

**THE POETICAL WORKS OF
WALTER
SCOTT. IN TWELVE
VOLUMES. VOL. X**

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The Poetical Works of Walter Scott. In Twelve Volumes. Vol. X by Walter Scott

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WALTER SCOTT

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. X.

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CONTENTS
OF
VOLUME TENTH.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

	PAGE.
Canto Fifth	3
Canto Sixth	49
Notes to Canto Fifth	109
Notes to Canto Sixth	129

SONGS AND MISCELLANIES.

Jock of Hazeldean	171
Lullaby of an Infant Chief.	174
Pibroch of Donald Dhu.	176
Nora's Vow	180

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
MacGregor's Gathering	183
Donald Caird's come again	186
Mackrimmon's Lament	191
The Last Words of Cadwallon	194
On Ettrick Forest's Mountains Dun	197
The Sun upon the Wierdlaw-Hill	200
The Maid of Isla	202
The Foray	204
The Monks of Bangor's March	206
Farewell to the Muse	210
Epitaph on Mrs Erskine	212
Mr Kemble's Farewell Address, on taking leave of the Edinburgh Stage	214
Search after Happiness	217
Epilogue to The Appeal, Spoken by Mrs H. Siddons	239

THE
LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO FIFTH.

VOL. X.

A

THE
LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

ON fair Loch-Ranza stream'd the early day,
Thin wreaths of cottage-smoke are upward curl'd
From the lone hamlet, which her inland bay
And circling mountains sever from the world.
And there the fisherman his sail unfurl'd,
The goat-herd drove his kids to steep Ben-Ghoil,
Before the hut the dame her spindle twirl'd,
Courting the sun-beam as she plied her toil,—
For, wake where'er he may, Man wakes to care and toil.



But other duties call'd each convent maid,
Roused by the summons of the moss-grown bell ;
Sung were the matins and the mass was said,
And every sister sought her separate cell,
Such was the rule, her rosary to tell.
And Isabel has knelt in lonely prayer ;
The sun-beam, through the narrow lattice, fell
Upon the snowy neck and long dark hair,
As stoop'd her gentle head in meek devotion there.

II.

She raised her eyes, that duty done,
When glanced upon the pavement stone,
Gemm'd and enchased, a golden ring,
Bound to a scroll with silken string,
With few brief words inscribed to tell,
" This for the Lady Isabel."
Within, the writing farther bore,—
" 'Twas with this ring his plight he swore,
With this his promise I restore ;