

Campbell 2.e3.
(1-17).





COMALA ;

OR.

The Irish Princess :

A

A DRAMATIC POEM,

FOUNDED UPON AN ANCIENT IRISH LEGEND.

BY

DR. WHITE,

AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATIONAL MINSTRELSY," "BOUDOIR
MELODIES," "LEGENDARY SONGS OF IRELAND,"
"THE EMERALD WREATH," &c., &c.

WATERFORD :

J. H. M'GRATH, 26, KING-STREET.

LONDON :

HOLDSON & WRIGHT, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1870.



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The owner of this was
introduced to the author
by John Munro at
Inverness 17th October 1871
Who told ~~me~~ the purport
of a forthcoming publication
Patricius will be the
key note to a secret
He got ~~from me~~ the
Gaelic words of the
Campbells are coming
and he attended the 14th
meeting of the Gaelic Society
on the 19th — He is a
very agreeable person.

but he must be a
most egregious. ~~ton~~

TO

Her Excellency the Countess Spencer,

ETC., ETC., ETC.,

THIS POEM

IS

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

all Irish and Scotch scholars
are agreed in holding MacPherson's
 Ossian to be a modern composition,
probably his own -

But some Irishmen who are not
scholars hold that MacPherson
 stole ^{Poems} ~~Ballads~~ which are
entirely and exclusively
Irish, and published them.

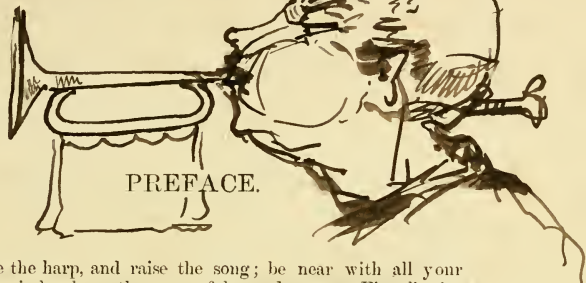
Doctor White has taken a bit
of MacPherson which is not
a ballad, of Scotch or of Irish
origin in any possible sense
that I can imagine; & he has
composed a composition of his
own upon MacPherson's imposture
which he now claims as a
restoration to Ireland of her
property - "The Irish Princess"

$$\text{Six} = \frac{21}{12} = \frac{3}{12} = \frac{\text{MacPherson}}{\text{Dr. White}}$$

November 11. 1871 Edinburgh

Dan an arrachd

The
Pimban



"Strike the harp, and raise the song; be near with all your wings, ye winds; bear the mournful sound away to Fingal's airy hall, that he may hear the voice of his son, the voice of him that praised the mighty."

OSSIAN.

Mac Flinn
white

Some short time back, reflecting on the fact, that Sir WALTER SCOTT, by selecting for his Poems the History and Scenery of his Country, has shed immortal honour and glory on Scotland, and has conferred on her vast pecuniary advantages, too, for he has brought immense crowds of tourists and pilgrims to her glens and lakes and mountains, from every country in the world—reflecting, I say, on this fact, I was almost inclined to regret that MOORE, our only great Poet, should have preferred the History and Scenery of the East for his principal and greatest work to that of his own Country; and that BALFE, our most popular Composer, should have selected for his various Operas, the scenes and incidents of other lands.

In turning over the pages of OSSIAN, the HOMER of the Irish Nation, and the only perfect parallel in history to that transcendent genius, my thoughts and feelings on this subject found expression in a para-

phrased version of the Dramatic Tale of *Comala*, which I have elsewhere arranged with Original Music as an IRISH OPERA.

For the following historic incident, upon which this Opera is founded, I am indebted to the researches, or at least the genius, of the late MR. JAMES MACPHERSON (Editor of *Ossian's Poems*), to whom I also feel under obligations for the materials of the piece; but I need scarcely apologise for this, as I have only, to use the words of MOORE, "brought home the IRISH PRINCESS from her wanderings in the highlands."

"COMALA, daughter of Sarno,* King of Innistore, fell in love with Fingal† at a feast to which her father had invited him, upon his return from Loughlin, after the death of Agandecca. Her passion was so violent,

* All Scotch historians have recorded that Scotland received her first Kings from Ireland; and Mr. MCPHERSON allows FINGAL's ancestors to have been Irish. The family of Argyle are still called *Shiochd Dhiarmid*—i. e., the descendants of Dermid, an Irish chief; and McKenzie and MacDonald are universally acknowledged to be of Irish descent, and the Scotch Peerage and Herald Office confirm it.

† MR. MACPHERSON changes the name of FION MACCUMHAL, the Irish warrior, into FINGAL, which is certainly a strange liberty, and sets him up as a Scotch King over the ideal kingdom of "Morven," in the west of Scotland. All the authentic histories of Ireland give a full account of the great, FION MACCUMHAL's actions; whereas, in the *Chronicum Scotorum* from which the list of the Scotch Kings is taken, there is not a syllable said of such a name as FINGAL.

and yet white is Mac Phin
Ossian
mac Mhic Phersain

that she followed him disguised like a youth who wanted to be employed in his wars. She was soon discovered by Hidallan, the son of Lamor, one of Fingal's heroes, whose love she had slighted some time before. Her romantic passion and beauty recommended her so much to the King, that he had resolved to make her his wife ; when news was brought him of Caracul's expedition. He marched to stop the progress of the enemy, and Comala attended him. He left her on a hill within sight of Caracul's army, when he himself went to battle, having previously promised, if he survived, to return that night." The sequel of the story may be gathered from the poem itself.

*The Penicins of Ireland, &c.
in Chronothologiam Scæccorum,
CATHEDRAL SQUARE,
The Countess Spencer,
WATERFORD, 1870.*

*Sir Walter Scott, Moore, Balfe, Ossian,
The family of Angyle, and Shiochel
Ohiarmaid, have the honor to
introduce Comala, ne' White & Barnum*



J. F. Campbell Esq^r
With the Author's
Compliments



Inverness,
October, 19th 1871.

~~W. H. W.~~

COMALA :

A DRAMATIC POEM.

Faded is Erin's noble race,
And gray her towers are seen afar ;
No more her heroes urge the chase,
Or roll the crimson tide of war.—BYRON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COMALA	.	Daughter of Sarno, King of Inistore.
MELILCOMA	}	Daughters of Morni.
DERSEGRENA		
FINGAL	.	Son of Comhal, and King of Morven.
HIDALLAN	.	One of Fingal's heroes,
BARDS, attending the King.		

RECITATIVE—*Dersegrena*.

The chase is o'er, and Arven's echoes sleep,
Save where the torrent thunders down the steep.
Daughter of Morni, haste from Crona's streams,
Our songs shall bless the sun's retiring beams.
Lay down thy bow, and bid the harp awake,
"Till with its notes the breeze of Arven shake !

RECITATIVE—*Melilcoma*.

Grey night approaches fast, thou blue-eyed maid,
And dims the distant landscape with its shade ;

Now as on Crona's winding banks I stood,
 I mark'd a deer half-hid among the wood ;
 His dark brown back seem'd thro' the dubious gloom
 The mossy hillock of some hero's tomb,
 But soon surpris'd, the swift deceiver fled,
 And meteors play'd around his branchy head,
 While from the clouds that hang o'er Crona's stream
 The awful forms of other ages gleam ! *

RECITATIVE—*Dersegrena.* †

Ah ! hapless sight ! these signs too surely tell
 That mighty Fingal in the battle fell !
 His foes are trampling on the king of shields,
 And Caracalla triumphs o'er our fields.
 Rise from thy rock, Comala ; rise in tears
 Daughter of Sarno ! for too true thy fears !
 Low lies the youth that blest thy virgin love,
 And o'er our misty hills his ghost is seen to move.

AIR—*Melilcoma.*

Ah ! there Comala sits forlorn in tears—
 Her blue eye gazes o'er the dark'ning vale ;
 Two grey dogs near her—shake their shaggy ears,
 And sportive try to catch the flying gale.
 Her rosy cheek upon her arm reclined—
 Her loose hair streaming to the mountain wind ;
 Night gathers round, and must the maiden mourn,
 O hapless king, thy promised return.

* Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ
 Numina magna dæum.—*Virgil, Lib. 11, 622-3.*

† Dersegrena—the brightness of a sunbeam.

RECITATIVE—*Comala*.

Wo ! streamy Carun,* wo to me !
Thy waters roll in human gore !
Has battle's savage voice been heard by thee ?
Oh ! sleeps the King of Morven on thy shore ?

AIR.

I.

Rise, daughter of the sky, arise !
And through thy cloudy mantle beam !
While on his promised path I feast my eyes,
And fondly hope to see his sabre gleam.
Or rather let the meteor red,
That lights our fathers through the shade,
Conduct me o'er the mangled dead,
To where my lover's corpse is laid.

II.

Who now will save my virgin's bloom
From fierce Hiddallin's odious love ;
My only friend sleeps in the tomb—
No more his arm for me can move ?
Long may Comala look in vain
To see her Fingal's manly form,
Bright 'midst his warriors on the plain—
As the sun rising through the storm,

* Carun—a winding river.

AIR—*Hidallan*.*

Hide, mist of Crona's gloomy vale.

O hide the king's lone shaded walks ;

Let me not hear his voice upon the gale,

Or meet his awful spirit where it stalks !

Around his conq'ring steel no heroes throng,

In wild dismay they fly before the foe.

O Carun ! roll thy streams along !

The chief of Morven's warlike race is low.

AIR—*Comala*.

Son of the cloudy night, O tell

On Carun's sounding banks who fell ?

Was he fair as Ardrven's snow ?

Blooming as the showery bow ?

When on the hills bright sunbeams shine ?

Was he terrible in might

As the thunders of the sky ?

Was he swift to meet the fight

As the bounding roe to fly ?

RECITATIVE—*Hidallan*.

Oh ! let me gaze upon his lovely maid !

Her eye bespeaks the sorrow of the heart—

Those drooping locks her blushing beauties shade—

Blow, gentle beeeze, those drooping locks to part ?

While I behold her arm white as virgin snow,

Her cheeks suffus'd with tears the loveliness of wo !

* Hidallan was sent by Fingall to give notice to Comala of his return ; he, to revenge himself on her for slighting his love some time before, told her that the king was killed.

AIR—Comala.

And is the son of Comhal really dead—
O cruel herald of the mournful tale ?
The awful thunder rolling o'er my head,
The winged lightning darting thro' the vale,
No more alarm Comala's timid breast ;
Nor can they break her Fingal's lowly rest.
O messenger of sorrow, tell
Was it my conqu'ring hero fell ?

Chorus.

Our tribes are scattered o'er the mountain heath,
No more to hear his animating breath !

AIR.

I.

Art thou gone ? Then, farewell ! but wherever thou be
Oh forget not Comala ! who lives but for thee !—
In whose joy and whose sorrow thy name shall be dear,
As thy smile when reflected on memory's tear.

II.

Remembrance of thee in this bosom will stay
When its pangs and its fears shall have melted away ;
And tho' parted, alas ! still believe that thou art
The life of this lonely and desolate heart !

RECITATIVE—Comala.

King of the World, O may the foaming wave
Of ruin sink thee in confusion's sea !

Few be thy steps to an untimely grave !
 And may some wretched virgin mourn for thee !
 May she, like sad Comala, waste in tears,
 The strength and beauty of her youthful years,
 Why didst thou bring the news, O cruel chief,
 To blast those budding hopes that sooth'd my grief ?
 My fancies might have linger'd still,
 And feign'd his image on the distant hill,
 A tree might have deceived my willing sight,
 And pictur'd Fingal through the gloomy night !
 The mountain wind melodious might have borne
 Sweet to mine ear the echoes of his horn.
 O that I were on Carun's banks laid low !
 I'd clasp the hero to this breast of wo ;
 And pour my sighs in the dull ears of death—
 Tear-bathe his cheeks, and warm them with my
 breath.

AIR—*Hidallan.*

He sleeps not on the banks of Carun's stream,
 Yonder on Ardden, heroes raise his tomb ;
 Look from thy clouds, O moon, and be thy beam
 Bright on his breast, amid surrounding gloom.
 Shine on his armour of resplendent steel,
 That fair Comala's heart new pangs may feel.

RECITATIVE—*Comala.*

Sons of the dismal grave ! O stay,
 And let me see my love, and mourn !
 He left me at the chase to-day—
 With night he promised to return.

Is this his sad return ? heart-rending wo !
 I knew not that he went to meet the foe.
 And thou, O trembling Druid* of the cave,
 Who saw'st my hero in the bloom of youth ;
 Thou know'st the future fortunes of the brave,
 Ah ! why not then foretell the fatal truth !

AIR—*Comala*

Oh ! tell me not of those bright days
 When thou wert all to me ;
 Nor wake again those slumb'ring lays
 My lute first sung to thee.

II.

But let the memory of the past
 In silence now depart ;
 For Pleasure's dream no more shall cast
 Its sunshine round my heart.

III.

Yet, thoughts of hours—hours long gone by—
 Come on me like a spell,
 And weeping sadness seems to sigh,
 Oh ! say not yet FAREWELL !

IV.

And though Joy's golden orb hath set,
 With all that made life dear,
 Hope's vestal ray will linger yet,
 This lonely breast to cheer !

* It is probable that some of the Order of the Druids remained as late as the beginning of the reign of Fingal, and that Comala had consulted a favourite one of them, concerning the event of the war with Caracul,

RECITATIVE—*Mellicoma*.

What sound is that on Ardven's gale ?
 Who comes resplendent thro' the vale,
 Like the bright glories of the rushing stream,
 When its white waves glitter to the moon's pale
 gleam.

Chorus.

Who is it but the king of nations proud,
 The son of distant land, Comala's foe ?
 O ghost of mighty Fingal, from the cloud,
 Direct the vengeance of thy maiden's bow !

RECITATIVE—*Comala*.

Ah ! it is my Fingal's self, his airy form.
 Amid the awful ghosts that rule the storm !
 Why dost thou come, O spirit of my love,
 With pleasure and with fear my soul to move ?

TRIO AND CHORUS.

Semi-Chorus.

Raise, ye bards, the song of praise—*
 The wars of streamy Carun raise,
 The foe defeated, flies the plain,
 Where he proudly hop'd to reign.

* The custom of encouraging men in battle with extempore rhymes has been carried down almost to our own time. Several of these war songs are extant, but the most of them are only a group of epithets without either beauty or harmony, utterly destitute of poetical merit.

Trio.

He sets far distant from our sight,
Like a demon of the night ;
In a flying meteor bound,
When the dark woods gleam around ;
And the mountain's angry breath,
Drives it o'er the dreary heath.

Da Capo, in full Chorus.

RECITATIVE—*Fingal.*

Methought I heard a voice—O where ?
Or was it but the playful air ?
No ; 'tis the maid of Ardven's chase,
Fairest of Sarno's royal race :
Look from thy rock, my love, rejoice ?
And let me hear Comala's voice.

AIR—*Comala.*

To see thy form, to hear thy breath,
Comala trembles and is blest ;
O take me, lovely son of death,
Take me to thy cave of rest.

RECITATIVE—*Fingal.*

Come to my cave, the tempests cease,
Our fields enjoy the sun of peace ;
Come then to my resting-place,
Maid of Ardven's echoing chase.

AIR.

I.

Come, come away ! the moon's soft light
 Is beaming o'er the sea :
 Come, come away, love, come to-night,
 And heav'n will smile on thee.
 Comala, dearest ! come to me.
 I'll keep thee in this heart,
 Whose every throb beats high for thee—
 Whose love, whose life thou art.

Come, come away ! and I'll be thine,
 No fate our joys shall sever—
 Come, come away ! if thou'lt be mine,
 My life, we'll love for ever !
 Then, come away, ah ! come to me.
 I'll keep thee in this heart,
 Whose ev'ry throb beats high for thee,
 Whose only love thou art.

RÉCITATIVE—*Comala*.

He is return'd ; no ghost before me moves ;
 I feel his conqu'ring hand—he lives, he loves,
 O let me rest upon this rocky bed
 Until my fainting soul forget her dread !
 Daughters of Morni raise the soothing song,
 And pour the harp's melodious notes along.

DUET—*Dersegrena and Melilcoma*.

'Mid Ardven's woods, three bounding deer
 Are slain by fair Comala's spear ;

Between the rocks ascends the flame,
She waited till her lover came.
O King of woody Morven, haste
To thy Comala's sylvan feast !

Chorus.

O king of woody Morven, haste
To thy own Comala's feast !

AIR—Fingal.

Sons of song, in joyful lays,
The wars of streamy Carun praise !
And let my lovely maid be blest,
While Fingal is her happy guest.

Chorus of Bards.

Roll streamy Carun ! roll in joy !
The sons of battle fled !
Their prancing steeds no more our fields annoy,
Their wings of pride in other lands are spread,

Trio.

Now shall the moon arise in peace,
Joyous the evening shadows shall descend ;
Our sons shall hear the echoes of the chase,
And in the hall their idle shields suspend ;
Our hands the wars of ocean shall employ,
And Lochlin's blood shall stain them red ;
Roll streamy Carun ; roll in joy !
The sons of battle fled !

Chorus.

Our hands the wars of ocean shall employ,
 And Lochlin's blood shall stain them red ;
 Roll streamy Carun ; roll in joy !
 The sons of battle fled !

AIR—Melilcoma.

Descend ye moonbeams from the skies !
 Descend ye mists that softly roll !
 There cold and pale Comala lies ;
 Bear to the clouds her virgin soul.

RECITATIVE—Fingal.

Alas ; is she no more ? the sweet, the beauteous maid,
 Within whose snow-white breast the warm affection
 play'd ;
 O let thy spirit oft come o'er my dreary dreams,
 Or on the lonely heath, or by the mountain streams.

AIR—Fingal.

When youth's bright days are o'er,
 And hope's young fancies fled,
 And boyhood's dreams no more
 Their halo round me shed ;
 When smiles that led me on
 Thro' pleasure and thro' pain—
 When all those joys are gone,
 How can I love again ?

AIR—*Hidallan.*

I.

And is the maid of Ardven's echoing chase
 Silent in death ?
 Alas ! 'twas my revenge ! 'tis my disgrace !
 The poison of my breath
 Blasted the blooming beauties of her face !

II.

Comala ! hapless maid ! where shall I find
 Thy footsteps in the glade ?
 Or see thee, swifter than the mountain wind,
 Dart from the shade,
 Rejoicing to pursue the dark brown hind ?

AIR—*Fingal.*

I.

Youth of the gloomy brow ! no more
 Shalt thou rejoice in Fingal's hall,
 Nor shalt thou chase with him the bristly boar,
 Nor more his foes before thy sound shall fall.
 O lead me to her resting place,
 Let me behold her lovely face :

II.

Ah ! pale she lies upon her rocky bed,
 The cold winds lift the honors of her head,
 Her bow-string to the breeze replies—
 Her broken arrow useless lies.
 Raise, O ye sons of song, Comala's fame,
 And to the winds of heaven repeat her name.

Trio and Chorus.

1st voice.

Lo ! meteors round the maiden stream !
Lo ! moonbeams lift her soul on high—
Her fathers' awful faces gleam,
Bending from the shadowy sky !

2nd voice.

Hidallan with red rolling eyes,
And Sarno of the gloomy brow !
Comala, wilt thou not arise
And lift thy hand as fair as snow ?

Trio.

O shall our rocks no more rejoice
In the sweet echoes of thy voice ?
Oft shall the virgins seek in vain
For thee along the heathy plain !
Yet shalt thou come in dreams of rest,
And whisper peace unto their breast.
Long will the sweet impression last,
And all rejoice in visions past.

FINALE in full Chorus.

Now meteors round the maiden fly,
Moonbeams lift her soul on high.

NEW EDITION.

In the Press and Shortly will be Published, Complete in one Book
—Cloth Gilt—Price 15s.,

GEMS OF THE BARDS;

AN

Illustrated Selection of Ancient and Modern

IRISH MELODIES,

UNITED TO NEW

CHARACTERISTIC ENGLISH WORDS,

With Historical, Critical, and Traditional Annotations, &c., the whole
Written and Arranged with Original Symphonies and Accompaniments.

BY DR. WHITE.

[EXTRACT FROM THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.]

The following selection of Illustrated Lyrics—written with a view of making the beautiful airs to which they are allied, as well as those interesting tales and traditions upon which several of them are founded, more generally known to the British Public—have hitherto been withheld from the diffidence the author felt lest he should be supposed to tread upon the same ground as his illustrious countryman, THOMAS MOORE.

In Ireland, from time immemorial, hundreds of wild and irregular, yet exquisite airs, have existed, and from generation to generation many of those Melodies have been preserved floating in the memory of the people without having ever taken a tangible shape, or being allied to any particular form of appropriate words, and have thus been transmitted from the remote ages of antiquity from “sire to son,” on the harps of their Minstrels as a “Bard’s Legacy”—the history of which, it has been said, “no modern writer has yet sufficiently illustrated.”

In order to meet in some measure this want, the author of the present work recently made a general tour throughout the country for the purpose of procuring, from among the people, Irish airs in their native simplicity and freshness ; and while thus agreeably employed, he also succeeded in securing several valuable traditions connected with those ancient melodies which lent them additional charms.

MOORE, in one of his admirable letters, has said that “ we have too long neglected the only talent for which our English neighbours have ever deigned to allow us any credit,” and “ that our National Music has *never* been *properly collected*, and while the Composers of the Continent have enriched their Operas with Melodies borrowed from Ireland, very often without even the candour of acknowledgment, we have left these treasures in a degree unclaimed and fugitive.” Such remarks of the great National Poet are strongly confirmed by the well-known fact that Rossini, Meyerbeer, Flotow, and others, embodied Irish airs in the most elaborate of their effusions, and gained fame by them. Several of those “ Gems of Irish Melody,” selected by our Continental neighbours to “ enrich their Operas,” and thus give delight to the most cultivated audiences in Europe, will be found in the present collection—united to NEW ENGLISH WORDS—illustrative of National subjects—with a hope of proving an acceptable offering to the Musician, the Lady of Refinement, as well as to the Nobility and people of Great Britain and Ireland.

SELECT MELODIES

FROM

“ILLUSTRATED GEMS OF THE BARDS.”

NAMES.	AIRS.
* Hail ! Prince Patrick.	...“Awake, Sweet Harp.”
The Maiden’s Smile.	...Traditional.
The Song of Moriad. †	...“Savourneen Deelish.”
Oh ! for that Shining World.	...Name unknown.
Beauty and the Bard.	...“Cruiskeen Lawn.”
The Harper’s Serenade.	...“Come, come away !”
Norah to Dermid.	...“The Last Rose of Summer.”
Raise not a Spear To-day.	..“How oft has the Banshee Cried.”
Norah’s Bower.	...“Gazing on the Moon’s Light.”
Oft When o’er the Calm Blue Sea	...Original, in G minor.
We’ll meet and Love Again.	...“Gramachree.”
Farewell to Erin.	...National Air.
Upraise the Towering Spire of Renown to Them.	...“Crooghan a Venue.”
Fill, fill the Goblet.	...“Drink to her who Long.”

* The words and music of this song were composed on the occasion of the recent visit to Ireland of his Royal Highness Prince Arthur Patrick.

† *Moriad* may be translated into English by the sweet name *Margaret*, which signifies *Pearl*.

