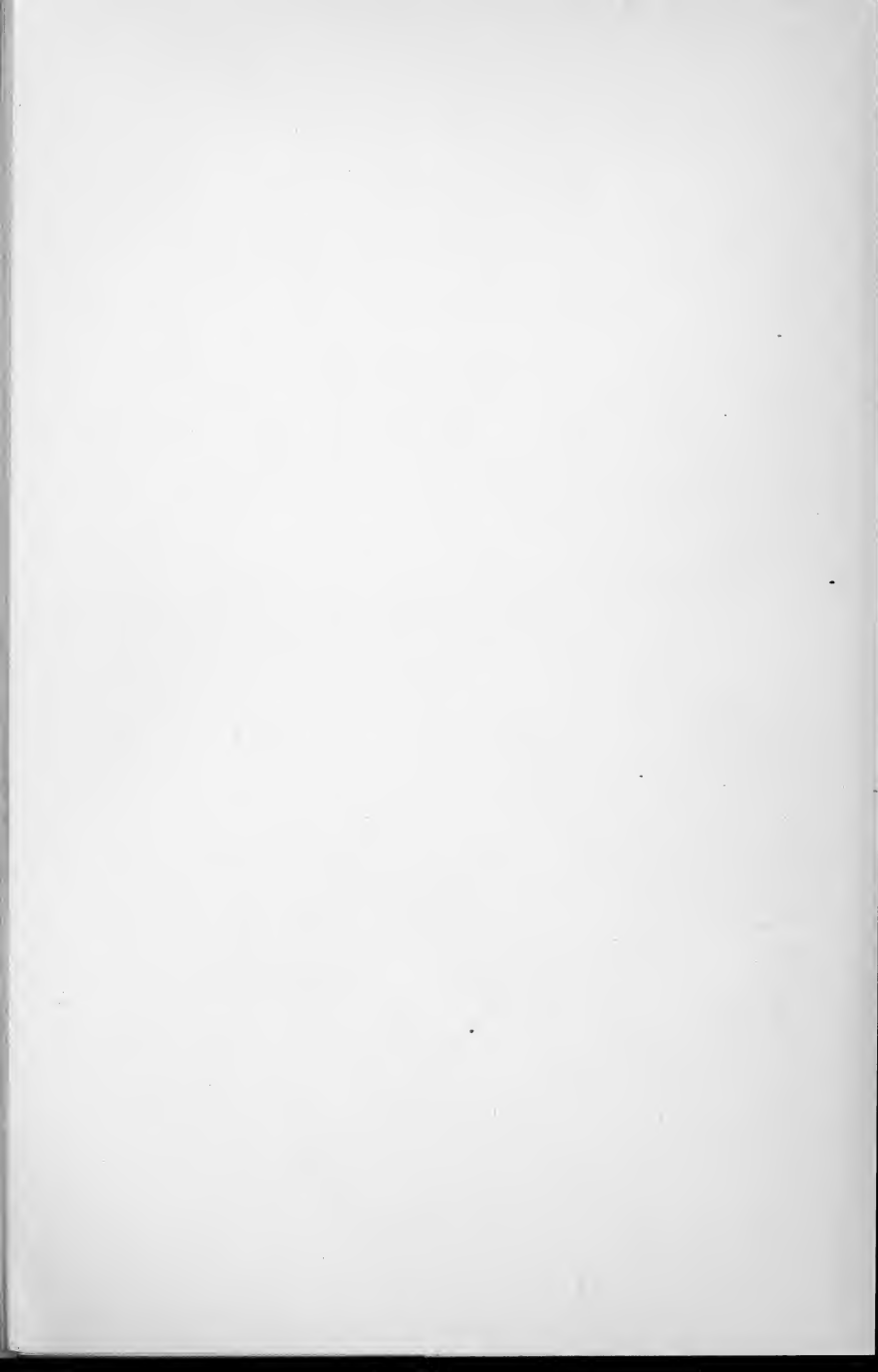
Receding now the dying numbers ring

Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell; 865

And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring

A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—

And now, 't is silent all! — Enchantress, fare thee well!



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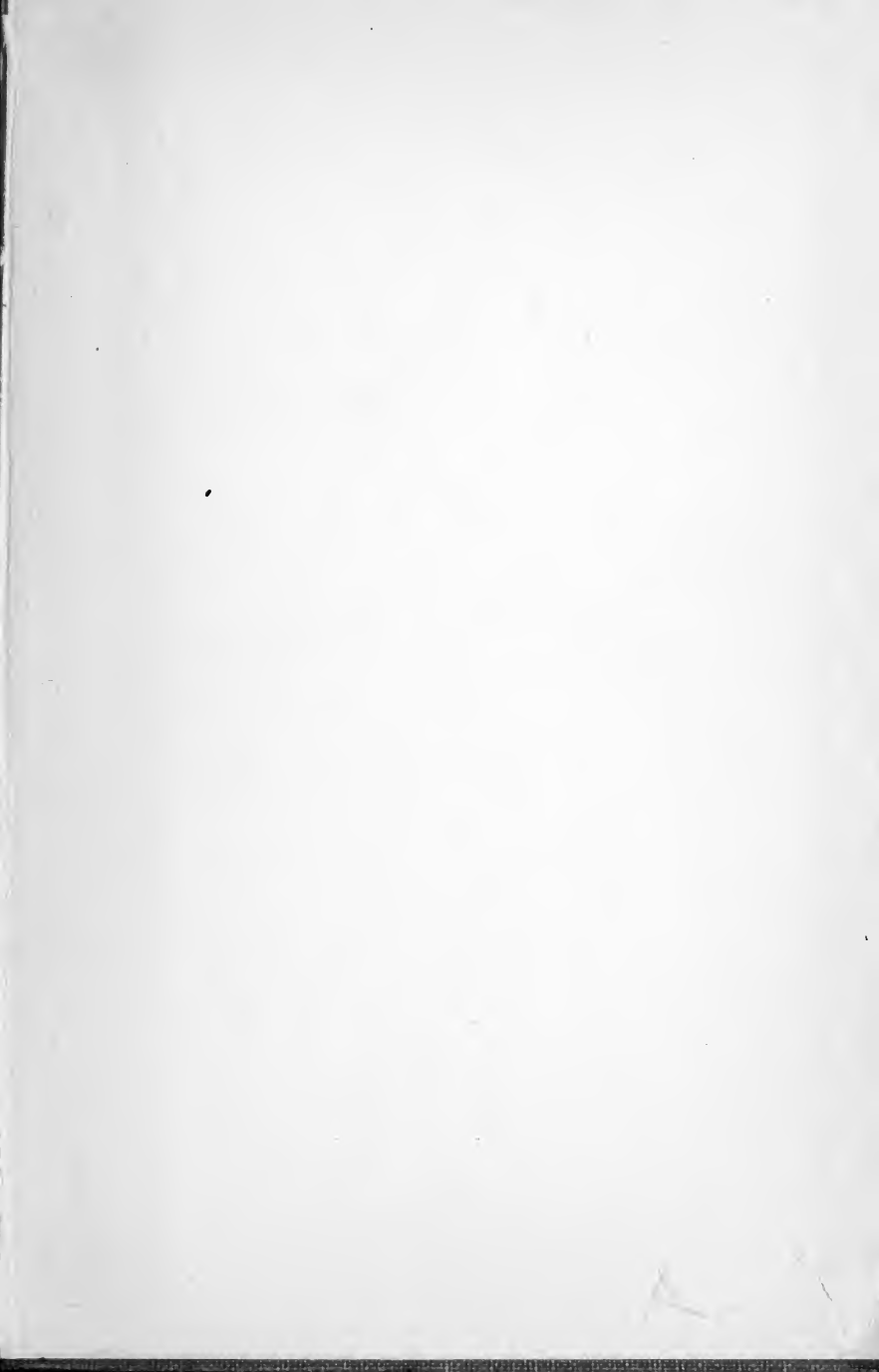


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