THE LADY OF THE LAKE

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

DRAMATIZED BY
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PHILADELPHIA
THE LADY OF THE LAKE
SCENE I.

THE CHASE.
CHARACTERS IN SCENE I.

FITZ-JAMES WITH DOGS.
ELLEN.
SCENE I. THE CHASE.

(Enter Fitz-James, carrying riding-whip, followed by dogs.)

FITZ-JAMES.

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!
What a scene were here,

(Looking around.)

For princely pomp or churchman's pride!
On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister gray;
How blithely might the bugle-horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
Blithe were it then to wander here!
But now—beshrew yon nimble deer—
Like a poor hermit's, thin and spare,
The copse must give my evening fare;
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 wanderer of the train,
Or, fall the worst that may betide,
Ere now this falchion has been tried.

(Touches sword, sounds horn Enter Ellen with oars.)

ELLEN.

Father! Malcolm, was thine the blast?

FITZ-JAMES.

A stranger I.
ELLEN.

Nor think you unexpected come
To you 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 heathcock bled,
And our broad nets have swept the mere,
To furnish forth your evening cheer.—

FITZ-JAMES.

Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,
Your courtesy has erred;
No right have I to claim, misplaced,
The welcome of expected guest.
A wanderer, here by fortune tossed,
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 fairyland!

ELLEN.

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,—
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.
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.

FITZ-JAMES.

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

(Taking oars.)

Your fairy frigate o'er the tide.

(Exeunt Fitz-James and Ellen, followed by dogs.)
CHARACTERS IN SCENE II.

ELLEN.
FITZ-JAMES.
LADY MARGARET.
SCENE II. THE ISLAND.

(Enter Ellen, Fitz-James following with oars and dogs.)

ELLEN.

On heaven and thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!

FITZ-JAMES.

My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee!

(Sword falls, is picked up by Fitz-James.)

I never knew but one
Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield
A blade like this in battlefield.

ELLEN.

You see the guardian champion's sword;
As light it trembles in his hand,
As in my grasp a hazel wand;

(Showing branch of hazel.)

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.

(Enter Lady Margaret, to whom Fitz-James bows.)

FITZ-JAMES.

For rank and name, this stranger claims
The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James.
This morning with Lord Moray's train
I chased a stalwart stag in vain.
Outstripped my comrades, missed the deer,
Lost my good steed, and wandered here.

LADY MARGARET.

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.
While viewless minstrels touch the string,

(Music sounds.)

'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing.

SONG.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle 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 watchers challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

(Exeunt Lady Margaret and Ellen.)

FITZ-JAMES (Pacing up and down).

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?

(Taking sword again.)

Can I not view a Highland brand,
But it must match the Douglas hand?
My midnight orisons said o'er,
I'll turn to rest and dream no more.

(Exit James.)
III.
The Parting.
CHARACTERS IN SCENE III.

FITZ-JAMES AND DOGS.
ELLEN.
ALLAN-BANE.
LADY MARGARET.
SCENE III. THE PARTING.

(Enter Fitz-James with dogs, Ellen, Allan-Bane following, he seats himself at one side.)

FITZ-JAMES.

Hear, lady, yet a parting word!
It chanced in fight that my poor sword
Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.

(Removing ring.)

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.

(Approaching Ellen.)

Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine;
Each guard and usher knows the sign.
But yet if worse mishap and woe
Thy father's house should undergo;
Seek thou the king without delay;

(Placing ring on Ellen's hand.)

This signet shall secure thy way:
And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,
As ransom of his pledge to me.

(Exit Fitz-James rapidly. Ellen remains silent, watching his departure, returns his parting salute.)

ELLEN (Seating herself by Allan).

Wake, Allan-Bane,
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!

ALLAN-BANE.

Vainly thou bid'st me wake the strain,
Though all unwont to bid in vain.

(Touching strings.)
I touch the chords of joy, but low
And mournful answer notes of woe.
Ah! dear lady, thus it sighed,
The eve thy sainted mother died;
And, disobedient to my call,
Wailed loud through Bothwell's bannered hall.

ELLEN.

Assuage,
Mine honored friend, the fears of age;
Small ground is now for boding fear;
Obscure, but safe, we rest us here.
For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower that loves the lea

(Picking flower.)

May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
That in the king's own garden grows;

(Raising flower to hair.)

And when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair.

ALLAN-BANE.

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,
And theme of every minstrel's art,
The Lady of the Bleeding Heart!

ELLEN.

Yet is this mossy rock to me
Worth splendid chair and canopy;
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 scourgé, Clan-Alpine's pride,
The terror of Loch Lomond's side,
Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay

(Smiling.)

A Lennox foray—for a day.—
ALLAN-BANE (Rising).

Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest!
For who, through all this western wild,
Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled?
In Holy-Rood a knight he slew;
I saw, when back the dirk he drew;
And since, though outlawed, hath his hand
Full sternly kept his mountain land.
Who else dare give—Ah! woe the day,
That I such hated truth should say!—
The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
Even the rude refuge we have here?
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.—

ELLEN.

Minstrel, my debts to Roderick's house I know;
All that a mother could bestow
To Lady Margaret's care I owe;
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,

(Rising quickly.)

My blood, my life,—but not my hand.

ALLAN (Shaking head).

Alas, this wild marauding chief
Alone may hazard our relief.

ELLEN.

Thou shakest, 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;
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:
The hand that for my father fought
I honor, as his daughter ought.

(Stamping foot.)
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.

(Resuming seat.)

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

ALLAN.

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,
Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshow
The footstep of a secret foe.
If courtly spy hath harbored here,
What may we for the Douglas fear?
If neither spy nor foe, I pray
What yet may jealous Roderick say?—

(Horn blows.)

ELLEN.

List, Allan-Bane! From mainland cast,
I hear my father's signal blast.

(Louder blasts.)

ALLAN-BANE.

Hark! what sounds are these? Some pipe of war
Sends the bold pibroch from afar.

(Enter Lady Margaret.)

LADY MARGARET.

Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou,
And shun to wreath a victor's brow?

(Exeunt omnes)
SCENE IV.

THE RETURN OF RODERICK DHU.
CHARACTERS IN SCENE IV.

LADY MARGARET.
ELLEN.
ALLAN-BANE.
FOLLOWERS.
MALISE.
RODERICK.
DOUGLAS.
GRAEME.
SCENE IV. THE RETURN OF RODERICK DHU.

(Enter Lady Margaret, Ellen, Allan-Bane, waiting. Singing of "Hail to the Chief.")

BOAT SONG.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honored and blessed be the ever-green Pine!
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,
Gaily to bourgeon and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends back our shout again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

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 Breadalbaine, then,
Echo his praise again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
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:
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!
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
   Ring from her deepmost glen,
   "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

   (Triumphal entrance of Roderick Dhu, clansmen, and
    Malise, who crosses stage, Douglas, and Graeme.
    Exchange of greetings.)

RODERICK.

Kinsman and father,—if such name
Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim;
   (Ellen drawing back.)
My honored mother;—Ellen,—why,
My cousin, turn away thine eye?—
And Graeme, in whom I hope to know
Full soon a noble friend or foe,
List all!—the king's vindictive pride
Boasts to have tamed the Border-side.
This tyrant of the Scottish throne,
So faithless, and so ruthless known,
Now hither comes; his end the same,
The same pretext of sylvan game.
Yet more; amid Glen Finlas' green,
Douglas, thy stately form was seen.

DOUGLAS.

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.
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.—

RODERICK.

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;
Till the foiled king from pathless glen
Shall bootless turn him home again.

(Encouraged by Lady Margaret, Ellen starts to yield,
Graeme rises to protest.)

DOUGLAS (Interposing).

It may not be,—forgive me, Chief,
Nor hazard aught for our relief.
Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er
Will level a rebellious spear.
'Twas I that taught his youthful hand
To rein a steed and wield a brand;
I see him yet, the princely boy!
Not Ellen more my pride and joy;
I love him still, despite my wrongs
By hasty wrath and slanderous tongues.

(Roderick paces back and forth, struggling for control;
Lady Margaret comforts him; Ellen rises to go,
Graeme follows. Roderick dashes forward with clenched fist.)

RODERICK.

Back, beardless boy! the Douglas, and that maid,
Thank thou for punishment delayed.

GRAEME.

Perish my name, if aught afford

(Grasping sword.)

Its chieftain's safety save his sword!

(Grappling with Roderick; Lady Margaret and Ellen
retire to rear.)

DOUGLAS (Separating the two).

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.)
RODERICK.

Rest safe till morning; pity 'twere
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.
Malise, what ho!

(Enter Malise.)

Give our safe-conduct to the Graeme.

GRAEME.

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.—

(Turning from Roderick and Malise.)

Brave Douglas,—lovely Ellen,—nay,
Naught here of parting will I say.
Earth does not hold a lonesome glen
So secret but we meet again.—

(Turning to Allan.)

Farewell to thee,
Pattern of old fidelity!

(Exeunt Graeme, Ellen, Douglas; Lady Margaret forward.)

RODERICK.

Malise, go seek Benharrow's glen,
Where Brian, far from haunts of men,
Stands always prompt to bless or ban,
As bids the Chieftain of his clan.
Bid him prepare the cross of fire,
Until like lightning from Strath-Ire,
Each valley, each sequestered glen,
Muster its little horde of men,
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.
His summons dread, brook no delay;
Stretch to the race,—away! away!

(Exit Malise on the run. Roderick and Lady Margaret follow slowly.)
SCENE V.

THE FIERY CROSS.
CHARACTERS IN SCENE V.

CLANSMEN.
BRIAN.
MALISE.
RODERICK.
SCENE V. THE FIERY CROSS.

(Brian and clansmen enter.)

BRIAN (Holding cross aloft).

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

CHORUS.

Woe to the traitor, woe!

BRIAN.

Woe to the wretch who fails to rear
At this dread sign the ready spear!

(Dipping cross in flame.)

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.

CHORUS.

Woe to the traitor, woe!

BRIAN.

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!
CHORUS.

Woe to the traitor, woe!

(Roderick takes the cross from Brian and gives it to Malise.)

RODERICK.

Speed, Malise, speed!
The muster-place be Lanrick mead—
Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed!
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
For danger, death, and warrior deed
Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed!

(Exit Malise on the run, then Roderick, Brian and clansmen follow slowly.)
SCENE VI.

THE PROPHECY.
CHARACTERS IN SCENE VI.

CLANSMEN.
NORMAN.
MALISE.
GLENTARKIN.
RODERICK.
BRIAN.
SCENE VI.  THE PROPHECY.

(Clansmen encamp for the night; sentinels, Norman, then Glentarkin. Enter Malise.)

NORMAN (Challenging him).

Stand, or thou diest!—What, Malise?—soon
Art thou returned from Braes of Doune.

MALISE (Breathlessly).

Where sleeps the chief?

NORMAN.

Apart, in yonder misty glade;
To his lone couch I'll be your guide.—

(Rousing Glentarkin.)

Up, up, Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho!
We seek the Chieftain; on the track
Keep eagle watch till I come back.

(Malise and Norman walk away, Glentarkin takes post.)

MALISE.

But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu
Apart from all his followers true?

NORMAN.

It is because last evening tide
Brian an augury hath tried,
The Taghairm called; by which, afar,
Our sires foresaw the events of war.
Not distant rests the Chief;—but hush!

(Brian is seen.)

See, gliding slow through mist and bush,
The hermit gains yon rock, and stands
To gaze upon our slumbering bands.

(In background Roderick joins Brian.)
MALISE.
The Chieftain joins him, see,—and now
Together they descend the brow.

(Malice and Norman retire; Roderick and Brian come forward.

BRIAN.
Roderick!
The shapes that sought my fearful couch
A human tongue may ne'er avouch;
At length the fearful answer came
In characters of living flame!
"Which spills the foremost foeman's life,
That party conquers in the strife."

RODERICK.
Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care!
Good is thy augury, and fair.
A spy has sought my land this morn,—
No eve shall witness his return!
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.—

(Malice approaches.)

But see, who comes his news to show!
Malise! what tidings of the foe?

MALISE (Saluting).
At Doune, o'er many a spear and glaive
Two barons proud their banners wave.

RODERICK.
By Alpine's soul, high tidings those!
I love to hear of worthy foes.
But sooner may the Saxon lance
Unfix Benledi from his stance,
Than doubt or error can pierce through
The unwielding heart of Roderick Dhu!
'Tis stubborn as his trusty targe.

(Blows whistle, men spring up.)
Each to his post—all know their charge.

(Exeunt, men in order.)
SCENE VII.

THE FULFILLMENT OF THE PROPHECY.
CHARACTERS IN SCENE VII.

FITZ-JAMES.
MURDOCH.
BLANCHE.
SCENE VII. THE FULFILLMENT OF THE PROPHECY.

(Enter Murdoch and Fitz-James on Trossachs path. Murdoch whoops.)

FITZ-JAMES.
Murdoch! was that a signal cry?—

MURDOCH.
I shout to scare
Von raven from his dainty fare.

FITZ-JAMES.
Ah! gallant gray!
For thee—for me, perchance—'twere well
We ne'er had seen the Trossachs dell.—
Murdoch, move first—but silently;
Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die!

(Murdoch takes the lead. Enter Blanche, chanting.)

BLANCHE.
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.

FITZ-JAMES.
Who is this maid? What means her lay?

MURDOCH.
'Tis Blanche of Devan, so they say.
A crazed and captive Lowland maid,
Whose bridegroom felt our Chieftain's blade.

(Draws his bow, at glance from Fitz-James he lowers it.)

BLANCHE.
The toils are pitched, the stakes are set,—
    Ever sing merrily, merrily;
The bows they bend, 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.
He had an eye, and he could heed,—
    (Blanche gradually withdrawing, during last stanza.)
    
    Ever sing warily, warily;
He had a foot, and he could speed,—
    Hunters watch so narrowly.
    (Murdoch takes aim again.)

FITZ-JAMES (Turning on Murdoch).

Disclose thy treachery, or die!
    (Murdoch flees with bow still drawn, Fitz-James follows, calling out.)
Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,
    For ne'er had Alpine's son such need.
    (Cries heard in bushes, re-enter Fitz-James holding tress of Blanche.)

No other favor will I wear,
Save lock from Blanche's tresses fair.
Till this sad token I imbrue
In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!—
    (Halloo.)

But hark! what means yon faint halloo?
The chase is up,—but they shall know
The stag at bay's a dangerous foe.
Like bloodhounds now they search me out,—
    (Whistles, shouts.)

Hark! to the whistle and the shout!—
I'll couch me here till evening gray,
Then darkling try my dangerous way.
SCENE VIII.

THE CHALLENGE.
CHARACTERS IN SCENE VIII.

CLANSMEN.
RODERICK.
FITZ-JAMES.
SCENE VIII. THE CHALLENGE.

(Enter Roderick Dhu, by camp fire. Enter Fitz-James.)

RODERICK (Challenging him).

Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!

FITZ-JAMES.

A stranger.

RODERICK.

What dost thou require?

FITZ-JAMES.

Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost.

RODERICK.

Art thou a friend to Roderick?

FITZ-JAMES.

No!

RODERICK.

Thou dar'st to call thyself a foe?

FITZ-JAMES.

I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand.

RODERICK.

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!—

FITZ-JAMES.

They do, by heaven!—come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I'll write the falsehood on their crest.

(Draws sword.)

RODERICK.

If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bar'st the belt and spur of knight.

FITZ-JAMES.

Then by these tokens mayst thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe.

RODERICK.

Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare.

(Piles up fire, offers plaid, Fitz-James sits down.)

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

FITZ-JAMES.

I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!

RODERICK.

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

(Exeunt omnes.)
SCENE IX.

THE COMBAT.
CHARACTERS IN SCENE IX.

RODERICK.
FITZ-JAMES.
CLANSMEN.
HERBERT.
LUFFNESS.
DE VAUX.
HERRIES.

(BAYARD—Horse.)
SCENE IX. THE COMBAT.

(Enter Fitz-James and Roderick, walking along mountain pass.)

RODERICK.

Why sought'st thou wilds, traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu?

FITZ-JAMES.

Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt and by my side;
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
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.

RODERICK.

Yet why a second venture try?

FITZ-JAMES.

A warrior thou, and ask me why!—
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A knight's free footsteps far and wide,—
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone.

RODERICK.

Thy secret keep, but since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain-game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?

FITZ-JAMES.

Warrior, but yestermorn I knew
Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlawed, desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan.
What deemed ye of my path waylaid?
My life given o'er to ambushade?

RODERICK.

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 fulfill an augury.

FITZ-JAMES.

Well, let it pass: nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride;
And never knight in prison tower
So longed for freedom's joyous hour
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band!

RODERICK.

Have then thy wish!

(Whistles, signals sound over hill side; men start up.)

How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!

(Fitz-James takes his stand against a tree.)

FITZ-JAMES.

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

(Roderick signals band down.)

RODERICK (As they walk on).

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.
So move we on;—I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

(They halt.)
Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.

(Sarcastically.)

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.

(Casting away armor.)

See, here all vantageless I stand,
Armed like thyself with single brand;

(Drawing sword.)

For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.

FITZ-JAMES.

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?
Are there no means?

RODERICK.

No, stranger, none!
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel:
"Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife."

FITZ-JAMES.

Then by my word,
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.

RODERICK.

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 deserves my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair.
FITZ-JAMES.

I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;

(\textit{Drawing sword.})

For I have sworn this braid to stain

(\textit{Showing braid.})

In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Yet think not that by thee alone,

Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
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.

(They fight, close three times with advantage to Fitz-James, after third Fitz-James knocks Roderick's sword from his hand, Roderick falls to his knees.)

Now yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade.

(\textit{Standing over Roderick.})

RODERICK.

Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die.

(Roderick springs at Fitz-James's throat.)

Now, gallant Saxon, hold thy own!
No maiden's arm is round thee thrown!

(They fall, Roderick above, puts knee on Fitz-James, raises dagger, reels and faints. Fitz-James rises.)

FITZ-JAMES (Stooping over Roderick with the braid in his hand).

Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid;

(Blows bugle, enter four mounted squires in Lincoln green, leading an extra horse.)

Exclaim not, gallants! question not.—
You Herbert and Luffness, alight,

And bind the wounds of yonder knight;

(Herbert and Luffness bend over Roderick.)

Bring him on to Stirling straight;
I will before at better speed,
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.
But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—

DeVaux and Herries, follow me.

(Mounting)

Stand, Bayard, stand!

(Exeunt Fitz-James, DeVaux and Herries, followed by the others with Roderick.)
SCENE X.

THE CASTLE YARD AT STIRLING.
CHARACTERS IN SCENE X.

SOLDIERS.

JOHN OF BRENT.

SOLDIER.

ELLEN.

LADY MARGARET.

ALLAN-BANE.

BERTRAM OF GHENT.

LEWIS.

FITZ-JAMES.

DOUGLAS.

GRAEME.
SCENE X. THE CASTLE YARD AT STIRLING.

(Enter De Brent and soldiers.)

SOLDIER.
Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent;
And—beat for jubilee the drum!—
A maid and minstrel with him come.

(Enter Bertram, Ellen, Lady Margaret, Allan-Bane.)

SOLDIERS (Crowding around).
What news?

BERTRAM.
I only know
From morn till eve we fought the foe,
As wild and as untamable
As the rude mountains where they dwell.

DE BRENT.
But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil
As theirs must needs reward thy toil.
Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp;
Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp!
Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,
The leader of a juggler band.

ELLEN (Removing plaid from her face).
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.

DE BRENT.
I shame me of the part I played:
And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid!
Hear ye, my mates! I go to call
The captain of our watch to hall.

(Exit De Brent, re-enter with Lewis.)

LEWIS.

Welcome to Stirling's towers, fair maid!
Come ye to seek a champion's aid,
On palfrey white, with harper hoar,
Like errant damosel of yore?
Does thy high quest a knight require,
Or may the venture suit a squire?

ELLEN.

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.

(Taking ring from finger.)
Behold, to back my suit, a ring,
The royal pledge of grateful claims,
Given by the monarch to Fitz-James.

LEWIS (Looking at the ring, bows respectfully).

This ring our duties own;
And pardon, if to worth unknown,
In semblance mean, obscurely veiled,
Lady, in aught my folly failed.

(Exit Lewis.)

( Ellen distributes her money among the soldiers, De Brent refuses.)

DE BRENT.

Forgive a haughty English heart,
And O, forget its ruder part!
The vacant purse shall be my share,

( Ellen hands the purse to him, he places it in his cap.)

Which in my barret-cap I'll bear.

(Re-enter Lewis, followed by Fitz-James, who signs to the soldiers not to disclose his identity.)

ELLEN (With attention fixed on Fitz-James).

O welcome, brave Fitz-James!
How may an almost orphan maid
Pay the deep debt—
FITZ-JAMES.

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 plead thy cause, sweet maid,
With Scotland’s King thy suit to aid.

(Ellen starts to go to seek king as Douglas and Graeme enter and uncover, Ellen is startled as all follow suit.)

DOUGLAS (In explanation).

Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
He stands, in simple Lincoln green,
The center of the glittering ring,—
And Snowdoun’s Knight is Scotland’s King!

(Ellen kneels, holding out the ring.)

FITZ-JAMES.

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.
Ask naught for Douglas;—yester even,
His prince and he have much forgiven;
And Bothwell’s Lord henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our throne.—

(Turning to Douglas.)

Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;
Thou must confirm this doubting maid.

(Douglas steps forward, Ellen and he embrace.)

Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
In life’s more low but happier way,
’Tis under name which veils my power,
Nor falsely veils,—for Stirling’s tower
Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims,
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.
Thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James’ ring,—
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?

ELLEN.

I crave the grace of Roderick Dhu.
FITZ-JAMES.

Forbear thy suit;—the King of kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings.
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?

( Ellen hands the ring to Douglas.)

Nay, then my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course.
Malcolm, come forth!

( Graeme kneels before Fitz-James.)

For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Has paid our care by treacherous wile,
Dishonoring thus thy loyal name.—
Fetters and warder for the Graeme!

( Puts chain on Graeme and gives Ellen the clasp.)