MAYNARD'S ENGLISH CLASSIC SERIES
WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES

LADY OF THE LAKE

SCOTT

NEW YORK
MAYNARD, MERRILL, & CO.
SIR WALTER SCOTT
THE LADY OF THE LAKE

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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LIFE OF SCOTT

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh on the 15th of August, 1771, which was also the birthday of Napoleon Bonaparte. His father was a Writer to the Signet, or, as we would say, an attorney-at-law; a lawyer with a large practice; an elder in the famous Old Grey Friars Church, and a man of integrity, sincerity, and benevolence. Walter was the ninth of twelve children, of whom the first six died young.

"I was," says Scott in his Autobiography, "an uncommonly healthy child . . . until I was about eighteen months old. One night, however, I exhibited an intense reluctance to be put to bed; and after having been chased around the room, I was with difficulty consigned to my dormitory. It was the last time I was to show such personal agility. In the morning I was affected with fever; and in the course of three days afterwards it was discovered I had lost the power of my right leg."

The best physicians were consulted, and finally, at the advice of his mother's father, Dr. John Rutherford, Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, Scott was sent to live at the house of his father's father, Robert Scott, a farmer of Sandy-Knowe in Roxburghshire, where the shepherd would often take him out and lay him down under the rocks beside the sheep. Scott used to say in after life that "the habit of lying on the turf there among the sheep and the lambs had given his mind a
peculiar tenderness for these animals, which it had ever since retained.” The boy never completely recovered from his lameness, but his activity among his school-fellows was remarkable, and, according to his own account, he was as mischievous as the wildest urchin of his acquaintance.

In his fourth year he was sent to Bath, in the care of his aunt, Miss Janet Scott, where he remained about a year. By this time, he tells us, his health had become much improved by the country life prescribed for him by his grandfather, although his leg was still shrunken and contracted. In a word, he, who in a city would probably have been condemned to hopeless invalidism, became a healthy, high-spirited, and, except for his lameness, a sturdy child.

While he lived at Bath he learned to read at a day school in the neighborhood, and profited much by the companionship of his aunt, who read aloud to him old English and Scottish ballads until he could repeat long passages by heart.

From Bath he returned first to Edinburgh, and then to Sandy-Knowe; and when about eight years old he was removed to Prestonpans, as it was thought that sea bathing might prove beneficial to his lameness. At Prestonpans little Walter Scott stayed for some weeks, and here became great friends with an old military veteran, Dalgetty by name, who had pitched his tent, after many campaigns, in that little village, where, though called by courtesy a captain, he lived upon an ensign’s half pay. He was the original of Captain Dugald Dalgetty, whom, with his redoubtable war horse, Gustavus Adolphus, readers of The Legend of Montrose hold in pleasant remembrance.

From Prestonpans, Scott was taken back to his father’s
house in George’s Square, Edinburgh, and, after having undergone the usual routine of juvenile instructions, he became, in 1779, a pupil in the Edinburgh high school. As a scholar he appears to have been by no means remarkable either for proficiency or for diligence; but his leisure hours were employed to good advantage in reading aloud to his mother, who had good natural taste and great feeling, and who succeeded in inculcating in his opening mind a discriminating love for literature.

In childhood Scott’s hair was light chestnut, turning to brown in youth. His mouth was large and good-tempered, his eyes light blue, his eyebrows bushy. In spite of his lameness, he could climb rocks with the most daring, and he soon learned to ride. Out of school he was known as a leader in two different accomplishments: he could tell his schoolfellows stories of wonderful adventures, which always held their attention; or he could lead them across the difficult path under the Castle to attack the boys of the town.

After a few years in Edinburgh, Scott’s health again became delicate, and it was thought best that he should be sent to live with his aunt at Kelso, which he calls the most beautiful, if not the most romantic, village in Scotland. From this time the love of natural beauty became with Scott an insatiable passion.

It was while attending the grammar school at Kelso that he became acquainted with James and John Ballantyne. According to James Ballantyne, Scott was then devoted to antiquarian lore, and was certainly the best story-teller he ever heard. “In the intervals of school hours,” says Ballantyne, “it was our constant practice to walk together by the banks of the Tweed, and his stories appeared to be quite inexhaustible.” This friendship
with the Ballantynes continued through life, John having a share in the publication of many of Scott’s works, while James was the printer of nearly all of them.

When Scott returned to Edinburgh his acquaintance with English literature was greatly extended; he had read much in history, poetry, voyages, and travels, and an unusual amount of fairy tales, eastern stories and romances; in short, he had been “driving through a sea of books, like a vessel without a pilot or a rudder.”

After having been two years under the rector of the high school, Scott enrolled himself in 1783, for the humanity or Latin class under Professor Hill in the University of Edinburgh, and in the Greek class under Professor Dalzel; the only other class for which he matriculated at the university was that of logic, under Professor Bruce, in 1785. All this time he was constantly reading. He learned Spanish and read Cervantes; he learned Italian and read Tasso and Ariosto; he steeped his mind in mediæval romance and legend, and he still retained his fondness for the old ballads whose acquaintance he had first made in company with his Aunt Janet, when he was a boy of four years.

In 1786, however, he was apprenticed to his father for five years, in order to be initiated into the dry technicalities of conveyancing, for his father destined him for the law. The change was very great; Scott had the strongest aversion to the confinement and the dull routine of the office. His desk was usually supplied with a store of works of fiction, and the eagerness with which he sought out and read everything that had reference to knighthood would have won the warm sympathy of the Ingenious Hidalgo, Don Quixote of La Mancha.

About the second year of his apprenticeship he had the
misfortune to burst a blood-vessel, and was confined to his bed for many weeks. During this time, conversation was forbidden, and his only amusements were reading and playing chess. In these weeks of enforced idleness he added to his readings of poetry and romance the study of history, especially as connected with military events, and thus collected much material that was of ultimate use in the composition of his poems and novels. After this illness he enjoyed excellent health, and as his frame gradually hardened, he was rather disfigured than disabled by his lameness. Excursions on foot or on horseback now formed Scott's favorite amusements, and wood, water, and wilderness had inexpressible charms for him. When he saw an old castle or a battle-field, his imagination immediately peopled it with combatants in their proper costumes, and his hearers were overwhelmed by the enthusiasm of his description.

In 1791 Scott was admitted a member of the Speculative Society of the University of Edinburgh, and very shortly afterward was appointed its librarian and subsequently its treasurer and secretary.

The time of Scott's apprenticeship had now elapsed, and after some consideration he determined to prepare himself for the bar, for which purpose he diligently applied himself to the study of Roman civil law, as well as to the municipal law of Scotland. On the 10th of July, 1792, when just completing his twenty-first year, he was called to the bar as an advocate.

Lockhart tells us that Scott became a sound lawyer.

and might have been a great one; Scott's father, on the other hand, told him that he was better fitted to be a peddler than a lawyer, so fond was he of tramping the country in search of noble scenery and historic associations. It was on such expeditions that Scott learned to know the speech and ways of the peasantry, whom he describes so well in his books. In *Redgaunilet*, one of the most interesting of Scott's novels, he gives us, in the person of Alan Fairford, a vivid picture of the tastes and occupations of this period of his life. The truth is, the love for antiquarian lore, which so impressed James Ballantyne, was still his ruling passion, while his necessities were not so great as to make an exclusive application to his profession imperative. Although he could speak fluently at the bar, his mind was not at all of a forensic cast, and he was too much the abstract scholar to assume readily the mental attitude of an adroit pleader.

The love of literature was strong in him, and in 1796, the year in which Burns died, he made his first appearance as a writer with a translation of *Lenore*, and the *Wild Huntsman*, from the German of Bürger, which met with a favorable reception from a somewhat limited public.

About this time there was widespread indignation in Scotland at the hostile menaces of France, and numerous bodies of volunteer militia were formed to meet the threatened invasion. In the beginning of 1799 a cavalry corps was formed under the name of the Royal Mid-Lothian Regiment of Cavalry; Scott was appointed its adjutant, for which office his lameness was considered no bar. He was a very zealous officer, and highly popular in the regiment, and he always looked back upon this episode in his life with the greatest pleasure.
In his nineteenth year while still apprenticed to his father, Scott fell in love with Margaret, daughter of Sir John and Lady Jane Stuart Belches of Ivernary. For some reason, most probably the difference in their social position, the hope that he might one day marry her was, six years later, definitely abandoned. Shortly afterward, during a visit to the English lakes, Scott met Miss Margaret Carpenter, or Charpentier, the daughter of a French royalist who had fallen a victim to the excesses of the French Revolution. This lady he married on Christmas eve, 1797, and her affectionate thoughtfulness contributed much to the happiness of his life. She died in 1826, leaving two sons and two daughters, the elder of whom married J. G. Lockhart, the translator of the *Spanish Ballads*.

In 1799 Scott was appointed to the office of Sheriff depute of Selkirk, which secured him an annual salary of £300. The duties of the office were very slight, and the income relieved him from any anxiety as to the chances either of his profession or his pen. In 1806 he was appointed one of the clerks of session (on the retirement of Mr. Home), with the understanding that he should not receive the salary (£800 per annum) until after Mr. Home's death, which did not take place for more than five years afterward. When Scott obtained this situation, he gave up his practice at the bar, and at once decided that literature should thereafter form the main business of his life. His first real literary success was his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, published in 1802. To the old ballads, the collected results of many years of research, Scott added a few new ones of his own composition, written in imitation of the old. The edition was at once exhausted, and Scott suddenly found himself famous.
He was living now in a cottage at Lasswade, on the Esk, six miles from Edinburgh. Scott had made the dining table with his own hands, and was very proud of his various exploits in carpentering. Here he used to sit up late, and work far into the morning hours; but this gave rise to serious headaches, which induced him to change his habits of life.

In 1804 Scott quitted Lasswade for Ashestiel, in Selkirkshire, where he lived in a house belonging to his cousin. Here he began his life of sport. He would rise at five and work steadily till breakfast; by noon he had finished his day's work, and was ready to ride forth with dog and gun or fishing tackle. Salmon spearing by torchlight was a favorite amusement with him. His dogs and horses he treated as personal friends. On the death of his deerhound Samp, he refused an invitation to dinner, giving as his reason "the death of an old friend."

In 1805 his first great poem, The Lay of the Last Minstrel, was completed, and forty-four thousand copies were sold before 1830. For this work Scott received £769, a large sum in those days. In 1808 Marmion was published. It was the success of the Lay which produced Marmion. It is said that Scott received £1000 from his publisher for this poem before he had written a line of it. The popularity of Marmion in turn encouraged him to another attempt in the same vein, and in 1810 he published The Lady of the Lake.

Five years earlier he had formed a secret partnership with James Ballantyne, already mentioned, and had embarked in the printing business. In order to keep his presses supplied with work, he soon after founded, with John Ballantyne, a publishing house; neither John Bal-
lantyne nor Scott was a business man, and the business was unprofitable almost from the start.

Meanwhile he removed to Abbotsford on the Tweed, where he bought a hundred acres of land, to which property he soon added the adjoining farms. He says, "We had twenty-five cartloads of the veriest trash in nature, besides dogs, pigs, ponies, poultry, cows, and calves." The ruins of Melrose Abbey could be seen from the grounds, which had, in fact, once belonged to the abbot. Shortly after he was offered the laureateship, an honor which he declined.

Up to this time Scott's literary fame depended entirely on his poetry, but in 1814 his first novel, *Waverley*, took the reading world by storm. The story was published anonymously, and for many years the secret of the author's identity was preserved. The great publishers of London and Edinburgh vied with each other in their efforts to buy a share in *Waverley*, and the series of novels which followed it. They were finally sold to Constable, but by the terms of sale that publisher was required to buy at the same time a large part of the stock of John Ballantyne & Co., the luckless publishing house in which Scott was a shareholder. The purchase of so much of the stock of the old concern seriously impaired Constable's working capital, and the new firm faced the future burdened with debts, largely to the printing-house of James Ballantyne & Co., in which business also Scott was a stockholder.

The remarkable success of *Waverley* was, however, followed by a series of no less remarkable successes. *Guy Mannering* was published in 1815, *The Antiquary*, *The Black Dwarf*, and *Old Mortality* in 1816, *Rob Roy* and *The Heart of Midlothian* in 1818, *Ivanhoe* in 1820, and
Kenilworth in 1821, all of which attained a large measure of popular favor.

On the 31st of March, 1820, Scott was created a baronet by King George IV. At the time the honor was conferred the king observed to the poet, "I shall always reflect with pleasure on Sir Walter Scott's having been the first creation of my reign." Scott had already been elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and seemed almost beyond the reach of adverse fortune. Five years later the crash came. In the commercial excitement of 1825-1826 the house of Constable & Co. was declared bankrupt. The printing firm of James Ballantyne & Co. held Constable's notes for large sums, and it soon became necessary for Scott and his partner to declare their inability to meet their business obligations. In this same year Scott's wife, who had long been an invalid, died, and he himself began to fail in health.

These were blows enough to daunt most men; perhaps the blow to his pride was the heaviest. He says in his diary: "I felt rather sneaking as I came home from the Parliament House—felt as if I were liable monstrari digito in no very pleasant way. But this must be borne cum ceteris; and, thank God, however uncomfortable, I do not feel despondent."

No; Scott came of a line of fighting ancestors, and he was not one to sit down tamely under difficulties. This misfortune was the touchstone of his character, and brought out all its beauty and generosity. He might have declared himself bankrupt, and have risen again with debts partly paid off; but "for this," he says, "in a court of honor I should deserve to lose my spurs. No; if they permit me, I will be their vassal for life, and dig in the mine of my imagination to find dia-
monds to make good my engagements, not to enrich myself."

As soon as his situation became public, it caused one universal burst of sympathy, and incredible offers of assistance were made to Scott. When the Earl of Dudley heard of his failure, he exclaimed: "Scott ruined! the author of Waverley ruined! Why, let every man to whom he has given months of delight, give him a sixpence, and he will rise to-morrow morning richer than a Rothschild."

Scott's liabilities were about £117,000. Two days after the failure he unreservedly assigned the whole of his property to his creditors, together with all his future labors. He then sat down at fifty-five years of age to the task of redeeming this enormous debt. In the first place, he sold his furniture and house in Edinburgh, and took a humble lodging in a side street. During the vacations, when living at Abbotsford, he almost entirely gave up seeing company—a resolution the more easily carried into effect as Lady Scott was no longer living. "I have been rash," he writes in his diary, "in anticipating funds to buy land; but then I made from £5000 to £10,000 a year, and land was my temptation. I think nobody can lose a penny by me, that is one consolation. My children are provided for: thank God for that! I was to have gone home on Saturday to see my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish, but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things! I must get them kind masters." Again he writes in a more cheerful strain: "I experience a sort of determined pleasure in confronting the very worst aspect of this sudden reverse; in standing,
as it were, in the breach that has overthrown my future, and saying, 'Here I stand, at least an honest man.'"

The proceeds of the very first work published after the failure, the celebrated novel *Woodstock*, amounted to more than £8000. The next year, 1827, two editions of Scott's next work, *The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*, produced, for the benefit of the creditors, the then unprecedented sum of £18,000.

These sums, together with the money received from other publications, enabled Scott's trustees to distribute among his creditors six shillings in the pound on their whole claim, before Christmas, 1827, nearly £40,000 having been realized by the exertions of two years. Before the close of 1830 Scott's debt had been reduced to about £51,000.

In December, 1830, it was unanimously agreed, "That Sir Walter Scott be requested to accept his furniture, plate, paintings, library, and curiosities of every description, as the best means the creditors have of expressing their very high sense of his most honorable conduct, and in grateful acknowledgment for the unparalleled and most successful exertions he has made, and continues to make, for them." This generous gift was worth at least £10,000, and it enabled him (to use nearly his own words) to eat with his own spoons and to study with his own books.

When Scott died, his trustees had an undistributed balance on hand, which, with his life insurance, and the money realized by the sale of his copyrights, was sufficient to pay off all his debts.

In the winter of 1830 it became apparent to Scott's friends that his mind had lost something, and was daily losing something of its wonted energy. "I have lost,"
he said, "the power of interesting the country, and ought in justice to all parties to retire while I have some credit." Before the close of the year he was attacked with apoplexy, and a consultation of physicians was held. They told him that if he persisted in working his brain, nothing could prevent another and more serious attack. His first reply was: "As for telling me not to work, Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire and say, 'Now, don't boil,'" but in a few months he put himself unreservedly in the hands of the doctors, and agreed to spend the ensuing winter in a warmer climate.

In October, 1831, Scott left London for Portsmouth, whence he sailed for Malta. In December he went to Naples, where he remained some months, and thence to Rome, where he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. On the 16th of May he left Rome, and crossing the Apennines, went to Venice. From Venice he went to Frankfort, where he took the Rhine steamboat. Coming down the Rhine he had another attack of apoplexy, this time combined with paralysis; he, however, reached London on the 13th of June, and was immediately put to bed. His great anxiety was that he might reach Abbotsford before he died, and at length his medical attendants consented to his removal to Scotland; on the 7th of July everything was prepared for his journey by the steamship. He became unconscious on the boat, and remained so until he came within sight of the towers of Abbotsford. When he reached his home, "his dogs assembled about him, began to fawn upon him, and to lick his hands, and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them until sleep oppressed him." For four or five days after his arrival he was daily wheeled about the house and the garden, but on the 16th he was much feeble and remained in
bed; the next day he asked to be placed at his desk, but when the pen was put into his hand, he was unable to close his fingers upon it, and it dropped upon the paper. The tears sprang to his eyes, but his old pride asserted itself. "Friends," he said, "don't let me expose myself; get me to bed." He was carried to bed, where he lay unconscious for several days. Returning to consciousness, he asked to see Lockhart, his son-in-law and afterward his biographer. "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; 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 afterward gave any sign of consciousness. He died September 26, 1832, in the second month of his sixty-second year. About seven years before he had written in his diary: "Square the odds and good-night, Sir Walter, about sixty. I care not, if I leave my name unstained, and my family property settled. Sat est vixisse."
INTRODUCTION

The Lady of the Lake was published in May, 1810. Its success was even greater than that of The Lay of the Last Minstrel and Marmion, eight editions, aggregating twenty thousand copies, having been sold before the end of the year. Mr. Cadell, the publisher, said: "The whole country rang with the praises of the poet; crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine, till then comparatively unknown; and as the book came out just before the seasons for excursions, every house and inn in that neighborhood was crowded with a constant succession of visitors." The popular verdict on Scott's three greatest poems was thus expressed by Lockhart, "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"; and Jeffrey predicted that the last would be "oftener read hereafter than either of the former."

The Lady of the Lake, like The Lay of the Last Minstrel and Marmion, is written in the romantic measure of English poetry called iambic tetrameter, arranged in rhymed couplets, and variously combined with trimeters. The normal verse is of four feet, each consisting of an accented followed by an unaccented syllable. The rhythm of the poem was inspired principally by Coleridge's
Christabel, which was read to Scott by a mutual friend while it was yet in manuscript. Christabel is written in a meter which, Coleridge says in his Preface, "is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle, namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless, this occasional variation in the number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition in the nature of the imagery or passion." Scott adopted a modification of this principle.

The defects of The Lady of the Lake, as a work of art, are manifest. The style is in many places rough and unpolished. Scott wrote at a high rate of speed, and though his language always flows easily on, the words are not invariably well chosen. Scott had little natural ear for music, and was not fastidious as to the harmony of his verse. "I am sensible," he said, "that if there be anything good about my poetry, it is a hurried frankness of composition which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active disposition." This "hurried frankness" is no doubt responsible for other defects in versification. Unlike Coleridge, Scott may have considered "the mere ends of convenience"; hence the occurrence of faulty rhymes, of the same words over and over again at the end of the lines, of instances of inconsistency in the sequence of tenses. What Scott said of the composition of The Lay of the Last Minstrel, in explaining the rapidity with which that poem was completed, is equally applicable to the composition of the present poem: "There was little occasion for pause or
hesitation, when a troublesome rhyme might be accommodated by an alteration of the stanza, or when an incorrect measure might be remedied by a variation of the rhyme."

Scott has vindicated the meter of his tales as preferable to Pope’s couplet, though surely in the case of a romance which was a development of the ballad, the vindication was needless. His meter is the true English counterpart, if there be one, of Homer. And Scott is essentially a ballad writer. Ballad poetry was in literature his first love—the spring at which he drank his earliest inspiration. Each of his greater poems is formed of ballad elements. He himself acknowledged this when he described his earliest considerable poem as, in style and form, a revival of minstrel craft. The great charms of Scott’s poetry are simply the characteristics of the old ballads, refined by the influence of modern art and higher culture. Narrative in form and simple in style and language, his poems appeal to the sympathies and the state of knowledge of the mass of the people. They subject the intellect to no violent strain. They are entirely free from subtleties of thought—from intricate subjectivities, remote allusions, and hidden meanings. Their crowning glory is that they are genuine transcripts of nature.

True to his character as a ballad poet, Scott makes large use of the supernatural element. The Augury of the Taghairm, or Oracle of the Hide, in the present poem, the legend of Gilpin Horner in The Lay of the Last Minstrel, and the host’s tale of the Elfin Warrior and the apparitions at the City Cross in Marmion are due to the fondness for the purely romantic and supernatural aspects of the ballad which led Scott to translate Bürger’s Lenore and Wild Huntsman.
In this respect Scott bore the impress of his poetical truth; for he is reported to have said of the translation of Lenore by William Taylor: "This was what made me a poet. I had several times attempted the more regular kinds of poetry without success; but here was something that I thought I could do." And accordingly his own translation of that ballad was one of his earliest poetical efforts. But in his larger poems, with the possible exception of The Lay, Scott with the artist's instinct keeps the supernatural element duly subordinate to their primary characteristics—narration and description.

The text of this edition is that of Black's Author's Edition, with Rolfe's corrections.
CRITICAL OPINIONS

Surely since Shakespeare's time there has been no great speaker so unconscious of an aim as Sir Walter Scott. — Thomas Carlyle.

He saw life, and told the world what he saw. Has any writer since his time supplied it with a fuller, fairer vision? His very style, loose and rambling as it is, is a part of the man, and of the artistic effect he produces. The full vigor and ease with which his imagination plays on life is often suggested by his pleonasms and tautologies; the search for the single final epithet is no part of his method, for he delights in the telling, and is sorry when all is told. — Walter Raleigh.

Poetry is consistent with perfect tranquillity of spirit; a true poem may have the calm of a summer day, the placidity of a mountain lake; but eloquence is a torrent. a tempest, a mass in motion, an army with banners, the burst of a hundred instruments of music. Scott's highest excellence as a poet is his eloquence. — John Burroughs.

In Scott's narrative poems the scenery is accessory and subordinate. It is a picturesque background to his figures, a landscape through which the action rushes like a torrent, catching a hint of color perhaps from rock or tree, but never any image so distinct that it tempts us aside to reverie or meditation. — James Russell Lowell.
Walter Scott is a great genius—he has not his equal—and we need not wonder at the extraordinary effect he has produced on the reading world. He gives me much to think of, and I discover in him a wholly new art, with laws of its own.—Goethe.

If there were, or could be, any man whom it would not be a monstrous absurdity to compare with Shakespeare as a creator of men and inventor of circumstance, that man could be none other than Scott. Greater poems than his have been written, and, to my mind, one or two novels better than his best; but when one considers the huge mass of his work, and its quality in the mass, the vast range of his genius, and its command over that range, who shall be compared with him?—A. C. Swinburne.

Walter Scott is out and away the king of the romantics. The Lady of the Lake has no indisputable claim to be a poem beyond the inherent fitness and desirability of the tale. It is just such a story as a man would make up for himself, walking, in the best of health and temper, through just such scenes as it is laid in. Hence it is that a charm dwells undefinable among these slovenly verses as the unseen cuckoo fills the mountains with his note; hence, even after we have flung the book aside, the scenery and adventures remain present to the mind, a new and green possession, not unworthy of that beautiful name, The Lady of the Lake, or the direct romantic opening,—one of the most spirited and poetical in literature,—"The stag at eve had drunk his fill."—Robert Louis Stevenson.

He is not a reflective poet, straining his sight to behold what is hidden from men, and laboring to discover the
secret springs of human thought, character, and conduct. No man is less speculative. He is content with broad, obvious surfaces, colors, sounds. He gives us no deep thoughts, few really magical cadences, no trimmed and polished art. He is at the opposite pole from Virgil, but he is, except in his lack of reflection, very closely akin to a greater than Virgil, to Homer. He is, and he is likely to remain, the Latest Minstrel, the last voice of the Old World; akin to Homer, and more akin to Homer’s bards, Phemius and Demodocus. The deeds, not the thoughts, of men are his matter; passion expressed in action, not passions analyzed in the poetic laboratory. So potent was his genius, so inspiring the martial tramp and clang of his measures, that he made the New World listen to the accents of the Old. — Andrew Lang.

If Byron and Scott could have been combined, — if the energetic passions of the one could have been joined to the healthy nature and quick sympathies of the other, — we might have seen another Shakespeare in the nineteenth century. — Leslie Stephen.

Probably no author of the highest mark has been so little conscious of his greatness as Scott. His amazing success left the manly simplicity of his nature untouched. His warmth of affection for homely folk, his pleasures and his duties, his gentleness and his courtesy, — he was a gentleman, it was said, even to his dogs, — were unaffected by the popularity that made his name everywhere familiar. Whatever was lovely and of good report was loved by him, and the stamp of a healthy nature is left upon all that he has written. — John Dennis.

Far-seeing toleration, profound reverence, a critical insight into the various shades of thought and feeling, a
moderation which turns to scorn the falsehood of extremes, a lofty sense of Christian honor, purity, and justice, breathe through every volume of the romances of Walter Scott. — Dean Stanley.

His poems are historical narrations, true in all things to the spirit of history, but everywhere overspread with those bright and breathing colors which only genius can bestow on reality; and when it is remembered that the times in which the scenes are laid and his heroes act are distinguished by many of the most energetic virtues that can grace or dignify the character of a free people, and marked by the operation of great passions and important events, every one must feel that the poetry of Sir Walter Scott is, in the noblest sense of the word, national; that it breathes upon us the bold and heroic spirit of perturbed and magnificent ages, and connects us, in the midst of philosophy, science, and refinement, with our turbulent but high-minded ancestors, of whom we have no cause to be ashamed, whether looked at in the fields of war or in the halls of peace. He is a true knight in all things — free, courteous, and brave. War, as he describes it, is a noble game, a kingly pastime. He is the greatest of all war poets. His poetry might make a very coward fearless. — William Cullen Bryant.
HISTORICAL BASIS OF THE POEM

The following paragraphs are taken from Scott’s Tales of a Grandfather:

I. Highlanders and Borderers. — There were two great divisions of the country, the Highlands namely, 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 those 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 afterward 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 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 raw hide; 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, pole-axes, 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, MacDouglas by name, were also extremely powerful; and you have seen that they were able to give battle to Bruce, and to defeat him and place him in the greatest jeopardy. He revenged himself afterward 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, afterward 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 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, and 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.

II. James V. of Scotland.—James V. 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 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 a 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. These, as you were formerly told, 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. You will also remember that 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. As their insolence had risen to a high pitch after the field of Flodden had thrown the country into confusion, James V. resolved to take very severe measures against them.

His first step was to secure the persons of the principal chieftains by whom these disorders were privately encouraged. The Earl of Bothwell, the Lord Home, Lord Maxwell, Scott of Buccleuch, Ker of Fairniehirst, and other powerful chiefs, who might have opposed the king’s purposes, were seized, and imprisoned in separate fortresses in the inland country.

James 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 their best dogs, as if his only purpose had been to hunt the deer in those desolate regions. This was 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 offences 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, as the king in the beginning of his expedition suddenly approached the castle of Piers Cockburn of Henderland, that baron was in the act of providing a
great entertainment to welcome him, when James caused him to be suddenly seized on and executed. Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, met the same fate.

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. He then set at liberty the Border chiefs, and others whom he had imprisoned, lest they should have offered any hindrance to the course of his justice.

James was 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 accounts for these are in the books of his chamberlain, still preserved.

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 driving of cattle—the usual and ready means by which powerful chiefs avenged themselves of their feudal enemies.
AUTHOR'S PREFACE

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

"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 discussions 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 their kingdom in disguise, afforded me the hint of an incident which never fails to be interesting if managed with the slightest address or dexterity.

I may now confess, however, that the employment, though attended with great pleasure, was not without its doubts 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'!
"

Afterward I showed my affectionate and anxious critic the first canto of the poem, which reconciled her to my imprudence. Nevertheless, although I answered thus confidently, with the obstinacy often said to be proper to those who bear my surname, I acknowledge that my confidence was considerably shaken by the warning of her excellent taste and 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. He was probably thinking of the lively, but somewhat licentious, old ballad, in which the denouement of a royal intrigue takes place as follows:

"He took a bugle frae his side,
He blew both loud and shrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights
Came skipping ower the hill;
Then he took out a little knife,
Let a' his duddies fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman,
That was amang them a',
And we'll go no more a-roving,' etc."
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 postboy 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 of Loch Venachar to Stirling Castle within the time supposed in the poem, and had the pleasure to satisfy myself that it was quite practicable.

After 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 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; but, 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 1 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

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1 "In twice five years the greatest living poet,
   Like to the champion in the fisty ring,
   Is called on to support his claim, or show it,
   Although 'tis an imaginary thing," etc.

— Don Juan, Canto IX. Stanza 58.
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 as sure to encounter abuse and ridicule; as he who gallops furiously through a village must reckon on being followed by the curs in full cry. 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 1 (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

1 "Sir Walter reigned before me," etc.
—Don Juan, Canto XI. Stanza 57.
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.

W. S.

Abbotsford, April, 1830.
SYNOPSIS

The events narrated in The Lady of the Lake are supposed to occupy six days; the poem is composed of six cantos, and each canto describes a day's incidents.

CANTO I. The Chase.—The story opens with a description of the chase, by a knight of Snowdown, James Fitz-James, and his companions, of a stag started in Glenartney, and which is followed across the heaths of Uam-Var, through Cambus-more, over Bochastle Heath, across the Teith, past Loch Vennachar and Achray, into the depths of the Trosachs. Here the stag disappears from view, and, in pursuing it, "the gallant horse," on which the knight is mounted, falls dead from exhaustion. There is a description of the Trosachs, in seeking an outlet from which Fitz-James comes upon Loch Katrine as the sun is setting. Blowing his horn with the view of bringing up some of his companions, he sees Ellen, who supposes it to be her father, row over from an islet opposite. Fitz-James, telling of his "benighted road," is invited to the island.

CANTO II. The Island.—The story is continued by a description of the departure of Fitz-James next morning, and of the arrival at the island, first of Sir Roderick Dhu, chief of Clan-Alpine, and next of Lord Douglas and Malcolm Graeme, "a noble youth," favored by Ellen. In the evening Sir Roderick, who has heard of the king's intention to invade the Highlands, and who hopes that
by linking his fortunes to the House of Douglas friends and allies will flock to the united standard, asks the hand of Ellen. Douglas refuses. The deep disappointment of Roderick Dhu at length finds vent in a jealous quarrel with Graeme. Douglas interposes, and Graeme leaves the island.

Canto III. The Gathering.—Sir Roderick, after solemn ritual, consisting in the preparation of the Fiery Cross, sends that dread symbol by swift messengers through the district over which he is acknowledged chief, summoning his clan to instant muster on "Lanrick mead." Douglas and his daughter have meanwhile withdrawn from Loch Katrine to a hollow called Coir-nan-Uriskin, or the Goblin-cave, in the side of Benvenue. They are accompanied by their aged minstrel, Allan-bane.

Canto IV. The Prophecy.—The canto opens with an account of the Taghairm, an augury said to be tried only in time of great extremity. Fitz-James again visits Ellen and proposes to take her to Stirling. She refuses. He gives her a ring, on presenting which to the king of Scotland her suit will be favored. On his return Fitz-James is led astray by a treacherous Highland guide, and night finds him a wanderer among the hills. As he journeys on he suddenly comes on a watch fire and a plaided mountaineer, who demands "his name and purpose." Ultimately, the Highlander promises to conduct him "past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard."

Canto V. The Combat.—The narrative of the fifth day's adventures opens with a dialogue between Fitz-James and the mountaineer, who, stung by Saxon accusations, discloses himself as Roderick Dhu. He whistles and the hillside suddenly appears to be alive with men, who, at the signal, instantly spring from the ground.
Having led the knight of Snowdoun beyond the bounds of Clan-Alpine, he challenges him to single combat at "Coilantogle Ford." Roderick Dhu is worsted and wounded. Fitz-James blows his horn; four mounted squires appear with a saddled steed, on which two of them are commanded to place the wounded chief and to take him to Stirling Castle. Fitz-James and the other two ride on. On reaching Stirling, Fitz-James recognizes the form of Douglas, who has come to surrender himself. It is the day of the "burghers' sports," at which the king must be present. Douglas joins in the athletic exercises, in which he excels.

Canto VI. The Guard-room.—Ellen and Allan-bane arrive at the castle, the former to ask audience of the king. The minstrel is conducted to the room where Roderick Dhu lies dying. Roderick inquires as to the results of the battle which had meanwhile taken place in the Trosachs, between his clan and the royal troops. As the minstrel describes the battle of Beal-an-Duine, and shows how, although the engagement was nobly fought by Clan-Alpine, the advantage lay with the royal forces, "Stout Roderick Dhu" expires. Fitz-James conducts Ellen to the room where the king is holding court. On looking round she sees every one uncovered except Fitz-James, and discovers,

"That Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King."

Douglas is restored to the royal favor, and Ellen is united to Malcolm Graeme.
CHARACTERS OF THE POEM

James Fitz-James, the Knight of Snowdown.

James Douglas, Lord of Bothwell, uncle of the banished Earl of Angus.

Ellen Douglas, his daughter.

Margaret, Douglas' sister-in-law.

Roderick Dhu, her son.

Malcolm Graeme, Ellen's lover.

Allan-bane, a minstrel attendant on Douglas.

Malise, Roderick's henchman.

Angus, the young chieftain of Duncraggan.

Norman, the heir of Armandave.

Brian, a hermit, retainer of Roderick Dhu.

The Red Murdoch, a follower of Rhoderick Dhu.

Blanche of Devan.

Bertram of Ghent.

John of Brent.

Lewis of Tullibardine.

Scene: Perthshire, chiefly Loch Katrine and its neighborhood; afterwards Stirling Castle.

Time: About 1530.
THE LADY OF THE LAKE

CANTO FIRST

THE CHASE

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

1. Each canto is introduced by one or more Spenserian stanzas. Those which precede the first canto may be considered as introductory to the whole poem. They consist in an invocation of the Scottish Harp, symbolizing the old minstrelsly, in the manner of the Greek and Latin poets, whose poems began with invocations of the Muses.

2. witch-elm, or wych-elm, distinguished by its long leaves. St. Fillan's spring. St. Fillan was a Scotch abbot of the seventh century.

3. numbers, verses. Cf. Longfellow's Psalm of Life:
    "Tell me not in mournful numbers," etc.
Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
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!
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bowed;
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's
matchless eye.

O, wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
O, wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard 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, or Caledonia.** The Roman name for Scotland.
14. **according pause,** interlude.
28. **fill.** This word expresses, not what the stag drank, but how much he drank. It is therefore objective of measure, and should be construed as an adverb.
29. **Monan's rill.** This stream is not entered in any map or gazetteer that we have seen. Monan was a Scotch martyr of the fourth century.
And deep his midnight lair had made
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,
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
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
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,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,

31. Glenartney, a glen or valley in Perthshire.
33. Benvoirlich, a mountain, 3180 feet high, on the southern side of Loch Earn. *Ben* is the Gaelic for mountain, as in Ben Lomond, Ben Venue, etc.; Welsh, pen.
45. beamed frontlet, the stag's forehead, bearing his antlers or horns.
51. brave, grand or splendid, without reference to courage. [Fr. brave, Sc. braw, Ger. brav, handsome.] Copse, coppice.
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;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
A hundred voices joined the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich’s echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cowered the doe,
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye.
Till far beyond her piercing ken

53. Uam-Var, a mountain to the northeast of Callander, and
the highest point in the “Braes of Doune.”

54. the opening pack, the hounds spreading out in beginning
the chase.

56. many a mingled sound. In the modern idiom the article
always follows the adjectives many, what, and such; and
adjectives qualified by so, how, as, and too. In O. E. the same
construction is found; but Shakespeare has "a many merry
men" (As You Like It, I. i. 119), and "a many thousand war-
like French" (King John, IV. ii. 199). In these instances it is
equivalent to "a great number (of)"; and here many may cor-
rectly be considered a noun, as it is in the phrase "a great many."

66. falcon = a kind of hawk. cairn, a heap of stones.

67. rout, tumult.

68. ken, sight.
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

IV.

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

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

71. linn, waterfall.
84. shrewdly, severely. Cf. Hamlet, I. iv. 1:
   "The air bites shrewdly."
89. Menteith, the district through which the river Teith flows.
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And pondered refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copsewood gray
That waved and wept on Loch Achray,
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,
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;
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,

93. Lochard, a small lake near the town of Aberfoyle. See map.
95. Loch Achray, a small lake between Loch Katrine and Loch Vennachar. The name means "The Lake of the Level Field."
97. Benvenue, "Center Mountain," a high mountain near Loch Katrine, and halfway between Ben Ledi and Ben Lomond.
99. heath, or heather, a low shrub with a purple flower, which grows on the Scotch hills.
103. Cambusmore, the Great Cambus. Cambusmore is situated on the Keltie Water, a few miles to the southeast of Callander.
105. Benledi, a mountain on the north side of Loch Vennachar. The name means "the hill of God."
106. Bochastle, a haugh or plain between the stream that flows out of Loch Vennachar and the Teith.
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith, —
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o’er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
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;
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,
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;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.

112. Brigg of Turk, a small village, taking its name from the bridge on the Glenfinlas Water, at the east end of Loch Achray.
120. of black Saint Hubert’s breed, black hounds of the breed preserved by the abbots of Saint Hubert, the patron saint of hunting.
123. all but won, very nearly won. All is an adverb, modifying but won. But, or except, or leave out that they won, and they did all. [But = be out; A.-S. butan = beutan.]
127. quarry, the hunted animal.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

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,
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,
The wily quarry shunned the shock,
And turned him from the opposing rock;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and Hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There, while close couched the thicket shed

129. brake, ferns and bushes.
131. that mountain high, Ben-an, or Ben-a'an, to the northwest of Loch Achray, the "lone lake" of the passage.
133. to bay. "At bay" would be more correct; in a position in which it was checked, or brought to a standstill, as in the expression, "The stag at bay." [Fr. bayer, to gape, to watch.]
138. whinyard, a kind of sword or cutlass.
145. Trosachs', literally "the bristled territory," is the Gaelic name applied to the district between Lochs Achray and Katrine.
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head.
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
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.
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;
Then, touched with pity and remorse,
He sorrowed o' er the expiring horse.
‘I little thought, when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e' er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant gray!’
Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,
The sulky leaders of the chase;
Close to their master’s side they pressed,
With drooping tail and humbled crest;
But still the dingle’s hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle-note.

The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seemed an answering blast;
And on the Hunter hied his way,
To join some comrades of the day,
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it showed.

The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o’er the glen their level way;

imperative of O. E. wurth, worthe, to be, become. [A.-S. weorthan, Ger. werden.] Chase and day are datives. Cf. “Woe is me” (Hamlet, III. i. 168).

174. dingle, a small valley.
180. hied his way. Hie is an intransitive verb, meaning to hasten [A.-S. higan]; way is therefore a redundant object. Hie is, however, used with a personal and reflexive object: “Hie thee hither” (Macbeth, I. v. 26). In “Hie you to horse” (Macbeth, III. i. 34), “you” may be either nominative or objective.
185. their level way. Toward sunset the rays of the sun become more and more nearly horizontal. In this passage, day
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,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
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
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;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o’er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrop sheen,

or light is spoken of as a liquid; and the metaphor is appropriately maintained throughout, in the words waves, ebbing, rolled, bathed, floods.

194. insulated, isolated.
195. native bulwarks, natural fortifications.
196. tower, the tower of Babel. Cf. Genesis xi. 1–9.
201. minaret, a slender, lofty tower, on a Mohammedan mosque or temple.
202. pagod or pagoda, a Chinese temple.
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes
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;
The primrose pale and violet flower
Found in each cleft a narrow bower;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath;
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.

224. warrior oak. The oak is so called, probably, from its being used in building ships of war. The nautical figure is continued, not very happily, in the next line, where the trees are compared to ships at "anchor."

227. frequent. An adjective, qualifying pine-tree = "many a pine-tree." It may, however, also be taken as an adverb = "at frequent intervals." The object of flung is boughs.

229. athwart, on-thwart, i.e., cross-wise. [A.-S. on, in, and theor, cross, perverse.]
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
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.

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,
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.
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
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

240. *veering*, turning, curving.
249. *moat*, a ditch, filled with water, surrounding a castle.
And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb with footing nice
A far-projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
With promontory, creek, and bay,

254. to issue. An attribute to pathway: "no pathway by which he may issue."

256. Unless he climb. The subjunctive mood, expressing the uncertainty which attaches to the future: "unless he (shall) climb," which he may or may not do. Nice, cautious, careful. [Variously derived from A.-S. *hnesca*, tender; and from Lat. *nescius*, ignorant. Probably there are two words *nice* in English, one derived from each of these roots. There were two corresponding words in O. E.; namely, *nesh*, soft, tender; and *nice*, silly, foolish; the former derived from A.-S. *hnesca*; the latter from O. Fr. *nice*, Fr. *niais*, Sc. *nice*, simple, Lat. *nescius*, unlearned. One form of *nesh* was *neyz*; and as this latter would be pronounced exactly like *nice*, the words were very naturally confounded. The latter is, of course, the word in the text. In illustration of the change which its meaning has undergone, cf. fond, affectionate; Shakespeare, fond, foolish; O. E. *fonne*, Sc. *fon*, to play the fool, and to fondle.]

258. broom, a wild shrub bearing yellow flowers and pods.

262. Explain the metaphor in this line.

263. Loch Katrine, the lake referred to in the title of the poem. It disputes with Loch Lomond, which it excels in romantic interest, the title of "The Queen of Scottish Lakes." It is situated in the southwest of Perthshire.
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crags; knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
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,
'For princely pomp or churchman's pride!

266. bright. An adverb, for brightly. In O. E. many adverbs were formed from adjectives by the suffix -e (representative of the dative, expressing manner). When the suffix was lost, the adverbs came to have the appearance of adjectives. Hence many adjectives are now used as adverbs, though they have not gone through this process.

268. mountains, like islands, is governed by with, which is here equivalent to having, and introduces the enumeration of the details of the lake.

274. wildering, perplexing, from the confusion; bewildering. [Ger. wildren, verwildren, to grow wild.]

277. Ben-an is on the north side of Loch Katrine, opposite Benvenue.

280. were here. Conditional mood = "would be here"; indicating possibility, and implying the contrary fact: "it is not, but it might be."
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;
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
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,
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell!
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewildered stranger call
To friendly feast and lighted hall.

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;

285. cloister, a convent.
290. lave, bathe.
293. matins, morning prayers.
297. bead, the old Saxon word for prayer.
302. beshrew, curse. [Be, and O. E. shrew, wicked.] A mild expletive, often used affectionately.
304. give, afford or yield.
Some mossy bank my couch must be,
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:
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
May call some straggler of the train;
Or, fall the worst that may betide,
Ere now this falchion has been tried.'

305. Some mossy bank my couch must be. Cf.:

"The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head."
— Canto III. Stanza 23.

313. To meet with Highland plunderers here, etc. The clans 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. It was considered not only lawful, but honorable for hostile tribes to plunder one another. To meet is the nominative, or subject, of were worse, which is in the conditional mood = "would be worse." The supposition is implied in the subject to meet: "It would be worse than loss of steed or deer (is bad) if I were to meet with Highland plunderers here."

317. fall the worst. Subjunctive mood: concessive or conditional: "if, or though, the worst should befall." The apodosis is implied in the next line:

"Ere now this falchion has been tried;"
therefore I need not fear.

318. falchion, a kind of sword.
XVII.

But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touched this silver strand
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
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,
In listening mood, she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

319. wound = past of wind, winded = blew.
323. A damsel guider of its way. An absolute phrase: “a damsel being guider of its way.”
331. this silver strand. The beach of Loch Katrine in this bay is now called “The Silver Strand.”
342. Naiad, a water nymph.
XVIII.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear!

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
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring

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

xx.

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

XXI.

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,
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,
Of hasty love or headlong ire.
His limbs were cast in manly mould
For hardy sports or contest bold;
And though in peaceful garb arrayed,

403. would swing. Conditional mood. The subjunctive is implied in the attribute startled:

"So the swan would swing forth, if it were startled."

408. wont, are accustomed.
And weaponless except his blade,
His stately mien as well implied
A high-born heart, a martial pride,
As if a baron’s crest he wore,
And sheathed in armor trode the shore.
Slighting the petty need he showed,
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.

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
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,
And our broad nets have swept themere,

431. Awhile. The object of time. While is properly a noun. [A.-S. hwil, time.] Measure of time, space, or quantity is expressed by a noun in the objective, without a preposition.
434. wildered. This is the passive participle, and shows that Scott used the verb transitively.
438. a couch was pulled. The materials for the couch, which consisted of heather and bracken, were pulled.
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,
The welcome of expected guest.
A wanderer, here by fortune tost,
My way, my friends, my courser lost,
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,
Till on this lake's romantic strand
I found a fay in fairy land!'  

XXIII.

'I well believe,' the maid replied,
As her light skiff approached the side,—
'I well believe, that ne'er before
Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore;
But yet, as far as yesternight,
Old Allan-bane foretold your plight,—
A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent.

443. by the rood. By the cross. [Same as rod, that which springs from a root. A.-S. roede; Lat. rudis, a rod, and radix, a root.]

449. fair. An adjective used as a noun in the vocative or nominative of address. When the adjective is so used, it is generally accompanied by the definite article — the fair, the good, the rich, the poor. The adjective and article so used generally name either a class (the poor = poor people) or an abstract quality (the good = goodness).

452. fay, a fairy.

460. 'If force of evidence could authorize us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be
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,

produced in favor of the existence of the second sight. It is called in Gaelic "Taishitaraugh," from "Taish," an unreal or shadowy appearance; and those possessed of the faculty are called "Taishatrin," which may be aptly translated visionaries. Martin, a steady believer in the second sight, gives the following account of it:

"The second sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object without any previous means used by the person that uses 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.

"At the sight of a vision, the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are by when the persons happen to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

"If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried at the time of the apparition.

"To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons: of which there are several fresh instances.

"To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death soon after" (Martin's Description of the Western Islands, 1716, 8vo, p. 300, et seq.).

"To these particulars innumerable examples might be added, all attested by grave and credible authors. But, in despite of evidence which neither Bacon, Boyle, nor Johnson were able to resist, the "Taish," with all its visionary properties, seems to be now universally abandoned to the use of poetry. The exquisitely beautiful poem of Lochiel will at once occur to the recollection of every reader." — Scott.

464. Lincoln green, cloth made in Lincoln and much used by huntsmen.
That tasselled horn so gayly gilt,
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
That cap with heron plumage trim,
And yon two hounds so dark and grim.
He bade that all should ready be
To grace a guest of fair degree;
But light I held his prophecy,
And deemed it was my father's horn
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne.'

**XXIV.**

The stranger smiled: — 'Since to your home
A destined errant-knight I come,
Announced by prophet sooth and old,
Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,
I 'll lightly front each high emprise
For one kind glance of those bright eyes.
Permit me first the task to guide
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:
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, or knight-errant, a wandering knight.
476. sooth, true.
478. emprise, enterprise.
Nor frequent does the bright oar break
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,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain maiden showed
A clambering unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled screen,
And opened on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground.
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

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

490. *frequent*, the adjective used adverbially.
492. *rocky isle*, still known as Ellen’s Isle.
504. *for retreat in dangerous hour*. “The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic hut, in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward, in his perilous wanderings after the battle of Culloden.” — Scott.
507. *device*, design.
Of such materials as around
The workman's hand had readiest found.
Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.

The lighter pine-trees overhead
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.
Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idaean vine,
The clematis, the favored flower
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
An instant in this porch she stayed,
And gayly to the stranger said:
'On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!'

525. Idaean vine, probably the red whortleberry. Mt. Ida, a mountain near ancient Troy, was famous for its vines.
526. clematis, the vine called in this country Virginia creeper.
528. Sc. "that." The omission of the relative pronoun is common in English verse.
'My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee!'

He crossed the threshold, — and a clang
Of angry steel that instant rang.
To his bold brow his spirit rushed,
But soon for vain alarm he blushed,
When on the floor he saw displayed,
Cause of the din, a naked blade
Dropped from the sheath, that careless flung
Upon a stag’s huge antlers swung;
For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase:
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting spear,
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild-cat’s brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o’er the bison’s horns;
Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
That blackening streaks of blood retained,
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,
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,
'Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield
A blade like this in battle-field.'
She sighed, then smiled and took the word:
'You see the guardian champion's sword;
As light it trembles in his hand
As in my grasp a hazel wand:
My sire's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus or Ascabart,
But in the absent giant's hold
Are women now, and menials old.'

XXIX.

The mistress of the mansion came,
Mature of age, a graceful dame,

573. Of Ferragus or Ascabart. "These two sons of Anak flour-
ished in romantic fable. The first is well known to the admirers
of Ariosto by the name of Ferrau. He was an antagonist of
Orlando, and was at length slain by him in single combat. Asca-
part, or Ascabart, makes a very material figure in the History
of Bevis of Hampton, by whom he was conquered." — Scott.

577. Mature of age. Mature as to, or with reference to, age;
an example of the "genitive of reference."
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court,
To whom, though more than kindred knew,  
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.  
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,
‘The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James;
Lord of a barren heritage,
Which his brave sires, from age to age,
By their good swords had held with toil;
His sire had fallen in such turmoil,
And he, God wot, was forced to stand

580. though more than kindred knew. Though it (namely, “a mother’s due”) was more than kinship warranted or acknowledged. The mistress was mother of Roderick Dhu, and Ellen’s aunt.

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

591. Fitz-James. Fitz is the Latin filius, O. Fr. fiz, or fils, a son.

596. wot, knew. But wot is properly the present tense of to wit, to know; the past is wist.
Oft for his right with blade in hand.
This morning with Lord Moray's train
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
Outstripped his comrades, missed the deer, 600
Lost his good steed, and wandered here.'

XXX.

Fain would the Knight in turn require
The name and state of Ellen's sire.
Well showed the elder lady's mien
That courts and cities she had seen; 605
Ellen, though more her looks displayed
The simple grace of sylvan maid,
In speech and gesture, form and face,
Showed she was come of gentle race.
'T were strange in ruder rank to find
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: —
' '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;

602. require, request. Cf. Henry VIII. II. iv. 144:
"In humblest manner I require your highness."

616. Weird, skilled in witchcraft. down, hill. [A.-S. dun.]
Hence the Downs, North and South — ridges in the south of England.

619. spells. A form of words, by the recitation of which magical effects were supposed to be produced.
While viewless minstrels touch the string, '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;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

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

XXXII.

She paused,—then, blushing, led the lay,
To grace the stranger of the day.
Her mellow notes awhile prolong
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,
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
    How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;

642. bittern, a water fowl, something like our loon. Goldsmith in his Animated Nature says that of all the notes of water fowl none is "so dismally hollow as the booming of the bittern."
643. sedgy, marshy.
657. reveillé, the morning bugle call.
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye
Here no bugles sound reveillé.

The hall was cleared, — the stranger’s bed
Was there of mountain heather spread,
Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
And dreamed their forest sports again.
But vainly did the heath-flower shed
Its moorland fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen’s spell had lulled to rest
The fever of his troubled breast.
In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes:
His steed now flounders in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
Now leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honor’s lost.
Then, — from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom 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.
They come, in dim procession led,

676. flounders . . . sinks . . . falls. Examples of the rhetorical figure called vision. When used by historians to convey a vivid impression of events transacted, it is called, with reference to the verb, the historical present.
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday.
And doubt distracts him at the view,—
O were his senses false or true?
Dreamed he of death or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now?

XXXIV.

At length, with Ellen in a grove
He seemed to walk and speak of love;
She listened with a blush and sigh,
His suit was warm, his hopes were high.
He sought her yielded hand to clasp,
And a cold gauntlet met his grasp:
The phantom's sex was changed and gone,
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.—
He woke, and, panting with affright,
Recalled the vision of the night.
The hearth's decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half showing, half concealing, all
The uncouth trophies of the hall.

702. Slowly enlarged. An elliptical concessive clause—
"though slowly enlarged."
704. grisly, ghastly.
Mid those the stranger fixed his eye
Where that huge falchion hung on high,
And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along,
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose and sought the moonshine pure.

xxxv.

The wild rose, eglantine, and broom
Wasted around their rich perfume;
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm;
The aspen slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quiverings glance,
Played on the water’s still expanse,—
Wild were the heart whose passion’s sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
While thus he communed with his breast:
‘Why is it, at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exiled race?
Can I not mountain maiden spy,
But she must bear the Douglas eye?

729. exiled race. James IV. of Scotland, the father of James V., was killed in the battle of Flodden Field. James V. succeeded to the throne at the age of two years, his mother acting as Regent. A few years later she married the Earl of Angus, a member of the powerful Douglas family, who, through this marriage, became for a time the virtual ruler of Scotland. In 1528, however, the young King James V. escaped from his hands. A sentence of forfeiture was passed against Angus and his kinsmen, the king swearing that while he lived the Douglases should have no place in his kingdom.
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?  
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,  
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.

738. orisons, prayers told, counted.
741. A prayer with every bead of gold. The custom of using beads in rehearsing prayers is referred to. The number of prayers, according to this custom, is represented by the number of beads dropped. To tell beads is to be at prayer. The priestly charge to repeat a certain number of paternosters for the souls of the departed is called bidding of beads. Bedesman is one who is employed to pray, and bead-roll signifies the list of those who are to be prayed for. Bead first signified prayer. A.-S. bead, a praying; gebed, a prayer.
CANTO SECOND

THE ISLAND

I.

At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
All Nature's children feel the matin spring
Of life reviving, with reviving day;
And while yon little bark glides down the bay,
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!

4. reviving . . . reviving. The first reviving is the infinitive, complement of feel; the second reviving is the participle, qualifying day.

7. roused. Past tense; while glides, in the dependent clause of time, is present tense. a minstrel gray. The Highland chieftains retained, to a late period, a bard or minstrel in their service, as a family officer. He had frequently intrusted to him the education of the children of his chief. He celebrated in verse the triumphs of the clan, and sang these effusions for the entertainment of the lord and his guests. Originally these bards held a position of honor, and were much respected; but as their calling was generally exercised over their cups, and often in low company, the office gradually fell into disrepute.
II.

SONG

'Not faster yonder rowers' might
  Flings from their oars the spray,
Not faster yonder rippling bright,
That tracks the shallop's course in light,
  Melts in the lake away,
Than men from memory erase
The benefits of former days;
Then, stranger, go! good speed the while,
Nor think again of the lonely isle.

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

III.

SONG CONTINUED

'But if beneath you southern sky
  A plaided stranger roam,
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,
And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
  Pine for his Highland home;

23. meed, reward.
Then, warrior, then be thine to show
The care that soothes a wanderer's woe;
Remember then thy hap erewhile,
A stranger in the lonely isle.

'Or if on life's uncertain main
Mishap shall mar thy sail;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the fickle gale;
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
On thankless courts, or friends estranged,
But come where kindred worth shall smile,
To greet thee in the lonely isle.'

iv.

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

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

VI.

While yet he loitered on the spot,
It seemed as Ellen marked him not;

66. lichens, a kind of grayish moss.
But when he turned him to the glade,
One courteous parting sign she made;
And after, oft the knight would say,
That not when prize of festal day
Was dealt him by the brightest fair
Who e’er wore jewel in her hair,
So highly did his bosom swell
As at that simple mute farewell.
Now with a trusty mountain-guide,
And his dark stag-hounds by his side,
He parts,—the maid, unconscious still,
Watched him wind slowly round the hill;
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
On the smooth phrase of Southern tongue;
Not so had Malcolm strained his eye
Another step than thine to spy.’—
‘Wake, Allan-bane,’ aloud she cried
To the old minstrel by her side,—
‘Arouse thee from thy moody dream!
I ’ll give thy harp heroic theme,
And warm thee with a noble name;
Pour forth the glory of the Graeme!’

(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 his-
torical renown, having claim to three of the most remarkable
Scarce from her lip the word had rushed, When deep the conscious maiden blushed; For of his clan, in hall and bower, Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower.

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

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 Non-conformists, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.” — Scott.

121. unwont, unaccustomed.
Sinks in the wailing for the dead.
O, well for me, if mine alone
That dirge’s deep prophetic tone!
If, as my tuneful fathers said,
This harp, which erst Saint Modan swayed,
Can thus its master’s fate foretell,
Then welcome be the minstrel’s knell!

VIII.

‘But ah! dear lady, thus it sighed,
The eve thy sainted mother died;
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,
Wailed loud through Bothwell’s bannered hall,
Ere Douglases, to ruin driven,
Were exiled from their native heaven.—
O! if yet worse mishap and woe
My master’s house must undergo,
Or aught but weal to Ellen fair
Brood in these accents of despair,
No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling

130. **tuneful fathers**, earlier minstrels.
141. **Bothwell’s banded hall**, Bothwell Castle on the Clyde, near Glasgow.
142. **Douglases**, see note on Canto I. l. 729.
146. **weal**, good fortune.
Triumph or rapture from thy string;
One short, one final strain shall flow,
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;
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,
Confusedly bound in memory's ties,
Entangling, as they rush along,
The war-march with the funeral song? —
Small ground is now for boding fear;
Obscure, but safe, we rest us here.
My sire, in native virtue great,
Resigning lordship, lands, and state,
Not then to fortune more resigned
Than yonder oak might give the wind;
The graceful foliage storms may reave,
The noble stem they cannot grieve.
For me' — she stooped, and, looking round,

159. Tweed . . . Spey, the former the southern boundary of Scotland, the latter a river in the extreme north.
164. boding, foreboding.
170. reave, tear away.
Plucked a blue harebell from the ground,—
For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower that loves the lea
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
That in the King's own garden grows;
And when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair.'
Then playfully the chaplet wild
She wreathed in her dark locks, and smiled.

x.

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,
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:
'Loveliest and best! thou little know'st
The rank, the honors, thou hast lost!
O, might I live to see thee grace,
In Scotland's court, thy birthright place.
To see my favorite's step advance
The lightest in the courtly dance.
The cause of every gallant's sigh,
And leading star of every eye,

176. *lea*, meadow.
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
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,—
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
A Lennox foray — for a day.' —

xii.

The ancient bard her glee repressed:
'Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest!

200. **Bleeding Heart**, the cognizance of the Douglas family, chosen to commemorate Robert Bruce's dying bequest of his heart to James Douglas, whom he charged with the duty of carrying it to Jerusalem. Bruce's heart is now in Melrose Abbey.

206. **strathspey**, a Highland dance.
214. **Loch Lomond**. See map.
216. **Lennox foray**, a raid into the territory of the Lennox family, south of Loch Lomond.
For who, through all this western wild,
Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled?
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
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,

220. **Black Sir Roderick.** "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. Roderick dhu therefore signifies Black Roderick." — *Scott.*

221. **Holy-Rood,** the royal palace at Edinburgh.

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

XIII.

‘Minstrel,’ the maid replied, and high
Her father’s soul glanced from her eye,
‘My debts to Roderick’s house I know:

lurked, during the exile of his family, in the north of Scotland, under the assumed name of James Innes, otherwise James the Grieve (i.e., Reve or Bailiff). ‘And as he bore the name,’ says Godscroft, ‘so did he also execute the office of a grieve or overseer of the lands and rents, the corn and cattle of him with whom he lived.’ From the habits of frugality and observation which he acquired in his humble situation, the historian traces that intimate acquaintance with popular character, which enabled him to rise so high in the state, and that honorable economy by which he repaired and established the shattered estates of Angus and Morton.’—Scott.

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

XIV.

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

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; it derives its name from a cell or chapel, dedicated to Saint Maronnan."—Scott.
270. Bracklinn, a mountain cataract near the village of Callander.
And generous,—save vindictive mood
Or jealous transport chafe his blood:
I grant him true to friendly band,
As his claymore is to his hand;
But O! that very blade of steel
More mercy for a foe would feel:
I grant him liberal, to fling
Among his clan the wealth they bring,
When back by lake and glen they wind,
And in the Lowland leave behind,
Where once some pleasant hamlet stood,
A mass of ashes slaked with blood.
The hand that for my father fought
I honor, as his daughter ought;
But can I clasp it reeking red
From peasants slaughtered in their shed?
No! wildly while his virtues gleam,
They make his passions darker seem,
And flash along his spirit high,
Like lightning o’er the midnight sky.
While yet a child,—and children know,
Instinctive taught, the friend and foe,—
I shuddered at his brow of gloom,
His shadowy plaid and sable plume;
A maiden grown, I ill could bear
His haughty mien and lordly air:
But, if thou join’st a suitor’s claim,
In serious mood, to Roderick’s name,
I thrill with anguish! or, if e’er

282. slaked, drenched.
A Douglas knew the word, with fear. 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
For Tine-man forged by fairy lore,
What time he leagued, no longer foes,
His Border spears with Hotspur's bows,
Did, self-unscabbard, foreshow
The footstep of a secret foe.

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

What yet may jealous Roderick say? —
Nay, wave not thy disdainful head!
Bethink thee of the discord dread
That kindled when at Beltane game

305. yore, former times.
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.
307. What time, at the time when. leagued, joined.
308. Hotspur's bows. Douglas formed an alliance with the English bowmen under Percy, the Hotspur of Shakespeare's Henry IV.
319. Beltane game, May-day games. See note on l. 410, below.
Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Græme;
Still, though thy sire the peace renewed,
Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud:
Beware!—But hark! what songs are these?

My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,
No weeping birch nor aspens wake,
Nor breath is dimpling in the lake;
Still is the canna's hoary beard,
Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—
And hark again! some pipe of war
Sends the bold pibroch from afar.'

XVI.

Far up the lengthened lake were spied
Four darkening specks upon the tide,
That, slow enlarging on the view,
Four manned and masted barges grew,
And, bearing downwards from Glengyle,
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

327. canna, a plant with large leaves.
333. That . . . grew. Construe: "That (namely the specks) growing larger as they slowly approached, became four manned and masted barges."
335. Glengyle, the glen or valley at the western extremity of Loch Katrine. It contains the ruins of a castle, a former stronghold of the Macgregors.
337. Brianchoil, a point on the southern side of the lake.
338. to the windward as they cast, as they brought round the side of the boat to the wind.
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:
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
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.

350. mark, like see in the preceding line, is the infinitive, complement to might.
351. chanters. The chanter is the flutelike tube of the bagpipe on which the tune is played; but the chanters is the name sometimes applied to the pipes collectively, and hence to the whole instrument.
356. pibroch. Literally pipe-music, but specially a Highland martial air in which varying moods and passions are expressed. “Some of these pibrochs,” says Dr. Beattie, “being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion resembling a march; then gradually quicken into the onset; run off with noisy confusion and turbulent rapidity to imitate the conflict and pursuit; then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy; and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral
At first the sounds, by distance tame,
Mellowed along the waters came,
And, lingering long by cape and bay,
Wailed every harsher note away,
Then bursting bolder on the ear,
The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear,
Those thrilling sounds that call the might
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.
Thick beat the rapid notes, as when
The mustering hundreds shake the glen,
And hurrying at the signal dread,
The battered earth returns their tread.
Then prelude light, of livelier tone,
Expressed their merry marching on,
Ere peal of closing battle rose,
With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows;
And mimic din of stroke and ward,
As broadsword upon target jarred;
And groaning pause, ere yet again,

procession." The transitions of feeling are vividly described in
the succeeding verses.

362. Gathering, the war cry or gathering word of the clan;
the slogan.

373. Mimic din, the din of battle imitated by the bagpipe.
Din, pause, charge, shout, retreat, and bursts are nominatives
in apposition with all: "all were there." Ward, parry. The
same word as guard, which is a Norman-French modification of
the root. Such double forms are common, the one taken direct
from Anglo-Saxon, the other through the medium of French;
e.g., ward, A.-S. weard; guard, Fr. garde; wise (manner), A.-S.
wise; guise, Fr. guise; wage, A.-S. wed; gage, Fr. gage. Legal
and loyal, regal and royal, the first forms coming from Latin
direct, the second through the medium of French, present a
similar phenomenon.
Condensed, the battle yelled amain:
The rapid charge, the rallying shout,
Retreat borne headlong into rout,
And bursts of triumph, to declare
Clan-Alpine’s conquest—all were there.
Nor ended thus the strain, but slow
Sunk in a moan prolonged and low,
And changed the conquering clarion swell
For wild lament o’er those that fell.

XVII.

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

392. With measured sweep the burden bore, made his singing and his rowing keep time, so that the strokes of the oar marked the beats in the rhythm of the song. Cf.:

“Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.”

—Moore.

burden, the burden or chorus of a song. This word—which is from O. Fr. bourdon, the bass or drone of a bagpipe—was confounded with the word burden, a load, which is from A.-S. beran, to bear. The confusion is as old as Chaucer:

“This somnour bar to him a stiff burdoun.”

—Prol. Canterbury Tales, l. 673.

“Burden bore” is an example of alliteration.
Makes through December's leafless trees. 395
The chorus first could Allan know,
' Roderick Vich Alpine, ho! iro!'
And near, and nearer as they rowed,
Distinct the martial ditty flowed.

XIX.

BOAT SONG

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

399. **Hail**, a salutation or exclamation wishing health to the person addressed. It is properly a noun [A.-S. haelu, health; Lat. salus], and may be qualified by an adjective:

"All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee thane of Glamis."

— Macbeth, I. iii. 48.

In "Hail to thee!" and "Hail to the Chief!" there is probably an ellipsis of the verb be. Shakespeare, however, turns it into a verb in: 'Came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor!'" Health, whole, hale, are from the same root as this word. Hail, to call, is from a different root [Low Ger. anhalen; Dutch, halen].

402. **shelter and grace**, nominatives in apposition with Tree.
Our line is our clan or family.

405. **bourgeon**, to bud. [Fr. bourgeon, a shoot or bud.]

408. **Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu**, Black Rhoderick, of the family of Alpine. Dhu in Gaelic is black, and Vich is son of.
Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;  
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.

Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;  
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise again,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

410. **Beltane**, Whitsuntide, from a festival held by ancient custom, in the rural districts of Scotland, on the first day of May, O. S. In Scotland cakes are baked for the occasion; which seem (according to Jamieson) to have been an offering to some Druidical deity. In Ireland, Beltane is celebrated on the 21st of June, by lighting fires on the tops of hills, through which every member of the family is made to pass, to insure good fortune for the rest of the year. [Gael. and Ir. *Beil*, Baal, the sun; and *tein*, fire.]

415. **Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow.** He plants himself the more firmly the more violently the wind blows. Cf. what Cowper says of the oak:

"The monarch owes
His firm stability to what he seems —
More fixed below, the more disturbed above."

The in "the more" is not the article, but an adverb. It is the old ablative of the demonstrative [A.-S. *the*]. In Latin, "the ruder the firmer" would be, "quo vehementius, eo firmius." *Quo . . . eo* was in Anglo-Saxon *the . . . the*. *Roots him* is here a reflexive verb for "fixes his roots." *It blow* unpersonal and subjunctive.

416. **Menteith and Breadalbane.** Menteith is the vale named after the Lake of Menteith, to the south of Loch Vennachar. Breadalbane is the district on the southern and eastern banks of Loch Tay.

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

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars for the ever-green Pine! 430
O that the rosebud that graces yon islands
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honored and blessed in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then 436
Ring from her deepmost glen,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

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,
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?'
Reluctantly and slow, the maid
The unwelcome summoning obeyed,
And when a distant bugle rung,
In the mid-path aside she sprung:
'List, Allan-bane! From mainland cast
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 shallow light,
And, eagerly while Roderick scanned,
For her dear form, his mother's band,
The islet far behind her lay,
And she had landed in the bay.

XXII.

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven;

449. a Douglas thou, And shun. Elliptical and exclamatory, for "Art thou a Douglas, and dost thou shun?" But the construction implies a closer interdependence than this: "If you shun to wreathe a victor's brow, are you a Douglas?" "Is it worthy of a Douglas to shun?" etc.

457. Be ours. Let it be our duty, our part. A classical idiom, as in "sit nobis," let it be our duty.
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,
’T is that which pious fathers shed
Upon a dutious daughter’s head!
And as the Douglas to his breast
His darling Ellen closely pressed,
Such holy drops her tresses steeped,
Though ’t was an hero’s eye that wept.
Nor while on Ellen’s faltering tongue
Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
Marked she that fear — affection’s proof —
Still held a graceful youth aloof;
No! not till Douglas named his name,
Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.

XXIII.

Allan, with wistful look the while,
Marked Roderick landing on the isle;
His master piteously he eyed,
Then gazed upon the Chieftain’s pride,
Then dashed with hasty hand away

473. the Douglas. This Douglas, afterwards particularized as Lord James Douglas of Bothwell, is a fictitious character; but he has his prototype in Archibald Douglas of Kilsindie, uncle of the Earl of Angus, who was banished by James V. on his recovering his personal freedom and assuming the government in 1528. Kilsindie, like the Douglas of the poem, had been James’s instructor in manly exercises in his youth. This, however, did not save him from being cruelly spurned by James on his return from exile.
From his dimmed eye the gathering spray;
And Douglas, as his hand he laid
On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said:
'Canst thou, young friend, no meaning spy
In my poor follower's glistening eye?
I'll tell thee:—he recalls the day
When in my praise he led the lay
O'er the arched gate of Bothwell proud,
While many a minstrel answered loud,
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,
Gracing my pomp, behind me came.
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
Was I of all that marshalled crowd,
Though the waned crescent owned my might,
And in my train trooped lord and knight,
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
Than aught my better fortunes knew.
Forgive, my friend, a father's boast,—
O, it out-beggars all I lost!'

504. **waned crescent**, the cognizance of the house of Buccleugh, who had endeavored, unsuccessfully, to set the king free from the Douglases.
506. **Blantyre.** The priory near Bothwell Castle.
Delightful praise! — like summer rose,
That brighter in the dew-drop glows,
The bashful maiden's cheek appeared,
For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.
The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,
The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide;
The loved caresses of the maid
The dogs with crouch and whimper paid;
And, at her whistle, on her hand
The falcon took his favorite stand,
Closed his dark wing, relaxed his eye,
Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly.
And, trust, while in such guise she stood,
Like fabled Goddess of the wood,
That if a father's partial thought
O'erweighed her worth and beauty aught,
Well might the lover's judgment fail
To balance with a juster scale;
For with each secret glance he stole;
The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

Of stature fair, and slender frame,
But firmly knit, was Malcolm Graeme.
The belted plaid and tartan hose
Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose;

525. unhooded. Falcons were kept with their heads hooded, the uncovering of their heads being the signal for flight.
527. Goddess of the wood. Diana.
His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,
Curled closely round his bonnet blue.
Trained to the chase, his eagle eye
The ptarmigan in snow could spy;
Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,
He knew, through Lennox and Menteith;
Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe
When Malcolm bent his sounding bow,
And scarce that doe, though winged with fear,
Outstripped in speed the mountaineer:
Right up Ben Lomond could he press,
And not a sob his toil confess.
His form acceded with a mind
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.
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,
Not long should Roderick Dhu’s renown
Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,
But quail to that of Malcolm Græme.

541. ptarmigan, a kind of quail which, brown in summer, turns white or nearly white in winter.
XXVI.

Now back they wend their watery way,
And, 'O my sire!' did Ellen say,
'Why urge thy chase so far astray?
And why so late returned? And why'—
The rest was in her speaking eye.
'My child, the chase I follow far,
'T is mimicry of noble war;
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
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;
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.'

571. with . . . left. Construe: "All (that) I have left of Douglas were (would be) reft (taken away) with that gallant pastime (if that gallant pastime were taken away)."

574. Glenfinlas. The valley on the east of Ben-an.

577. royal ward, under the guardianship of the king.

583. Strath-Endrick glen. A valley watered by the Endrick, which flows into Loch Lomond, fifteen miles south of Loch Katrine.

584. peril, risk. aught. The objective or accusative of reference — "in any respect."
Sir Roderick, who to meet them came, 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; 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; Yet was the evening banquet made Ere he assembled round the flame His mother, Douglas, and the Graeme, And Ellen too; then cast around His eyes, then fixed them on the ground, As studying phrase that might avail Best to convey unpleasant tale.
Long with his dagger's hilt he played, Then raised his haughty brow, and said:—

`Short be my speech; — nor time affords, Nor my plain temper, glozing words.

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599. then cast. Supply *he* as nominative to *cast.*
601. As studying. Elliptical, for "As if he were studying." The full construction is, "As he would do if he were studying."
606. glozing, glossing over. Cf. Milton's *Comus,* line 161:
"well-placed words of glozing courtesy."
Kinsman and father,—if such name
Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick’s claim;
Mine honored mother;—Ellen,—why,
My cousin, turn away thine eye?—

And Græme, in whom I hope to know
Full soon a noble friend or foe,
When age shall give thee thy command,
And leading in thy native land,—
List all!—The King’s vindictive pride
Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,
Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came
To share their monarch’s sylvan game,
Themselves in bloody toils were snared,
And when the banquet they prepared,
And wide their loyal portals flung,
O’er their own gateway struggling hung.
Loud cries their blood from Megcat’s mead,
From Yarrow braes and banks of Tweed,
Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide,
And from the silver Teviot’s side;
The dales, where martial clans did ride,
Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide.
This tyrant of the Scottish throne,

616. tamed the Border-side. “In 1529 James made a convention at Edinburgh for the purpose of considering the best mode of quelling the Border robbers, who, during the license of his minority and the troubles which followed, had committed many exorbitances.”—Scott. He scoured Ettrick Forest, and put to death many of the leaders of the bandits.

623-626. The Megcat flows into the Yarrow, the Yarrow into the Ettrick, and the Ettrick and the Teviot rivers flow into the Tweed.
So faithless and so ruthless known,  
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,  
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,  
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 Graeme,  
But from his glance it well appeared  
'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;  
Nor will I here remain an hour,  
To draw the lightning on thy bower;  
For well thou know'st, at this gray head  
The royal bolt were fiercest sped.  
For thee, who, at thy King's command,
Canst aid him with a gallant band,
Submission, homage, humbled pride,
Shall turn the Monarch's wrath aside.
Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,
Ellen and I will seek apart
The refuge of some forest cell,
There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
Till on the mountain and the moor
The stern pursuit be passed and o'er,'—

xxx.

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

666. So help me Heaven. In point of fact, a clause of condition—"If Heaven help me so" (or to that extent).
672. To wife, for wife. Compare—"We have Abraham to our father" (Matthew iii. 9); and Latin, "Est nobis patri."
674. enow, enough. [Sc. eneucli.]
678. The Links of Forth. The vale of the Forth below Stir-
The guards shall start in Stirling’s porch;
And when I light the nuptial torch,
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.—
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
Shall bootless turn him home again.’

xxx1.

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,
Dreamed calmly out their dangerous dream,
Till wakened by the morning beam;
When, dazzled by the eastern glow,
Such startler cast his glance below,
And saw unmeasured depth around,
And heard unintermitted sound,
And thought the batted fence so frail,

ling. Links means the windings of a river. [Ger. lenken, to bend or wind.]

692. There are who. There are persons who.
694. beetled o’er. Hung over, like the head of a beetle—either the insect so called, or a mallet used for beating.
It waved like cobweb in the gale; —
Amid his senses' giddy wheel,
Did he not desperate impulse feel,
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,
Still for the Douglas fearing most,
Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,
To buy his safety with her hand.

XXXII.

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy
In Ellen’s quivering lip and eye,
And eager rose to speak, — but ere
His tongue could hurry forth his fear,
Had Douglas marked the hectic strife,
Where death seemed combating with life;
For to her cheek, in feverish flood,
One instant rushed the throbbing blood,

708. astound, for astounded.

718. hectic. Gk. ἕκτικος (hektikos), habitual; ἕξις (hexis), habit; ἐχθεῖν (ekhein), to have, to be. It was originally used as an adjective, “the hectic fever,” meaning the habitual or constitutional fever. Then, as in so many similar phrases, “fever” was dropped, and we find in Shakespeare, “For like the hectic in my blood he rages” (Hamlet, IV. iii. 68). Later on the word becomes an adjective again, with the sense “feverish,” “hot,” “flushed,” especial reference being made to the fever of debility and exhaustion. Here it is applied to the alternate redness and paleness of Ellen’s cheek.
Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,
Left its domain as wan as clay.
‘Roderick, enough! enough!’ he cried,
‘My daughter cannot be thy bride;
Not that the blush to wooer dear,
Nor paleness that of maiden fear.
It may not be,—forgive her, Chief,
Nor hazard aught for our relief.
Against his sovereign, Douglas ne’er
Will level a rebellious spear.
’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;
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;
The waving of his tartans broad,
And darkened brow, where wounded pride
With ire and disappointment vied,
Seemed, by the torch’s gloomy light,
Like the ill Demon of the night,
Stooping his pinions’ shadowy sway

726. Not that, that is not.
735. Not Ellen more. Ellen is not more.
743. vied, contended.
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way:
But, unrequited Love! thy dart
Plunged deepest its envenomed smart,
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,
At length the hand of Douglas wrung,
While eyes that mocked at tears before
With bitter drops were running o'er.
The death-pangs of long-cherished hope
Scarce in that ample breast had scope,
But, struggling with his spirit proud,
Convulsive heaved its checkered shroud,
While every sob — so mute were all —
Was heard distinctly through the hall.
The son's despair, the mother's look,
Ill might the gentle Ellen brook;
She rose, and to her side there came,
To aid her parting steps, the Græme.

XXXIV.

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke —
As flashes flame through sable smoke,
Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,
To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,
So the deep anguish of despair
Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air.
With stalwart grasp his hand he laid
On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid:

747. nighted, benighted.
749. envenomed, poisoned.
757. checkered shroud, his tartan 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, Thank thou for punishment delayed.' Eager as greyhound on his game, Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme. 'Perish my name, if aught afford Its Chieftain safety save his sword!' Thus as they strove their desperate hand Griped to the dagger or the brand, And death had been—but Douglas rose, And thrust between the struggling foes His giant strength:—'Chieftains, forego! I hold the first who strikes my foe.— Madmen, forbear your frantic jar! What! is the Douglas fallen so far, His daughter's hand is deemed the spoil Of such dishonorable broil?' Sullen and slowly they unclasp, As struck with shame, their desperate grasp, And each upon his rival glazed, With foot advanced and blade half bared.
Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword,
And veiled his wrath in scornful word:
‘Rest safe till morning; pity ’t were
Such cheek should feel the midnight air!'
Then mayst thou to James Stuart tell,
Roderick will keep the lake and fell,
Nor lackey with his freeborn clan
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 Graeme.’
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
Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.
As safe to me the mountain way
At midnight as in blaze of day,
Though with his boldest at his back
Even Roderick Dhu beset the track.—
Brave Douglas,—lovely Ellen,—nay,
Naught here of parting will I say.

805. lackey. Here, serve as lackey.
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.
Earth does not hold a lonesome glen
So secret but we meet again. —
Chieftain! we too shall find an hour; —
He said, and left the sylvan bower.

XXXVI.

Old Allan followed to the strand —
Such was the Douglas's command —
And anxious told, how, on the morn,
The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn,
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,
Himself would row him to the strand.
He gave his counsel to the wind,
While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,
Round dirk and pouch and broadsword rolled,
His ample plaid in tightened fold,
And stripped his limbs to such array
As best might suit the watery way,—

XXXVII.

Then spoke abrupt: 'Farewell to thee,
Pattern of old fidelity!'
The Minstrel's hand he kindly pressed,—
'O, could I point a place of rest!
My sovereign holds in ward my land,
My uncle leads my vassal band;
To tame his foes, his friends to aid,
Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade. 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 you 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.

867. cormorant, a water bird, something like a crow.
CANTO THIRD

THE GATHERING

I.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store
Of their strange ventures happed by land or sea,

How are they blotted from the things that be! 5
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

Yet live there still who can remember well, 10
How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
And solitary heath, the signal knew;
And fast the faithful clan around him drew,
What time the warning note was keenly wound,
What time aloft their kindred banner flew,

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

II.

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

18. Fiery Cross. "When a chieftain designed to summon his clan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the Fiery Cross, also 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 accoutrements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear, suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burnt marks upon this warlike signal. During the civil war of 1745–1746, 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.
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;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dew-drops, led her fawn;
The gray mist left the mountain-side,
The torrent showed its glistening pride;
Invisible in flecked sky
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.

III.

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.
With sheathed broadsword in his hand,
Abrupt he paced the islet strand,
And eyed the rising sun, and laid
His hand on his impatient blade.
Beneath a rock, his vassals' care
Was prompt the ritual to prepare,
With deep and deathful meaning fraught;

30. chalice, cup.
39. cushat dove, ring dove.
46. impatient blade. By a kind of personification, the quality of impatience, which belongs to the owner of the blade, is attributed to the blade itself.
For such Antiquity had taught
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,
As, from the cliffs of Benvenue,
She spread her dark sails on the wind,
And, high in middle heaven reclined,
With her broad shadow on the lake,
Silenced the warblers of the brake.

IV.

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

Brian the Hermit by it stood,
Barefooted, in his frock and hood.
His grizzled beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair;
His naked arms and legs, seamed o'er,
The scars of frantic penance bore.

That monk, of savage form and face,

62. rowan. The rowan tree is the mountain ash; called also roan tree, and in Sc. roun tree.

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

V.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.
His mother watched a midnight fold,
Built deep within a dreary glen,
Where scattered lay the bones of men
In some forgotten battle slain,

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

99. knot-grass, a kind of weedy grass.
104. fieldfare, a kind of thrush.
VI.

Alone, among his young compeers,  
Was Brian from his infant years;  
A moody and heart-broken boy,  
Estranged from sympathy and joy, 
Bearing each taunt which careless tongue 
On his mysterious lineage flung. 
Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale, 
To wood and stream his hap to wail,  
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, 
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.  
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,  
And heart with mystic horrors wrung, 
Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,  
And hid him from the haunts of men.

133. sable-lettered, black-lettered, so called from the use of heavy faced type.
142. cabala. Mystery.
VII.
The desert gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the spectre's child.
Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,
He watched the wheeling eddies boil,
Till from their foam his dazzled eyes
Beheld the river Demon rise:
The mountain mist took form and limb
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:
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.

149-164. "In adopting the legend concerning the birth of the Founder of the Church of Kilmalie, the author has endeavored to trace the effects which such a belief was likely to produce, in a barbarous age, on the person to whom it related. It was a natural attribute of such a character as the supposed hermit, that he should credit the numerous superstitious with which the minds of ordinary Highlanders are almost always imbued. A few of these are slightly alluded to in this stanza. The River Demon, or River-horse, for it is that form which he commonly assumes, is the Kelpy of the Lowlands, an evil and malicious spirit, delighting to forebode and to witness calamity. The 'noon-tide hag,' a tall, emaciated, gigantic, female figure, is supposed in particular to haunt the district of Knoidart. A goblin dressed in antique armor, and having one hand covered with blood, is a tenant of the forests of Glenmore and Rothiemurcus." — Scott
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 
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 
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

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. The 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 Lochbuy. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard to gallop along a stony bank, and then to ride thrice around the family residence, ringing his fairy bridle, and thus intimating the approaching calamity. 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, pebbly.  174. augured, foretold.
Before the kindling pile was laid,  
And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.  
Patient the sickening victim eyed  
The life-blood ebb in crimson tide  
Down his clogged beard and shaggy limb,  
Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.  
The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,  
A slender crosslet framed with care,  
A cubit's length in measure due;  
The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,  
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  
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,  
Forgetful that its branches grew  
Where weep the heavens their holiest dew

191. Inch-Cailliach. The Isle of Nuns, or of Old Women, is a beautiful island opposite Balmaha, on the southeast of Loch Lomond.

200. of sepulchral yew. Made of sepulchral yew; a true genitive—the case which indicates the source whence something proceeds or is taken. The yew is called sepulchral from its somber character, which has led to its use in graveyards.
On Alpine’s dwelling low!
Deserter of his Chieftain’s trust,
He ne’er shall mingle with their dust,
But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
Each clansman’s execration just

Shall doom him wrath and woe.’
He paused; — the word the vassals took,
With forward step and fiery look,
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,
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,
The exulting eagle screamed afar,—
They knew the voice of Alpine’s war.

The shout was hushed on lake and fell,
The Monk resumed his muttered spell:

208. Shall doom him wrath and woe. Doom, as a transitive verb, has a personal object, naming the person condemned. Wrath and woe must therefore be considered datives, “Shall condemn him to wrath and woe.” To doom originally meant to judge.

212. strook, struck.

223. fell. A wild and rocky hill, fit only for pasture.
Dismal and low its accents came,
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
Its kindled points, he spoke aloud:—
‘Woe to the wretch who fails to rear
At this dread sign the ready spear!
For, as the flames this symbol sear,
His home, the refuge of his fear,
A kindred fate shall know;
Far o'er its roof the volumed flame
Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,
While maids and matrons on his name
Shall call down wretchedness and shame,
And infamy and woe.’
Then rose the cry of females, shrill

226. The while. For while; during the time that. This use of the phrase the while as a conjunction is peculiar. Shakespeare uses it frequently as an adverb:

"God help the while." — fig. 1 Henry IV.
"I'll bear your logs the while." — Tempest, III. i. 24.

In A.-S. hwil is a noun meaning time; but the conjunctive phrase the while means so long as. scathed. Scorched, injured. [A.-S. sceathan, to injure; O. E. scathe, injury; E. scath, used by Shakespeare:

"To do offence and scath in Christendom."
— King John, II. i. 75.

Shakespeare also uses the verb to scathe, to injure, and the adjective scathful, destructive.]
As goshawk's whistle on the hill,
Denouncing misery and ill,
Mingled with childhood's babbling trill
Of curses stammered slow;
Answering with imprecation dread,
'Sunk be his home in embers red!
And cursed be the meanest shed
That e'er shall hide the houseless head
We doom to want and woe!'
A sharp and shrieking echo gave,
Coir-Uriskin, thy goblin cave!
And the gray pass where birches wave
On Beala-nam-bo.

Then deeper paused the priest anew,
And hard his laboring breath he drew,
While, with set teeth and clenched hand,
And eyes that glowed like fiery brand,
He meditated curse more dread,
And deadlier, on the clansman's head
Who, summoned to his chieftain's aid,
The signal saw and disobeyed.
The crosslet's points of sparkling wood
He quenched among the bubbling blood,
And, as again the sign he reared,

243. goshawk, a kind of hawk.
253. Coir-Uriskin, a pass on the northern side of Benvenue.
255. Beala-nam-bo, "the pass of cattle," higher up the mountain than the Goblin's Cave.
Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard:
‘When flits this Cross from man to man,
Vich-Alpine’s summons to his clan,
Burst be the ear that fails to heed!
Palsied the foot that shuns to speed!
May ravens tear the careless eyes,
Wolves make the coward heart their prize!
As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,
So may his heart’s-blood drench his hearth!
As dies in hissing gore the spark,
Quench thou his light, Destruction dark!
And be the grace to him denied,
Bought by this sign to all beside!’
He ceased; no echo gave again
The murmur of the deep Amen.

XII.

Then Roderick with impatient look
From Brian’s hand the symbol took:
‘Speed, Malise, speed!’ he said, and gave
The crosslet to his henchman brave.
‘The muster-place be Lanrick mead —
Instant the time — speed, Malise, speed!’
Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,
A barge across Loch Katrine flew:
High stood the henchman on the prow;
So rapidly the barge-men row,
The bubbles, where they launched the boat,

286. Lanrick mead. The mead or meadow on the north side of Loch Vennachar.
Were all unbroken and afloat,
Dancing in foam and ripple still,
When it had neared the mainland hill;
And from the silver beach's side
Still was the prow three fathom wide,
When lightly bounded to the land
The messenger of blood and brand.

XIII.

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide
On fleeter foot was never tied.
Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste
Thine active sinews never braced.
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
Burst down like torrent from its crest;
With short and springing footstep pass
The trembling bog and false morass;
Across the brook like roebuck bound,
And thread the brake like questing hound;
The crag is high, the scaur is deep,
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap:
Parched are thy burning lips and brow,
Yet by the fountain pause not now;
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace

310. scaur, cliff.
With rivals in the mountain race;
But danger, death, and warrior deed
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.
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,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
With changed cheer, the mower blithe
Left in the half-cut swath his scythe;
The herds without a keeper strayed,
The plough was in mid-furrow stayed,
The falconer tossed his hawk away,
The hunter left the stag at bay;
Prompt at the signal of alarms,
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms;
So swept the tumult and affray
Along the margin of Achray.
Alas, thou lovely lake! that e’er
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep

344. bosky, woody.
So stilly on thy bosom deep,
The lark's blithe carol from the cloud
Seems for the scene too gayly loud.

XV.

Speed, Malise, speed! The lake is past,
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,
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.
What woful accents load the gale?
The funeral yell, the female wail!
A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,
A valiant warrior fights no more.
Who, in the battle or the chase,
At Roderick's side shall fill his place!—
Within the hall, where torch's ray
Supplies the excluded beams of day,
Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
And o'er him streams his widow's tear.
His stripling son stands mournful by,
His youngest weeps, but knows not why;
The village maids and matrons round
The dismal coronach resound.

349. Duncraggan. A farm or hamlet between Achray and Vennachar.
369. coronach. Dirge, or funeral song. "The Coronach of
XVI.

CORONACH

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

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!

the Highlanders, like the Ululatus of the Romans, and the Ululoo of the Irish, 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.

383. searest, dryest.
386. correi, the hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.
387. cumber, perplexity.
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever!

XVII.

See Stumah, who, the bier beside,
His master’s corpse with wonder eyed,
Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo
Could send like lightning o’er the dew,
Bristles his crest, and points his ears,
As if some stranger step he hears.
’Tis not a mourner’s muffled tread,
Who comes to sorrow o’er the dead,
But headlong haste or deadly fear
Urge the precipitate career.
All stand aghast: — unheeding all,
The henchman bursts into the hall;
Before the dead man’s bier he stood,
Held forth the Cross besmeared with blood;
‘The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!’

394. “Stumah” means faithful.

408. The muster-place is Lanrick mead. The ‘mustering or “warning” of the Borderers, described in the ballad of Jamie Telfer, was probably in Scott’s mind when he wrote this Canto:

“The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,
Sae starkly and sae steadilie;
And aye the ower-word o’ the thrang
Was ‘Rise from Branksome readilie!’”

The ower-word means the repeated word or burden.
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 open 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!
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;
And short and flitting energy
Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,
As if the sounds to warrior dear
Might rouse her Duncan from his bier.
But faded soon that borrowed force;
Grief claimed his right, and tears their course.

XIX.

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew;
The tear that gathered in his eye
He left the mountain-breeze to dry;
Until, where Teith's young waters roll
BETWIXT him and a wooded knoll
That graced the sable strath with green,
The chapel of Saint Bride was seen.

439. hest, behest; command.
445. targe, target; shield.
453. Strath-Ire. The valley above Loch Lubnaig, watered by the Teith in its upper reaches.
461. The chapel of Saint Bride. A wooded knoll, a short way below Loch Lubnaig, is still pointed out as the site of this chapel.
Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,
But Angus paused not on the edge;
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,
Though reeled his sympathetic eye,
He dashed amid the torrent’s roar:
His right hand high the crosslet bore,
His left the pole-axe grasped, to guide
And stay his footing in the tide.
He stumbled twice,—the foam splashed high,
With hoarser swell the stream raced by;
And had he fallen,—forever there,
Farewell Duncraggan’s orphan heir!
But still, as if in parting life,
Firmer he grasped the Cross of strife,
Until the opposing bank he gained,
And up the chapel pathway strained.

xx.

A blithesome rout that morning-tide
Had sought the chapel of Saint Bride.
Her troth Tombea’s Mary gave

471. raced. This word is correctly applied to the rapid flow of a river. It is from A.-S. *raes*, a stream, and *raesan*, to rush. Hence it is applied to the lade, or canal, which conducts water to a water wheel. The current above the wheel is called the head-race; that below it, the tail-race. Cape Race, in Newfoundland, owes its name to the strong current which flows there. Cape Corrientes, on the coast of Mexico, has the same meaning.

480. Her troth Tombea’s Mary gave. Troth-giving, which properly applies to betrothal or contract in promise of marriage, here applies to the marriage ceremony itself. Troth-plight in Sc. is the act of pledging faith between lovers by exchanging
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;
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,
Which snooded maiden would not hear;
And children, that, unwitting why,
Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry;
And minstrels, that in measures vied
Before the young and bonny bride,
Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
The tear and blush of morning rose.
With virgin step and bashful hand
She held the kerchief's snowy band.
The gallant bridegroom by her side
Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
And the glad mother in her ear
Was closely whispering word of cheer.

XXI.

Who meets them at the churchyard gate? The messenger of fear and fate!
Haste in his hurried accent lies,
And grief is swimming in his eyes.
All dripping from the recent flood,
Panting and travel-soiled he stood,

tokens or presents. [A.-S. treowth, truth; treowian, to trust.]
Tombea, or Birkhill, is a farm at the head of the Pass of Leny.
504. the recent flood. The flood through which he had recently passed.
The fatal sign of fire and sword
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word:
‘The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!’
And must he change so soon the hand
Just linked to his by holy band,
For the fell Cross of blood and brand?
And must the day so blithe that rose,
And promised rapture in the close,
Before its setting hour, divide
The bridegroom from the plighted bride?
O fatal doom!—it must! it must!
Clan-Alpine’s cause, her Chieftain’s trust,
Her summons dread, brook no delay;
Stretch to the race,—away! away!

**XXII.**

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,
And lingering eyed his lovely bride,
Until he saw the starting tear
Speak woe he might not stop to cheer;
Then, trusting not a second look,
In haste he sped him up the brook,
Nor backward glanced till on the heath
Where Lubnaig’s lake supplies the Teith.—
What in the racer’s bosom stirred?
The sickening pang of hope deferred,

518. her Chieftain’s trust. The trust which the Chieftain committed to the clan; namely, to preserve its honor.

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

XXIII.

SONG

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

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

546. bracken, fern.
And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

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

XXIV.

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

570. the midnight blaze. The heath on the Scottish moorlands is often set fire to, that the sheep may have the advantage of the young herbage. Balquidder, etc. The Braes of Balquidder (well known from Tannahill's song) stretch westward from the head of Strath-Ire. They are watered by the Teith, and contain Lochs Voil and Doine. Above the latter, the stream is called the Balvaig. Rob Roy, the famous outlaw, lies buried in the churchyard of Balquidder.
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;
Thence southward turned its rapid road
Adown Strath-Gartney’s valley broad,
Till rose in arms each man might claim
A portion in Clan-Alpine’s name,
From the gray sire, whose trembling hand
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,
That met as torrents from the height
In Highland dales their streams unite,
Still gathering, as they pour along,

577. coil, bustle, stir. In this sense Shakespeare uses the word: “Here’s such a coil” (Romeo and Juliet, II. v. 67). In “When we have shuffled off this mortal coil” (Hamlet, III. i. 68), the same meaning is also the most prominent; but there is also a reference in shuffled off to the primary meaning of the word convolution, like the tightening of a rope, or the coil of a serpent. [Lat. colligere, to gather together.]

580. Balvaig. The nominative of address, or vocative.

582. Strath-Gartney. The northern side of Loch Katrine, forming a broad valley, stretching from Glengyle on the west to the Trosachs on the east. The Cross of Fire has thus made the complete circuit of Clan-Alpine’s lands, having been brought back to Loch Katrine, from which it started, after traveling a distance of between forty and fifty miles.

583. each man might claim. Each man who might claim. The omission of the nominative relative is rare, and only occurs when the antecedent immediately precedes the relative clause.
A voice more loud, a tide more strong, 595
Till at the rendezvous they stood
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.

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;
All seemed at peace.—Now wot ye why
The Chieftain with such anxious eye,

607. Rednock. A mansion about a mile to the east of the
Lake of Menteith.
608. Cardross. Now Cardross House, on the Forth, a few
miles south of Rednock.
609. Duchray’s towers. Duchray Castle, an ancient strong-
hold of the Græmes, three miles southwest of Aberfoyle, a
village midway between the Lake of Menteith and Loch Ard.
The whole district has been made classic ground by Scott’s
Rob Roy.
610. Loch Con. A small lake, in the midst of romantic
scenery, two miles south of Loch Katrine. It forms the head
waters of the river Forth.
Ere to the muster he repair,
This western frontier scanned with care?—
In Benvenue's most darksome cleft,
A fair though cruel pledge was left;
For Douglas, to his promise true,
That morning from the isle withdrew,
And in a deep sequestered dell
Had sought a low and lonely cell.
By many a bard in Celtic tongue
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung;
A softer name the Saxons gave,
And called the grot the Goblin Cave.

XXVI.

It was a wild and strange retreat,
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.
The dell, upon the mountain's crest,
Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast;
Its trench had stayed full many a rock,
Hurled by primeval earthquake shock
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
At noontide there a twilight made,

622. Coir-nan-Uriskin. The Den of the Urisk, or Highland satyr, a steep and most romantic hollow in the mountain of Benvenue, overhanging the southeastern extremity of Loch Katrine.

633. incumbent, overhanging.
Unless when short and sudden shone
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.

No murmur waked the solemn still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill;
But when the wind chafed with the lake,
A sullen sound would upward break,
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke
The incessant war of wave and rock.
Suspected cliffs with hideous sway
Seemed nodding o'er the cavern gray.
From such a den the wolf had sprung,
In such the wild-cat leaves her young;
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair
Sought for a space their safety there.
Gray Superstition's whisper dread
Debarred the spot to vulgar tread;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyrs 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,
When Roderick with a chosen few
Repassed the heights of Benvenue.

656. See notes on ll. 142 and 622, above.
Above the Goblin Cave they go,
Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo;
The prompt retainers speed before,
To launch the shallop from the shore,
For 'cross Loch Katrine lies his way
To view the passes of Achray,
And place his clansmen in array.
Yet lags the Chief in musing mind,
Unwonted sight, his men behind.
A single page, to bear his sword,
Alone attended on his lord;
The rest their way through thickets break,
And soon await him by the lake.
It was a fair and gallant sight,
To view them from the neighboring height,
By the low-levelled sunbeam's light!
For strength and stature, from the clan
Each warrior was a chosen man,
As even afar might well be seen,
By their proud step and martial mien.
Their feathers dance, their tartans float,
Their targets gleam, as by the boat
A wild and warlike group they stand,
That well became such mountain-strand.

XXVIII.

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

It was but with that dawning morn
That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn
To drown his love in war's wild roar,
Nor think of Ellen Douglas more;
But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove,—
By firm resolve to conquer love!

Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost,
Still hovering near his treasure lost;
For though his haughty heart deny
A parting meeting to his eye,
Still fondly strains his anxious ear
The accents of her voice to hear,
And inly did he curse the breeze
That waked to sound the rustling trees.

But hark! what mingles in the strain?
It is the harp of Allan-bane,
That wakes its measure slow and high,
Attuned to sacred minstrelsy.

What melting voice attends the strings?
'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,
Thou canst save amid despair.

713. Ave Maria! Hail, Mary!
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
    Though banished, outcast, and reviled—
Maiden! hear a maiden’s prayer;
    Mother, hear a suppliant child!

_Ave Maria!_

_Ave Maria!_ undefiled!
The flinty couch we now must share
Shall seem with down of eider piled,
    If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
    Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, Maiden! hear a maiden’s prayer,
    Mother, list a suppliant child!

_Ave Maria!_

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

_Ave Maria!_

_Died on the harp the closing hymn,—_
Unmoved in attitude and limb,
As listening still, Clan-Alpine’s lord
Stood leaning on his heavy sword,
Until the page with humble sign
Twice pointed to the sun's decline.
Then while his plaid he round him cast,
'It is the last time — 't is the last,'
He muttered thrice, — 'the last time e'er
That angel-voice shall Roderick hear!'
It was a goading thought, — his stride
Hied hastier down the mountain-side;
Sullen he flung him in the boat,
An instant 'cross the lake it shot.
They landed in that silvery bay,
And eastward held their hasty way,
Till, with the latest beams of light,
The band arrived on Laurick height,
Where mustered in the vale below
Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

XXXI.

A various scene the clansmen made:
Some sat, some stood, some slowly strayed;
But most, with mantles folded round,
Were couched to rest upon the ground,
Scarce to be known by curious eye
From the deep heather where they lie,
So well was matched the tartan screen
With heath-bell dark and brackens green;
Unless where, here and there, a blade
Or lance's point a glimmer made,
Like glow-worm twinkling through the shade.
But when, advancing through the gloom,
They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,
Shook the steep mountain's steady side.
Thrice it arose, and lake and fell
Three times returned the martial yell;
It died upon Bochastle's plain,
And Silence claimed her evening reign.
CANTO FOURTH

The Prophecy

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,
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,
Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue.
All while he stripped the wild-rose spray,
   His axe and bow beside him lay,
For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood
   A wakeful sentinel he stood.
Hark! — on the rock a footstep rung,
And instant to his arms he sprung.

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

III.

Together up the pass they sped.
‘What of the foeman? ’ Norman said. —
‘Varying reports from near and far;
This certain, — that a band of war
Has for two days been ready bouned,
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
Speak on our glens in thunder loud.
Inured to bide such bitter bout,

36. **bouned**, prepared. See note on l. 157 below.
42. **Inured**, hardened. **bide**, endure.
The warrior's plaid may bear it out;
But, Norman, how wilt thou provide
A shelter for thy bonny bride?'

'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,
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
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,
Of that dread kind which must not be
Unless in dread extremity,
The Taghairm called; by which, afar,

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 proposed, and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagi-
Our sires foresaw the events of war.
Duncraggan’s milk-white bull they slew,’—

MALISE

‘Ah! well the gallant brute I knew!
The choicest of the prey we had
When swept our merrymen Gallangad.
His hide was snow, his horns were dark,
His red eye glowed like fiery spark;
So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,
Sore did he cumber our retreat,
And kept our stoutest kerns in awe,
Even at the pass of Beal ’maha.
But steep and flinty was the road,
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,
Whose waters their wild tumult toss
Adown the black and craggy boss

73. kerns, foot soldiers.
74. Beal ’maha, “the pass of the plain,” east of Loch Lomond.
77. Dennan’s Row, the point at which the ascent of Ben Lomond commences.
82. boss, a knob.
Of that huge cliff whose ample verge
Tradition calls the Hero’s Targe.
Couched on a shelf beneath its brink,
Close where the thundering torrents sink,
Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
Midst groan of rock and roar of stream,
The wizard waits prophetic dream.
Nor distant rests the Chief; — but hush!
See, gliding slow through mist and bush,
The hermit gains yon rock, and stands
To gaze upon our slumbering bands.
Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost,
That hovers o’er a slaughtered host?
Or raven on the blasted oak,
That, watching while the deer is broke,
His morsel claims with sullen croak?’

MALISE

‘Peace! peace! to other than to me
Thy words were evil augury;
But still I hold Sir Roderick’s blade
Clan-Alpine’s omen and her aid,

84. Hero’s Targe. This rock is in the woods of Glenfinlas.
98. broke. “Everything belonging to the chase was matter of solemnity among our ancestors; but nothing was more so than the mode of cutting up, or, as it was technically called, breaking the slaughtered stag. The forester had his allotted portion; the hounds had a certain allowance; and, to make the division as general as possible, the very birds had their share also.” — Scott.
Not aught that, gleaned from heaven or hell,
Yon fiend-begotten Monk can tell.
The Chieftain joins him, see—and now
Together they descend the brow.'

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

110. it is a fearful strife. The conclusion of this clause will be found in the sixth line following:

"To view, unfurled,
The curtain of the future world."

118. witness. The third person of the imperative: "Let every quaking limb, etc., bear witness that I have borne this for my Chieftain."

124. save he. The modern idiom is save him, save being regarded as a preposition; but it was originally the participle of
Between the living and the dead,
Is gifted beyond nature's law—
Had e'er survived to say he saw.
At length the fateful answer came
In characters of living flame!
Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,
But borne and branded on my soul:
**Which 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.
Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood
But first our broadswords tasted blood.

an absolute phrase, and in this construction it is used by Shake-
speare (*Julius Cæsar*, V. v. 69):

"All the conspirators save only he."

That is, he only saved, or excepted. The case absolute in
Anglo-Saxon was the dative or ablative; but when the case-
endings were lost, the noun was commonly regarded as a nomi-
native.

127. **he saw.** The object of this verb is the same as that of
*avouch*; namely, "the shapes that sought my fearful couch."

132. **Which spills,** etc. The correlative of *which* is *party*, in
the next line. **Foremost,** though an attribute of *life*, really be-
longs to *spills*: Whichever party *first* spills blood, that party
conquers. This prophecy the hermit derived from the Tagh-
airn, but the fate of a 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 herds-
man, whom they found in the fields, merely to secure an advan-
tage of so much consequence to their party."
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,
Till in deep path or dingle brown,
He light on those shall bring him down.— 145
But see, who comes his news to show!
Malise! what tidings of the foe?'

VIII.

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

147. He light on those shall bring him down. *He light* is subjunctive, to imply uncertainty regarding the particular path or dingle where he might be led. *Shall bring* is future of the indicative, to indicate certainty or confidence of the result. *Who* must be supplied as subject of *shall bring."

150. *Doune.* The Castle of Doune, an ancient stronghold of the Earls of Menteith, now a picturesque ruin, situated on the left bank of the Teith, midway between Stirling and Callander. The Earls of Moray are Barons of Doune. *glaive,* a sword. [Fr. *glaive;* Lat. *gladius.*]

153. *pale.* A heraldic term, applied to a band or stripe extending from the top to the bottom of a shield. In the cognizance of the Earl of Mar, the *pale* is *sable*; that is, black. The heraldic colors are *gules* (red), *azure* (blue), *subie* (black), *vert* (green), *purpure* (purple).
I love to hear of worthy foes.  
When move they on? 'To-morrow's noon  
Will see them here for battle boun.  
'Then shall it see a meeting stern!  
But, for the place, — say, couldst thou learn  
Nought of the friendly clans of Earn?  
Strengthened by them, we well might bide  
The battle on Benledi's side.  
Thou couldst not? — well! Clan-Alpine's men  
Shall man the Trosachs' shaggy glen;  
Within Loch Katrine's gorge we 'll fight,  
All in our maids' and matrons' sight,  
Each for his hearth and household fire,  
Father for child, and son for sire,  
Lover for maid beloved! — But why —  
Is it the breeze affects mine eye?  
Or dost thou come, ill-omened tear!  
A messenger of doubt or fear?  
No! sooner may the Saxon lance  
Unfix Benledi from his stance,

155. I love to hear of worthy foes. Compare Canto V. 1. 238.

"The stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel."

157. boun, ready. It is really the passive participle of the verb to boun, or boun, which occurs frequently in old ballads, in the phrase, "busk and boun," i.e., array and prepare. The past tense bouned or bowynd occurs in the English version of the Battle of Otterbourne:

"The dowghtye Dowglasse bowynd him to ride  
In England to take a praye."

[O. E. boun; Sc. bown; O. Norse, buinn.]  
174. stance, foundation.
Than doubt or terror can pierce through
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,
Obedient to the Chieftain's glance. —
I turn me from the martial roar,
And seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

IX.

Where is the Douglas? — he is gone;
And Ellen sits on the gray stone
Fast by the cave, and makes her moan,
While vainly Allan's words of cheer
Are poured on her unheeding ear.
'He will return — dear lady, trust! —
With joy return; — he will — he must.
Well was it time to seek afar
Some refuge from impending war,
When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm
Are cowed by the approaching storm.
I saw their boats with many a light,
Floating the livelong yesternight,
Shifting like flashes darted forth
By the red streamers of the north;

186. Fast by, close to. Compare Paradise Lost, I. 11.
198. red streamers of the north, the Aurora Borealis or northern lights.
I marked at morn how close they ride,
Thick moored by the lone islet's side,
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
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,
The tear that glistened in his eye
Drowned not his purpose fixed and high.
My soul, though feminine and weak,
Can image his; e'en as the lake,
Itself disturbed by slightest stroke,
Reflects the invulnerable rock.
He hears report of battle rife,
He deems himself the cause of strife.
I saw him redden when the theme
Turned, Allan, on thine idle dream
Of Malcolm Græme in fetters bound,
Which I, thou saidst, about him wound.

216. invulnerable, that cannot be wounded.
217. rife, plentiful. Qualifies reports.
Think'st thou he trowed thine omen aught?
O no! 't was apprehensive thought
For the kind youth,—for Roderick too—
Let me be just—that friend so true;
In danger both, and in our cause!
Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.
Why else that solemn warning given,
"If not on earth, we meet in heaven!"
Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane,
If eve return him not again,
Am I to hie and make me known?
Alas, he goes to Scotland's throne,
Buys his friends' safety with his own;
He goes to do—what I had done,
Had Douglas' daughter been his son!'

XI.

'Nay, lovely Ellen!—dearest, nay!
If aught should his return delay,
He only named you holy fane
As fitting place to meet again.
Be sure he's safe; and for the Graeme,—

229. else. A clause of condition expressed in a single word,
"If that is not the case."

231. Cambus-kenneth's fane. The ancient Abbey of Cambus-
kenneth, now a ruin, stands on a peninsula of the "Links of
Forth," about a mile east of Stirling. It was founded by
David I. in 1147.

236. what I had done, Had, etc. Had done is the principal
clause, or apodosis, in the subjunctive mood: "what I should
have done." Had been is the subordinate clause, or protasis,
in the subjunctive also: "if Douglas' daughter had been his
son." This implies that the fact is contrary to the supposition.
Heaven's blessing on his gallant name! —
My visioned sight may yet prove true,
Nor bode of ill to him or you.
When did my gifted dream beguile?
Think of the stranger at the isle,
And think upon the harpings slow
That presaged this approaching woe!
Sooth was my prophecy of fear;
Believe it when it augurs cheer.
Would we had left this dismal spot!
Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot.
Of such a wondrous tale I know —
Dear lady, change that look of woe,
My harp was wont thy grief to cheer.'

ELLEN

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

XII.

BALLAD

ALICE BRAND

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

249. presaged, foretold.
262. mavis and merle, thrush and blackbird.
'O Alice Brand, my native land
   Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
   As outlaws wont to do.

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

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

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

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

267. wold, open country.
277. vest of pall, mantle of rich material.
283. darkling, in the dark. This adverb is used by Shake-}
    speare in the same sense:
      "So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling."
      — Lear, I. iv. 237.

It has the appearance of being a participle; but the verb to
darkle, from which it would come, does not exist. It is prob-
ably a noun, from A.-S. deorcung, the twilight.
‘If pall and vair no more I wear,
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,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand.’

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,
Lord Richard’s axe is ringing.

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

‘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
The fairies’ fatal green?

285. vair, the fur of a kind of squirrel.
298. woned, lived.
306. fatal green. ‘‘As the Daoine Shi’, or Men of Peace, wore green habits, they were supposed to take offense when any
Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christened man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For muttered word or ban.

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,
Though the birds have stilled their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

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

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

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 par-
ticular tribes and counties.” — Scott.
'Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand.'

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

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

XV.

BALLAD CONTINUED

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

357. wist, knew.
358. durst sign, dare make the sign of the Cross.
371. Dunfermline, a town on the Firth of Forth not far from Edinburgh, the residence of the early kings of Scotland.
XVI.

Just as the minstrel sounds were stayed,
A stranger climbed the steepy glade;
His martial step, his stately mien,
His hunting-suit of Lincoln green,
His eagle glance, remembrance claims—
'T is Snowdoun's Knight, 't is James Fitz-James.
Ellen beheld as in a dream,
Then, starting, scarce suppressed a scream:
'O stranger! in such hour of fear
What evil hap has brought thee here?'
'An evil hap how can it be
That bids me look again on thee?
By promise bound, my former guide
Met me betimes this morning-tide,
And marshalled over bank and bourne
The happy path of my return.'
'The happy path!—what! said he naught
Of war, of battle to be fought,
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
That he will guide the stranger sure!—
What prompted thee, unhappy man?
The meanest serf in Roderick's clan

387. bourne, boundary.
392. augur scathe, foretell harm.
398. serf, dependant.
Had not been bribed, by love or fear,  
Unknown to him to guide thee here.'  

XVII.

'Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,  
Since it is worthy care from thee;  
Yet life I hold but idle breath  
When love or honor's weighed with death.  
Then let me profit by my chance,  
And speak my purpose bold at once.  
I come to bear thee from a wild  
Where ne'er before such blossom smiled,  
By this soft hand to lead thee far  
From frantic scenes of feud and war.  
Near Bochastle my horses wait;  
They bear us soon to Stirling gate.  
I 'll place thee in a lovely bower,  
I 'll guard thee like a tender flower—'  
'O hush, Sir Knight! 't were female art,  
To say I do not read thy heart;  
Too much, before, my selfish ear  
Was idly soothed my praise to hear,  
That fatal bait hath lured thee back,  
In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track;  
And how, O how, can I atone  
The wreck my vanity brought on!—  
One way remains—I 'll tell him all—  
Yes! struggling bosom, forth it shall!  
Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,  
Buy thine own pardon with thy shame!
But first—my father is a man
Outlawed and exiled, under ban;
The price of blood is on his head,
With me 't were infamy to wed.  
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;
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,
To give her steadfast speech the lie;
In maiden confidence she stood,
Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
And told her love with such a sigh
Of deep and hopeless agony,
As death had sealed her Malcolm's doom
And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.
Hope vanished from Fitz-James's eye,
But not with hope fled sympathy.
He proffered to attend her side,
As brother would a sister guide.
'O little know'st thou Roderick's heart!
Safer for both we go apart.
O haste thee, and from Allan learn
If thou mayst trust yon wily kern.
With hand upon his forehead laid,
The conflict of his mind to shade,
A parting step or two he made;
Then, as some thought had crossed his brain,
He paused, and turned, and came again.

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,
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,
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.
Seek thou the King without delay;
This signet shall secure thy way:

458. parting, departing.
465. boon to crave, request to make.
470. helm, helmet.
471. lordship, estate, domain.
473. reck of, care for.
477. signet, seal ring.
And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,
As ransom of his pledge to me.'
He placed the golden circlet on,
Paused—kissed her hand— and then was gone.
The aged Minstrel stood aghast,
So hastily Fitz-James shot past.
He joined his guide, and wending down
The ridges of the mountain brown,
Across the stream they took their way
That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

xx.

All in the Trosachs' glen was still,
Noontide was sleeping on the hill:
Sudden his guide whooped loud and high—
'Murdoch! was that a signal cry?'—
He stammered forth, 'I shout to scare
Yon raven from his dainty fare.'
He looked—he knew the raven's prey,
His own brave steed: 'Ah! gallant gray!
For thee—for me, perchance—'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,
Each silent, each upon his guard.

500. they fared, they went. [A.-S. *faran*; Ger. *fahren*,
to go.]
XXI.

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

506. weeds. Clothing, generally applied to the dress of a widow, in the phrase, “widow’s weeds.” [A.-S. waed, clothing, attire of men or women; O. E. weđe.]

510. Seemed naught to mark, yet all to spy. She seemed to see everything without intelligently recognizing anything.

519. As loud she laughed. She laughed now as loud as she had shrieked before.
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!
And woe betide the fairy dream!
I only waked to sob and scream.

XXIII.

'Who is this maid? what means her lay?
She hovers o’er the hollow way,
And flutters wide her mantle gray,
As the lone heron spreads his wing,
By twilight, o’er a haunted spring.’ 540

531-532. Allan, Devan, two rivers of Perthshire.
539. guile, deceit.
'Tis Blanche of Devan,' Murdoch said, 550
'A crazed and captive Lowland maid,
Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,
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!
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,
Meet signal for their revelry.'

XXIV.

'Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!'
'O! thou look'st kindly, and I will.

551. forayed, raided, plundered.
567. batten, fatten.
Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
But still it loves the Lincoln green;
And, though mine ear is all unstrung,
Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

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

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

xxv.

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

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

590, etc. toils, snares. The "hunters" represent Roderick Dhu and his men; the "stag of ten" is Fitz-James; the "wounded doe" is Blanche herself.
'It was there he met with a wounded doe,  
She was bleeding deathfully;  
She warned him of the toils below,  
O, so faithfully, faithfully!

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

**xxvi.**

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

XXVII.

She sat beneath the birchen tree,
Her elbow resting on her knee;
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
And gazed on it, and feebly laughed;
Her wreath of broom and feathers gray,
Daggled with blood, beside her lay.
The Knight to stanch the life-stream tried,—
‘Stranger, it is in vain!’ she cried.
‘This hour of death has given me more
Of reason’s power than years before;
For, as these ebbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away.
A helpless injured wretch I die,
And something tells me in thine eye

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

XXVIII.

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James;
Fast poured his eyes at pity's claims;

657. shred, torn off.
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,
Till this sad token I imbrue
In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!—
But hark! what means yon faint halloo?
The chase is up, — but they shall know,
The stag at bay's a dangerous foe.'
Barred from the known but guarded way,
Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must stray,
And oft must change his desperate track,
By stream and precipice turned back. 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

680. wreak, avenge.
686. favor, a token, as a scarf or ribbon, worn by a knight, and the gift of his lady.
687. imbrue, drench.
That all this Highland hornet's nest
Would muster up in swarms so soon
As e'er they heard of bands at Doune? —
Like bloodhounds now they search me out,—
Hark, to the whistle and the shout! —
If farther through the wilds I go,
I only fall upon the foe:
I'll couch me here till evening gray,
Then darkling try my dangerous way.'

xxix.

The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice there

721. *threads the brake*, feels his way cautiously and with difficulty through the brake. There are probably two ideas in this use of the word: going through a narrow passage, taken from *threading* a needle, and winding about in search of a passage, from the A.-S. root *thrawan*, to wind. Cf. *wend*, from *wenden*, to turn or *wind*.

722. *not the summer solstice there*. The meaning is that the greatest heat of summer had no effect in these cold regions. The solstice is that point in the ecliptic, or sun's apparent course, at which he is farthest from the equator, and appears to
Tempered the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze that swept the wold
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.

In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.

XXX.

Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked in his plaid a mountaineer;
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—
'Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!'
'A stranger.' 'What dost thou require?'
'Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost.'

_stand still._ [Lat. sol and sto.] The _summer solstice_ is reached on the 21st of June; the _winter solstice_ on the 22d of December—the dates of the longest and shortest days respectively. The intervening points, where the ecliptic cuts the equinoctial, are the _spring and autumnal equinoxes_ [Lat. _aequus_, and _nox_], reached respectively on the 20th of March and the 23d of September. Then day and night are equal all over the world.

724. the wold. See note, on l. 67.
728. Tangled and steep, refer to ways.
734. Saxon. The Highlanders called the Lowlanders _Shasgunach_ or _Sassenach_, that is, Saxons. The name _Saxon_ is of doubtful etymology, being variously derived from (1) the _saks_ or _sax_, their characteristic weapon; (2) the _Sacae_, a Scythian tribe (Dr. Danaldson); (3) _Sexe_, seamen or pirates (Dr. Guest); (4) O. Ger. _sass_; A.-S. _saet_, an inhabitant, or settler (Adelung).
'Art thou a friend to Roderick?' 'No.'
'Thou dar'st not call thyself a foe?'
'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,
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!' —
'They do, by heaven! — come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest.'
'If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight.'
'Then by these tokens mayst thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe.'
'Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare.'

741. I dare! to him, that is, "I dare call myself a foe to him and all the band whom he brings," etc.
743. the beast of game, the stag, which is protected by game-laws. The construction is peculiar: of game is an attribute to beast. The meaning is, the beast which belongs to the class called game. The general sense of the passage is: we give the stag a fair start, but we show no mercy to the fox.
751. come Roderick Dhu. The imperative, third person, expressing a wish: "Let them come, and let me rest, and I write," etc.
XXXI.

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed:—

'Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more,—upon thy fate, '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,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honor's laws;
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford;

784. Myself will guide thee, for I myself.
787. Coilantogle's ford, a ford near the western extremity of
From thence thy warrant is thy sword.'
'I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
As freely as 't is nobly given!'
'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.

Loch Venñachar, across the stream which flows from that lake.
It is now superseded by a footbridge.

794. wreath, properly a garland or chaplet. [A.-S. writhan, to twist.] In Scotland it is applied to a snowdrift (under the various forms wreathe, wrede, wride, and ree), because the wind whirls the snow in blowing it into a heap. In the text it is applied to a heap of heather.
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,—
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,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,

10. sheen, bright. Sheen is now used as a noun, meaning brightness or splendor; but in O. E. scheene, schene, or sheen, bright, fair, was used as an adjective:

“A Cristofer on his brest of silver schene.”
—Chaucer, Prol. Canterbury Tales, l. 115.

[A.-S. scyne; Ger. schön, beautiful.]
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o’er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray.
A wildering path! — they winded now
Along the precipice’s brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling’s turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman’s lance.
’T was oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty’s tear!

III.

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.

14. dappled, spotted.
15. by. To be connected with muttered, in the sense of
through or over.
17. As short and rude. Supply “as their matins.”
18. That o’er. An absolute phrase: “that being over.”
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
A hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrent down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumbered land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause
He sought these wilds, traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

43. hardihood, bravery and firmness. Shakespeare's word is hardiment, Chaucer's is hardynesse. [E. hardy, strong, valiant; Fr. hardi, akin to A.-S. heard, E. hard.]
46. shingles, gravel.
51. osiers, willow trees.
'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. 
When here, but three days since, I came, 
Bewildered in pursuit of game, 
All seemed as peaceful and as still 
As the mist slumbering on yon hill; 
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar, 
Nor soon expected back from war. 
Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide, 
Though deep perchance the villain lied.' 
'Yet why a second venture try?'
'A warrior thou, and ask me why!—
Moves our free course by such fixed cause 
As gives the poor mechanic laws? 
Enough, I sought to drive away 
The lazy hours of peaceful day; 
Slight cause will then suffice to guide 
A Knight's free footsteps far and wide, —
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed, 
The merry glance of mountain maid; 
Or, if a path be dangerous known, 
The danger's self is lure alone.'

'Thy secret keep, I urge thee not; —
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot, 
Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?

'No, by my word;—of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung.'

'Free be they flung! for we were loath
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,
Bewildered in the mountain-game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?'

'Warrior, but yester-morn I knew
Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlawed desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart.'

VI.

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,
'And heardst thou why he drew his blade?'

112. arraignment, accusation.
Heardst thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What recked the Chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath or Holy-Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven.
'Still was it outrage; — yet, 't is true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
While Albany with feeble hand
Held borrowed truncheon of command,
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
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:

124. Albany, John Stewart, Duke of Albany, a cousin of James IV., was Regent during a part of the minority of James V. "There is scarcely a more disorderly period of 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.

125. truncheon, scepter.

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

VIII.

Answered Fitz-James: 'And, if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid?
My life given o'er to ambuscade?'
'As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—
I seek my hound or falcon strayed,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
Save to fulfil an augury.'
'Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,

169. Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu. "So far, indeed,
was a Creagh, or foray, from being held disgraceful, that a
young chief was always expected to show his talents for com-
mand, so soon as he assumed it, by leading his clan on a suc-
cessful 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 Gaels, great traditional historians, never forgot
that the Lowlands had, at some remote period, been the prop-
erty of their Celtic forefathers, which furnished an ample vindica-
tion of all the ravages that they could make on the unfortunate
districts which lay within their reach." — Scott.
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.

Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine’s glen
In peace; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
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!’

IX.

‘Have then thy wish!’—He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life

192. love-lorn. Lorn is an old English form for lost; love-lorn = forsaken by one’s love.

198. Wild as the scream of the curlew. Wild is an adverb (for wildly) modifying flew. The curlew is a water bird, named from its cry. [Fr. corlieu.]
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood and still.
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
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?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, — I am Roderick Dhu!'

x.

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

252. was glinted, was flashed back. But *glint* [Sc. *glent*] is an intransitive verb, meaning to glance or glide; its use, therefore, as a passive, is improper, or at least unusual:

"Yet cheerfully thou *glinted forth."
— Burns, *To a Mountain Daisy."

"The risin' sun, owre Galston muirs,
Wi' glorious light was *glintin.*"
— Burns.

[Sc. *glent*, O. E. *glissen*, Ger. *glanzen*, to glitter, and *gleissen*, to shine; same root as *glass*, *glisten*, *glitter*, *glance*.] last means last preceding, not latest or final; for "the next" follows it.

253. jack, a spear or pike. Observe that *jack* and *pike* are applied both to a spearhead and to a voracious fish with a pointed snout.
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,
And to his look the Chief replied:
‘Fear naught, nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest;—I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman’s brand
For aid against one valiant hand.
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on;—I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue

259. Delusion...dreadful dream. Triple alliteration.
268. lay, depended, or was at stake.
270. move we on. Imperative, first person plural, for “let us move on.”
272. Deeming this path you might pursue. Attributive to “you” in the preceding line; but it explains the “reed” there referred to, and has the force of an adverbial of cause: “I only meant to show that you leant upon a reed, when you thought that you might pursue this path without a pass from Roderick Dhu.” “This incident, like some other passages in the poem illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary, but borrowed from fact. The Highlanders, with the inconsistency of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of generosity, and of cruel revenge and perfidy.”—Scott.
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.'
They moved;—I said Fitz-James was brave
As ever knight that belted glaive, 275
Yet dare not say that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet by fearful proof was rife
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,
And still from copse and heather deep
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear. 295

xii.

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,

298. three mighty lakes, Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar.
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.
And here his course the Chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said:

'Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine’s outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain’s vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here all vantageless I stand,
Armed like thyself with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.'

XIII.

The Saxon paused: ‘I ne’er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;

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.

315. vantageless, without vantage; an abbreviated form of advantage.
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:
“Who spills the foremost foeman’s life,
His party conquers in the strife.”’
‘Then, by my word,’ the Saxon said,
‘The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy;
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James at Stirling let us go,
335
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favor free,
I plight mine honor, oath, and word
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand
340
That aids thee now to guard thy land.’

331. Who spills, etc. See Canto IV. ll. 132-133.
340. if thou wilt . . . the King shall. Observe the correct use of wilt and shall. Wilt indicates that the event lies within the power of its subject (Roderick); shall, that the event lies beyond the power of the speaker.
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?
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
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!
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,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not — doubt not — which thou wilt —
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.'

356. carpet knight, a drawing-room knight, one who has not known service in the field.
364. ruth, pity.
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun and stream and plain
As what they ne’er might see again;
Then foot and point and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

xv.

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

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 incumbered soldier." — Scott.
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick’s weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

xvi.

‘Now yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart’s blood dyes my blade!’
‘Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant 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;
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden’s hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel!
They tug, they strain! down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain’s gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,

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

XVII.

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

435. close, grapple.
Sat down his brow and hands to lave.  
Then faint afar are heard the feet  
Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet;  
The sounds increase, and now are seen  
Four mounted squires in Lincoln green;  
Two who bear lance, and two who lead  
By loosened rein a saddled steed;  
Each onward held his headlong course,  
And by Fitz-James reined up his horse; —  
With wonder viewed the bloody spot, —  
'Exclaim not, gallants! question not. —  
You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,  
And bind the wounds of yonder knight;  
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.  
The sun rides high; — I must be bouned  
To see the archer-game at noon;  
But lightly Bayard clears the lea. —  
De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

XVIII.

'Stand, Bayard, stand!' — the steed obeyed,  
With arching neck and bended head,  
And glancing eye and quivering ear,  
As if he loved his lord to hear.

461. palfrey, a lady's saddle-horse.
No foot Fitz-James in stirrup stayed,
No grasp upon the saddle laid,
But wreathed his left hand in the mane,
And lightly bounded from the plain,
Turned on the horse his armed heel,
And stirred his courage with the steel.
Bounded the fiery steed in air,
The rider sat erect and fair,
Then like a bolt from steel crossbow
Forth launched, along the plain they go.
They dashed that rapid torrent through,
And up Carhonie's hill they flew;
Still at the gallop pricked the Knight,
His 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,
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;
They mark just glance and disappear
The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,
And on the opposing shore take ground,
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.

\[XIX.\]

As up the flinty path they strained,
Sudden his steed the leader reined;
A signal to his squire he flung,
Who instant to his stirrup sprung: —
'Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman gray,
Who townward holds the rocky way,
Of stature tall and poor array?
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
With which he scales the mountain-side?
Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom?'

'No, by my word; — a burly groom
He seems, who in the field or chase
A baron's train would nobly grace —'

'Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply,
And jealousy, no sharper eye?
Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
That stately form and step I knew;
Like form in Scotland is not seen,
Treads not such step on Scottish green.
'T is James of Douglas, by Saint Serle!

The uncle of the banished Earl.

525. 'T is James of Douglas. When Douglas of Kilspindie returned from exile, to throw himself on the clemency of his former pupil, King James, he was recognized in a similar way by the King. "As James returned from hunting in the park at Stirling, he saw a person at a distance, and, turning to his nobles, exclaimed, 'Yonder is my Graysteil, Archibald of Kilspindie.'"
Away, away, to court, to show
The near approach of dreaded foe:
The King must stand upon his guard;
Douglas and he must meet prepared.'

Then right-hand wheeled their steeds, and straight
They won the Castle's postern gate.

xx.

The Douglas, who had bent his way
From Cambus-kenneth's abbey gray,
Now, as he climbed the rocky shelf,
Held sad communion with himself:—
'Yes! all is true my fears could frame;
A prisoner lies the noble Graeme,
And fiery Roderick soon will feel
The vengeance of the royal steel.

I, only I, can ward their fate,—
God grant the ransom come not late!
The Abbess hath her promise given,
My child shall be the bride of Heaven;—
Be pardoned one repining tear!
For He who gave her knows how dear,
How excellent!—but that is by,
And now my business is—to die.—
Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled;
And thou, O sad and fatal mound!

550. A Douglas by his sovereign bled. William, Earl of Douglas, was slain by James II. at Stirling, in 1452.

551. fatal mound, an eminence on the northeast of the Castle, where state criminals were executed, called the "Heading-hill."
That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand,—
The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb
Prepare — for Douglas seeks his doom!
But hark! what blithe and jolly peal
Makes the Franciscan steeple reel?
And see! upon the crowded street,
In motley groups what masquers meet!
Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,
And merry morrice-dancers come.
I guess, by all this quaint array,
The burghers hold their sports to-day.
James will be there; he loves such show,
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,
And play my prize; — King James shall mark
If age has tamed these sinews stark,

562. morrice-dancers. The morrice-dance was a dance of Moorish origin, in which bells and rattles were introduced.

564. The burghers hold their sports to-day. "Every burgh in Scotland of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had their solemn play or festival, when feats of archery were exhibited, and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar, and the other gymnastic exercises of the period. The usual prize to the best shooter was a silver arrow."

570. I'll . . . play my prize. I'll exercise my skill in competing for the prize.

572. If, whether.
Whose force so oft in happier days  
His boyish wonder loved to praise.'

xxi.
The Castle gates were open flung,  
The quivering drawbridge rocked and rung,  
And echoed loud the flinty street  
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,  
As slowly down the steep descent  
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,  
While all along the crowded way  
Was jubilee and loud huzza.  
And ever James was bending low  
To his white jennet's saddle-bow,  
Doffing his cap to city dame,  
Who smiled and blushed for pride and shame.  
And well the simperer might be vain,—  
He chose the fairest of the train.  
Gravely he greets each city sire,  
Commends each pageant's quaint attire,  
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,  
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,  
Who rend the heavens with their acclaims,—  
'Long live the Commons' King, King James!'
Behind the King thronged peer and knight,
And noble dame and damsel bright,
Whose fiery steeds ill brooked the stay
Of the steep street and crowded way.
But in the train you might discern
Dark lowering brow and visage stern;
There nobles mourned their pride restrained,
And the mean burgher's joys disdained;
And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,
Were each from home a banished man,
There thought upon their own gray tower,
Their waving woods, their feudal power,
And deemed themselves a shameful part
Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

XXII.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out
Their checkered bands the joyous rout.
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,—

603. *hostage*, a person given as security for the performance of the conditions of a treaty or of stipulations of any kind on the performance of which the person is to be released.

606. *feudal power*. Under the feudal system the lord had power to command the services of his tenants in time of war.

610. *checkered bands*, groups in gay dresses.

613. *butts*, targets.

614. *Robin Hood*, a noted English outlaw of the time of King Richard I. "The exhibition of this renowned outlaw and his band was a favorite frolic at such festivals as we are describ-
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 centred in the white,
And when in turn he shot again,
His second split the first in twain.
From the King's hand must Douglas take 625
A silver dart, the archer's stake;
Fondly he watched, with watery eye,
Some answering glance of sympathy,—
No kind emotion made reply!
Indifferent as to archer wight, 630
The monarch gave the arrow bright.

This sporting, in which kings did not disdain to be actors, was prohibited in Scotland upon the Reformation, by a statute of the Sixth Parliament of Queen Mary, which ordered, under heavy penalties, that 'na manner of person be chosen Robert Hude, nor Little John, Abbot of Unreason, Queen of May, nor otherwise.' But in 1561 the 'rascal multitude,' says John Knox, 'were stirred up to make a Robin Hude, whilk enormity was of many years left and damned by statute and act of Parliament; yet would they not be forbidden.' Accordingly they raised a very serious tumult, and at length made prisoners the magistrates who endeavored to suppress it, and would not release them till they extorted a formal promise that no one should be punished for his share of the disturbance.'

615. quarterstaff. A long and stout staff formerly used as a weapon of offense and defense. cowl, a monk's hood.
615-618. Friar Tuck, Old Scathelocke, Maid Marian, and the rest were companions of Robin Hood. See Scott's Ivanhoe.
630. archer wight, common archer.
xxiii.

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

641. golden ring. "The usual prize in wrestling was a ram
and a ring, but the animal would have embarrassed my story."
—Scott.
xxiv.

The vale with loud applauses rang,
The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang. 660
The King, with look unmoved, bestowed
A purse well filled with pieces broad.
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
And threw the gold among the crowd,
Who now with anxious wonder scan,
And sharper glance, the dark gray man;
Till whispers rose among the throng,
That heart so free, and hand so strong,
Must to the Douglas blood belong.
The old men marked and shook the head,
To see his hair with silver spread,
And winked aside, and told each son
Of feats upon the English done,
Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand
Was exiled from his native land. 670
The women praised his stately form,
Though wrecked by many a winter's storm;
The youth with awe and wonder saw
His strength surpassing Nature's law.
Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,
Till murmurs rose to clamors loud.
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, a small hill near the Castle, from which the ladies watched the games.
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,
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,
That venison free and Bourdeaux wine
Might serve the archery to dine.
But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
The fleetest hound in all the North,—
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.
She left the royal hounds midway,
And dashing on the antlered prey,
Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,
And deep the flowing life-blood drank.
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
By strange intruder broken short,
Came up, and with his leash unbound
In anger struck the noble hound.
The Douglas had endured, that morn,
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,
And last, and worse to spirit proud,
Had borne the pity of the crowd;
But Lufra had been fondly bred,
To share his board, to watch his bed,
And oft would Ellen Lufra’s neck
In maiden glee with garlands deck;
They were such playmates that with name
Of Lufra Ellen’s image came.
His stifled wrath is brimming high,
In darkened brow and flashing eye;
As waves before the bark divide,
The crowd gave way before his stride;
Needs but a buffet and no more,
The groom lies senseless in his gore.
Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

XXVI.

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

740. misprou’d, with false pride. Cf. 3 King Henry VI. II. v. 7:
"Strengthening misprou’d York."
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?—
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,
‘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;
To earth are borne the old and weak,
The timorous fly, the women shriek;
With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,
The hardier urge tumultuous war.
At once round Douglas darkly sweep
The royal spears in circle deep,
And slowly scale the pathway steep,
While on the rear in thunder pour
The rabble with disordered roar.
With grief the noble Douglas saw
The Commons rise against the law.

747. ward. Confinement under guard.
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
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.
Are these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire?
Or if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low,
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those cords of love I should unbind
Which knit my country and my kind?
O no! Believe, in yonder tower
It will not soothe my captive hour,
To know those spears our foes should dread
For me in kindred gore are red:
To know, in fruitless brawl begun,
For me that mother wails her son,
For me that widow's mate expires,

769. knighthood. Knighthood was conferred by the king or his representative by a stroke with the flat of the sword on the candidate's shoulder.
773. fealty, loyalty.
For me that orphans weep their sires,
That patriots mourn insulted laws,
And curse the Douglas for the cause.
O let your patience ward such ill,
And keep your right to love me still!

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

794. ward. Here, ward off.
812. battled, with battlements. verge, limits.
XXX.

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

XXXI.

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

838. cognizance, the distinguishing mark worn by an armed knight, and sometimes by his dependents.
What from our cousin, John of Mar?

'He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound
Within the safe and guarded ground;
For some foul purpose yet unknown,—
Most sure for evil to the throne,—
The outlawed Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Has summoned his rebellious crew;
'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 march, and soon
Your Grace will hear of battle fought;
But earnestly the Earl besought,
Till for such danger he provide,
With scanty train you will not ride.'

XXXII.

'Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—
I should have earlier looked to this;
I lost it in this bustling day.—
Retrace with speed thy former way;
Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
The best of mine shall be thy meed.
Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,
We do forbid the intended war;
Roderick this morn in single fight
Was made our prisoner by a knight,
And Douglas hath himself and cause

847. banditti, outlawed robbers.
Submitted to our kingdom’s laws.
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!’
He turned his steed,—‘My liege, I hie,
Yet ere I cross this lily lawn
I fear the broadswords will be drawn.’
The turf the flying courser spurned,
And to his towers the King returned.

XXXIII.

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

868. vulgar, the common people.
887. Earl William. See note on l. 550, above.
But jaded horsemen from the west
At evening to the Castle pressed,
And busy talkers said they bore
Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore;
At noon the deadly fray begun,
And lasted till the set of sun.
Thus giddy rumor shook the town,
Till closed the Night her pennons brown.
The sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance;
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
Scaring the prowling robber to his den;
Gilding on battled tower the warder’s lance,
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

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

3. caitiff. An unfortunate or wretched man; not in this case in its opprobrious sense of a despicable fellow. [O. F. caytif, wretched; Fr. chétif; It. cattivo; Lat. captivus, from capio, I take; E. captive.]

9. the kind nurse of men. Sleep. Cf.:

“Sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature’s soft nurse.”
—2 Henry IV. III. 1. 5.
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,
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,
Deadened the torches' yellow glare.
In comfortless alliance shone
The lights through arch of blackened stone,
And showed wild shapes in garb of war,
Faces deformed with beard and scar,
All haggard from the midnight watch,
And fevered with the stern debauch;
For the oak table's massive board,
Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,
And beakers drained, and cups o'erthrown,
Showed in what sport the night had flown.
Some, weary, snored on floor and bench;
Some labored still their thirst to quench;
Some, chilled with watching, spread their hands
O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,
While round them, or beside them flung,
At every step their harness rung.

III.

These drew not for their fields the sword,
Like tenants of a feudal lord,
Nor owned the patriarchal claim
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;
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;
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

42. harness, equipment.
47. Adventurers. "The Scottish army 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. I have chosen to give them the harsh features of the mercenary soldiers of the period."
53. Fleming, an inhabitant of Flanders, now a part of Belgium.
The heavy halberd, brand, and shield;
In camps licentious, wild, and bold;
In pillage fierce and uncontrolled;
And now, by holytide and feast,
From rules of discipline released.

IV.

They held debate of bloody fray,
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,
Whose mangled limbs and bodies gored
Bore token of the mountain sword,
Though, neighboring to the Court of Guard,
Their prayers and feverish wails were heard,—
Sad burden to the ruffian joke,
And savage oath by fury spoke!—
At length up started John of Brent,
A yeoman from the banks of Trent;
A stranger to respect or fear,
In peace a chaser of the deer,
In host a hardy mutineer,
But still the boldest of the crew
When deed of danger was to do.
He grieved that day their games cut short,
And marred the dicer's brawling sport,
And shouted loud, 'Renew the bowl! 
And, while a merry catch I troll, 
Let each the buxom chorus bear, 
Like brethren of the brand and spear.'

VI.

The warder's challenge, heard without, 
Stayed in mid-roar the merry shout. 
A soldier to the portal went, —
'Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent; 
And — beat for jubilee the drum! —
A maid and minstrel with him come.'
Bertram, a Fleming, gray and scarred, 
Was entering now the Court of Guard, 
A harper with him, and, in plaid 
All muffled close, a mountain maid, 
Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view 
Of the loose scene and boisterous crew. 
'What news?' they roared: — 'I only know, 
From noon till eve we fought with foe, 
As wild and as untamable 
As the rude mountains where they dwell; 
On both sides store of blood is lost, 
Nor much success can either boast.' —
'But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil 
As theirs must needs reward thy toil. 
Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp; 

87. catch, song.  troll, sing. 
88. buxom, lively. 
111. Ghent, a Flemish city.
Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp!
Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,
The leader of a juggler band.'

VII.

'No, comrade;— no such fortune mine. After the fight these sought our line, That aged harper and the girl, And, having audience of the Earl, 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;

131. juggler. "The jongleurs, or 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. In Scotland these poor creatures seem, even at a late period, to have been bondswomen to their masters." — Scott.

136. purvey, provide.
143. niggard, stingy.
But Ellen boldly stepped between,
And dropped at once the tartan screen:—
So, from his morning cloud, appears
The sun of May through summer tears.
The savage soldiery, amazed,
As on descended angel gazed;
Even hardy Brent, abashed and tamed,
Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

VIII.

Boldly she spoke: 'Soldiers, attend!
My father was the soldier's friend,
Cheered him in camps, in marches led,
And with him in the battle bled.
Not from the valiant or the strong
Should exile's daughter suffer wrong.'
Answered De Brent, most forward still
In every feat or good or ill:
'I shame me of the part I played;
And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid!
An outlaw I by forest laws,
And merry Needwood knows the cause.
Poor Rose,— if Rose be living now,'—
He wiped his iron eye and brow,—
'Must bear such age, I think, as thou.—
Hear ye, my mates! I go to call
The Captain of our watch to hall:
There lies my halberd on the floor;

And he that steps my halberd o'er,  
To do the maid injurious part,  
My shaft shall quiver in his heart!  
Beware loose speech, or jesting rough;  
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough.'

IX.

Their Captain came, a gallant young,—  
Of Tullibardine's house he sprung,—  
Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight;  
Gay was his mien, his humor light,  
And, though by courtesy controlled,  
Forward his speech, his bearing bold.  
The high-born maiden ill could brook  
The scanning of his curious look  
And dauntless eye:— and yet, in sooth,  
Young Lewis was a generous youth;  
But Ellen's lovely face and mien,  
Ill suited to the garb and scene,  
Might lightly bear construction strange,  
And give loose fancy scope to range.  
'Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!  
Come ye to seek a champion's aid,  
On palfrey white, with harper hoar,

183. Tullibardine's house. The family of Murray. The earliest title of the ducal house of Atholl was Baron Murray of Tullibardine. Tullibardine Castle is near Auchterarder in Perthshire.

193. Ill suited to the garb and scene. In form, an attribute to face and mien, but logically an adverbial of cause to might bear = being ill suited, i.e., because it was ill suited.
Like errant damosel of yore?
Does thy high quest a knight require,
Or may the venture suit a squire?'
Her dark eye flashed;— she paused and sighed:—
'O what have I to do with pride!—
Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,
A suppliant for a father's life,
I crave an audience of the King.
Behold, to back my suit, a ring,
The royal pledge of grateful claims,
Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James.'

X.

The signet-ring young Lewis took
With deep respect and altered look,
And said: 'This ring our duties own;
And pardon, if to worth unknown,
In semblance mean obscurely veiled,
Lady, in aught my folly failed.
Soon as the day flings wide his gates,
The King shall know what suitor waits.
Please you meanwhile in fitting bower
Repose you till his waking hour;
Female attendance shall obey
Your hest, for service or array.

199. damosel. A maiden. [O. Fr. damoisel; Fr. demoiselle; dim. of dame, the mistress of a house; Lat. domus.]
214. In semblance mean obscurely veiled. This like to worth unknown, in the preceding line, refers to the Lady.
218. Please you . . . Repose you. May it please you to repose yourself. Please is imperative; repose is infinitive.
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
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:
'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,
Where gayer crests may keep afar.'
With thanks — 't was all she could — the maid
His rugged courtesy repaid.

XI.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,
Allan made suit to John of Brent:
'My lady safe, O let your grace
Give me to see my master's face!'
His minstrel I,—to share his doom
Bound from the cradle to the tomb.
Tenth in descent, since first my sires
Waked for his noble house their lyres,
Nor one of all the race was known
But prized its weal above their own.
With the Chief’s birth begins our care;
Our harp must soothe the infant heir,
Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace
His earliest feat of field 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—
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;
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 Beaufort!
And, but I loved to drive the deer

265. but I loved. Clause of negative condition = “if I loved not.” The apodosis or conclusion is, I had not, for “I would not have.” But (= beout), whether a relative pronoun or a conjunction, is always negative, and has a corresponding negative in the apodosis. “Leave out that I loved to chase the deer, and I should not have been an outcast here.” The adverb but, only, is an abbreviation of not-but = not or nothing but: There are but few = There are not but few, i.e., leave out that there are few, and there are none.
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;
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,
Lay wheel, and axe, and headsman's sword,
And many a hideous engine grim,
For wrenching joint and crushing limb,
By artists formed who deemed it shame 280
And sin to give their work a name.
They halted at a low-browed porch,
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,
While bolt and chain he backward rolled,
And made the bar unhasp its hold.
285
They entered: — '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
Decked the sad walls and oaken floor,

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

XIII.

As the tall ship, whose lofty prore
Shall never stem the billows more,
Deserted by her gallant band,
Amid the breakers lies astrand,—
So on his couch lay Roderick Dhu!
And oft his fevered limbs he threw
In toss abrupt, as when her sides
Lie rocking in the advancing tides,

295. the Leech. The physician or healer. [A.-S. laece, a physician, from lac, laec, a gift; E. leech, the blood-sucking worm used in remedies.]
305. the Chief he sought. That he sought the chieftain. Chief is objective, governed by sought.
306. prore. Prow. [Lat. prora, from pro before.]
309. astrand, stranded.
312. her sides. A continuation of the simile of the ship.
That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,
Yet cannot heave her from her seat;—
O, how unlike her course at sea!
Or his free step on hill and lea!—
Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,—
'What of thy lady?—of my clan?—
My mother?—Douglas?—tell me all!
Have they been ruined in my fall?
Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here?
Yet speak,—speak boldly,—do not fear.'—
For Allan, who his mood well knew,
Was choked with grief and terror too.—
'Who fought?—who fled?—Old man, be brief;—
Some might,—for they had lost their Chief.
Who basely live?—who bravely died?'
'O, calm thee, Chief!' the Minstrel cried,
'Ellen is safe!' 'For that thank Heaven!'—
'And hopes are for the Douglas given;—
The Lady Margaret, too, is well;
And, for thy clan, — on field or fell,
Has never harp of minstrel told
Of combat fought so true and bold.
Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,
Though many a goodly bough is rent.'

327. Some might. Some might flee.
333. for thy clan. As regards, or with reference to, thy clan.
XIV.

The Chieftain reared his form on high,
And fever’s fire was in his eye;
But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks
Checkered his swarthy brow and cheeks.
‘Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play,
With measure bold on festal day,
In yon lone isle, — again where ne’er
Shall harper play or warrior hear! —
That stirring air that peals on high,
O’er Dermid’s race our victory. —
Strike it! — and then, — for well thou canst, —
Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,
Fling me the picture of the fight,
When met my clan the Saxon might.
I ’ll listen, till my fancy hears
The clang of swords, the crash of spears!
These grates, these walls, shall vanish then
For the fair field of fighting men,
And my free spirit burst away,
As if it soared from battle fray.’
The trembling Bard with awe obeyed,—
Slow on the harp his hand he laid;
But soon remembrance of the sight
He witnessed from the mountain’s height,
With what old Bertram told at night,

349. glanced. Participle, attribute to picture.
354. shall vanish . . . For the fair field. Shall give place to the fair field. “I shall fancy myself in the field of battle, and die fighting.”
Awakened the full power of song,
And bore him in career along; —
As shalllop launched on river's tide,
That slow and fearful leaves the side,
But, when it feels the middle stream,
Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

XV.

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE

'The minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For ere he parted he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray —
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand! —
There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyry nods the erné,
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.

365. shallop, a small boat.
369. Battle of Beal' an Duine. "A skirmish actually took place at a pass 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. eyry, the nest of a bird that builds in a lofty place. erné, eagle.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
    That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
    The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
    That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
    The sun's retiring beams? —

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

XVI.

'Their light-armed archers far and near
    Surveyed the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
    A twilight forest frowned,
Their barded horsemen in the rear
    The stern battalia crowned.
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
    Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
    The sullen march was dumb.

404. **barded**, armored; used only of horses and horsemen.
405. **battalia**, an army in battle array.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
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,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe;
The host moves like a deep-sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosachs’ rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

XVII.

‘At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear:
For life! for life! their flight they ply —
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,

414. vaward = vanward or vanguard, a body of men who ride in front of the main body of an army.
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.
Onward they drive in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight wood?

"Down, down," cried Mar, "your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!"

Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay levelled low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide.

"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
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

447. serried, crowded together.
452. Tinchel. "A circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding
a great space, and gradually narrowing, brought immense quan-
tities of deer together, which usually made desperate efforts to
break through the Tinchel." — Scott.
Was brandishing like beam of light,
   Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
   They hurled them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if a hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,—
   "My banner-man, advance!
I see," he cried, "their column shake.
Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
   Upon them with the lance!" —
The horsemen dashed among the rout,
   As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
   They soon make lightsome room.
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—
   Where, where was Roderick then!
One blast upon his bugle-horn
   Were worth a thousand men.
And refluent through the pass of fear
   The battle's tide was poured;
    Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
    Vanished the mountain-sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
   Receives her roaring linn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass;
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

XIX.

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

XX.

'Viewing the mountain’s ridge askance,
The Saxons stood in sullen trance,
Till Moray pointed with his lance,
And cried: "Behold yon isle! —
See! none are left to guard its strand
But women weak, that wring the hand:
'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,
And loose a shallop from the shore.

533. wont, were accustomed.
539. bonnet-pieces, gold coins on which the king’s head bore a bonnet instead of the usual crown.
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,
He plunged him in the wave; —
All saw the deed, — the purpose knew,
And to their clamors Benvenue
A mingled echo gave;
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
The helpless females scream for fear,
And yells for rage the mountaineer.
'T was then, as by the outcry riven,
Poured down at once the lowering heaven:
A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast,
Her billows reared their snowy crest.
Well for the swimmer swelled they high,
To mar the Highland marksman's eye;
For round him showered, mid rain and hail,
The vengeful arrows of the Gael.
In vain. — He nears the isle — and lo!
His hand is on a shallop's bow.
Just then a flash of lightning came,
It tinged the waves and strand with flame;
I marked Duncraggan's widowed dame,
Behind an oak I saw her stand,
A naked dirk gleamed in her hand: —
It darkened, — but amid the moan
Of waves I heard a dying groan; —
Another flash! — the spearman floats

545. casque and corselet, helmet and body armor.
A weltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

xxi.

""Revenge! revenge!"" the Saxons cried,
The Gaels' exulting shout replied.
Despite the elemental rage,
Again they hurried to engage;
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
Bloody with spurring came a knight,
Sprung from his horse, and from a crag
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
Clarion and trumpet by his side
Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,
While, in the Monarch's name, afar
A herald's voice forbade the war,
For Bothwell's lord and Roderick bold—
Were both, he said, in captive hold.'—
But here the lay made sudden stand,
The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand!
Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy
How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy:
At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,
With lifted hand kept feeble time;
That motion ceased,—yet feeling strong
Varied his look as changed the song;
At length, no more his deafened ear
The minstrel melody can hear;
His face grows sharp,—his hands are clenched,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched;
Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy;
Thus, motionless and moanless, drew
His parting breath stout Roderick Dhu!—
Old Allan-bane looked on aghast,
While grim and still his spirit passed;
But when he saw that life was fled,
He poured his wailing o'er the dead.

XXII.

LAMENT

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

602. Thus. "Rob Roy, while on his deathbed, learned that
a person with whom he was at enmity proposed to visit him.
'Raise me from my bed,' said the invalid; 'throw my plaid
around me, and bring me my claymore, dirk, and pistols,—it
shall never be said that a foeman saw Rob Roy MacGregor
defenseless and unarmed.' His foeman entered and paid his
compliments, inquiring after the health of his formidable neigh-
bor. Rob Roy maintained a cold, haughty civility during their
short conference, and so soon as he had left the house, 'Now,' he
said, 'all is over—let the piper play We Return No More,' and he
is said to have expired before the dirge was finished." — Scott.
‘What groans shall yonder valleys fill!
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!
There breathes not clansman of thy line,
But would have given his life for thine.
O, woe for Alpine’s honored Pine!

‘Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!—
The captive thrush may brook the cage,
The prisoned eagle dies for rage.
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
And, when its notes awake again,
Even she, so long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her woe and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine’s honored Pine.’

XXIII.

Ellen the while, with bursting heart,
Remained in lordly bower apart,
Where played, with many-colored gleams,
Through storied pane the rising beams.
In vain on gilded roof they fall,
And lightened up a tapestried wall.

631. Even she. See Canto II. ll. 748–754.
638. storied pane, windows painted with historical scenes
Cf. Milton’s *Il Penseroso*:

“Storied windows richly dight.”
And for her use a menial train
A rich collation spread in vain.
The banquet proud, the chamber gay,
Scarce drew one curious glance astray;
Or if she looked, 't was but to say,
With better omen dawned the day
In that lone isle, where waved on high
The dun-deer's hide for canopy;
Where oft her noble father shared
The simple meal her care prepared,
While Lufra, crouching by her side,
Her station claimed with jealous pride,
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme,
Whose answer, oft at random made,
The wandering of his thoughts betrayed.
Those who such simple joys have known
Are taught to prize them when they're gone.
But sudden, see, she lifts her head,
The window seeks with cautious tread.
What distant music has the power
To win her in this woful hour?
'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,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free,
For that 's the life is meet for me.

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

' No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee,—
That life is lost to love and me!'
She turned the hastier, lest again
The prisoner should renew his strain.

'O welcome, brave Fitz-James!' she said;
'How may an almost orphan maid
Pay the deep debt—' 'O say not so!
To me no gratitude you owe.
Not mine, alas! the boon to give,
And bid thy noble father live;
I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.
No tyrant he, though ire and pride
May lay his better mood aside.
Come, Ellen, come! '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,
And gently whispered hope and cheer;
Her faltering steps half led, half staid,
Through gallery fair and high arcade,
Till at his touch its wings of pride
A portal arch unfolded wide.

697. an almost orphan. Because she is uncertain of her father's fate. Observe the use of almost as an attribute to orphan, which is here used as an adjective.

702. I can but be thy guide. I can be nothing except thy guide. See supra, note l. 265.

707. at morning prime, at earliest morning. But prime is here a noun, and morning an adjective.

709. As to a brother's arm. Adverbial clause of manner to clung: "she clung as she would cling to a brother's arm."
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,
And from their tissue fancy frames
Aerial knights and fairy dames.
Still by Fitz-James her footing staid;
A few faint steps she forward made,
Then slow her drooping head she raised,
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;
On many a splendid garb she gazed,—
Then turned bewildered and amazed,
For all stood bare; and in the room
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.
To him each lady’s look was lent,
On him each courtier’s eye was bent;

719. As when, “as it glows when.” It glows, here, like it was brilliant, and it glowed, above, is the impersonal (more correctly unipersonal) construction; and it is an indefinite pronoun, referring not to any special subject, but to the action of the verb: it glowed = glowing went on.

723. by . . . staid, beside . . . remained. Observe that staid is here intransitive, to remain: in l. 712 it is transitive, to make to stand, to support.

729. port, bearing, carriage.

730. Might. Supply which as subject of might.
Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The centre of the glittering ring,—
And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King!

As wreath of snow on mountain-breast
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
And at the Monarch's feet she lay;
No word her choking voice commands,—
She showed the ring,—she clasped her hands.
O, not a moment could he brook,
The generous Prince, that suppliant look!
Gently he raised her,—and, the while,
Checked with a glance the circle's smile;
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,
And bade her terrors be dismissed:—
'Yes, fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James
The fealty of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring;
He will redeem his signet ring.

740. Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King. "James V. 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 he used to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces in various disguises." — Scott.
741. wreath of snow, a snowdrift. See Canto IV. 1. 794.
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.

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 stanched thy father's death-feud stern
With stout De Vaux and gray Glencairn; 
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our throne. —
But, lovely infidel, how now?
What clouds thy misbelieving brow?
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid; 
Thou must confirm this doubting maid.'

**XXVIII.**

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung, 
And on his neck his daughter hung. 
The Monarch drank, that happy hour, 
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power, —
When it can say with godlike voice, 
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
Yet would not James the general eye 
On nature's raptures long should pry; 
He stepped between — 'Nay, Douglas, nay, 
Steal not my proselyte away!

782. **proselyte,** one who is converted.  Cf. *infidel,* l. 769 above.
The riddle 't is my right to read,
That brought this happy chance to speed.
Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
In life's more low but happier way,
'T is under name which veils my power,
Nor falsely veils, — for Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims,
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injured cause.'
Then, in a tone apart and low,—
'Ah, little traitress! none must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
My spell-bound steps to Benvenue
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!'
Aloud he spoke: 'Thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,

784. to speed, to success, to a successful issue.
785. when disguised I stray. The name which James generally assumed in these wanderings was the Gude-man (or "farmer") of Ballangiech. Scott says the two excellent comic songs, entitled The Gaberlunzie Man and We 'll gae nae mair a rovin', are said to have been founded on the success of King James's adventures when traveling in the disguise of a beggar. "The latter," Scott adds, "is perhaps the best comic ballad in any language."
789. the name of Snowdoun. "William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle 'Snowdoun.' Sir David Lindsay bestows the same epithet upon it."
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring, —
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?

XXIX.

Full well the conscious maiden guessed
He probed the weakness of her breast;
But with that consciousness there came
A lightening of her fears from Græme,
And more she deemed the Monarch's ire
Kindled 'gainst him who for her sire
Rebellious broadsword boldly drew;
And, to her generous feeling true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.
'Forbear thy suit; — the King of kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings.
I know his heart, I know his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand; —
My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live! —
Hast thou no other boon to crave?
No other captive friend to save?'
Blushing, she turned her from the King,
And to the Douglas gave the ring,
As if she wished her sire to speak
The suit that stained her glowing cheek.
'Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,

808. lightening, relieving, or making lighter.
813. grace, pardon; generally attributed to him who grants, not, as here, to him who receives it. The grace of Roderick Dhu means "the grace, or pardon, of the King for Roderick Dhu."
And stubborn justice holds her course,
Malcolm, come forth!’ — and, at the word,
Down kneeled the Græme to Scotland’s Lord.
‘For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought amid thy faithful clan
A refuge for an outlawed man,
Dishonoring thus thy loyal name.—
Fetters and warder for the Græme!’
His chain of gold the King unstrung,
The links o’er Malcolm’s neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen’s hand.

Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half seen, are to the covert wending. 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!
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,
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.—
That I o’erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
’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;
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!

854. cavil, to make captious objection.
859. o’erlive, outlive.
The following song is omitted from Canto VI., following l. 89:

v.

SOLDIER'S SONG

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule
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 !

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,
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 Church.
Yet whoop, bully-boys ! off with your liquor,
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar !
Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: May 2009