

THE
ELOCUTIONIST ;
A CHOICE SELECTION
OF THE MOST
POPULAR POEMS
FOR
RECITATION.

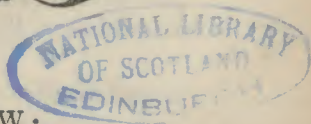
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GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.



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A CHOICE SELECTION

OF THE WORKS

POPULAR FORMS

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RECITATION.

CONTENTS.

Glenn—The Death of Sir John Moore.—Land
Ulster's Daughter.—Young Lochmore.—The Field
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her Father.



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THE ELOCUTIONIST.

GLENARA.

Oh ! heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly in weeping and wail ?
'Tis the Chief of Glenara laments for his dear ;
And her sire and her people are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud,
Her kinsmen they followed but mourned not aloud ;
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around ;
They marched all in silence—they looked to the
ground.

In silence they reached over mountain and moor,
To a heath where the oak tree grew lonely and hoar,
' Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn,
Why speak ye no word ? ' said Glenara the stern.

' And tell me I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles ? why cloud ye your
brows ; '

No spake the rude chieftain ; no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger displayed.

' I dream'd of my lady, I dreamed of her shroud,'
Cried a voice from the kinsmen all wrathful and
loud ;

And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem ;
Glenara ; Glenara ; now read me my dream."

Oh ! pale grew the cheek of the chieftain I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed and no body was seen,

Then a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in
scorn

'Twas the youth that had loved the fair Ellen of
Lorn.

"I dreamed of my lady. I dreamed of her grief,
I dreamed that her lord was a barbarous chief;
On a rock of the ocean, fair Ellen did seem;
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

Campbell

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse o'er the ramparts we hurried,
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams dusky light,
And our lanterns dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him:
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow :
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of to-morrow,
 We thought, as we hallowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
 head
 And we far away on the billow !
 Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
 But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
 But half our heavy task was done,
 When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring ;
 And we heard by the distant and random gun,
 That the foe was suddenly firing.
 Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory !
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
 But left him alone in his glory !

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, " Boatman do not tarry
 And I'll give thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry !"—
 " Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water ?"
 " O I'm the chief of Ulvas' isle,
 And this Lord Ullin's daughter :—

And fast before her father's men,
 Three day's we've fled together;
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.—

His horseman hard behind us ride
 Should they our steps discover.
 Then, who would cheer my bonny bride,
 When they have slain her lover ?'

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
 'I'll go, my chief— I'm ready;
 It is not for your silver bright,
 But for your winsome lady.

And by my word, the bonny bird
 In danger shall not tarry :
 So—though the waves be raging wide—
 I'll row you o'er the ferry !—'

By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking ;
 And in the scowl of heaven, each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armed men !
 Their trampling sounded nearer !

'Oh ! haste thee, haste !' the lady cries,
 'Though tempests round us gather,
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father.'

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her,—

When—oh ! too strong for human hand !
 The tempest gather'd o'er her.
 And still they rowed amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing :
 Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
 His wrath was changed to wailing—
 For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
 His child he did discover
 One lovely arm was stretched for aid,
 And one was round her lover.
 "Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief,
 "Across this stormy water
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter !—Oh ! my daughter !"
 'Twas vain ! the loud waves lashed the shore,
 Return or aid preventing
 The waters wild went o'er his child,
 And he was left lamenting. *Campbell.*

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best,
 And save his good broad-sword he weapon had none,
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.
 He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
 He swam the Esk river where ford there was none—
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late ;

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bride's men, and kinsmen, and brothers
and all

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal? young Lord Lochinvar."

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied:
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup!
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh;
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lord
Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace!
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume,
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better
by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochin
var!

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door and the charger
stood near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light on the saddle before her he sprung!

“She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
scaur!

They'll have fleet steeds that follow!” quoth young
Lochinvar

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Nether-
by clan

Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
they ran;

There was racing, and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see!

So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have you ere heard of a gallant like young Loch-
invar!

Sir Walter Scott.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

Stop;—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
As the ground was before thus let it be.—
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow;
And is this all the world hath gained by thee,
Thou first and last of fields—king-making Victory!

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then

Her beauty and her chivalry ; and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily : and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;—
 But hush ! hark ; a deep sound strikes like a rising
 knell !

Did you not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind
 Or the car rattling o'er the stoney street ;
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
 No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours, with flying feet.
 But hark ! that heavy sound breaks in once more
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat :
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
 Arm ! arm ! it is !—it is the cannon's opening roar !

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
 Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear,
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell.
 He rush'd into the field, and foremost, fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
 And there was sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs !

Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
 If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn should
 rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar,
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"the foe! they
 come! they come!"

And wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering'
 rose

The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard—and heard too have her Saxon foes;
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill! but with the breath which
 fills

Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring, which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years;
 And Evan's, Donald's fame, ring in each clansman's
 ears.

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaven
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden as the grass,

Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure ; when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, should moulder cold
 and low ! *Lord Byron*

A BETH GELERT

The spearman heard the bugle sound,
 and cheerily smiled the morn,
 And many a brach, and many a hound,
 attend Llewellyn's horn ;

And still he blew a louder blast,
 and gave a louder cheer ;
 Come, Gelert ! why art thou the last
 Llewellyn's horn to hear !

' Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam ;
 the flower of all his race !
 So true, so brave, a lamb at home—
 a lion in the chase !'

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board,
 the faithful Gelert fed
 He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,
 and sentinel'd his bed.

In south, he was a peerless hound,
 the gift of Royal John ;
 But now no Gelert could be found,
 and all the chase rode on.

That day Llewellyn little loved
 the chase of hart or hare,

and scant and small the bounty proved,
for Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
when near the portal seat,
his truant Gelert he espied,
bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle door,
aghast the chieftain stood,
the hound was smear'd with gouts of gore,
his lips and fangs ran blood;

Forward in haste Llewellyn passed,
(and on went Gelert too,)
and still where'er his eyes he cast,
fresh blood gouts shock'd his view!

Returned his infant's bed he found,
the blood-stain'd covert rent,
and all around, the walls and ground
with recent blood besprent.

'Hell-hound! by thee my child's devour'd!'
the frantic father cried,
and to his hilt, his vengeful sword,
he plung'd in Gelerts side!

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
no pity could impart;
but still his Gelert's dying yell,
passed heavy o'er his heart.

Mourning by Gelert's dying yell,
some slumberer 'wakened nigh;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
to hear his infant cry.

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
 his hurried search had missed,
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,
 his cherub boy he kissed !

Nor scratch had he, nor harm nor dread—
 but the same couch beneath,
 Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
 tremendous still in death !

Ah ! what was then Llewellyn's pain !
 for now the truth was clear ;
 The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
 to save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was Llewellyn's woe :
 best of thy kind adieu !
 The frantic deed which laid the low,
 this heart shall ever rue !

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
 with costly sculpture decked ;
 And marbles, storied with his praise,
 poor Gelert's bones protect.

And hear he hung his horn and spear ;
 and oft as evening fell,
 In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
 poor Gelert's dying yell.

Spencer.

FITZ-JAMES & RHODERICK DHU.

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

Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
 On Bochastles mouldering lines,
 Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
 Of yore her eagle wings unfurled;
 And here his course the Chieftain staid,
 Threw down his target and his plaid,
 And to the Lowland warrior said:
 ' Bold Saxon to his promise just,
 Vich-Alpin 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 vantagless I stand,
 Armed like thyself, with single brand;
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword.

The Saxon paused;—' I ne'er delayed
 When foeman bad me draw my blade;
 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 nought but blood our feud atone!
 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,—
 Their lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
 Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
 Then yield to Fate and not to me.'
 Dark lightening flashed from Rhoderick's eye—
 Soars thy presumption then so high.
 Because a wretched kern ye slew,
 Homage to name to Rhoderick Dhu!
 He yields not he, to man nor Fate!
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate!
 My clans-man's blood demands revenge—
 Not yet prepared?—By heaven I change
 My thought, and hold thy valour 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, Rhoderick, for the word!
 It warms 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 the alone,
 Proud Chief! can courtesy be shone,
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
 Start at my whistle clansman stern,
 Of this small horn one feeble blast
 Would fearful odds against the cast.
 But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt—
 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.

All far'd it then with Rhoderick 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 faint, to guard ;
 While less expert, but 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 Rhoderick felt the fatal drain,
 And showered his blows like wintry rain :
 And as firm rock, or castle roof,
 Against the wintry shower is proof,
 The foe, invulnerable still,
 Boiled his wild rage by steady skill ;
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
 Forced Rhoderick's weapon from his hand,
 And, backwards borne upon the lea,
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.
 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 wrecked not of a wound,
 And locked his arms the 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 BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly;

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat; at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery!

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,
 And furious every charger neighed,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven!
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven!
 And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
 Far flashed the red artillery!

But redder yet the sun shall glow,
 On Linden's hills of stained snow;

And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

This morn—but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy!

The combat deepens—On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory and the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry—

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre! *Campbell.*

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer's evening,
Old Kasper's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin,
Roll something large and round.
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found,
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;

And then the old man shook his head,
 and with a natural sigh,
 ‘ ‘Tis some poor fellow’s skull,’ said he
 Who fell in that great victory !

‘ I find them in the garden,
 for there’s many here about ;
 And often when I go to plough,
 the ploughshare turns them out :
 For many thousand men,’ said he,
 ‘ Were slain in the great victory !’

‘ Now tell us what ‘twas all about,’
 young Peterkin he cries
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 with wondering waiting eyes ;
 ‘ Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they killed each other for,’
 ‘ It was the English,’ Kaspar cried,
 who put the French to route :
 But what they kill’d each other for
 could not well make out.

But every body said,’ quoth he,
 ‘ That ’twas a famous victory !

My father lived at Blenheim then,
 yon little stream hard by ;
 They burned his dwelling to the ground,
 and he was forc’d to fly ;
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head !
 With fire and sword the country round
 was wasted far and wide ;
 And many a childing mother then,
 and new-born baby died !—

But things like that, you know must be
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight
after the field was won;

For many thousand bodies here
lay rotting in the sun!—

But things like that, you know must be
After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Malbro' won,
and our good Prince Eugene.'

Why, 'twas a very wicked thing,
said little Wilhemine,

'Nay—Nay—my little girl,' quoth he,
It was a famous victory!'

'And every body praised the Duke,
who this great fight did win,'

'But what good came of it at last?
quoth little Peterkin.

'Why that I cannot tell,' quoth he,

'But it was a famous victory!' *Southey.*

ON THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

O SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, cea-ed with thee to smile,
When leagued oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars.
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet
horn;

Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd
 Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid.—
 'O Heaven!' he cried, my bleeding country save!
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave!
 Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
 Rise, fellow men! our COUNTRY yet remains!
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
 And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
 Firm paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm!
 Low, murmuring sounds along their banner fly,
 REVENGE OR DEATH!—The watchword and reply,
 Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
 And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain—alas! in vain ye gallant few!
 From rank to rank your rolled thunder flew;
 O! bloodiest picture in the book of time,
 Sainartia fell unwept, without a crime!
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
 Dropt from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
 Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;
 Hope, for as a season, bade the world farewell,
 And freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there
 Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
 On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow---
 Her blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.
 The storm prevails! the rampart yields away--
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!

ark ! as the mouldering piles with thunder fall,
 thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call
 earth shook !---red meteors flashed along the sky !
 and conscious nature shuddered at the cry !

Campbell.

FLIGHT OF O'CONNOR'S CHILD AND DEATH OF HER LOVER.

At bleeting of the wild watch fold
 thus sang my love—Oh, come with me !
 Our bark is on the lake—behold
 Our steeds are fastened to the tree.
 Come far from Castle-Connor's clans !
 Come with thy belted forstere,
 And I, beside the lake of swans,
 Shall hunt for thee the fallow deer ;
 And build thy hut, and bring thee home
 The wild fowl and the honey-comb ;
 And berries from the wood provide,
 And play the clarshech by thy side—
 When come my love !—How could I stay ?
 Our nimble stag-hounds traced the way,
 And I pursued by moonless skies,
 The light of Connocht, Moran's eyes
 And fast and far, before the star
 Of day-spring, rushed we through the glade,
 And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
 Of Castle-Connor fade.
 Sweet was to us the Lermirage
 Of this unploughed, untrodden shore ;
 Like birds all joyous from the cage,
 For man's neglect we lov'd it more !

And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
 To search the game with hawk and spear;
 While I, his evening foot to dress,
 Would sing to him in happiness!
 But oh! that midnight of despair,
 When I was doomed to rend my hair
 The night to me of shrieking sorrow!
 The night to him---that had no morrow!

When all was hushed at even tide,
 I heard the baying of their beagle;
 Be hushed, my Connocht, Moran cried,
 'Tis but the screaming of the eagle---
 Alas; 'twas not eyrie's sound
 Their bloody hands had traced us out:
 Up-listering starts our couchant hound---
 And, hark; the nearer shout
 Brings faster on the murderers.
 Spare---spare him---Brazil---Desmond flee:
 In vain---no voice the adder charms:
 Their weapons cross'd my sheltering arms:
 Another's sword has laid him low---
 Another's and another's;
 And every hand that dealt a blow---
 Ah me, it was a brother's:
 Yes, when his moanings died away,
 Their iron hands had dug the clay,
 And o'er his burial turf they trod,
 And I beheld---O God; O God;
 His life-blood oozing from the sod.

FINIS.