

**RUTHVEN'S REVENGE  
AND OTHER  
METRICAL TALES**

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Ruthven's revenge and other metrical tales by Magnus Mowat

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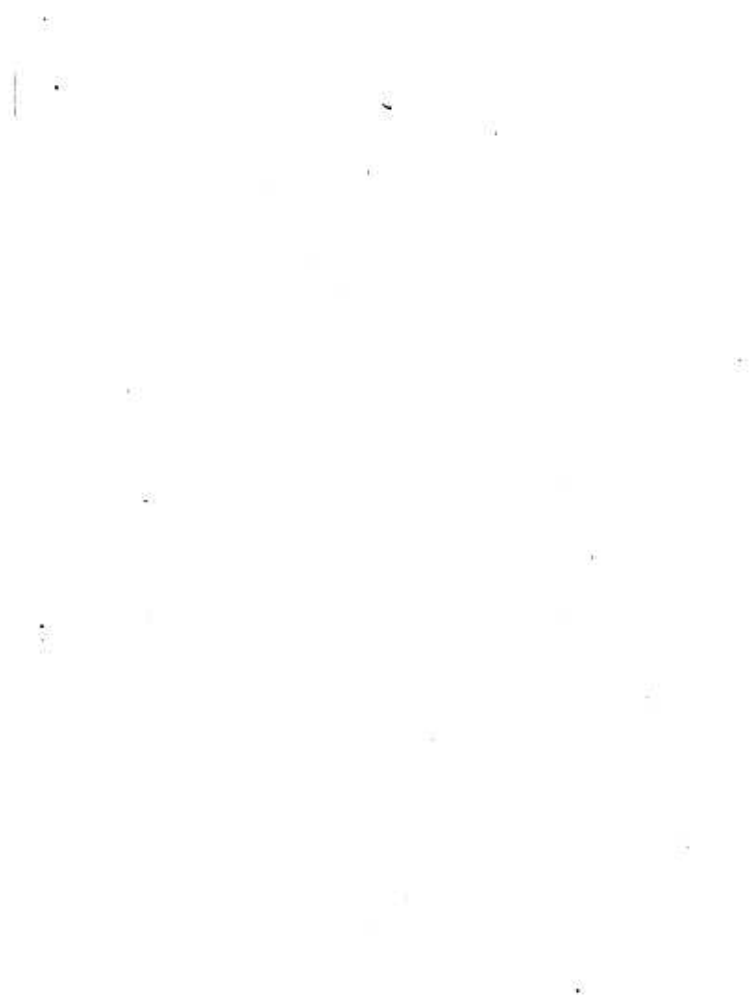
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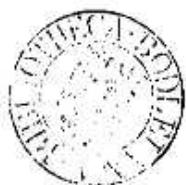
# RUTHVEN'S REVENGE

AND

*Other Metrical Tales.*

BY

LOCHNAGAR.



Edinburgh:

MACLACHLAN AND STEWART.

1862.

*280 . c . 113 .*

*Contents.*

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## *Ruthven's Revenge.*

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### I.

**B**Y lofty crags which stem the tide  
That rolls to Scotia's western side:  
Cragg which conceal the dreary cave  
Where oft the noble and the brave,

By every hope disown'd,  
As war protracted fed distress,  
And left no shadow of success,  
Secure asylum found.  
Here, too, still fertile in her store  
Of themes, traditionary lore  
Speaks of a beaming spectred light,  
Which floods the dismal cell by night—  
Tells that the Demon of the Storm  
Sometimes displays his awful form;

Charging the elements to rise,  
And battle with the sea and skies.

## II.

Nor this alone : of raptured love,  
In female grace display'd,  
Through hostile ages she hath strove  
To speak of Gayford's maid.  
Here virtue lent her every charm  
Which can the female passions warm ;  
In air and manner dignified,  
She her companions far outvied :  
How musical her mellow voice,  
That deep impression made  
On the glad object of her choice,  
As he his amours paid !  
Beauty her impress sure might trace  
Upon her well-proportion'd face :  
Expressive were her azure eyes,  
And soft the smile that from her fell :  
Nobly her forehead seem'd to rise—  
Told where intelligence did dwell :  
Still gently o'er her lovely neck  
The auburn hair in ringlets lay.  
O ! where the youth, fond reader say,  
Who would not fight for Mary's sake !

III.

She was an only daughter, and  
Her charms were prized throughout the land.  
Though of a noble family sprung,  
    In whose veins flow'd the Norman blood—  
A race by ancient poets sung,  
    By conquering William's side they stood.  
Who has not heard Montgomery's name?—  
Still Wales and Ayr refound his fame.  
Her branch had felt stern fortune's rage,  
And lost its wide-stretch'd heritage—  
A minor fragment now remain'd  
To her of all her fathers gain'd.  
One grateful parent was no more,  
    He fell at Bothwell's dreadful fight;  
The second Charles' arms he bore,  
    And died in gallant Monmouth's fight.  
In Gayford's cottage on the base  
Of that rude crag where Aufter plays,  
In cherish'd solitude still stay'd  
The mother of the beauteous maid.

IV.

There rolls a clear but noisy rill,  
    Which Gayford's northern side adorns;