





mes Craig

Dec. 18.









F I N G A L:

A N

ANCIENT EPIC POEM.

I N S I X B O O K S.

By OSSIAN the SON of FINGAL.

Translated into English Heroic Rhyme,

By JOHN WODROW, M.A. one of the Ministers of Islay.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L. II.

E D I N B U R G H:

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MDCCLXXI.



THE ARGUMENT of BOOK III.

Cuchullin, pleased with the story told by Carril, insists with the bard for more of his songs:—He relates the actions of Fingal in Lochlin,—and the death of Agandecca, the beautiful sister of Swaran.—He had scarce finished, when Calmar, the son of Matha, who had advised the first battle, came wounded from the field, and told them of Swaran's design to surprize the remains of the Irish army.—He himself proposes to withstand, singly, the whole force of the enemy, at a narrow pass, till the rest should make good their retreat.—Cuchullin, touched with the gallant proposal of Calmar, resolves to accompany him; and orders Carril to carry off the few that remained of the Irish.—Morning comes.—Calmar dies of his wounds.—The ships of the Caledonians appearing, Swaran leaves off the pursuit, and returns to

oppose Fingal's landing.—Cuchullin, ashamed after his defeat to appear before Fingal, retires to the cave of Tura.—Fingal engages the enemy; puts them to flight; but the coming on of night makes the victory not decisive.—The King, who had observed the gallant behaviour of his grandson Oscar, gives him advices concerning his conduct in peace and war.—He recommends to him, to place the example of his fathers before him, as the best model for his conduct; which introduces the episode of Fainasollis, daughter of the King of Craca, whom Fingal had taken under his protection in his youth.—Fillan and Oscar are dispatched to observe the motions of the enemy by night.—Gaul, the son of Momi, desires the command of the army in the next battle; which Fingal promises to give him.—The book concludes with some general reflections of the Poet.—It includes the transactions of part of the second night, and the whole of the third day, since the opening of the poem.—The story of Agandecca is properly

properly introduced, as great use is made of it in the course of the poem, and as it, in some measure, brings about the catastrophe.—The circle of Loda alludes to the religion of Lochlin; and the stone of power here mentioned, is the image of one of the Scandinavian deities.

Morven signifies a ridge of high hills; probably all the north-west coast of Scotland went of old under that name.—Fingal, or Fion gael, i. e. chief of the Caels.—Fion, signifying white or eminent.—Gormal, green summit;—a name given by the poet to a hill in Lochlin, near Starno's palace.—Ronan, or Ronin, an isle named from its being frequented by seals or sea-dogs.—Ard-ven, high hill.—Cor-mar, master of the sea, a name given by the poet.—Tura, from Tuire, mourning;—alluding to Cuchullin's grief, and his sudden death: hence his castle, and the cave to which he retired, have the same name given them by the poet.

—Ryno, or Raône, *choice of men*;—as appears to us.—
 Fillan, *folding together*;—but this is not clear.—Oscar, *da-
 ring, intrepid*.—Trenmor, *mighty, valiant*.—Trathail,
ready, seasonable.—Fain-a-follis, *circle, or ring of light*;
 —a poetical name.—Borbar, *fierce, unrelenting*.—Fingal,
 in Gaelic, is simply called Fion, which signifies *white or
 distinguished*; alluding probably to white robes wherewith
 their kings might be cloathed, as most honourable.—Hence Of-
 fian, or O-Fian, may signify, *from Fion, or Fion's eldest
 son*.—Gaul, or Gual, means *shoulder, or prop, or stay*.—
 Morni, or Mor-gniov, *great or remarkable actions*.—Craca,
rocky.—Cromala, *crooked-hill*.

F I N G A L.

B O O K III.

CUCHULLIN brighten'd up as thus he fung,
And on the melting notes enraptur'd hung,
Pleasant thy song, O CARRIL, to my ears ;
Lovely, he said, the tales of other years ;
Softly they fall, as early dew distills,
In smiling spring, upon the verdant hills,
When on their sides the sun but faintly gleams,
The lake is smooth, and gently glide the streams.
Now, CARRIL, raise thy tuneful voice again,
And fire our souls with TURA's lofty strain ;

That

That song wherewith thou mad'st my halls resound,
When joy and peace smil'd on each face around ;
What time the mighty FINGAL was my guest,
Who heard his father's deeds with glowing breast.

Then CARRIL : — Early were thy deeds in arms,
O FINGAL ! thou wast bred amidst alarms !
When first his ruddy youth the fire of love
Began to feel, and with fair maidens strove,
(Who with complacent smiles beheld his face
Adorn'd with mildness and with manly grace),
Then LOCHLIN's host arriv'd on Albion's land,
And felt his youthful force, his dreadful hand :
Strong as a stream he sweeps them o'er the field,
Consumes their squadrons, or constrains to yield :
Like roaring torrents was his warrior train ;
They bind the King of LOCHLIN on the plain ;

But

But loose him soon, and to his ships restore,
Which quickly waft him to his native shore.

Downcast and gloomy did he then abide
Within his halls ;—his big heart swell'd with pride :—
None e'er but FINGAL, STARNO overcame ;
That youthful hero clouded all his fame ;
Revenge and indignation fill'd his breast,
Nor longer could he taste of joy or rest ;
Dark were the thoughts which o'er his mind did roll,
Young FINGAL's death lay deep within his soul.

In LOCHLIN's land, within his founding halls
He sits, and grey-hair'd SNIVAN to him calls ;
Who oft had sung around the stone of pow'r,
And mighty LODA listen'd to his lore ;
And oft, when LOCHLIN's sons were known to yield,
He turn'd the stream of battle on the field.

Go, SNIVAN, STARNO said, at my command,
To sea-surrounded ARDVEN's rocky land ;
There greet the youthful FINGAL in my name,
King of the desert, early known to fame ;
Tell him, who boasts such high renown in war,
And 'mong his thousands is surpassing fair ;
Say, that with him I strict alliance crave ;
To bind which fast, my daughter he shall have ;
She, who of every beauty is possess'd,
No lovelier maid e'er heav'd a snowy breast ;
White as my foaming waves her polish'd arms,
Mild is her soul, and matchless are her charms.—
If to my words he lends a ready ear,
Let him with speed to LOCHLIN's coast repair,
And with a chosen band of warriors bright
The daughter of the secret hall delight.

To ALBION's hills his course old SNIVAN bent.
The fair-hair'd FINGAL heard ; and with him went.—
As bounding o'er the waves he nearer drew
To land, his kindled soul before him flew.

The dark-brown STARNO met him on the strand :
Welcome, young King of MORVEN's woody land,
He said ; and welcome, ye his warrior train,
Who from the lonely isle have cross'd the main :
Within my halls for three days shall ye rest,
And ev'ry day shall share the genial feast ;
The next three days through LOGHLIN's rocky shores,
And sounding forests, shall ye chase my boars,
And from their dens arouse their bristled rage ;
Or with your darts the beamy stag engage.
Fame thus shall of your gallant actions tell,
To her who in the secret hall does dwell.

Then LOCHLIN's King, within his spacious halls,
The feast prepares, to which his guests he calls :
But outward-smiles conceal'd his inward smart ;
Base were his thoughts, and gloomy was his heart.
Such opportune occasion glad to find,
The strangers death he at the feast design'd ;
'Midst their deluding joys he had decreed
To fate his vengeance by so foul a deed.
But FINGAL, doubtful of the King of snow,
His arms keeps on, and thus prevents his foe.
The sons of death, who sudden were to rise,
Abash'd, retire, and dare not meet his eyes.
Then sprightly mirth makes all the dome resound,
Joy smiles o'er all—the strength of shells goes round :—
To chearful notes the trembling harps are strung,
And tales of other times by bards are sung ;
To valiant chiefs their numbers sometimes move,
And sometimes to the heaving breast of love.—

ULLIN, sweet voice of CONA's hill, was there,
Great FINGAL's bard, who charm'd each list'ning ear,
As to the lovely daughter of the snow,
And MORVEN's chief, he bade his numbers flow.

These swelling strains the beauteous dame o'erhears,
Within her secret hall they reach her ears :
Then forth she came in all her charms array'd,
Soft blushes o'er her glowing cheeks are spread.
The moon, full orb'd, thus gilds the ev'ning-skies,
When from the eastern clouds it meets our eyes :
Loveliness all around her was as light,
Mild was her air, her look serenely bright ;
Her steps were music as she mov'd along,
She ravish'd with her grace the gazing throng.
The princely youth she mark'd above the rest ;
She saw, she lov'd, high heav'd her snowy breast ;

She roll'd on him, in secret, her blue eye,
And of her soul he was the hidden sigh : —
She blest'd the blooming chief of MORVEN's race,
And wish'd with him to pass her days in peace.

Two days in hunting of the boars were past,
And the third morning, breaking from the east,
Now shone with ruddy beams, and brought the day ;
The Kings to LOCHLIN's woods straight bend their way.
Forth mov'd the dark-brow'd STARNØ o'er the plain,
And fair-hair'd FINGAL with his youthful train ;
Till noon of day they urge the foaming chace,
From their dark dens they drive the bristly race ;
They range the mountains, beat the echoing wood,
Till FINGAL's spear is red in GORMAL's blood.
One tusky boar arous'd, springs out amain,
Like light'ning sudden, 'mid the warrior train ;

Breaks down the trees before him, shakes the ground,

The sounding forest crackles all around.

Then FINGAL shouting, animates their hearts,

At once they all employ their thronging darts;

But thrown confus'd, in heaps the ground they strew;

Some reach'd the savage, but no blood they drew :

But mighty FINGAL, close at hand, provokes

His rage, and plies him with redoubled strokes.

The beast is chaff'd, his eye-balls roll in fire,

From his broad nostrils clouds of smoke expire.

Bold FINGAL pierc'd him with his pointed dart,

And found the nearest passage to his heart :

In the boar's bristled back the weapon flood,

Fix'd him to earth, and deeply drank his blood.

Then STARNO's daughter to the chief appears,

With her blue-rolling eyes all bath'd in tears ;

With

With steps of haste, and voice of love she came;
To MORVEN's king thus spake the blushing dame:
FINGAL! said she, thou high-descended chief!
Attend, and know what fills my soul with grief.
In LOCHLIN's King thou shouldst not thus confide;
Beware, and trust not STARNO's heart of pride;
Breaking through hospitality's strict ties,
Thee to his rage he means to sacrifice,
And now designs thy death; for in that wood
Men he has plac'd, inur'd to deeds of blood.
Warn'd thus by me, avoid the fatal place,
Nor longer through the forest urge the chase.
Remember her who has her fire betray'd;
Remember AGANDECCA, hapless maid!
Protect me from my father's dreadful wrath,
Son of the hill! save me from instant death;
Else shall I fall the victim of his rage,
My blood alone his vengeance can assuage.

The chief this heard, with unconcern goes on
To the thick wood, nor does the danger shun :
Forward he rush'd, his heroes by his side,
The sons of death dare not his force abide ;
Beneath his hand they fall, and bite the ground,
And shady GORMAL echoes all around.

Return'd from chace, round STARNO's tow'ring walls
The youth convene.—He enters to his halls ;
Dark were his brows, and gloomy to the sight,
Like clouds ; his eyes like meteors of the night.
Hither, he cries, fair AGANDECCA bring ;
Let her repair to MORVEN's blooming King :
To her lov'd chief her words were not in vain ;
The blood of LOCHLIN does his arms distain.

Slow, with red tearful eyes, came forth the fair,
Loose and dishevell'd was her raven hair ;

Her

Her panting bosom, white is seen to rise,
Like LUBAR's streamy foam, with bursting sighs.
Whom trembling in his sight when STARNO saw,
The rage of vengeance stiff'd nature's law:
He rush'd ; — with his bright steel he pierc'd her side ;
She fell in blood ; — the hall re-echo'd wide.
All pale she lay, and seem'd a wreath of snow,
That sudden slides from RONNAN's rocky brow,
When woods stand still unruff'd by the gale,
And echo deepens in the silent vale.

His chiefs, with furious look, then FINGAL eyes ;
His valiant chiefs take arms, and sudden rise.
The gloom of battle roars ; — along the plain,
The sons of LOCHLIN are dispers'd or slain.
Pale in his ship he clos'd the hapless fair,
The lovely maiden of the raven hair ;

Then

Then bounding o'er the deep, to ALBION's coast
He came, and mourn'd for AGANDECCA lost:
Her tomb ascends on ARDVEN's founding shore,
And round her narrow house the billows roar.

Bless'd be the soul of the once lovely maid!
And bless'd the mouth of songs! CUCHULLIN said.
Mighty was FINGAL in his youthful rage,
Nor feeble in the fight his arm of age:
Dark LOCHLIN's host his force again shall feel,
And fly before the King of MORVEN's steel.
Shew from the clouds, O moon! thy radiant light,
Guide his white sails along the waves of night:
If any spirit of heav'n, or friendly ghost,
Sits on that cloud that overhangs the coast,
Turn from the rocks his ships, should winds deform
The rolling deep, thou rider of the storm!

So spake the chief, (yet troubled was his mind),
As near the mountain-stream he sat reclin'd ;
When, lo ! the son of MATHA meets his eyes,
Young CALMAR coming up the hill he spies :
Wounded from fight he came, besmear'd with blood,
Leaning against his father's spear he stood ;
Weak is his arm that made whole hosts retire ;
But his strong soul still heaves with martial fire.

Welcome, O son of MATHA ! CONNAL said ;
Thrice welcome to thy friends : but why thus sad ?
Why from thy breast breaks forth that bursting sigh ?
Thou fear'st no danger, and thou scorn'st to fly.

Nor shalt thou, valiant CONNAL, ever hear, —
Thus CALMAR said, — that I gave way to fear.
The time of danger is my soul's delight,
I joy to mingle in the gloom of fight :

I'm of a race that ever scorn'd to yield,
That reap'd the glorious harvest of the field ;
Strangers to fear, did ev'ry danger dare,
And nobly fac'd the horrid front of war :
I'll not disgrace the line from whence I came,
But strive to emulate my father's fame ;
Like them, while I can wield those glitt'ring arms,
Danger I'll court, or perish 'midst th' alarms.

Bold CORMAR was the first of all my race,
To him our ancient lineage we can trace ;
He was among the foremost that durst brave,
In his black skiff, the terrors of the wave ;
He sported o'er the deep with bending mast,
And travell'd on the swift wings of the blast.
An angry spirit once embroil'd the night,
The moon and stars no longer give their light ;

Marks of a dreadful storm appear around,
The foaming billows swell, the rocks resound ;
Winds drive the thick'ning clouds along the sky,
On wings of fire the forked light'nings fly.
The chief in terror to the land repairs,
Then blushes that he listen'd to his fears.
Again among the waves he rush'd, to find
The gloomy spirit that had rais'd the wind.
Three youths the vessel guide along the flood ;
Upon the prow, with sword unsheath'd, he stood ;
And on the low-hung vapour, as it pass'd,
He seiz'd, and by the curling head held fast ;
Till with his steel he search'd its bosom dark : —
The storm subsides ; — a calm furrounds the bark ; —
The blust'ring ghost forsakes the troubled air ;
The moon returns, the twinkling stars appear.

Such

Such was the boldness of our ancient race,
CALMAR will not his ancestry disgrace ;
Their thirst of glory does my breast inspire,
Their dauntless ardour, and their martial fire ;
They best succeed who dare ; — th' uplifted sword
Repells each danger, or relieves its lord.

But now, ye sons of ERIN's verdant lands,
From LENA's bloody heath withdraw your bands ;
Collect the sad remainder of our friends,
Join FINGAL's sword, who to our aid descends.
I heard the sound of LOCKLIN's host from far,
Their arms advancing, and denouncing war :
'Twere madness any longer here to stay,
You cannot meet them in the bloody fray ;
But I'll remain, and fight till you retire ;
Wounded already, I must soon expire.

This

This pass I'll keep till you fly o'er the heath,
And then, 'midst slaughter'd foes, will sink in death.
I'll meet them with bold voice and dauntless mind,
As if your thousands follow'd me behind.
To thee, O SEMO's son ! my gallant friend !
To thee my lifeless body I commend :
After great FINGAL has laid waste the field,
And LOCHLIN's thronging host has forc'd to yield,
Then search for CALMAR ; — let his cold remains
Find a dark dwelling on green ULLIN's plains ;
Some stone place near my tomb to bear my name,
That future times may hear of CALMAR's fame.
My mother shall rejoice above her son,
When she beholds the stone of my renown.

The son of SEMO listen'd as he spoke,
And thus he said, with noble envy struck :

And

And wouldst thou go, and leave me here behind !

Am I not, CALMAR, worthy to be join'd ?

To thee my share of glory I'll not yield ;

My joy is also in th' unequal field :

The dang'rous enterprize now fires my mind,

To leave a memorable name behind.

CONNAL, and gray-hair'd CARRIL, o'er the plains

Withdraw, in safety, ERIN's small remains ;

And when subsided is the bloody fray,

Search for our corse in this narrow way ;

For near this oak the thronging foes we'll meet,

Their rushing thousands we shall here await.

Run now, O FITHIL's son ! with feet of wind ;

Fly over LENA's heath, and FINGAL find ;

And tell him, that on him alone depends

To rescue ULLIN, and to save his friends :

Bid him repair with speed where danger calls ;

For LOCHLIN's host green ERIN now enthralls.

The gloom will scatter, and dark LOCHLIN yield,
If once the hero lightens o'er the field ;
As when the sun, amidst a storm, shines bright,
And on the grassy hills restores the light.

On CROMLA's height appears the morning gray,
Dark LOCHLIN's troops advance in dread array ;
CALMAR stands forth, where thousands thickest roll,
In all the kindling ardour of his soul ;
But soon he finds his youthful vigour fail ;
He drops the sword ; — his blooming cheeks turn pale :
No more does he sustain th' unequal war,
Stagg'ring, he leans against his father's spear :
From LARA's hall the hero brought the dart,
Where dark he left his mother's anxious heart.
Now slowly sinks the youth amidst the slain,
Like a fair tree that falls on CONA's plain.

Then

Then dark CUCHULLIN singly bears the flock,
Collected in himself; and like a rock
That stands alone, amidst a sandy vale,
In vain the winds and seas its sides assail;
Pois'd on its base, it hears the tempests roar,
And o'er its head the foaming surges pour;
The thund'ring noise makes all the shores resound,
The woody hills are echoing all around.
And now the grey mist rises from the sea,
When, bounding dark along the wat'ry way,
Appear great FINGAL's ships with fav'ring gales;
High is their grove of masts, and white their sails;
Their sable prows the rolling ocean laves,
Alternate as they nod along the waves.

Which when grim SWARAN view'd from CROM-
LA's height,
He stops, nor farther urges ERIN's flight;

The deep with swelling canvas cover'd o'er
He saw, and the swift ships approach the shore.
As 'twixt a hundred isles, the ebbing sea,
Through straiten'd channels rolls its foaming way;
The rushing tides, confin'd on either hand,
Rage high, and break upon the sounding strand:
Thus loud, confus'd, and vast, is LOCHLIN's host,
Returning from the hill to ULLIN's coast.
Their bands 'gainst FINGAL's landing they unite;
They gather on the heath, and wait the fight.
Mean time CUCHULLIN, overcome with wo,
In tears retires, low-bending, sad, and slow;
Dragging his spear behind, his steps he bends
Tow'rd's CROMLA's wood, and mourns his slaughter'd
friends.

FINGAL had oft the valiant chief beheld,
Cloth'd with renown, returning from the field;

But

But now his face he fears, through conscious shame,
Struck with his late defeat, and forfeit fame.

How many of my heroes on that heath,
The chiefs of INNISFAIL, lie stretch'd in death;
Who but erewhile, within my chearful halls,
Shar'd of the genial feast, and sounding shells!
No more their steps upon the heath I'll find;
No more their voice shall rouse the dark-brown hind:
Cold on their bloody beds, unhonour'd now,
My gallant friends lie silent, pale, and low.
O spirits of the lately dead, arise!
Meet me upon my heath, and glad my eyes;
Let your lov'd voices oft delight mine ear;
Let your fair forms, from rolling clouds, appear.
When on the wings of winds you ride around,
And rustling trees, near TURA's cave, resound;

There, far remote, CUCHULLIN shall remain,
Nor ever issue to th' embattl'd plain :
Henceforth obscure, in shades, he there shall lie,
And there, unheeded, and unknown, shall die.
No bard of me shall hear ; — no moss-grown stone
To future times shall carry my renown.
O fair BRAGELA ! mourn me with the dead ;
Departed is my fame, for ever fled.

With broken voice thus spake the darken'd chief,
Then sunk in CROMLA's wood, oppress'd with grief.

Tall in his ship, now FINGAL reach'd the shore,
Before him stretch'd his glitt'ring lance he bore ;
As high he wav'd it in his mighty hand,
The steel gleam'd dreadful o'er the sounding strand.
Bright-flashing thus, a meteor, red of death,
Is seen to set on MALMOR's dusky heath ;

The lonely trav'ler stares with frighten'd eyes ;
A darken'd orb, the moon, swims through the skies.

The battle, said the King, I see is o'er,
My valiant friends lie weltring in their gore ;
The oaks of CROMLA now lament their death ;
Sadness is spread o'er LENA's fatal heath ;
The hunters, in their strength, are prostrate laid,
Brave SEMO's son is number'd with the dead.
Too late we come ; — let's haste to wipe away
The stains of this dishonourable day.
Sound now, my sons, the horn of FINGAL's war,
And let dark LOCHLIN take its turn to fear.
RYNO ! and FILLAN ! climb that mountain's brow,
And to the shore call down the gloomy foe ;
From LAMDARG's grave, (a chief who fell in fight
In former times), let them roll down their might :

Loud

Loud as your fathers, let the foes from far
Hear your dread voice, and tremble as they hear:
FINGAL shall here the mighty man await,
On LENA's shore dark SWARAN shall I meet ;
Let him advance with all his thronging bands,
And with his thousands cover all the sands :
His force we'll try ; — he'll find no feeble foe ;
Strong are their friends who on the heath lie low.

Quick as the lightning gleams athwart the night,
With feet of wind fair RYNO climbs the height ;
Dark FILLAN, swift as autumn's shadow, flies,
And loud, o'er LENA's heath, their shouts arise.
Their voice the sons of ocean hear from far ;
And the dread-sounding horn of FINGAL's war,
Loud as the roaring eddies of the main,
From LOCHLIN's snowy hills return again.

The foes thus strong, thus dark, thus sudden pour,
Rolling the stream of battle tow'rd's the shore :
The King does in the lowring front appear,
In dismal pride of arms, and breathing war ;
Wrath on his dark-brow'd forehead sat enthron'd,
While from his rolling eyes flames flash'd around.

FINGAL, as STARNO's son he thus beheld,
With port sublime advancing o'er the field,
His soul to tender passions straight resign'd ;
Fair AGANDECCA rush'd upon his mind.
SWARAN, with tears of youth, and heart-felt woe,
Had mourn'd his sister when he saw her low ;
The sight of him to FINGAL's mem'ry brought
His first of loves ; — a sadly pleasing thought. —
Then tuneful ULLIN he dispatch'd in haste,
To invite the son of STARNO to his feast.

ULLIN

ULLIN went on with aged steps and slow ;
And in these words address'd the haughty foe :
O thou ! who ledest LOCHLIN's troops to war,
Who dwellest in thy sea-girt rocks afar ;
The King of MORVEN bids thee to his feast : —
Let both the hosts this day from battle rest ;
To-morrow we shall tread the deathful field,
Raise high the sword, and break the echoing shield.

To-day we fight, — said STARNO's wrathful son,
And break the echoing shields : — to-morrow's sun
Shall see bold FINGAL stretch'd beneath my hand,
And my feast smoking on the founding strand.

ULLIN return'd : — And FINGAL, smiling, said,
To-morrow let the hero's feast be spread ;
This day, my sons, we break the founding shields,
And drench with LOCHLIN's blood green ERIN's fields.

Thou,

Thou, OSSIAN ! next thy father take thy stand ;
GAUL ! let thy sword beam dreadful in thy hand ;
With speed, O FERGUS ! bend thy twanging bow ;
Through heav'n thy massy spear, O FILLAN ! throw :
Raise high, like darken'd moons, the echoing shields ;
Let your bright darts like meteors gild the fields.
Now follow me ; — my path to glory leads ; —
And emulate in arms your fathers deeds..

As when a hundred winds contend on high,
As clouds successive roll along the sky,
As from a hundred hills the torrents roar,
As the dark ocean beats the trembling shore ;
Thus loud, thus vast, thus roaring, rush to death
The lowring hosts, and mix on LENA's heath.
The furious shock makes all the hills resound ;
Loud shouts, and direful groans, are spread around.

Not so on CONA bursts the stormy cloud;
Nor breaks the thunder of the night so loud,
When on the hollow wind, with dismal sound,
A thousand ghosts at once are shrieking round.

FINGAL rush'd on, exulting in his might,
Dreadful as TRENMOR's spirit through the night,
When on the whirlwind's roar the flitting ghost,
In martial terrors, comes to MORVEN's coast,
And sends the children of his pride to war;
As on a fiery beam he hovers near,
Rocks trembling fall before him on the ground,
The hills, with all their oaks, are echoing round;
Resistless thus my father strode along,
And bore amidst the thickest of the throng.
Awful in battle thus the hero stood;
His arm tremendous mark'd its way in blood:

Quick

Quick whirl'd aloft, his beaming sword he held,
It flash'd like lightning o'er th' embattled field,
And scatter'd terrors through the hostile train ;
Nor strength, nor numbers, could his flock sustain :
He rag'd resistless, as with youthful force,
The field is wasted in his dreadful course.

His father's deeds fair RYNO's breast inspire,
And on he mov'd a pillar bright of fire :
Strong GAUL advanc'd with dark and frowning brow ;
His look confounds, his spear consumes the foe.
With feet of wind young FERUS urg'd the war ;
And near him FILLAN did like mist appear :
Firm as a rock myself came down to fight,
And rush'd, exulting in my father's might.
That day my hand stretch'd many a chief in death,
My sword gleam'd dismal o'er dark LENA's heath :

Then was my joy amidst the strife of spears ;
Nor did I bend beneath a weight of years ;
Time had not silver'd o'er my hoary head ;
My well-strung nerves then better spirits fed ;
These trembling hands of age had pow'r to throw
The forceful lance, and bend the stubborn yew :
With heroes I was wont to rush to fight ;
Nor were those eyes thus clos'd in shades of night ;
Nor chill my blood, nor furrow'd was my face ;
Nor fail'd my limbs, now feeble in the race.

The many deaths of people, who can tell,
What mighty deeds were done, what heroes fell ?
When FINGAL, rising in his kindled wrath,
Consum'd the sons of LOCHLIN o'er the heath ;
Groans swell'd on groans, from hill to hill resound,
Till night's dark shades involv'd the world around.

The

The broken foes, now smit with panic fear,
Pale, staring, like a herd of timorous deer,
Far back o'er LENA urge their shameful flight;
Assembled there, they pass the silent night.

By LUBAR's gentle stream we sit, and hear
The harp with sprightly sound delight the ear.
Great FINGAL takes his station next the foe,
And hears the songs of bards harmonious flow;
To MORVEN's noble race their harps are strung,
The warlike chiefs of former times are sung;
The pleasing strains are spread along the field. —
Attentive, leaning on his sounding shield,
The King of MORVEN sat; — the whistling wind
High toss'd his aged locks; — his mighty mind
Rolls back upon the days of former years,
As 'midst the song his father's deeds he hears.

Befide him, leaning on his bending fpear,
My young, my lovely OSCAR, does appear :
With admiration he beholds the King ;
Joy to his fwelling foul his actions bring ;
He feels his youthful breaſt with ardour glow,
That future times his gallant deeds may know.

The King obſerv'd, and to him thus begun :
O OSCAR ! pride of youth ! ſon of my ſon !
This day thy ſword I ſaw like lightning blaze ;
Thy deeds I ſaw, and glory'd in my race.
Go on, thou riſing beam ! increaſe in fame,
And, like thy fathers, ſpread thy mighty name ;
Renown'd were they upon th' embattl'd plain ;
Pursue their path, and be what they have been.
When TRENOR, the great father of our line,
And TRATHAL, firſt of men ! in arms did ſhine ;

In early youth they trod the field of fame ;
Now tuneful bards their martial deeds proclaim.
O OSCAR ! when amidst the dire alarms,
Tame thou the proud, and bend the strong in arms :
But when thou seest the feeble hand laid low,
Then spare the suppliant, fall'n, unhappy foe.
To guard thy people from impending harms,
Strong as a roaring stream, rush forth to arms ;
But to all those that ask thy friendly aid,
Be like the gale that moves the tender blade.
Thus TRENMOR liv'd, thus TRATHAL got a name,
And thus did FINGAL also rise to fame.
Th' oppress'd and weak to me for succour flew ;
Them to redress my glitt'ring sword I drew ;
My blazing steel before them, like heav'ns fire,
Gleam'd bright, and made their fiercest foes retire.
Assert thy birthright, Oscar ! and be known
For FINGAL's offspring, and for OSSIAN's son.

Like

Like thee, I too was young in toils of war,
When lovely FAINASSOLLIS came from far;
The King of CRACA's daughter was the dame,
Fair to behold, a mildly shining beam !
The rosy bloom of youth adorn'd her face,
And all her steps show'd dignity and grace.
For CONA's heath I then had left the plain,
To chase the deer ; and few were in my train :
A white-sail'd boat far off attracts our eyes,
Like mist it seem'd on ocean's blast that flies :
Soon it approach'd the land ; — we saw the fair ;
The wind was struggling in her raven hair :
Her white breast heav'd with sighs, — and fill'd with fears
She was ; — her ruddy cheeks were bath'd in tears. —
Soon as she saw, in haste the lovely maid
Ran tow'rds me. — Beautiful damsel ! calm I said,
What makes that snowy breast thus heave with sighs ?
Why drown'd in tears do I behold those eyes ?

Young as I am, say can I thee defend
From harm? — This glitt'ring sword thou may'st com-
mand:

This arm is not unmatch'd in bloody war,
But this bold heart a stranger is to fear.

To thee I fly, with sighs the maid reply'd,
O chief of mighty men! fam'd far and wide;
To thee my life, my honour, I commend,
Thou stay and support of the feeble hand.
The King whom CRACA's echoing isle obeys,
Own'd me the lonely sun-beam of his race:
Some figure there I made; nor was my name
Obscure, nor I without my share of fame:
Numbers there courted FAIXASOLLIS' love;
Oft to their sighs reply'd CROMALA's grove:
'Mong these the chief of SORA saw me fair;
He lov'd the maiden with the dark-brown hair.

His sword a beam of might is by his side,
But dark his brow ; his soul's the seat of pride :
I shun the chief along the wat'ry way,
And he pursues me o'er the rolling sea.

Dismiss thy fears, thou beam of light ! I said ;
Rest here behind my shield, thou lovely maid !
For if this hand but second this bold heart,
SORA's dark chief will fall beneath my dart ;
Else driv'n in flight, again he'll seek the fen,
And measure back with speed his former way.
I might conceal thee far from searching eyes,
In some lone cave ; — but FINGAL never flies :
Whenever danger threatens, he appears,
And his soul brightens in the storm of spears.
On either cheek I saw the trickling tear,
As thus I spoke ; — I pitied CRAICA's fair.

As when a dreadful wave far off does rise,
The ship of stormy BORBAR met our eyes.
High bend his masts behind his snowy sails,
As o'er the deep he bounds with swelling gales ;
White roll the waters foaming on each side,
The strength of ocean founds with rushing tide.

I met the gloomy hero on the strand,
(The maid stood trembling by, and grasp'd my hand) :
Thou rider of the storm, from ocean's roar,
I said, who hast arriv'd on MORVEN's shore,
Strangers are ever welcome to my halls ;
Come thou, partake the feast within my walls.
He sent his answer from the crooked yew
Already bent ; — the sounding arrow flew,
And pierc'd the fair. — She fell upon the strand. —
O chief ! I cry'd, unerring is thy hand :

Mean fame, alas ! to slay so weak a foe ;
But now prepare thy utmost force to show.
Long time we fought, nor feeble was the strife ;
The prize contended was for either's life.
Enrag'd at length, my sword I whirl'd around,
And with one mighty thrust his heart I found ;
The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood ;
Reeling he fell, and stain'd the sands with blood.
On the bleak shore two tombs of stones we rear,
In which we place the hapless youthful pair :
The mariner from far beholds them rise,
As o'er the foaming waves he bounding flies.
Such was I in my youth, so rose my rage ;
OSCAR, do thou resemble FINGAL's age ;
Seek not the battle, nor on danger run ;
But when it comes, despise it not, nor shun.

FILLAN,

FILLAN, and OSCAR, of the dark-brown hair,
Ye children of my race, young beams in war,
Along the heath of roaring winds now fly ;
Look round if LOEHLIN's sons you can espy :
Go, lest they shun my sword through silent night,
And o'er the waves precipitate their flight :
For many chiefs, on LENA's bloody heath,
Of EGIN's race, lie on the bed of death ;
The sons of echoing CROMLA, pale and low,
Deform'd with gore, their ghastly faces show ;
The children of the storm, oppress'd with weight,
Fell unreveng'd amid th' unequal fight.

He said : Like two dark clouds the heroes flew,
Chariots of flitting ghosts that meet our view,
When night's dark children gliding through the air
On clouds, to frighten hapless men repair.

Then

Then GAUL, the son of MORNI, fam'd in fight,
Before the King stood like a rock through night ;
His glitt'ring spear is beaming to the stars ;
His voice, like many streams, the hero rears.

O FINGAL ! King of shells ! renown'd afar ;
Thou son of battle, and thou pride of war,
(The chief thus cries aloud) ; — hear my request ;
Now let your bards footh ERIN's friends to rest ;
And, FINGAL, do thou sheath thy sword of death,
And let thy people fight upon the heath.
Thou ever mov'st the terror of the fields ;
Thou art the only breaker of the shields ;
Darken'd by thee, we fight without a name ;
We droop, we wither, and we lose our fame.
To-morrow let me lead thy warrior train ;
Do thou behold us struggling on the plain ;

Let

Let LOCHLIN feel the sword of MORNÍ's son,
That bards may sing my deeds in battle done. —
Such was the custom of thy noble race,
The rulers of the war in former days ;
And such thine own in battles of the spear,
Thou King of swords, that know'st not how to fear.

O son of MORNÍ ! thus the King reply'd,
Thy fame shall be my glory and my pride.
Lead MORVEN's sons to-morrow forth to fight,
And through the ranks of LOCHLIN roll thy might :
On CROMLA's side thou shalt behold my spear,
Ready to aid thee, shouldst thou fail in war.
And now, ye bards ! your tuneful voices raise,
And lull me into rest with soothing lays.
Here will I lie amidst the wind of night ;
FINGAL shall here recline till morning's light.

O AGANDECCA ! lovely hapless fair,
'Mong LOCHLIN's children, if thou now art near;
If thou art borne along by whistling blasts,
Or sitt'st on high among their shrouded masts;
Come to my soul, my fair-one, in a dream,
Show thy bright face upon a radiant beam.

Then many a voice and harp of tuneful sound
Arose ; — the melting music spreads around :
Of FINGAL's mighty deeds in war they sing,
And of the noble race of MORVEN's King.
Sometimes the name of OSSIAN, 'midst their strains,
Was heard ; — now dark and forrowing he remains.

Oft have I toil'd in the rough front of war,
And often won in battles of the spear ;
Now comfortless, blind, tearful, and forlorn,
I walk with little men, or silent mourn.

FINGAL!

FINGAL ! no more in arms dost thou appear ;
Dead is thy race, once dreadful in the war :
Now with three steps thy grave I compass round ;
O thou ! of late, who wast so mighty found.
Cold is the bed where rest thy lov'd remains ;
Narrow the house which MORVEN's King contains :
Long in thy dwelling dark thou now art laid,
And on thy verdant tomb the wild roes feed.
O King of fwords ! blest be thy soul in death ;
Thou most renown'd on CONA's echoing heath.

End of BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT of BOOK IV.

The action of the poem being suspended by night, Ossian takes that opportunity to relate his own actions at the lake of Lego, and his courtship of Evirallin, the mother of Oscar, who had died some time before the expedition of Fingal into Ireland.—Her ghost appears to him, and tells him, that Oscar, who had been sent the beginning of the night to observe the enemy, was engaged with an advanced party, and almost overpowered.—Ossian relieves his son ;—and an alarm is given to Fingal of the approach of Swaran.—The King rises, calls his army together, and, as he had promised the preceding night, devolves the command on Gaul, the son of Morni ; while he himself, after charging his sons to behave gallantly, and defend his people, retires to a hill, from whence he could have a view of the battle.—The battle be-

gins.—The poet relates Oscar's great actions.—But when Oscar, in conjunction with his father, conquered in one wing; Gaul, who was attacked by Swaran in person, was on the point of retreating in the other —Fingal sends Ullin, his bard, to encourage him with a war-song; but, notwithstanding, Swaran prevails; and Gaul, with his troops, is obliged to give way.—Fingal, descending from the hill, rallies them again.—Swaran desists from the pursuit;—he possesses himself of a rising ground, restores the ranks, and waits the approach of Fingal.—The King having encouraged his men, gives the necessary orders, and renews the battle.—Cuchullin, who, with his friend Connal, and Carril the bard, had retired to the cave of Tura, hearing the noise, came to the brow of the hill which overlooked the field of battle, where he saw Fingal engaged with the enemy, and upon the point of obtaining a complete victory.—Being with difficulty hindered

hindered by Connal from joining Fingal, he sends Carril to congratulate that hero upon his success.

The epistle of Eivallin is necessary to clear up several passages that follow in the poem, at the same time that it brings on the action of the book, which may be supposed to begin about the middle of the third night from the opening of the poem.—This book, as many of Ossian's compositions, is addressed to the beautiful Malvina, the daughter of Toscar.—She appears to have been in love with Oscar, and to have affected the company of the father after the death of the son.

Many names occur in this book.—Such as are not of Gaelic origin we pretend not to give a meaning to:—Most of the Gaelic names are poetical, and characteristic of the persons things they belong to.

Toscar

Tofcar and Oſcar, ſignify much the ſame thing : — Oſcar, *intrepid* ; — an' Tofcar, *the reſolute or dauntleſs man*. — Evirallin, *a word compoſed of eur, a yew tree, and aluine, excellent* : — Hence the lady is poetically named the *exquiſite or finely ſhaped plant or branch* : — Of yew they then made bows. — Branno, *chearful, engaging, open in his manner*. — Cor-mac, *of Mac, ſon, and Caobhair, relief* ; the *ſon of relief or refuge*. — Colla, or Comhail, *meeting or congreſs*. — Durra, or Duibhre, *darkneſs, or gloom*. — Ta-go, or Taogher, *choſen or diſtinguiſhed*. — Freſtal, *ready, preſent every where*. — Dairo, or Taire, *heedful, watchful*. — Dala, or Dâil, *ſtop or delay*. — Mullo, *perhaps may be from molloch, rough or hairy*. — Scelacha, *ſignifies a rehearſer of deeds, or a performer of actions worthy to be rehearſed*. — Og-glan, *handsome youth, of brave diſpoſitions*. — Cerdal, or 's'fear dol, or fhior dol, *ſtill advancing*. — Du, ma-reachdan, *black complexioned, or a*

bout the brown.—Og-ear, young hero.—Dermid Diarmid, we fought, or the man of our choice.—Terman, or Tearmun, shelter or safety.—Branno, the name of a river, clear, transparent.

FIN.

F I N G A L.

B O O K IV.

WH O, like the show'ry bow on LENA's plains,
Comes from the mountain, with her tender strains?
'Tis TOSCAR's white-arm'd daughter forth does move;
It is the maiden of the voice of love.
Oft has MALVINA heard my plaintive song;
Oft have her tears of beauty stream'd along,
When I rehears'd the deeds of former days,
And she attentive listen'd to my lays.
Now from the hill the weeping fair descends,
To hear the battles of her valiant friends;

To know of her lov'd O S C A R's high renown,
And hear the gallant actions of my son.

O when, alas ! shall O S S I A N cease to mourn,
By C O N A's echoing stream, sad and forlorn ?
My youthful years in war and battles past,
My age with darkest sorrow is o'ercast.

O lovely daughter of the hand of snow !
Then was not O S S I A N thus o'ercome with wo ;
Then blind and comfortless I did not mourn,
Nor were my steps thus dreary and forlorn,
When E V E R A L L I N, with the dark-brown hair,
Gave me her love, the snowy bosom'd fair !
Grace in her eyes the youthful O S S I A N found,
Preferr'd to stately C O R M A C far renown'd.
Her love a thousand heroes strove to gain ;
A thousand fought her, but they fought in vain :

Though brave in arms, she did them all despise ;
OSSIAN alone was graceful in her eyes.
To LEGO's fable surge I bent my way,
Where the fair object of my wishes lay ;
Twelve of my people then were in my train,
With me from MORVEN they had cross'd the main.
To BRANNO, friend of strangers ! straight we came,
Father of EVERALLIN, lovely dame.
We spoke to BRANNO of the sounding mail.
Brave youths, said he, from whence the arms of steel ?
From MORVEN's lands I find you have come here,
In quest of EVERALLIN, blooming fair !
Already has she many chiefs deny'd,
And ERIN's blue-ey'd sons she has defy'd :
No easy conquest is the lovely dame,
Who has refus'd so many sons of fame :
But thou, O son of FINGAL ! far renown'd,
May thy addresses be with success crown'd.

Happy

Happy the maid to thee who yields her charms ;
Thrice happy she whom thou do'st guard from harms.
Though there were twelve fair damsels of my race,
Adorn'd with beauty, blest'd with ev'ry grace ;
Thine, chief ! alone, shou'd be my fav'ring voice ;
And thine, of all my daughters, were the choice.

In accents mild thus aged BRANNO said ;
Then open'd up the hall where dwelt the maid.
The dark-hair'd EVERALLIN met our eyes ;
Her dazzling beauty struck us with surprise :
She held me not long time in anxious pain ;
A kind return my ardent suit did gain.
Joy in our kindling breasts of steel arose ;
We blest'd the maid, and rush'd against her foes.

CORMAC, above us on the neighb'ring height,
With his bold train, awaits the flock of fight :

Eight were his heroes, bred amidst alarms ;
The heath around is flaming with their arms.
Beside the chief, young COLLA does appear,
And DURRA of the wounds, well skill'd in war ;
TAGO and mighty TOSCAR, tow'ring strode ;
There FRESTAL the victorious, frowning stood ;
DALA, a bulwark in the narrow way ;
And DAIRO, oft successful in the fray ;
CORMAC, with graceful looks, before the band
Appears ; — his sword bright beaming in his hand.

OSSIAN, with equal numbers in his train,
Came forth to meet him on dark LEGO's plain.
ULLIN the brave, the stormy son of war ;
And MULLO, of the gen'rous deeds, was there ;
And graceful SCELACHA, of ruddy face,
Dauntless his heart, and noble was his race ;

OGLAN,

GLAN, and wrathful CERDAL, trode the heath ;
and DUMA-RICCAN, with his brows of death ;
and why shou'd gallant OGAR be the last,
wide renown'd on ARDVEN's rocky waste ?

Now clos'd in fight, amidst the warring throng,
GAR met, face to face, with DALA strong :
when the winds strive with contending force,
to roll the waves in their impetuous course ;
the chiefs thus fought ; — in equal arms they stood,
and wounded wound, till both were bath'd in blood :
rag'd, his fav'rite weapon OGAR drew,
and with his dagger 'gainst his foe he flew ;
the times he bury'd it in DALA's side ;
he fell in death ; — the plain re-echo'd wide :
the stormy battle turn'd upon the field,
and CORMAC's chiefs gave back, constrain'd to yield.

CORMAC

CORMAC and I met thrice in flock of war;
His buckler thrice I pierc'd, thrice broke his spear;
Then rous'd anew, one last effort he try'd,
And drew his gleaming faulchion from his side:
He rush'd, resolv'd not to survive that day;
Unhappy youth! I lopp'd his head away:
Fives times I shook it by the yellow hair;
His friends then fled, all smit with panic fear.

Whoever then, O lovely maid! shou'd say,
When thus I strove with heroes in the fray,
That OSSIAN, blind, forlorn, unfit for fight,
Forfaken thus, should pass the tedious night;
Firm ought his mail to be, well fix'd his shield,
His arm unmatched in battles of the field.

On LENA's gloomy heath now dy'd away
The sound of music and each tuneful lay:

Th' inconstant blast blew hard amidst the wood ;
Its wither'd leaves an oak around me strew'd ;
High wav'd its sounding branches o'er my head,
And awful darkness o'er the world was spread :
Stretch'd on the heath, I could not yield to rest,
The thoughts of EVERALLIN fill'd my breast ;
When, lo ! array'd with beauty as with light,
The fair appear'd before my wond'ring sight ;
With blue eyes roll'd in tears she hov'ring stood,
And thus, with feeble voice, spoke from her cloud.

Sleep'st thou secure, O OSSIAN ! thus she said,
Nor of young OSCAR's danger art afraid ;
By LOCHLIN's troops my son must be inclos'd,
Single against a multitude oppos'd :
The daring youth, beside the lofty oak
Of LUBAR's stream, has met them in the shock.

Arise

Arise and save him, ere it be too late,
Lest thou shouldst mourn for his untimely fate.
She said ; and as a dream at break of day,
She sunk into her cloud, and rush'd away.
Sudden I rose, and cloth'd me in my mail,
And sheath'd my limbs in all their shining steel :
Supported by my spear, I mov'd along,
Far o'er the field my rattling armour rung ;
Humming a song I went, and, void of fear,
As I was wont, when danger did appear :
To chiefs of other times I rais'd my voice,
Like distant thunder LOCHLIN heard the noise ;
Frighten'd they fled confus'd, and in a croud,
Their broken troops my gallant son pursu'd.

Then after OSCAR loud my voice I send,
Which like a roaring stream I did extend :

Return,

Return, my son ! I call'd ; nor rush on death ;
Return with speed to me o'er LENA's heath :
Enough thou'st shewn thy valour through the night,
Thy foes repell'd, and drove in shameful flight ;
No farther now their scatter'd bands pursue,
Lest they shou'd rally, and the fight renew :
Come back, my son, and stop thy bloody hand ;
On OSSIAN's aid thou need'st not now depend.

His founding steel is pleasant to my ear,
As o'er the heath his nimble tread I hear :
To me he came, and made my heart rejoice ;
Why, father, didst thou stop my hand, he cries ?
Thousands ere this wou'd gasp away their breath,
The field be strewn with carnage and with death.
Thy son and FILLAN met them at the stream,
As dark and dreadful o'er the heath they came,

And filent roll'd along their thronging might,
Watching the terrors of the gloomy night.
A lane of slaughter'd bodies we have made
With our keen fwords, and loth have thee obey'd;
And now dark LOCHLIN gathers all its bands;
Loud as the winds on MORA's snowy fands,
Drive ocean's waves amid the stormy night,
In founding arms they thus advance to fight.
As here I came, the meteors red of death
I faw, and heard the ghofls fhriek o'er the heath;
To meet the foes, my father, let's prepare;
I will aroufe great FINGAL to the war;
The King who joys amid the strife of fpears,
Who fmiles in danger, nor gives way to fears;
But, like the fun, when clouds the heavens deform,
Breaks through the darknefs, and difpels the ftorm.

Mean

Mean time great FINGAL started from a dream ;
For through his rest a vision to him came.
He started, rose, and lean'd on TRENMOR's shield,
Which oft had lighten'd o'er th' embattl'd field ;
Which oft his fathers rais'd in former days,
And oft had shone in battles of his race.
The mournful form of AGANDECCA came,
And shew'd herself to FINGAL in his dream ;
The fair came slowly from the rolling sea,
And over LENA bent her lonely way ;
With grief and heavy care she seem'd oppress'd ;
Pale was her face, like CROMLA's floating mist ;
Along her cheeks the dark tears throng descend ;
She stood in aëst to speak ; — her lily hand
Oft from her robe she rais'd ; — of ambient air
The robe was form'd, through which appear'd the fair :
Silent, she often turn'd aside her eyes,
While her white bosom heav'd with swelling sighs ;

With her dim hand outstretch'd above the chief,
She stood, unable to express her grief.

To whom thus FINGAL, with a heavy sigh :
Daughter of STARNO ! why that tearful eye ?
Why is thy face so pale, thou flitting shade ;
Why hast thou hither come in clouds array'd ?
She answer'd not, but vanish'd from his sight,
And quick retir'd amidst the blast of night.
'The fair lamented for her valiant friends
That were to perish by great FINGAL's hands ;
She mourn'd for those who on dark LENA's heath,
By MORVEN's sons, would soon be stretch'd in death.

Pensive he rose, and lean'd against his shield,
While in his soul the fair he still beheld :
Then sudden OSCAR's steps invade his ears,
Along the fields his sounding tread he hears :

From

From far the King the blooming hero spy'd,
And the grey shield dim-beaming on his side ;
For now o'er ULLIN's waves the morning came,
And shone along the heath with sickly beam.

What, OSCAR, do the foes amidst their fear ?
Said MORVEN's King, and grasp'd his shining spear ;
Or do they urge their flight through ocean's foam ?
Or to the founding strife of steel will come ?
But why should FINGAL ask ? I hear their voice ;
The early wind brings here their rushing noise :
O'er LENA's heath, O OSCAR ! spread th' alarms,
And let the friends of ERIN rise to arms.

By streamy LUBAR's stone the hero flood,
And thrice he rais'd his dreadful voice aloud :
Deer from the fountains started at the sound ;
The hills, with all their rocks, are shaking round ;

His

His well-known voice the sons of MORVEN hear;
At once they spring, they rouse, they rush to war:
Loud as a hundred streams that bursting pour
Their waters to the plain, and foaming roar;
Throng as the thick'ning clouds, successive fly,
And gather to a tempest o'er the sky;
Round FINGAL's dreadful voice, thus MORVEN's bands,
Throng-gath'ring croud, and wait his high commands.
The summons of the King with joy they hear;
Oft had he led them forth to bloody war,
And often had they from th' ensanguin'd plain
Return'd with spoils of foes in battle slain.

Be ready now to meet dark LOCHLIN's flock,
Ye children of the storm! the King thus spoke;
Now to the death of thousands roll your might;
FINGAL from yonder hill shall see the fight:

Thence

Thence shall your King the rage of war survey,
And witness your brave actions in the fray ;
My sword you shall behold high waving thence,
The dread of foes, of friends the sure defence.
This day, I trust, its aid shall needless prove,
As under GAUL's direction forth you move ;
For MORNI's son, this day, the first of men,
Leads on my warriors to th' embattl'd plain :
Follow his path to conquest and to fame,
That future bards his praises may proclaim.
Ye ghosts of heroes dead ! that flit in air ;
Ye riders of the storm of Cromla ! hear ;
My people falling in the well-fought fray,
Receive with joy, and to your hills convey ;
Thence may the blast that o'er dark LENA roars,
Waft them along the deep to MORVEN's shores,
That to my soul, in rest, the sons of fame
May come to glad me in my silent dream.

Ye children of my race, young beams in war !

FILLAN, and OSCAR, of the dark-brown hair ;

Thou blooming RYNO, with the pointed steel,

Dauntless rush on, your strength let LOCHLIN feel ;

Advance with valour, and impetuous force ;

Behold the son of MORNIE in his course ;

Rival your leader's deeds amidst the fray,

Attend his orders, and submit to obey :

Let not your swords be feeble in the strife,

But be not rash, nor prodigal of life ;

Let not your ardour lead you too far on,

Suffice it that the victory is won :

Then spare your foes ; restrain your bloody hands ;

But, above all, protect your father's friends.

Thus mindful of the chiefs from whom you came,

You'll rise to conquest, and to deathless fame.

And should you here, my children, fall in fight,

Soon shall we see each other with delight ;

Soon must I follow, and my fitting shade
Shall meet your pale-cold ghosts in clouds array'd ;
On blasts we'll ride together through the sky,
And o'er the hills of CONA joyful fly.

As when a cloud o'ercharg'd with thunder dire,
Its dark skirts edg'd around with heav'n's red fire,
Portending storm, moves slowly o'er the sky,
And westward from the morning-beam does fly ;
Thus FINGAL moves, retiring from the fight ;
His armour casts around a dreadful light :
Oft he looks back, and views the rushing war ;
The wind is struggling in his hoary hair ;
On CROMLA's shaggy side he takes his stand ;
Two pond'rous spears he carries in his hand ;
Three bards attendant on the hero came,
To bear his orders to his sons of fame :

His sword like lightning, waving, we beheld,
And as he wav'd, we mov'd along the field.

In OSCAR's face a kindling joy arose ;
His eye sheds tears, his cheek red-flushing glows ;
His sword is in his hand a beam of fire ;
Smiling he came, and thus address'd his fire :
OSSIAN ! thou mighty ruler of the war,
Father, this once thy son propitious hear ;
If ever I found favour in thy sight,
With MORVEN's chief do thou retire from fight ;
A glorious race thou hast already run ;
This day allow the battle to thy son ;
This day let OSCAR gain a mighty name ;
Retire, and let me equal OSSIAN's fame ;
Let me spread terror 'mong the hostile train,
Or nobly fall on LENA's heathy plain :

And

And thou'd it be my fortune to lie low,
To thee I recommend that breast of snow,
To OSCAR's white-handed daughter, hapless fair !
That lonely sunbeam of my love and care :
Comfort and sooth her, O thou gallant chief !
For me the maiden will be sunk in grief.
Methinks I now behold the mournful dame,
Bend from the rock that overhangs the stream,
In tears ; — her soft hair round her bosom flies,
While for her OSCAR she pours forth her sighs :
Tell her, that lightly bounding now I glide
Around my hills, as on the winds I ride ;
And that I hope to meet the lovely maid
Hereafter in a golden cloud array'd.

Why dost thou thus anticipate thy doom,
OSCAR ? I said ; raise thou thy father's tomb,

The fight, my son, to thee I will not yield,
But first and bloodiest in the deathful field,
My arm through thickest ranks shall cut a way,
And teach thee how to conquer in the fray.
Remember, OSCAR, when thy father's low,
To place this sword beside him, and this bow ;
And let this founding horn be also near,
Wherewith I often rous'd the dark-brown deer :
When thou behold'st me number'd with the slain,
Let these with me in that dark house remain,
Whose mark is one grey stone. — No weeping fair
Have I to leave behind me to thy care :
The graceful EVERALLIN is no more ;
Peaceful she sleeps on MORVEN's founding shore.

Such were our words, when GAUL's tremendous voice
Came growing on the wind with roaring noise ;

His

his father's sword, high-wav'd in his bold hand,
hot trembling rays that glimmer'd o'er the land ;
The shouting host to his loud voice resounds ;
forward he leads to battle, death, and wounds.

As swelling furies, with a thund'ring roar,
White bubbling foam, and lash the trembling shore,
firm as the rocks of ooze meet roaring waves,
Thus host meets host, thus each the other braves ;
With lowring fronts at once they both advance
Against each other, arm'd with sword and lance :
Man clos'd with man, 'gainst shields, shields clashing
 found ;

Spears fly, men fall, the earth with blood is drown'd ;
Quick whirl'd their beaming swords, so rung, so rose,
As when a hundred hammers deal the blows
On the red hissing steel ; — by turns they rise
And fall, the fire around in sparkles flies,

On ARDVEN as a whirlwind bends its force,
Thus GAUL advanc'd impetuous in his course,
With his refulgent sword ; — his dreadful hand
Wide spreads destruction through the hostile band.
As wasteful fire on GORMAL's echoing heath ;
Thus SWARAN raging, stretch'd his foes in death.
But, oh ! what voice, what numbers can display,
The deaths and valiant actions of that day ;
How many heroes fell on either side
In bloody fight, and by whose hands they dy'd ?
Myself amidst the gloomy strife was found,
With sword high flaming, dealing deaths around ;
And, OSCAR, terrible wert thou in fight ;
My best, my bravest son, excell'd in might ;
My secret soul rejoic'd, as I beheld
The youth with slaughter'd champions strew the field,
And his bright sword high-beaming o'er the slain.
Through LENA's heath dark LOCHLIN fled amain ;

With

With feet of wind we hung upon their rear ;
The sword reach'd some, and some the pointed spear.
As loosen'd stones from rock to rock rebound ;
As echoing woods to axes loud resound ;
As thunder rolls in dismal broken peals,
With repercussion dire, from hills to vales ;
Thus death to death succeeds, and blow to blow,
From OSCAR'S hand and mine among the flying foe.

But GAUL, mean while, who led the other wing,
Is hemm'd about by LOCHLIN'S gloomy King ;
There like the rushing tide of INNISTORE,
Round MORNI'S son the troops of SWARAN pour.
FINGAL, from CROMLA'S side, his friend beheld,
By the throng foe inclos'd upon the field ;
He half arose, and half assum'd his spear,
Ready to mingle in the ranks of war.

But

But though his wrath was kindled at the fight,
Sudden he stopp'd, nor forward rush'd to fight ;
He hop'd that GAUL might yet repel the foe ;
To him he bade the aged ULLIN go :
The King of MORVEN thus the bard bespoke ;
Thou fee'st our friend inclos'd, our army broke ;
With all thy haste, O bard ! descend the height ;
Inspire brave GAUL still to maintain the fight ;
Remind him of the race from whence he came ;
Let him not fly, nor blot his former fame :
With song, O bard ! support the yielding fight ;
Song fires the hero, and improves his might.

With graceful steps of age, tall ULLIN went,
And tow'rd's the King of fwords his course he bent.
The tuneful bard the hero thus address'd :
GAUL ! thou high-bounding chief of dauntless breast !

Son of the ruler of the generous steeds !
Who joy'st to mingle where the battle bleeds !
Hard is thy heart ; thou do'st in danger smile ;
Strong is thy hand in ev'ry per'ious toil.
Warrior, whose arms to conquest know the way,
Cut down the foe, destroy them in the fray ;
Let none escape from LENA's bloody shore ;
Let no white sail bound round dark INNISTORE.
Like thunder be thine arm amidst the shock,
Thine eyes like fire, thy heart of solid rock ;
Through thickest ranks whirl round thy sword in fight,
Bright as a streaming meteor of the night ;
Dire as the flame of death, lift high thy shield,
Diffusing terrors o'er th' embattl'd field.
Son of the ruler of the generous steeds !
Who joy'st to mingle where the battle bleeds !
O thou whose arms to conquest know the way !
Cut down the foes, destroy them in the fray.

The hero's soul was fir'd by ULLIN's song ;
He bore amidst the thickest of the throng :
But SWARAN overpow'r'd him on the plain
With thronging bands, and cleft his shield in twain.
The sons of MORVEN then gave way to fear ;
They yield, they fly, nor longer urge the war.

With grief great FINGAL from the height beheld
His friends thus scatter'd, and constrain'd to yield ;
Prone down the steep in rattling arms he bent
His course ; — his voice before him thrice he sent ; —
The woods of CROMLA answer'd to the sound,
The neighb'ring hills re-echo'd all around.
Abash'd, his friends the dreadful signal hear ;
They see the King rush forward to the war :
They stand, nor farther from the foe retreat ;
But FINGAL's eyes, asham'd, they dare not meet :

Blushing

Blushing they rally, and their pow'rs unite,
And wait his orders to renew the fight.
As when the sun hot-beaming from on high,
Scorches the hills, and makes the rivers dry;
When the shrunk herbage thirsts for dews in vain,
And deer in shades forsake the parched plain,
A rainy cloud appears at noontide-hour,
Slow-rolling, and the fields expect the show'r:
Thus to his troops o'erspent, the King appears,
Their drooping courage thus his presence cheers.
SWARAN, before his bands, with awe beheld
The dreadful King of MORVEN on the field;
He call'd his squadrons, and restrain'd their force,
And sudden stopp'd in his victorious course.
Disturb'd and dark he lean'd against his spear,
And with red eye survey'd the coming war;
Doubtful to undertake the fatal fight,
Silent he stood, and scorn'd ignoble flight.

As when an oak on LUBAR's banks is seen,
Whose leafy arms did once o'ershade the plain;
But blasted now by heav'n's red-fire, and bare,
It spreads its singed branches to the air;
Its stately head is o'er the stream declin'd,
And the grey moss is whistling to the wind:
Thoughtful and overaw'd thus stood the King,
And silent view'd his troops from wing to wing;
Then slow withdrew them from the field of death,
And dark retir'd to LENA's rising heath:
His host, its crowding thousands round him pours,
And there the gath'ring storm of battle lows.

FINGAL, before his troops, prepar'd for fight,
Shone like a beam of heav'n in armour bright;
His heroes gather at the dreadful noise,
As forth he sends his pow'rful warning voice.

Thus he commands : — My standards raise on high,
Let them to LENA's wind now waving fly ;
Let them as streams of many hills appear,
Advancing o'er the field, dread signs of war !
Let them of ERIN's battles us remind,
When we behold them rustling in the wind.
And now, ye leaders of each gallant band,
That from a thousand hills in MORVEN's land
Have roll'd your strength, like many streams that roar,
Be near your King, attend his words of pow'r.
GAUL, strongest arm of death ! exert thy might ;
And thou, young OSCAR ! of the future fight ;
CONNAL of SORA, with the pointed steel,
Let the throng see this day your fury feel :
Thou blooming DERMID, of the dark-brown hair,
OSSIAN, of many songs, mine arm be near ;
Behold your father rushing to the fight,
And through the ranks of LOCHLIN roll your might.

The

The sunbeam bright of battle then we rear,
The King's broad standard is display'd in air;
Joy in each hero's kindling breast does rise,
As streaming to the wind it dreadful flies;
Like the blue canopy of night unroll'd
It shone;—above bright studded o'er with gold:—
Each hero had his standard on the plain
Wide spreading;—each too had his gloomy men.

Behold, thus said the King, how on the side
Of yonder height dark LOCHLIN's bands divide;
Like broken clouds upon the hill they form,
Or lofty oaks half-shatter'd by a storm,
When through the once thick branches we descry
The face of heav'n, and meteors passing by.
You then, my brave companions of the war!
What FINGAL orders with attention hear;

Each

Each for himself now single with his eye,
One of those bands that darkly frown so high.
Let ev'ry valiant leader of my friends
Face his own troop, as each to war descends ;
'Gainst which let him exert his skill and might,
As if on him depended all the fight.
Thus none shall 'scape from ERIN's fatal shore,
To bound along the waves of INNISTORE :
Thus LOCHLIN shall be crush'd on LENA's plain ;
No ship shall from its groves e'er cross the main.

Then thus great GAUL : — In fight the lance I'll shake
Against the sev'n bold chiefs from LANO's lake ;
My sword, said OSCAR, in the battle's roar,
Shall meet the gloomy King of INNISTORE ;
INNISCON's chief shall all my fury feel,
Said valiant CONNAL, of the heart of steel ;

This

This day shall MUDAN's chief, or I, be laid
On clay-cold earth, the dark-hair'd DERMID said :
My choice, though now so weak, and void of fight,
Was Terman's battling King amidst the fight ;
I promis'd, as a trophy from the field,
To carry off the hero's dark-brown shield.
Bless'd and victorious be my chiefs, thus spoke
The mighty FINGAL, of the mildest look ;
SWARAN, thou King of roaring waves ! prepare
To meet my force in the rude shock of war.

Now as a hundred different winds, that pour
Their strength through many vales with furious roar,
The sons of MORVEN, arm'd with sword and lance,
Divided, dark, in different bands advance,
Tow'rd's LOCHLIN's troops.—CROMLAISECHOINGROUND,
As mix both hosts in fight, with direful sound,

But

But when we clos'd in the strife of steel,
The many deaths, the slaughter, 'who can tell,
Of SWARAN's troops, amidst the bloody fray ?
Or how the rage of battle rose that day ?
We sweep before us LOCHLIN's gloomy ranks ;
Thund'ring they fall, like roaring CONA's banks.
Victorious were our arms on LENA's heath ;
Each hostile leader fled, or sunk in death.
Each chief fulfill'd his promise ; — LOCHLIN yields,
And heaps of slaughter'd bodies strew the fields.

By BRANNO's murm'ring stream, O lovely maid !
Often hast thou, reclin'd at ease, been laid ;
There to the breeze has sigh'd thy flowing hair,
And oft was seen to rise thy bosom fair,
White as the swan's soft down, when flow she sails
Along the lake, while blow the sidelong gales :

There hast thou seen the sun, a fullen fire,
Frugal of light, behind his cloud retire ;
The night upon the mountains gath'ring round,
While through the narrow vales, with blust'ring found,
Roar'd the unfrequent blast ; — the rain beats hard
At length, and thunder, in loud peals, is heard ;
Along the rocks the lightning glances bright ;
On beams of fire thin spirits ride through night ;
The mountain-torrents rushing to the plain,
Roar down the steep, and headlong seek the main.
Thus dreadful was the fight, thus loud th' alarms,
Of mingling hosts, thou maid of snowy arms !
Daughter of TOSCAR ! why that gushing tear ;
Why heaves thy breast with sighs, thou mournful fair !
Let LOCHLIN's dames give way to gloomy wo ;
They have most cause ; — for breathless, pale, and low,
Their bravest warriors that day press'd the plain ;
'Gainst MORVEN's race their utmost force was vain ;
Scatter'd

Scatter'd along the heath, in heaps they fell ;
In their best blood we bath'd our glitt'ring steel.
But MORVEN's heroes I behold no more ;
Now blind and sad, their fate I must deplore.
O lovely maid ! to me give all thy grief ;
Forlorn I am, and hopeless of relief :
Let me have all thy tears, thy bursting sighs ;
I've seen the tombs of all my friends arise.

By FINGAL's hand a warrior press'd the field ;
The hero's grief arose when he beheld
A well-known face, though furrow'd o'er with years,
And rolling in the dust his hoary hairs ;
To COMHAL's son he rais'd his languid eyes ;
The King address'd him in words mix'd with sighs :
And art thou fall'n by me ! thus FINGAL said ;
Thou friend of AGANDECCA, hapless maid !

O'er her I saw thee drop the tender tear ;
Thou for her death didst feel a grief sincere ;
For her, my first of loves ! when pale and low,
In STARNO's bloody halls, I saw thy wo ;
I well remember thou a foe didst prove,
To those who were the foes of FINGAL's love.
And hast thou fall'n in fight by FINGAL's hand ?
Requital hard, to AGANDECCA's friend !
Now take whatever FINGAL can afford,
Ill-fated chief ! untouch'd remain thy sword.
Here in the narrow house thou shalt be laid,
And to thy corpse all honours due be paid.
The mould'ring grave, thou aged ULLIN, raise
To MATHON's son, and let him have his praise ;
In AGANDECCA's song be heard his name,
And let her friend, with her, be known to fame.
Dear to my soul was she, the lovely maid !
Who in the tomb, on ARDVEN's shore, is laid.

From

From CROMLA's cave the fight CUCHULLIN hears,
The noise of troubled war there reach'd his ears ;
CONNAL he calls, his brave, his faithful friend,
And bids old CARRIL on his steps attend ;
Then to the mountain's side he bends his way,
And thence the rage of battle does survey :
The heroes, graceful in their hoary hairs,
Follow'd the chief, and took their aspen spears ;
They came, and saw the battle rolling wide,
Like crouded waves of ocean's swelling tide,
When from the deep the dark winds furious roar,
And roll the billows on the sandy shore.

The bold CUCHULLIN kindled at the sight,
And long'd to mingle in the gloom of fight :
A sudden darkness gather'd on his brow ;
He fix'd his eyes red-rolling on the foe ;

His

His father's sword half grasp'd is in his hand,

Eager to rush upon the hostile band.

Thrice he essay'd to plunge in war and blood ;

But valiant CONNAL thrice his friend withstood,

And thrice repress'd his rage : — Thou must not go,

O chief ! he said ; FINGAL subdues the foe.

Seek not to share his fame ; — in his dread course

The foes are sunk, nor can withstand his force ;

Here overmatch'd in fight in heaps they lie ;

There, scatter'd o'er the field, ignobly fly.

Then thus the chief : — O CARRIL, from the war,

To greet the King of MORVEN be thy care :

When LOCHLIN's host is routed on the plain,

And falls away like torrents after rain ;

When hush'd to peace is the rude din of arms,

And he returns with fame from dire alarms ;

Do thou from CROMLA'S shady height descend,
And with thy martial strains salute my friend;
Sweet in his ear be then thy cheerful lays;
Loud let thy voice arise in FINGAL'S praise.
Give him this sword, which once great CAITHBAT wore,
Which oft in fight was stain'd with hostile gore;
No longer am I worthy it to bear,
Or lift my father's arms in bloody war.

But, O ye ghosts that glide round CROMLA'S height!
Ye shades of chiefs that lately fell in fight!
Be ye my sole companions; — from the grave
Oft be your visits to dark TURA'S cave;
There let your voices oft delight my ears;
There let our converse be of former wars;
There shall I live unheeded and unknown,
No more in battle shall I gain renown;

No more with heroes shall I strive for fame,
Nor in the deathful field acquire a name :
A while I blaz'd a bright and shining beam ;
Sudden my glory vanish'd like a dream ;
Like mist driv'n by the wind, it fled away,
When on the hills appears the morning-ray.
Let me no more of arms or battles hear ;
CONNAL, departed is my fame in war.
From this retreat I never more shall rise,
But here to CROMLA's wind pour forth my sighs ;
No more I'll mingle with the warrior train,
Till here my footsteps cease, nor more be-seen.
And thou, BRAGELA ! snowy-bosom'd fair,
My voice returning home no more shall hear ;
Lament me with the dead, thou lonely beam ;
Mourn o'er the fall of thy CUCHULLIN's fame ;
Vanquish'd, he ne'er shall touch his native shore ;
DUNSCAICH's high tow'rs he shall behold no more.

End of BOOK IV.

The ARGUMENT of BOOK V.

Cuchullin and Connal still remain on the hill. — Fingal and Swaran meet; the combat is described. — Swaran is overcome, bound, and delivered over as a prisoner, to the care of Ossian, and Gaul the son of Morni; while Fingal, his younger sons, and Oscar, still pursue the enemy. — The episode of Orla, a chief of Lochlin, who was mortally wounded in the battle, is introduced. — Fingal, touched with the death of Orla, orders the pursuit to be discontinued; and calling his sons together, he is informed, that Ryno, the youngest of them, was killed. — He laments his death, hears the story of Lamdarg and Gelchoffa, and returns to the place where he had left Swaran. — Carril, who had been sent by Cuchullin to congratulate Fingal on his victory,

comes in the mean time to Ossian. — The conversation of the two poets closes the action of the fourth day.

Orla, in Gaelic, signifies golden hand, or generous. — Lamhdhearg, red hand. — Gealchoffa, white legged. — Tuathal, surly. — Ulfadda, long beard. — Ferchios, the conqueror of men. — Ullin, seems to be a local name. — Allad, is a druid; he is called the Son of the Rock, from his dwelling in a cave — The circle of stones here mentioned is the pale of the druidical temple. — He is here consulted as one having supernatural knowledge. — From these druids came the ridiculous notion of the reality of the second sight, which prevailed in the highlands and isles, and which as yet is not totally banished.

F I N G A L.

B O O K V.

THUS groaning from the bottom of his breast,
The troubled hero his dark thoughts express'd.
CONNAL mean while, from CROMLA's windy side,
The chiefs and hosts surveying far and wide ;
The sons of ocean spread in flight beheld,
And MORVEN's King victorious o'er the field.
Why thus depress'd, thou ruler of the car !
He said ; our friends are conqu'rors in the war :
Lo ! mighty FINGAL routs th' invading foe ;
Why do'st thou thus indulge thy gloomy wo ?

Oft hast thou shone the terror of the plain ;
In deathful fields oft didst thou glory gain ;
Renown has follow'd thy victorious path,
And many foes thy steel has stretch'd in death.
Oft has BRAGELA's bosom heav'd with sighs,
Big-rolling tears of joy from her blue eyes
Have often stream'd, when from th' embattl'd plain
She met thee victor, 'midst thy valiant train ;
Oft has she thus triumphant met her lord
From toils of war return'd, with blood-stain'd sword,
When slaughter'd foes in heaps bestrew'd the land,
Sent to the silent tomb by thy dread hand ;
Then has she heard with rapture and delight,
The bards rehearse thy matchless deeds in fight.

But FINGAL rises in his kindled ire ;
He moves below, a pillar bright of fire :

Nought

ought can withstand him in his furious course ;
Like LUBAR's roaring stream he rolls his force ;
Like CROMLA's wind he sweeps the ranks of fight,
Which branchy woods o'erturns through stormy night.

O FINGAL ! greatly to be envied they
Peace and war who own thy gentle sway :
Thou fight'st thy people's battles ; — safe from harm
They stand, beneath the shadow of thy arm :
Thy valour brings them happiness and ease.
Thine are thy counsels in the days of peace :
Thou speakest, and thy thousands glad obey ;
No dangers awe them when thou lead'st the way.
Lawless usurpers thy fierce fury feel ;
Whole armies tremble at thy sounding steel.
Thou chief of the lonely isle ! how happy they,
In peace and war who own thy gentle sway ?

But

But who before the lines, with thund'ring course,
Advances dark, exulting in his force,
To meet great FINGAL in the shock of fight ?
'Tis STARNO's son that rushes on my fight.
Now in close combat, lo ! the chiefs engage,
As when a storm on ocean spends its rage ;
When two dark spirits meeting in the sky,
From distant corners, 'gainst each other vie,
With force oppos'd they lash the troubled sea ;
The world of waters feels a doubtful sway ;
This way and that it rolls the foaming tide ;
The woods and hills are shook on either side :
The hunter hears from far the wild uproar,
And sees the billows lashing ARDVEN's shore.

Thus CONNAL spoke from CROMLA's stormy height,
While, 'midst their falling people, rush'd to fight

The

The mighty combatants ; — in silent gaze
Both armies stand, and view them with amaze.
To closer fight, when near the heroes drew,
Horrid the look which each at t'other threw.
How dreadful to behold the Kings engage,
In the rude shock, with more than mortal rage !
There was the clang of arms ! there ev'ry blow,
Loud and tremendous, fell upon the foe :
As when a hundred hammers throng rebound
From the red hissing steel, with direful sound ;
The storm of strokes so thick on either side
Is mutual dealt ; — the field re-echoes wide.
Each hero's dark-brown shield is cleft in twain ;
From their hard helmets their swords fly o'er the plain
In shining fragments ; — down the hilts they throw ; —
Each rush'd at once to grasp his manly foe :
Their sinewy arms around each other bend ;
Their planted feet below they wide extend :

They

They stretch, they strain, they turn from side to side
But when their strength arose in all its pride,
They pant, they tug, they beat the lab'ring ground
With their strong heels ;— the hills are trembling
round ;

Rocks with the shock come tumbling from on high ;
Green-headed woods o'erturn'd in ruins lie.

The strength of SWARAN fail'd ; — he press'd the
ground. —

O'erpowr'd at length, the King of groves is bound.
His host behold him fall ; and, seiz'd with fear,
Pale they disperse, nor farther urge the war.

Thus have I seen on CONA's founding shore,
(But CONA's lovely vale I see no more) ;
Thus have I seen, when rivers swell'd with rain,
Roar'd through the desert, and o'erspread the plain,

Two dark hills floating on the foaming tide,
Torn from their place ; — they turn from side to side,
Borne by the rushing stream ; now far, now nigh,
Their tall oaks waving, often meet on high ;
At length they sink together in the flood,
And fall at once with all their rocks and wood ;
Along their sides the stream its fury pours,
And the red ruin covers all the shores.

Then to his host great FINGAL thus began :
Lo ! mighty SWARAN, bound upon the plain,
I now commit him to your gen'rous care ;
Guard him, my friends, and banish his despair ;
Here he lies vanquish'd by the chance of war :
His martial prowess you have all beheld ;
Strong as his thousand waves he sweeps the field ;
His hand is taught to battle, and his fame
Equals th' illustrious race from which he came.

First of my heroes, GAUL ! do thou attend
The King, and comfort AGANDECCA's friend ;
Thou tuneful OSSIAN ! too, be nigh the chief,
And strive to raise to joy the warrior's grief.
The truly brave are they alone who know,
When conquer'd, then to cheer a worthy foe.
But, OSCAR ! FILLAN ! of the dark-brown hair,
And RYNO ! rising sunbeam of the war !
My younger sons, with all your speed now go,
O'er the dark heath pursue the flying foe.
Haste ! end the toils of this auspicious day ;
Let none escape who yield not to our sway ;
So shall no ship again from INNISTORE,
Bound o'er the rolling waves to ULLIN's shore.

The youthful heroes, quick as lightning, flew
O'er LENA's heath, to chase the hostile crew :

The

The King flow follow'd, as a cloud on high
With thunder charg'd, glides calmly o'er the sky;
Dark-hov'ring it o'er shades the silent plain,
When fultry summer o'er the world does reign.

Thus as he mov'd, all dreadful to the view,
Tow'rds one of LOCHLIN's chiefs the hero drew;
When ocean's son he saw, thus FINGAL spoke:
Who there appears, a cloud upon that rock,
Fast by the roaring stream, and tries his force
In vain, nor can bound o'er its foaming course?
Yet stately is the chief; his bossy shield
Aloft he bears, high-blazing o'er the field:
A tree amidst the desert is his spear;
Well skill'd he seems in feats of bloody war.
Youth of the dark-brown hair! say, art of those
That fight for CORMAC, or of FINGAL's foes?

The youth replies, I am of LOCHLIN's throng :
My arm, amidst the rage of fight, is strong ;
My late espoused bride at home shall mourn
Her absent ORLA who will ne'er return.

To whom the King : — Or does the hero yield,
Or try the force of MORVEN on the field ?
'Gainst me foes seldom are with conquest crown'd,
But in the hall my friends are far renown'd.
Then follow me, brave youth ! be FINGAL's friend ;
So better fortune shall thy worth attend.
Son of the wave, partake my feast of shells,
And share the joys of heroes in my halls ;
Through MORVEN's desert chase the nimble deer,
And with my sons go forth to gloomy war.

No, said the youth ; thy proffers I disdain ;
My arms and strength shall with the weak remain ;

LOCHLIN

DOCHLIN I'll not forsake, though forc'd to yield ;
 I laid the feeble on the deathful field :
 My sword has ever been unmatched in fight. —
 Yield, King of MORVEN ! vain thy boasted might.

Then FINGAL thus : — Know, chief, I never yield ;
 My arm is us'd to conquest on the field :
 With thee I fight not ; — but if thou must show
 Thy force, now draw thy sword, and chuse thy foe.
 Many the heroes, ORLA ! in my train,
 To match thy strength, and fight thee on the plain.

And does the King, in scorn, decline the war ?
 (Thus blooming ORLA of the dark-brown hair).
 FINGAL, thou meet'st one worthy of thy arms,
 To combat born, and bred amidst alarms.
 Despise me not ; with thee I mean to fight,
 To prove thy valour, thy unconquer'd might :

None of thy race shall ORLA's prowess know;
FINGAL alone I challenge as my foe.
But if thy force unable to withstand,
I fall o'erpowr'd, beneath thy mighty hand;
If in this fatal struggle I'm o'erthrown,
And that my death increases thy renown,
(As who so brave but must submit to fate?
The greatest warriors perish soon or late);
Then raise my tomb, O King! amidst the slain,
Distinguish'd high on LENA's bloody plain;
When these cold lifeless limbs within the grave
Are laid, this sword send o'er the dark-blue wave,
To ORLA's mournful spouse; — the lovely fair
Will bless the hand that sends it from afar:
When she sits lonely in the silent hall,
And sees it hung on high, her tears shall fall;
Graceful in wo, she'll shew it to her son,
And talk of trophies which his father won.

Thus

thus kindling in his soul the love of fame,
thy son's may yet transcend his father's name ;
when in riper years she sends him forth
against the foe, still mindful of my worth,
from my example shall he learn the war,
camps to suffer, and in fields to dare.

Youth of the mournful tale ! thus FINGAL said,
thy soul is mov'd ; — o'er thee these tears are shed.
Valour from death's cold hand can't save the brave,
nor rescue patriot virtue from the grave :
To-day the warrior is with conquest crown'd,
To-morrow sees him breathless on the ground ;
No more he mingles in the dire alarms ;
Useless within his halls are seen his arms.
Now, believe me, youth, unwillingly I raise
Against thee my sword ; — but thou shalt have thy praise.

On

On LENA's heath shall ORLA's tomb arise.
Thy spouse, white-bosom'd, shall, with streaming eyes,
Behold thy arms, and bloodstain'd sword restor'd.
No more thou ask'st, nor more can I afford.
Her griefs, when hush'd, she may in triumph tell,
None ever dy'd too soon who bravely fell.

He said : — And now the chiefs for fight address,
While void of rage or hatred was each breast :
But ORLA's arm was feeble in the fray ;
The sword of FINGAL, with resistless sway
Descending, cleft his sounding shield in twain ;
It fell divided, glitt'ring o'er the plain,
As shines the moon along the sky of night ;
FINGAL no farther urg'd th' unequal fight.

Whom ORLA, sinking, in these words address'd :
Now take thy sword, O King ! and pierce this breast
Wounded

Wounded and weary, from the toils of war,
My friends dispers'd, alone had left me here :
To vie with thee was never my design ;
Too weak my arm, I fought to fall by thine :
For this it was I fought thee on the heath,
That glory might attend me in my death ;
Resolv'd my last of days with fame to spend,
And crown my actions with a noble end.
Then give me death ; — 'tis ORLA's sole demand ;
Renown'd I'll die by thy resolute hand.
On streamy LODA's banks, my love shall hear
The killing news, how ORLA fell in war,
As through the wood the lonely mourner strays,
And the cool breeze through quiv'ring branches plays.

To me, the King reply'd, thy pray'r is vain ;
No prostrate foe was e'er by FINGAL slain ;

No wound shall ORLA from my hand receive ;
The life thou mean'st to lose, I wish to save ;
Still may'st thou, gen'rous youth ! obtain a name,
By glorious actions in the field of fame.
Then live ; — and now, escap'd from war's alarms,
Haste thee to ble'ss thy spouse's longing arms ;
Return to LODA's banks, where thy lov'd fair
Remains in solitude and dark despair ;
There shew thyself to her desiring eyes ;
For thee her snowy bosom heaves with sighs :
Go calm her griefs, compose her troubled breast ;
Thy wounds she'll heal, and lull thy pains to rest.
Pity, if yet he lives, thy father's cares ;
Pity his tott'ring frame, his hoary hairs :
Think now thou see'st him, blind perhaps with age,
Bewail thy loss ; — haste, and his griefs assuage :
With what warm transports will his heart rejoice,
When in the sounding hall he hears thy voice ?

The

The fightless hero, rising with a bound,
For thee will spread his searching hands around ;
Nor think that thou hast ev'ry danger past,
Till in his fond embrace he holds thee fast.

O King ! the youth of LODA thus replies,
Vain thy advice ; — ORLA can never rise.
No more shall I my aged fire embrace,
Nor much-lov'd spouse, adorn'd with ev'ry grace.
FINGAL ! thou see'st me die on LENA's heath ;
Let foreign bards now sing of ORLA's death :
My knees no more my trembling weight sustain ;
I faint with blood effus'd from ev'ry vein :
By thee I thought to fall in noble strife ;
Now nothing can with-hold my fleeting life ;
Deep in my side this belt conceals from sight
The deadly wound which I receiv'd in fight.

Now to the winds I give it ; — raise my tomb,
And tell my friends I bravely met my doom.

This said, with all his strength the belt he tore ;
From his fair side forth gush'd the spouting gore :
Short time he struggl'd in the pangs of death,
Then lay in blood, all pale on LENA's heath.
Th' expiring youth with pity FINGAL eyes,
And, bending over him, aloud he cries.

Hither, my younger sons, with speed repair :
FILLAN and OSCAR, let it be your care,
In memory of ORLA, here to raise
A lofty tomb, and let him have his praise.
I ask no spoils, no triumph from the fight ;
Here FINGAL does not claim a conq'ror's right.
Here let the dark-hair'd hero's corse remain,
With honours due, far from his native plain ;

Here

Here let him rest within the narrow house,
From LODA distant, and his much-lov'd spouse.
A feeble race his bow at home shall spy,
Its stubborn horns to bend in vain they try :
His faithful dogs now mourn their master lost,
And with loud howlings fill the neighb'ring coast :
His boars now roam at large through LODA's wood,
Nor longer dread the hand that shed their blood.
Fall'n is the arm of battle ! ruthless death
Its force unnerv'd on LENA's fatal heath.
His mould'ring tomb to future times shall show,
Where lies the mighty, and the brave how low.
The valiant for his early fate shall mourn,
And sympathetic tears shed o'er his urn.

And now, my friends, since LOCHLIN quits the field,
Its bravest heroes fall'n, its courage quell'd ;

Since

Since kill'd, or scatter'd, by your matchless might,
Its troops no more dare tempt the bloody fight ;
Since hope itself now fails our tim'rous foes,
'Tis time to sheath the sword, and seek repose.
Then, warriors, found the horn, exalt the voice,
And let the sons of MORVEN's King rejoice.
Let's go where SWARAN, to dark grief a prey,
Remains, and send the night on song away ;
Insulting foes in us he shall not find ;
Be it our care to soothe his gloomy mind.
O FILLAN ! OSCAR ! RYNO ! all my train !
Let's haste to seek the King o'er LENA's plain.
But where is RYNO, that young son of fame ?
This day he merited a deathless name ;
He still was foremost in the ranks of war,
Nor was he lost his father's voice to hear.

Through

Through all the bands a boding murmur ran,
Till hoary ULLIN, first of bards, began.
Now with his fathers awful forms on high,
The shade of RYNO glides along the sky;
He mounts the clouds with TRATHAL, King of shields,
And mighty TRENMOR, fam'd in deathful fields;
But pale and low, amidst a weeping train,
His breathless body lies on LENA's plain.

Then is the swiftest in the race fall'n low,
(Thus FINGAL said), the first to bend the bow;
Fall'n ere his prime; to me thou scarce wast known,
Ah! my young RYNO! art thou lost so soon?
Thou shou'dst have dy'd hereafter; — tears will start,
To ease, when anguish rends, the noblest heart.
But hush, my grief! — O thou! who low art laid,
May death its softest slumbers round thee spread.

Not long, O RYNO ! shall I mourn for thee ;
The father soon his much-lov'd son shall see.
Soon shall ye wish to hear my voice in vain ;
Soon shall my footsteps cease upon the plain :
Gray stones, to future times, my name shall bear,
And bards shall tell of FINGAL's deeds in war.

But low, indeed, my graceful RYNO lies ;
No monuments to tell his actions rise :
Early cut off in his career to fame,
He lies unhonour'd, and without a name.
ULLIN, strike thou the harp in RYNO's praise,
Tell what he wou'd have been in future days ;
Tell how he fell amidst th' embattl'd plain,
Cover'd with wounds, and for his country slain.
And, now, adieu ! thou first in ev'ry field ;
Thy youthful hand no more the dart shall wield ;

No more shall I direct thee in the fray,
Nor shalt thou follow where I lead the way ;
No more do I behold my boast in war :
Farewell, O thou that lately wast so fair.

Sighing he said, while on his cheek the tear
Was seen ; — for dreadful was his son in war :
Through hostile ranks resistless was his ire,
As on the hill by night a beam of fire :
Sunk in its course the lofty woods are found ;
The lonely trav'ler trembles at the sound.

But gen'rous FINGAL ! lifting up his eyes,
Beholds, not far, a dark green tomb arise ;
Then thus began : What mighty son of fame
Rests here ? say, warriors, if ye know his name ?
Four stones, with moss-grown heads, upon the heath
Appear, and mark the narrow house of death.

Lay RYNO near it in the silent grave ;
So may he be the neighbour of the brave.
Perhaps some warrior, far renown'd, lies here,
To fly on clouds with RYNO through the air.
O ULLIN ! raise the songs of other years ;
Tell how the valiant fell in formers wars ;
To mem'ry bring the dwellers of the tomb,
Whose deeds may reach to ages yet to come.
If here the brave are number'd with the dead,
Here also shall my RYNO's corse be laid ;
Here shall he lie, here rest his lov'd remains,
Far from his friends, on LENA's fatal plains.

He said. — And thus the tuneful bard replies :
The tomb, O King ! which here thou see'st arise,
Does in its womb the honour'd dust contain,
Of chiefs the boldest of the martial train.

Silent

Silent the mighty LAMHDHERG here is laid ;
ULLIN the brave here rests among the dead ;
Heroes far-fam'd of old in many a field ;
None more renown'd to death's dark pow'r could yield,
And who, soft-smiling from her cloud, displays
Her face of love, the pride of former days ?
O first of CROMLA's daughters ! why so pale ?
Say, with the foes in battle do'st thou dwell ?
O say, GELCHOSSA, snowy-bosom'd fair !
Daughter of gen'rous TUATHAL, great in war !
Sleep'st thou with those who fell on LENA's heath,
Who strove for thee, and here resign'd their breath ?

The love of thousands was the peerless dame ;
To TUATHAL's dwellings many warriors came :
Each boasts his birth and mighty deeds in arms ;
Each urg'd his love, and fought to win her charms ;

But LAMHDHERG was her love ; on him her sight
GELCHOSSA fix'd, with rapture and delight.
With secret joy the fair wou'd often hear
His words soft-breaking on her ravish'd ear :
From all at length he wins the lovely prize,
And to his halls with TUATHAL's daughter hies.

One fatal day, returning from the plain,
Laden with spoils of foes in battle slain,
LAMHDHERG impatient comes, with hasty stride,
To SELMA's mossy tow'rs, where dwelt his bride :
As he approach'd, his buckler dark he struck ;
Silence was there ; — amaz'd ! the hero spoke.

Where is GELCHOSSA ? — O come forth, my love !
She hears me not ; — ah ! whither could she rove ?
I left her here in SELMA's mossy tow'rs,
When 'gainst ULFADDA I led forth my pow'rs.

Parting,

parting, she said, while sorrow veil'd her charms,
Whither art thou going from my arms ?
If stay thou canst not, LAMHDHERG ! soon return ;
Till that blest hour, here I alone shall mourn.
But why on certain danger do'st thou run ?
Ah ! stay my love, the fatal conflict shun.
Then rose her white breast with a lab'ring sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
But now she meets me not, return'd from toils,
To sooth my soul, and bless me with her smiles.
Why comes she not array'd in all her charms ?
Why flies she not to my impatient arms ?
Ah me ! my heart forebodes some fatal change ;
Through my once joyful hall in vain I range :
A still and gloomy silence reigns around,
No noise I hear, no bard with tuneful sound ;
Ev'n faithful BRAN, for joy, shakes not his chain,
Nor greets his master from th' ensanguin'd plain.

Where

Where is GELCHOSSA ? LAMHDHERG calls thee, love
Daughter of TUATHAL ! whither do'st thou rove ?

Then thus FERCHIOS, the gen'rous AIDON's son :
To CROMLA's height the fair perchance is gone ;
There with her maids she bends th' unerring bow,
Against the flying deer, or bounding roe.

Ah no ! FERCHIOS, he said, on CROMLA's height
No noise I hear, no hunters meet my sight ;
No sound from LENA's woods invades my ear,
No panting dogs pursue the flying deer ;
My searching eyes I throw around in vain,
To find my love GELCHOSSA, and her train.
I see them not upon the mountain's brow,
Nor hear them on the woody plain below.
Oh ! let me once again behold the fair ;
Haste, friends ! her LAMHDHERG to GELCHOSSA bear

Ah

h ! where shall I my lost GELCHOSSA find ?
When ee her dark hair waving in the wind ?
When shall she to my longing view arise,
Fair as the moon, full orb'd, adorns the skies,
When from the west it gilds the silent night,
And CROMLA with its setting rays is bright ?
With all thy speed, FERCHIOS, go seek the sage,
The rev'rend ALLAD, with the locks of age ;
Who, 'bove the common rate of mortals wife,
All things beholds with comprehensive eyes ;
Events past, present, and to come, he tells ;
Not far within the rocky cave he dwells.
Haste then, FERCHIOS ; and let him straight declare,
Whate'er he knows of my GELCHOSSA fair.

The son of AIDON found the hoary sage,
And in these words address'd the ear of age :

ALLAD,

ALLAD, who dwell'st in this retir'd abode,
Who tremblest here alone, beneath a load
Of many years, experienc'd sage ! reveal
Whate'er of lost GELCHOSSA thou canst tell ;
Say, if thine eyes have aught of late survey'd,
How far remote, and whither has she stray'd ?

Then venerable ALLAD thus begun :

I saw fierce ULLIN, CAIRBAR's warlike son.
Dark as a cloud from CROMLA's height he bent
His course ; — his arms resounded as he went.
Like blasts through leafless trees, a furly song
He humm'd, and tour'd with haughty steps along ;
As on he mov'd his figure seem'd on flame ;
To SELMA's founding halls he boasting came.
LAMHDHERG, said he, most terrible of men !
Or yield to me, or fight me on the plain.

Thus

Thus far I've come to dare thy utmost might ;
Haste, let's decide whose arm's best skill'd in fight.
LAMHDHERG, reply'd GELCHOSSA, is not here ;
Against ULFADDA he's gone forth to war :
But LAMHDHERG never yields, thou first of men !
When he returns he'll meet thee on the plain.
Whatever chance befalls on either side,
From thee he will not fly, thou son of pride !
And if I deem aright, thou soon shalt know,
That here thou hast defy'd no common foe.

Dark ULLIN on GELCHOSSA fix'd his eyes,
And, gazing, all enraptur'd, thus he cries :
O first of women ! blest with ev'ry grace,
Thou lovely branch of TUATHAL's noble race !
No longer here in SELMA must thou stay ;
To CAIRBAR's lofty halls I'll thee convey :

The brave alone are worthy of thy charms ;
I mean to win thee by the force of arms.
Three days on CROMLA I in arms remain,
Waiting the shock of LAMHDHERG on the plain ;
If on the fourth that son of battle flies,
GELCHOSSA's mine, I carry off the prize.

These tidings to FERCHIOS old ALLAD gave.—
Now peaceful be his dreams within his cave,
Said gallant LAMHDHERG ; sound my horn of war
Aloud, that ULLIN may from CROMLA hear.
He then from moss-grown SELMA climbs the height,
And, like a roaring storm, demands the fight.
The chief before him sent his dreadful voice,
Like rushing streams that fall with hollow noise ;
Humming a furly song, as up th' ascent,
With mighty strides, his furious course he bent :

The

The topmost summit gain'd, a while he stood,
And seem'd on high a dark and changeful cloud ;
With wrath he foams, with fire his eye-balls glow,
As CAIRBAR's tow'ring halls he views below.
Then bending low, he rolls a huge round stone ;
The rocky fragment headlong thunders down :
The dome it strikes with one impetuous bound,
Then finokes, repuls'd, and sweeps along the ground ;
Fierce ULLIN hears, and knows the sign of war ;
With joy he hears, and grasps his father's spear :
O'er his dark cheeks a bright'ning smile was spread,
As by his side he plac'd his glitt'ring blade ;
His polish'd dagger in his hand shone bright.
Thus, whistling as he went, he rush'd to fight.

GELCHOSSA saw, as silent forth he mov'd ;
In sounding arms, against the man she lov'd ;

She mark'd his speed, she saw him bent on fight;

And, like a wreath of mist, ascend the height.

She fear'd for LAMHDHERG, and, with grief oppress'd,

- Silent in tears she struck her heaving breast.

To CAIRBAR, hoary chief of shells, she came,

And thus, dissembling, spoke the white-arm'd dame:

'The dark-brown deer I see on CROMLA's brow,

'Gainst them I go to bend the crooked bow.

With winged haste the fair then gains the height:

In vain; — the gloomy chiefs are clos'd in fight.

But why to thee, O FINGAL! shou'd I tell

How wrathful heroes fight? — fierce ULLIN fell.

To TUATHAL's blushing daughter LAMHDHERG came;

But pale and wounded he approach'd the dame;

What

What blood, my love ? the soft-hair'd woman cry'd ?
What blood streams here along my warrior's side ?

To whom the chief, with falt'ring words and flow :
Thou see'st the blood of LAMHDHERG's deadly foe ;
'Tis ULLIN's blood ; — he fell beneath my might.
O fairer than the snow on CROMLA's height !
Thy tender cares may yet with hold my life ;
Weary and spent I quit the bloody strife.
A little while, GELCHOSSA, let me rest,
And lull my cares upon thy snowy breast ;
Thy chearing talk may lay my raging sinart ;
Thy heav'nly smiles may fortify my heart :
When in thy arms, the blood may cease to flow,
The wounds to torture, and the flesh to glow.
Feebly he spoke ; and, leaning on her breast,
The mighty LAMHDHERG sunk to endless rest.

Sleep'st

Sleep'st thou so soon, O chief of CROMLA's shade!
And leav'st me here alone? she weeping said.
And do I live? — and do I yet survey
The hated beams of this unhappy day?
O thou dear hand! that once to mine was press'd;
The dread of foes, the pledge of love confess'd;
What art thou now? alas! how chang'd in death?
And what am I that still prolong my breath?
O happy envy'd hour! if such my doom,
That gives us both in death an equal tomb.—
She could no more; — her grief ev'n tears deny'd;
The rest in groans her struggling breast supply'd.
Speechless she gazes round; — again she knows;
The place, her love; again she vents her woes.
Three days she mourn'd beside her LAMHDHERG dead;
Upon the fourth her gentle spirit fled.
The hunters found the warriors as they lay;
From each cold corpse they wash the gore away.

Near

Near them the breathless damsel they beheld,
And wept the fortune of so dire a field.
Their bodies to this moss grown tomb they bear,
And here inclose them all with duteous care.
This tomb, O King ! does noble dust contain ;
Here with the brave thy RYNO may remain.

And here my son shall rest, the King reply'd ;
Their fame I've heard ; — 'tis scatter'd far and wide.
FILLAN, and FERGUS, let it be your care,
To bring the pale, the breathless, ORLA here,
The gallant youth of LODA's sounding stream,
Too early stopp'd in his career to fame.
Here with my RYNO, number'd with the dead,
Let the young hero's dust in earth be laid.
Thus shall my son-a fit companion have,
Within the silent mansions of the grave :

Both

Both brave, both fall'n by an untimely doom,
And now both partners in the same dark tomb.
Ye maids of LODA, raise the plaintive strain;
Daughters of MORVEN, mourn your RYNO slain.
Each blooming hero flourish'd fair to fight;
Each mild in peace, each dauntless in the fight.
Like two tall oaks, when from the mountain torn,
That shew'd of late their leafy heads unhorn,
Now in the desert, o'er a stream declin'd,
Their branchy honours withering in the wind,
They lie.—Thus seem the youths untimely slain;
Thus pale they lie on LENA's fatal plain.

OSCAR, attend;—thou see'st before thine eyes,
How graceful in the dust the warrior lies:
These two have fall'n amid the field of fame,
And left behind a great and lasting name.

For he alone a lasting name can raise,
And crown his early years with martial praise,
Who, neither rash, nor cold, to honour's charms,
Ready appears when glory calls to arms ;
Who, in the front of battle, stands unmov'd,
The bulwark of the country which he lov'd :
When danger threatens, who is still the same,
Unchang'd his colour, undisturb'd his frame ;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his soul to conquer or to die :
'Mid struggling hosts, 'twill be his brave delight,
T'oppose his bosom where the foremost fight :
His great example shall the rest inspire,
To emulate the deeds they all admire.
And thou'd he fall, whatever wounds he bore,
Wou'd all be honest found, and all before.
OSCAR ! be thou like these on earth renown'd ;
Let thy brave acts by tuneful bards be crown'd ;

Be ready 'gainst each foe grim war to wage,
And rise the boast of this, and ev'ry age.
Their youthful forms were dreadful in the fray;
Their looks alone struck terror and dismay :
But calm was RYNO in the days of peace,
As the smooth sea unruffled by the breeze ;
Fair as the show'ry bow from far is seen
On the blue stream, when clouds o'erhang the plain ;
When the sun's parting ray gilds all around,
And silence on the hill of deer is found.
O RYNO ! bootless now to mourn thy death,
Rest here, my youngest son, on LENA's heath.
We too shall be no more ;— the time must come,
And soon, that we shall sink into the tomb.
Fix'd is the term for all the race of earth ;
Such is the hard condition of our birth :
No force can then resist, no flight can save ;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.

Thou

Thou hast but fall'n before us ; for one day,
Perhaps not far, we tread the same dark way.

Such was thy grief, O King ! above thy son.
What must be mine ? for thou thyself art gone.
On CONA I no longer hear thy voice ;
In thy lov'd presence I no more rejoice.
Mine eyes perceive thee not ; — dark and forlorn,
Beside thy tomb I sit, and silent mourn :
With searching hands for it I feel around ;
Then comes the desert's blast, with hollow sound,
Soft murm'ring through the grafs : — thy well-known
voice

I think it is, and startle at the noise.
But thou, O FINGAL ! ruler of the war !
Art long since fall'n asleep, devoid of care.

Then GAUL and OSSIAN sat with LOCHLIN's King
On LUBAR's soft green banks.—I touch'd the string
To sooth his foul ; — but gloomy was his brow : —
He roll'd his red eyes on the plain below,
On LENA's heath ; — his cheeks were moist with tears ;
He mourn'd his people fall'n in ERIN's wars.

To CROMLA's windy side my eyes I threw ;
There SEMO's gen'rous son first met' my view :
With grief his joy was mix'd, when he beheld
FINGAL victorious on the well-fought field.
I saw him move, with heavy pace and slow,
Tow'rd's TURA's lonely cave from CROMLA's brow ;
With downcast face, as thus he took his way,
From his blue arms bright flash'd the sunny ray.
On him the valiant CONNAL does attend ;
In peace and war his ever-faithful friend.

Behind

Behind the hill the mighty chiefs retire,
And sink at once like shining beams of fire,
When winds pursue them o'er the heath through night;
The woods resound, and yield a blazing light.
Within the rock, beside a roaring stream,
Deep lies the cave to which the hero came;
One tree bends over it with branches wide,
The rushing winds loud echo 'gainst its side:
The son of SEMO, here to grief a prey,
The chief of high DUNSCAICH, inglorious lay.
Gloomy he sat; — his eyes to earth declin'd;
And various cares revolving in his mind.
The tear is on his cheek; — his faded fame,
That vanish'd like a mist, or early dream;
His late defeat lay lab'ring in his breast;
And sorrow, mix'd with shame, his soul oppress.
Thou fair BRAGELA art not near thy chief,
To sooth his troubled mind, and calm his grief:

Too far remote art thou to chear his soul,
Now mountains rise, and seas between ye roll :
But let thy bright form to his fancy come ;
Now let him think of her who mourns at home :
So reason, by degrees, may drive away
The mists of passion, and resume its sway ;
So may the chief again retrieve his fame,
And, glad, return to DUNSCAICH's lonely beam.

Who with the locks of age thus meets my sight ?
It is the son of songs from CROMLA's height.
Hail to thee, hoary bard of other days !
Hail to thee, CARRIL, of the tuneful lays !
Thy voice is like the harp in TURA's halls ;
Pleasant thy words, as the soft show'r that falls
On dry parch'd fields, when sultry summer reigns,
And the broad sun beams hot on ULLIN's plains.

Now

Now tell us, CARRIL, of the times of old,
The cause, in brief, we beg thee to unfold;
Why do'st thou here thy aged footsteps bend,
And leave brave SEMO's son, thy gen'rous friend?

To greet great FINGAL, victor from the war,
Reply'd the hoary bard, thou see'st me here.

O OSSIAN! King of swords! fam'd in the field,

Nor less in tuneful numbers art thou skill'd;

To thee the martial strain does best belong,

Thou ruler of the battle and the song.

Thou may'st remember, nor need I relate,

How strict our friendship, of what early date;

How oft a welcome visitant I've come,

And touch'd the harp in BRANNO's lofty dome,

To lovely EVIRALLIN; who with joy,

While deeds of heroes old my voice employ,

Attemper'd

Attemper'd to the string, drunk in the strain ;
Nor could she oft from tender tears refrain.
Oft hast thou join'd, nor silent was thy tongue ;
Nor did thy tuneful harp remain unstrung :
Thy founding strings the fair attentive hears ;
Thy sweeter lays attract her ravish'd ears.
Sometimes, soft mingling in th' harmonious noise,
Was heard the mildest EVIRALLIN's voice.
One day, to CORMAC fall'n, she rais'd the strain,
Who for her love was kill'd on LEGO's plain ;
I saw, along her cheeks, the big tears flow ;
And, OSSIAN, thou wast sharer in her wo :
For him, unhappy chief, her soul was mov'd ;
He claim'd her pity ; — thou wast best lov'd.
She mourn'd the valiant youth's untimely doom,
Fall'n for her love, and hurry'd to his tomb :
Thy happier fate forbade him to be blest ;
Each gentler virtue lodg'd within her breast :

Where

Where thousands charm'd, she still appear'd most fair ;
What maid with BRANNO's daughter could compare ?

Touch'd by the much-lov'd name, I straight resign'd
To tender passions all my soften'd mind ;
And to the bard I said, — O ! cease to sing ;
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful string :
To ev'ry note my tears responsive flow,
And my big heart heaves with tumultuous wo.
Cease then, O bard ! the soul-affecting tale ;
Nor the dear object, whom I still bewail,
To mem'ry bring : — among the mould'ring dead,
Long since, my softly-blushing fair is laid.
All pale that face, whose slightest air could move
My trembling heart, and strike the springs of love.
My pride ! my solace ! smiling nature's boast !
— Lost to the world, — to me for ever lost ! —

Now, bard, rest here, and raise some sprightlier lay,
And send the tedious hours on song away :
Pleasant thy voice falls on our list'ning ears,
As when in blooming spring the hunter hears,
Soon as he wakens from his dreams of joy,
At early dawn, the fragrant breezes sigh,
Or listens to the soft melodious strain,
Which ghosts of bards spread o'er the silent plain.

End of BOOK V.

The ARGUMENT of Book VI.

Night comes on.—Fingal gives a feast to his army; at which Swaran is present.—The King commands Ullin his bard, to give the song of peace; a custom always observed at the end of a war.—Ullin relates the actions of Trenmor, great-grandfather to Fingal, in Lochlin, and his marriage with Inibaca, the daughter of a King there, who was ancestor to Swaran; which consideration, together with his being brother to Agandecca, with whom Fingal was in love in his youth, induced the King to release him, and permit him to return, with the remains of his army, into Lochlin, upon his promise of never returning to Ireland in a hostile manner.—The night is spent in settling Swaran's departure, in songs of bards, and in a conversation, in which the story of Grumal is introduced by Fingal.—Morning

comes.—Swaran departs.—Fingal goes on a hunting party ; and finding Cuchullin in the cave of Tura, comforts him, and sets sail the next day for Scotland ; which concludes the poem.—This book opens with the fourth night, and ends with the morning of the sixth day.—The time of five days, five nights, and a part of the sixth day, is taken up in the poem.—The scene lies in the heath of Lena, and the mountain Cromla, on the coast of Ulster.

Grumal, signifies gloomy, or angry brow ; it also means timid or pale.—Connan, or Coindin, means low wrangling, or contention.

FIN-

F I N G A L.

B O O K VI.

THE clouds of night on CROMLA's dark-brown steep
Now rest, black shades involve the murm'ring deep;
O'er ULLIN's rolling waves the stars arise
Full in the north, and faintly gild the skies:
Now bright they ¹⁹twinkle, now obscure retire;
Through flying mist now shew their heads of fire:
A hollow wind roars in the distant wood,
But dark and silent is the field of blood.

Still to my ears arose, on LENA's plain,
The soft-voic'd CARRIL of the tuneful strain:

To deeds of former days his harp was strung ;
Of the companions of our youth he sung,
When first on LEGO's banks, in BRANNO's hall,
We met, and sent around the joyful shell.
The woods of CROMLA answer'd to his voice ;
Its cloudy steep return'd the soothing noise :
On high, the ghosts of those he sung appear,
By rustling blasts born through the yielding air ;
They bend with joy, attentive to his lays,
And croud to hear the bard resound their praise.

Blest be thy soul, amidst thy eddy winds,
CARRIL ! thou first of bards, and best of friends !
O that through night to OSSIAN thou'dst appear,
When in his hall he sits oppress'd with care ;
When for his friends his silent sorrows flow,
Alone, without a part'ner in his wo.

And sometimes do'st thou to my hall repair ?
Thy light hand on my harp I often here,
Where mute it hangs upon the distant wall ;
The feeble sound re-echoes through the hall.
But why conceal thyself from OSSIAN's eyes ?
And why, alas ! why hear I not thy voice ?
Why do'st not speak to me amidst my grief,
And to thy friend afford this small relief,
To tell how long, alone, I thus must bear
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air ?
Or shall I soon my tedious life resign,
And in the skies my valiant kindred join ?
Heedless of me, though thus to grief a prey,
Silent on clouds thou passest quick away ;
Or in thy murm'ring blast do'st disappear,
While thy wind whistles in my hoary hair.

And

And now on MORA's side, the bands, at rest,
Are gather'd round to share the genial feast.
A thousand aged oaks, with bright'ning rays,
Fann'd by the winds, send forth a dreadful blaze;
The neighb'ring heath reflects the flaming light;
The beamy splendour gilds the face of night.
The strength of shells goes round;—o'er all joy smiles;
The chiefs reclin'd, refresh'd from all their toils,
Forgetful of the labours of the day,
In chearful mood now send the hours away.
The King of LOCHLIN only silent sat,
Insensible to joy, in fullen state:
The happy host around he mournful ey'd,
While sorrow redden'd in his looks of pride.
Oft as to LENA's plain his view he turn'd,
With shame indignant all his bosom burn'd;
Rememb'ring how he fell, his late disgrace
Swells his big heart, and clouds his gloomy face.

Thus

Thus sunk in grief great FINGAL him beheld,
As he sat leaning on his father's shield :
His hoary looks, tofs'd by the blast of night,
Wav'd graceful, glittering to the beamy light.
He saw the King with heavy cares oppress'd ;
And thus, humane, the first of bards address'd.

O ULLIN ! now begin the chearing lays,
And sooth our cares with gentle songs of peace :
In sprightliest strains exalt thy tuneful voice,
And, after battle, let our souls rejoice ;
Delighted with soft music's melting charms,
Let us forget the dismal noise of arms ;
And let a hundred founding harps be near,
To gladden LOCHLIN's King, and drown his care ;
Your voices, and your harps, at once employ,
And let him hence depart, restor'd to joy :

For SWARAN must not sorrowing from us go,
 'Tis my delight to clear the clouded brow ;
 None ever went from FINGAL sad away. —
 OSCAR, I meet the brave in bloody fray ;
 The strong in battle my fierce fury feel,
 And tremble at the lightning of my steel ;
 But when the gallant foe, constrain'd to yield
 By chance of war, lies prostrate on the field,
 Then does my pity rise, my rage subside,
 My glitt'ring blade lies peaceful by my side.

Then thus the mouth of songs.—In other years
 Young TRENMOR liv'd, far fam'd in former wars ;
 Companion of the storm where ocean raves,
 With speed he bounded o'er the northern waves ;
 Till LOCHLIN's snow-clad hills, that threat the skies,
 And murm'ring groves, through mist the hero spies :

Straight

Straight to the rocky land, with fav'ring gales,
He made, and bound his snowy bosom'd sails.
With hasty steps he left the founding shore,
And through the forest chas'd the foaming boar;
From his dark den he rous'd his bristled rage,
A monster none before him durst engage;
Long time he reign'd the terror of the wood;
But TRENMOR's dart deep drank his vital blood.

Three chiefs at distance, who the deed beheld,
Upon the stranger gaz'd, with wonder fill'd.
To LOCHLIN's court the joyful news they bear,
And with astonishment fill ev'ry ear.
Each chief to TRENMOR's matchless valour pays
The willing tribute of unenvy'd praise :
They told, how bright in arms the hero stood,
And, passing belief ! assay'd the dreary wood ;

From which the boldest warriors, struck with dread,
By the boar's threat'ning terrors, trembling fled :
But fearless he, and fill'd with glorious heat,
Durst yet explore the monster's dark retreat ;
A pillar bright of fire, he pierc'd the glade,
And chas'd him through each winding of the shade ;
Press'd on, till with his spear his heart he found,
And stretch'd the bristly savage on the ground.

The King of LOCHLIN then prepares the feast,
And calls the blooming TRENMOR as his guest.
In GORMAL's windy tow'rs three festive days,
With regal honours grac'd, the hero stays :
Each day he strove in combat on the plain,
With LOCHLIN's chiefs by turns ;—none can sustain
The shock of TRENMOR on the list'd field ;
Beneath his hand their mightiest champions yield.

Then

Then through the hall the shell of joy went round,
And songs of praise to MORVEN's King resound ;
His fame they sung, the first of mighty men,
That came to LOCHLIN o'er the rolling main.

Now the fourth morn had chas'd the shades of night,
And ting'd the eastern skies with rosy light,
When rose the hero ; and, without delay,
Launch'd out his bounding ship into the sea ;
Eager to reach again his native land,
His sails are spread ;—but now the winds withstand.
The gale, which faintly blew along the flood,
He hears loud murmur'ing in the distant wood ;
Impatient, through his shrouds to hear it roar,
He walks alone along the sea-beat shore.

When, lo ! before him suddenly appears
A son of GORMAL, in the bloom of years ;

In arms of steel array'd, he trod the plain,
Ruddy his cheek, and lovely was his mien ;
As MORVEN's new fall'n snow white was his skin ;
No down as yet had fledg'd his tender chin ;
In beauteous ringlets wav'd his golden hair ;
Ev'n wrath seem'd pleasing in a form so fair :
Mildly he rolls his blue and smiling eyes,
And in these words the King of swords defies.

O TRENMOR ! who hast come far o'er the main,
Thou first of warriors on the lifted plain !
Thou must not hence attempt the wat'ry way,
Ere thou hast try'd my force in single fray ;
From many champions thou hast glory won,
But hast not yet o'ercome brave LONVAL's son :
Then stay, O chief ! 'gaist me display thy might ;
My sword has often met the brave in fight.

The wife are they who shun my twanging bow ;
In me thou shalt engage no common foe.

Thou fair-hair'd youth ! brave TRENMOR thus re-
ply'd,

With the first blast I cross the swelling tide ;
With LONVAL's son I will not strive in fight,
Sunbeam of beauty, weak thy boasted might ;
Betake thee hence, and bend thy crooked bow
Against the dark-brown hinds on GORMAL's brow.

Hence I depart not, thus the youth replies,
Till TRENMOR's sword becomes my glorious prize :
Then shall brave LONVAL's son obtain a name,
His heart exult amidst his founding fame.
Round him who conquer'd thee, the blooming fair
In crouds shall gather, and with smiles appear ;

Desire and wonder sparkling in their eyes,
With sighs of love shall their white breasts arise,
When I return triumphant from the fray,
And to their view thy pond'rous spear display ;
Thousands shall see it waving in my hand,
And its bright point far beaming o'er the strand.

With anger, mix'd with pity, TRENMOR ey'd
The youth a while ; then warmly thus reply'd :
Better thou shou'dst thy empty vaunts forbear ;
Hence thou shalt never carry TRENMOR's spear :
Thou but provok'st thy doom ; — the forceful dart,
Sent by this arm, shall pierce thy boastful heart :
Soon shall thy mother rend her hoary hair,
And fill with loud laments the liquid air,
When she beholds thee welt'ring in thy gore,
Stretch'd pale in death on GORMAL's echoing shore,

And

And fees, far distant o'er the rolling main,
His crouded sails by whom her son was slain.

To whom the youth. — My arm's not strong with
years,

Nor do I mingle in the strife of spears ;
But with the twanging bow, and feather'd dart,
I've learn'd to pierce a distant warrior's heart,
I see thee cover'd o'er with shining steel ;
Thou must divest thee of that heavy mail ;
Thy weightier arms 'gainst me thou well may'st spare,
And meet on equal terms thy foe in war.
I first lay down my mail ; — now lanch thy dart,
And, if thou canst, O King ! transpierce this heart,

She said ; and, smiling, dropt her radiant vest :
To TRENMOR's sight appear'd her heaving breast ;

A virgin fair he saw, without disguise ;
'Twas the King's sister struck his wond'ring eyes.
She had beheld him 'midst the joyful shells,
And lov'd his ruddy face in GORMALL's halls.
The youthful hero drops the pointed spear,
Abash'd ; he sees, he knows, the blooming fair.
His cheeks with glowing blushes are o'erspread ;
Downcast his looks, aside he turns his head ;
His wrath subsides, while softer passions rise ;
His love-struck soul appears in his moist eyes.
He too had seen her lovely to the sight,
And now beheld her like a beam of light,
That bursts on those who in a cave remain
Immur'd, when first they see the sunny plain ;
'They cannot bear the splendour of the skies,
But from the dazzling light they bend their aking eyes.

Chief

Chief of the windy MORVEN ! thus the maid
Of snowy arms to gallant TRENMOR said,
O grant me in thy ship myself to hide,
And bear me hence, far o'er the rolling tide,
From CORLO's love ; which I'm constrain'd to hear,
Though dreadful as the thunder to mine ear.
His gloomy soul no bright idea charms ;
His heart the fire of glory never warms ;
He friendship's sacred transports ne'er could prove,
Nor feel the joys refin'd of tender love.
I hear his sordid suit with fix'd disdain ;
Horror and hatred in my breast remain.
Vengeance he vows, since I his love reject,
Fir'd with resentment at my cold neglect :
Shaking ten thousand spears, he spreads alarms,
And threats, by force, to win me to his arms.

To whom the chief. — Fair maid ! here rest in peace
Behind my shield, and bid thy terrors cease.
My heart, O INIBACA ! knows not fear,
Though armed thousands all around appear,
I never tremble, nor from danger fly ;
In thy defence I long my fate to try :
Fir'd by thy presence, and by glory's charms,
Superior might I'll brave, and matchless arms.
This moment let him come, inflam'd with ire ;
From dastard CORLO I shall not retire.
Glad shall I wait him on the founding strand,
And brave his gloomy heart, his vengeful hand ;
And though he brings ten thousand in his train,
Their fiercest shock alone I will sustain.

Three days the hero waited on the shore ;
His hoarse resounding horn, with hollow roar,

He

He sent abroad, the dreadful sign of war,
That CORLO from his echoing hills might hear :
But CORLO heard not, nor to battle came ;
He wou'd not meet the youth of rising fame :
Behind his hills he staid, and shunn'd the fight ;
He durst not against TRENMOR prove his might.

Fame of the lovely INIBACA tells,
To LOCHLIN's King, within his tow'ring halls.
Swift he descends to GORMAL's founding strand,
And gives the blushing maid to TRENMOR's hand.
Three days they feasted on the roaring shore ;
Then winds to MORVEN waft the hero o'er ;
She saw a land and race unknown before. }
Their friends with joy beheld the happy pair ;
For beauty she, and he renown'd in war :
They liv'd the pride and boast of former days ;
Their fame still blooms unfaded in their race.

Thus

Thus fung the tuneful bard ; and here he ceas'd. —
Then gen'rous FINGAL took the word in haste ;
With look serene, and soothing speech, he strove,
To cheer dark SWARAN, and his grief remove.

O LOCHLIN'S King ! though vanquish'd in the fray
Why sitt'st thou thus to gloomy cares a prey ?
Valour, thou know'st, can't victory secure ;
The bravest yield in some ill-fated hour :
The greatest warriors often press the plain ;
Their might the boldest oft display in vain.
Nor do'st thou suffer greatly in thy fame,
As from one source we draw the kindred stream :
The blood, O King ! which warms thy heaving heart,
The same does vigour to this arm impart.
Our fathers often met in bloody fight,
Because the strife of spears was their delight ;

But

But oft as friends they feasted in the hall,
And sent around, in joy, the sprightly shell;
Then parted peaceful on the founding shore,
And thought of wars, and labours past, no more.
Immortal honour didst thou this day gain;
Dire was thy course amidst th' embattl'd plain:
What streams of blood by thy strong arm were shed!
How didst thou pile the plain with heaps of dead!
Like ocean's storm thou sweep'st the ranks of war;
Thy voice like thunder echoes from afar,
As when a thousand voices rise around,
Of warriors mixt in fight, with dreadful sound;
Thy blazing sword like lightning gleams on high,
And fiercest foes before thy fury fly.
Enough thou'st shewn thy prowess in the field;
What chief like thee his glitt'ring arms can wield?
If martial deeds can deathless glory give,
Thy fame, O LOCHLIN'S King! shall ever live.

Now cheer thee, SWARAN, and partake the feast ;
Nor longer sit with sorrows dark oppress'd.

This night let gladness o'er thy face appear,
And let the tuneful harp delight thine ear ;
Soon as the morn its orient beams displays,
Brother of AGANDECCA ! go in peace.

That lovely maid still on my mournful soul,
Bright as the noontide beam, doth radiant roll.

I saw thy grief above the hapless fair ;

I mark'd thy pity, and thy tender care ;

I saw along thy cheeks the big tears fall,

And therefore spar'd thee in thy father's hall,

When red with slaughter was my vengeful blade,

And my heart pierc'd with sorrow for the maid.

To-morrow may'st thou spread thy bellying sails,

And speed thee o'er the deep with prosp'rous gales.

Or do'st thou chuse once more to prove thy might,

And try thy valour in the list'd fight ?

The combat which thy fathers gave is thine,
When gallant TRENMOR did in GORMAL shine :
So may'st thou hence depart amidſt thy fame,
As when the ſun diſplays his ſetting beam.

The King of LOCHLIN's waves then ſilence broke,
And thus the King of MORVEN's race beſpoke.—
Firſt of a thouſand heroes ! — in the fight,
Never 'gainſt thee ſhall SWARAN try his might.
In STARNO's halls I ſaw thy valour ſhown ;
And few were then thy years beyond my own.
“ When,” to my ſoul I ſaid, “ ſhall I in war,
“ Like noble FINGAL, launch the forceful ſpear ?”
Thy ſtrength, O warrior ! heretofore I've try'd,
When once we fought on MALMOR's ſhaggy ſide ;
When bounding o'er my waves I fought thy halls,
And ſhar'd thy founding feaſt, thy thouſand ſhells:—

Let bards to future times transmit his name
Who in that noble struggle overcame.

But many ships with me that cross'd the main,
Have lost their youths on LENA's bloody plain :
Take these, O King ! and what thou wilt of land,
And let me henceforth call thee SWARAN's friend ;
And when thy sons to GORMAL's mossy tow'rs,
Along the deep shall bring their martial pow'rs,
The feast of shells they'll share within my hall,
The combat shall be offer'd on the vale.

Nor land of many hills, the King reply'd,
Nor ship of thine that cross'd the rolling tide,
Shall FINGAL take : — No ransom I demand ;
I war, but traffick not, in ERIN's land.
The desert, with its deer, does me suffice,
And shady woods ; — from thee I ask no price : —

Still

Still keep whate'er is thine on LOCHLIN's shore ;
In thy dark ships bear hence thy wealthy store.
Thou noble friend of AGANDECCA ! rise
On thy blue waves again : — when o'er the skies
The morning beams, then spread thy snowy sails ;
Return to GORMAL's tow'rs with fav'ring gales.

To whom thus SWARAN of the dark-brown shield :
Blest be thy soul, thou first in ev'ry field !
Thou King of shells ! how shall I tell thy praise ?
Thou art the gentle gale of spring in peace ;
When rous'd to rage, amidst the kindling war,
Rough as the mountain-storm thou dost appear.
Now, noble King of MORVEN ! take my hand,
And henceforth count me as thy firmest friend.
I go ; — but let thy bards in plaintive strain,
Mourn for my friends who fell on LENA's plain. —

Let LOCHLIN's chiefs, there number'd with the dead,
By ERIN's sons in earth be decent laid ;
Be it their care the mossy stones to raise,
Memorials of their fame to future days ;
So shall the children of the north behold,
Hereafter, where their fathers fought of old ;
The early hunter to the heath shall come,
And say, as he leans o'er some moss-grown tomb,
“ FINGAL and SWARAN in the strife of spears
“ Here fought, the gallant chiefs of former years.”
Thus to his son hereafter shall he say ;
And thus, O King ! our fame shall ne'er decay.

Then FINGAL thus. — However great in fight,
SWARAN, to-day our fame is at the height ;
Whatever boasted trophies we may bear,
Whatever glory gain in bloody war ;

Soon

Soon in the earth is laid our mould'ring clay,
And as a dream we quickly pass away.
Silence shall on these fields of battle reign,
Where late we fought, with thousands in our train :
The plain of LENA, now so fatal found,
Obscure shall lie, nor know one martial sound :
Our tombs, all unregarded on the heath,
No more shall tell what warriors lie beneath :
The hunter, treading o'er some hero's breast,
Shall heedless pass, nor know our place of rest.
Bards in their songs may give us empty praise,
But, ah ! the vigour of our arms will cease.
O OSSIAN ! CARRIL ! ULLIN ! ye explore
The fame of heroes who are now no more ;
Give us some martial song of other years,
And with your pleasing numbers charm our ears,
That on the sound the night may pass away,
Till morn returns in joy, and brings the day.

The tuneful song we rais'd before the Kings ;
A hundred harps at once, with trembling strings,
In deep-ton'd strains, accompany'd our voice ;
SWARAN began to brighten and rejoice :
Touch'd, as he listen'd, by the soothing sound,
His soul, of late so sad, in bliss is drown'd.
Majestic did the stream of music roll :
His working passions hear the soft control ;
Till all his cares forgot, and hush'd to peace,
A settl'd joy shone o'er his dark-brown face ;
As when the moon, full-orb'd at setting day,
Wins through surrounding clouds its radiant way ;
Then calm and broad shines forth without disguise,
And through the silent night adorns the skies.

The music ceas'd ; — when FINGAL silence broke,
And in these words to hoary CARRIL spoke :

ay, CARRIL, where does SEMO's son abide?
 In what retreat does my brave friend reside?
 Late he shone a meteor bright of fire;
 Does he to TURA's dreary cave retire?

With gloomy wo oppress'd,—the bard replies,—
 In TURA's dreary cave the hero lies:
 Oft tow'rd the heath his rolling eyes he turns,
 And o'er his late defeat in silence mourns;
 His thoughts are on the battle which he lost,
 And the brave youths that fell on ULLIN's coast:
 Oft on his sword is seen his mighty hand:—
 In vain I've try'd to soothe my gallant friend;
 All sad he sits, and nought can comfort yield,
 For he was oft victorious on the field.
 This sword, which oft in hostile blood was dy'd,
 He sends to rest on noble FINGAL's side.

'Twas

'Twas ever wont to grace a conqu'ror's hands ;
Therefore to thee the destin'd steel he sends ;
For soon as thou arriv'dst, like ocean's storm,
His foes were scatter'd by thy mighty arm.
Accept the gift ; — for he no more will wield
The glitt'ring blade, nor thunder o'er the field ;
For like the mist along the vale that flies,
Departed is his fame, no more, to rise.

No, said the King, from its undaunted lord,
FINGAL shall never take CUCHULLIN's sword :
Strong is his arm in war ; — the hero's name
Shall ever flourish in the rolls of fame.
The truly brave are they who are endow'd
With constancy, and firmest fortitude ;
Who though once conquer'd on th' embattl'd plain,
Sink not, but still th' unconquer'd mind retain ;

Unquench'd

Unquench'd remains the animating fire,
That fills their bosoms with sublime desire.
Thus many warriors overcome by might,
Again have shone victorious in the fight ;
Again with transport heard the clang of arms ;
Again have mingl'd in the dire alarms,
At honour's call ; — till by some bold emprise,
They wipe the stain, to higher glory rise,
Bright as the sun ascends the eastern skies.

O King of groves ! give all thy grief away,
Resume thy soul, forget this fatal day :
The brave, if overcome, are yet renown'd,
In the fair rolls of fame their names are found ;
The glory which they lost they soon regain,
As when the sun is lost in heav'n's blue plain ;
A while in clouds he hides his radiant face,
But looks again upon the hills of grass.

CONA could once a valiant leader boast,
GRUMAL ;— he fought the war on ev'ry coast.
His ear delighted in the din of arms,
His soul rejoic'd in blood and dire alarms.
Once in his ships he bounded o'er the main,
And pour'd on CRACA's isle his warrior train.
The King of CRACA, from his founding grove,
Advanc'd to meet him, and his valour prove ;
For in dread BRUMO's circle, nigh the shore,
He then consulted with the stone of pow'r.

Fierce for the maiden of the breasts of snow
The heroes fought, and gallant was each foe ;
(Of CRACA's daughter, the far-sounding fame
Had GRUMAL reach'd at CONA's roaring stream ;
He vow'd to have the snowy-bosom'd fair,
Or die on echoing CRACA in the war).

Three days the chiefs renew'd the bloody fight ;
But GRUMAL yielded to superior might ;
Upon the fourth he fail'd, he prefs'd the ground,
And was by CRACA's King in fetters bound.

Far from his friends, defeated and disgrac'd,
In BRUMO's horrid circle was he plac'd ;
Where oft, 'tis told, around the stone of fear,
Ghosts of the dead in dismal bands appear ;
Ghastly they glare athwart the gloomy glade,
And with dread howlings fill the awful shade.
His native CONA GRUMAL reach'd again ;
Again he thunder'd o'er th' embattl'd plain :
Bent on revenge, he flew to CRACA's land,
Like heav'n's bright fire ; — beneath his mighty hand
Foes fell in heaps : — the terror of his name
Was spread afar : — Thus GRUMAL had his fame.

Again, ye bards, raise high the lofty song,
And let the praise of heroes pour along:
That on their fame our souls may rest in peace,
And sorrow may in SWARAN's bosom cease.

On MORA's heathy fide the warriors lay,
There, stretch'd at ease, they wait th' approach of day;
The dark winds rustle o'er each hero's head,
And night around them pours its sable shade.
To call soft sleep, and all their cares compose,
At once a hundred tuneful voices rose;
A hundred founding harps at once were strung,
And mighty deeds of former years were sung.

But now, alas ! the bard when shall I hear ?
When shall my father's fame delight my ear ?
Ceas'd now on MORVEN is the harp's soft sound ;
No voice of music is on CONA found :

The

The bard, dead with the mighty, I deplore,
And fame is in the desert now no more.

Now morning rose on CROMLA's hoary height,
And scarcely streak'd the east with glimm'ring light,
When SWARAN's horn is heard with warning sound
O'er LENA: — ocean's sons are gather'd round;
Silent and sad, they quit the fatal strand,
Their ships they mount, and seek their native land;
The briny deep they skim with prosp'rous gales;
The blast of ULLIN is behind their sails,
White bellying, as they plough the watry way;
Like MORVEN's mist they float along the sea.

SWARAN dismiss'd, — thus mighty FINGAL says,
Now call my dogs long-bounding in the chace,
White chested BRAN, that's fleetest than the wind,
And LUATH of furlly strength, to rouse the hind.

FILLAN, and RYNO ; — but he is not here ;
No more will he partake the fylvan war :
The hunter fell on LENA's bloody heath ;
Peaceful he rests upon the bed of death.
FILLAN and FERGUS, found aloud my horn,
And rouse dull echo with the rising morn.
Round CROMLA let the joyful chace arise,
Let hills and dales resound with chearful cries ;
So at the lake of roes the startl'd deer,
Shall hear the noise, and tremble as they hear.

Shrill through the echoing wood now spreads the
noise ;

Sudden the branchy fons of CROMLA rise :
At once a thousand dogs, unloos'd from chains,
Fly off, grey-bounding o'er the heathy plains.
By ev'ry dog a deer on earth is laid ;
Three by white breasted BRAN in death are spread :

He brought them, in their flight, to FINGAL's feet,
That the King's joy, beholding, might be great.

On RYNO's tomb, and full in FINGAL's view,
One deer dropt down, whereat his griefs renew.
Silent, he saw the stone that lay in peace,
On him that once was foremost in the chace.
Then thus : — O RYNO ! thou no more shalt rise
To glad, at CROMLA's feast, thy father's eyes ;
Here, stretch'd in death, thou pressest foreign clay,
Nor more shalt overtake the branchy prey ;
Thy tomb, soon hid, the stranger shall not know ;
Soon o'er thy grave shall rank grafs waving grow :
The feeble race of future times shall come,
And tread, with heedless steps, above thy tomb,
When not the smallest vestige shall remain,
To tell where lies the mighty on the plain.

Now,

Now, OSSIAN, FILLAN, of the dark-brown hair,
Sons of my strength, and sunbeams bright in war !
GAUL, first of heroes ! let us straight ascend
Dark CROMLA's steep, and seek our gallant friend ;
Let us to TURA's dreary cave repair,
Where lies the dauntless chief of ERIN's war.
But say, what tow'rs are these that meet my eyes,
That gray and lonely on the heath arise ?
Sad is the King, and these are TURA's walls,
Forfaken now, and silent are his halls.
To find the forrowing warrior let us haste,
And pour forth all our joy into his breast.
But is not that CUCHULLIN on the height ?
Or does some floating mist deceive my sight ?
FILLAN, my eyes are dimm'd by CROMLA's wind,
And cannot well distinguish my brave friend.

It is the mighty chief, young FILLAN cries,
'Tis SEMO's son, O King, that meets thy eyes ;
Gloomy and sad appears thy gallant friend ;
Upon his beaming sword he rests his hand.
Hail to thee, chief ! who do'st in fight excel,
Thou breaker of the sounding shields, all hail !

Raising his eyes, CUCHULLIN look'd amaz'd ;
He paus'd a while, and on the warriors gaz'd ;
With chearful aspect, though he inly mourn'd,
He silence broke, and answer thus return'd.

Health to thee, youth, to all of MORVEN's train,
The bravest warriors on th' embattl'd plain ;
A noble thirst of fame your souls inspires,
And fills each panting breast with great desires :
Grateful thy presence, FINGAL, to my eyes,
As yon all-clearing sun that lights the skies,

When the tir'd hunter does his absence mourn,
Then glad beholds him 'twixt the clouds return.
Thy sons, like stars that gild the face of night,
Thy glorious course attend amidst the fight.
Not thus, by thee, O FINGAL ! was I seen
In ALBION's wars, returning from the plain,
'Gainst the world's emp'ror, when my pow'rs I led,
And from my dreaded arm his legions fled.
Where-e'er my sword a bloody passage hew'd,
My gallant troops the glorious path pursu'd ;
Nor cou'd the strangers long their flock sustain,
But backward turn'd, in terror, o'er the plain ;
Pursuers, and pursu'd, with equal haste,
Together mingl'd, o'er their trenches pass'd ;
Which with my eager bands that day I storm'd,
Till rage, and wo, and death, the camp deform'd.
Soon from the spoiler's hands the spoil we took ;
The strangers soon the desert isle forsook.

The world's great King thus foil'd, collects with care
The scatter'd remnants of successful war.
Fall'n was his crest that late so dreadful rose ;
His helm disgrac'd, no more its splendor shows ;
His regal vesture strews the dusty plains,
And not a trace of all his pomp remains :
Disdain and grief his heart alternate rend,
And, like two vultures, in his breast contend ;
No more his looks their wonted fierceness boast ;
He fled, and with him fled his num'rous host.
O FINGAL ! thou hast known me thus renown'd ;
Thou hast beheld me thus with conquest crown'd :
Then didst thou meet me drench'd in hostile gore,
When from the field I glorious trophies bore ;
Then with success my arms I did employ,
And to the hill of hinds return'd with joy. —

But now —————

————— Thy arms what glory e'er did crown ?
Thus CONAN cry'd, the chief of small renown ;
Thou talk of conquest in the strife of swords !
Where are the deeds to match thy boastful words ?
Why didst not now display thy force in arms,
When CORMAC's throne was shook with dire alarms ?
Where was this matchless prowess in the field,
When late thou didst to proud invaders yield ?
And why did we come o'er the rolling main,
To aid thy feeble sword on LENA's plain ?
I fight thy battles, I thy foes defy,
While thou do'st to thy cave of sorrow fly.
Resign to me, O chief ! these arms of light,
CONAN can better use them in the fight.

To

To him CUCHULLIN, with indignant scorn :
Thou art for vaunting, not for action born ;
And hadst thou elfewhere dar'd our wrath provoke,
Thy last of words, infenfate, hadst thou spoke :
But, CONAN, know, no hero, from its lord,
The bravest, durst demand CUCHULLIN's fword ;
And fhcu'd a thoufand heroes on the plain
Demand my arms, dark youth, it were in vain.
Too weak art thou the pond'rous mail to wield,
And few thy deeds, O CONAN ! in the field ;
Thou ne'er wast known in noble strife to dare,
Or boldly face the arduous front of war ;
Thou only with thy noify tongue canst fight,
And feet are given thee but to fpeed thy flight.
Who but fo known a dastard dares to fay,
That I forfook my friends, or run away.
The King of LOCHLIN on the heath has found,
I was not forc'd with eafe to quit my ground :

Not such his warriors found me, when inclos'd,
Singly their strength united I oppos'd;
Withstood, to save my friends, their thick array,
Then, glutted with their slaughter, freed my way.
I did not to the gloomy cave retire,
Till ERIN's warriors did in fight expire.
Thou seek my arms? — dismiss that vanity,
And know thou art below a death from me.
Then rest secure; for thou canst neither share
The glory, nor divide the toils of war.

Here ceas'd the valiant chief of ERIN's war.—
FINGAL on CONAN look'd with brow severe;
And thus, Youth of the feeble arm! he spoke,
Mute be thy tongue, nor more the chief provoke:
Insulter! what cou'd prompt thee thus to dare
With him in merit, or in praise compare?

The lies of envy, and the taunts of scorn,
What chief can bear without a brave return ?
And shou'd th' offender in his wrath be slain,
What man can just revenge in bounds restrain ?
Thou, CONAN, blind by malice, do'st not view
What to CUCHULLIN and his worth is due ;
But his great soul disdains to let thee feel,
The fatal fury of his vengeful steel ;
He scorns 'gainst thee t' assert his rightful claim,
It lies on me to vindicate his name.
His hand is us'd the glorious sword to wield,
To palms of conquest in the deathful field ;
Renown'd and dreaded, the bold hero goes,
Through toils and dangers 'midst embattl'd foes :
On ALBION's hills his well-try'd worth is known,
And victory in ev'ry land his own.
Thou stormy chief of INNISFAIL ! thy name
Has often reach'd me on the wings of fame.

Now speed thee o'er the deep with southern gales,
Spread for the isle of mist thy snowy sails ;
Soon in thy bounding ships thou'lt reach the shore,
Where fair BRAGELA does her chief deplore ;
Where leaning on her rock, thy spouse appears
Mournful, each tender eye all bath'd in tears ;
Toss'd by the winds her hair dishevell'd flies,
Her heaving breast is fill'd with crouded sighs ;
Each night she listens on the sounding shore,
To hear the blast that wafts her hero o'er :
She longs to hear from far thy rowers voice,
And listen to thy harp's melodious noise.

Long shall BRAGELA listen thus in vain,
Said the dark chief ; — for never o'er the main,
Defeated and disgrac'd, shall I return,
To raise the fair-one's sighs, and cause her mourn :

She ever saw CUCHULLIN crown'd with fame,
How can she see him cover'd thus with shame ?
Time was, O King, that, victor on the field,
I made the bravest foes before me yield :
Resistless was I deem'd in former wars,
And dreadful in the strife of other spears.

Still may'st thou shine victorious o'er the field,
Thy foes, said FINGAL, still before thee yield ;
Still may'st thou in the arduous toils of fight,
Display thy valour, thy unconquer'd might.
Ere long invaders, coming from afar,
May call for all thy skill and force in war ;
Strangers hereafter, with a num'rous host,
Shall threaten ERIN, and lay waste its coast :
Young CORMAC shall thy watchful care demand,
And many warriors fall by thy dread hand ;

Thy strength shall teach the fiercest foes to yield ;
Thy conqu'ring arms shall prove a happier field ;
Thy fame like CROMLA's branchy tree shall grow,
And farthest regions thy great prowess know.
Mean while, O OSCAR ! hither bring the deer,
And now in haste the feast of shells prepare.
In ERIN's land, since war's grim horrors cease,
And the rude din of arms is hush'd to peace,
This day, my sons ! we may in mirth employ,
Indulge the feast, and give the hours to joy :
Our dangers past, our arms with success crown'd,
Let pleasure smile on ev'ry face around ;
Let all our friends look chearful, gay, and bright,
Forget their toils, and share of our delight ;
Be all that's gloomy banish'd from our train,
And happiness in ev'ry bosom reign ;
Let bards strike up the soft melodious lay,
And with sweet strains beguile the time away ;

So may each warrior sink to pleasing rest,
Till morning's earliest beam adorns the east.

He said.—We sat, we feasted, and we sung,
And many a voice arose, and harp was strung.
CUCHULLIN, by degrees, resumes his soul,
His working passions hear the soft controul;
The fame of heroes makes his bosom burn,
He feels the vigour of his arm return;
His grief subsides, his cares are hush'd to peace,
And gladness brightens o'er his glowing face.
'Twas ULLIN bore the burden of the song,
And soft-voic'd CARRIL led the tuneful throng:
In deep-ton'd notes the bards exalt the strains,
And sweetest sounds are spread along the plains.
I often join'd the bards: — then might'st thou hear
Me also sing the battles of the spear;

Battles in which I fought : — but now no more
Heroes I see, nor hear the battle roar :
Ceas'd is my former fame ;—I sit forlorn
Near my friends tombs, and there in silence mourn.

Unweary'd we pursu'd the tuneful strain,
While soothing raptures seiz'd the list'ning train ;
'Till, unperceiv'd, the heav'ns with stars were hung,
And night, half-spent, surpris'd th' unfinish'd song.
Then FINGAL order'd, and the music ceas'd,
And MORVEN's sons retir'd to gentle rest.
Dissolv'd in slumbers, thus the warriors lay,
Till morning came with joy, and brought the day.

First FINGAL rose : — He rears his awful voice ;
The bands fast gather round the warning noise ;
He moves from LENA tow'ards the sounding strand,
His spear bright-beaming in his mighty hand :

We

We follow after like a ridge of fire,
And gladly from the fatal heath retire.

Then thus the King address'd his gallant train :
In happy time let's cross the rolling main ;
Spread your white sails, my sons, for MORVEN's shore,
And catch the gales that full from LENA pour.

Joy, at the word, in ev'ry bosom glows ;
On the blue waves, with chearful songs, we rose ;
Swift with tall-bending masts our vessels glide,
And nod alternate o'er the foaming tide ;
Round their dark sides the briny waters roar,
Shouting, we land on MORVEN's stormy shore.

End of F I N G A L.

TWO FRAGMENTS.

From the GAELIC.

FRAGMENT XI.

ARMYN.

AND do'st thou ask for whom my sorrows flow ?
Sad, fad I am, nor small my cause of wo :
No brave son's loss, O KIRMOR ! claims thy tears,
Nor daughter's, well-belov'd, excites thy cares ;
Thy valiant CONNAR still beholds the light,
Thy fair soft ANNIE lives to bless thy sight ;
These blooming boughs return thy fond embrace :
But ARMIN is the last of all his race.

Dark

Dark is the bed where hapless DAURA lies,
Profound the sleep which now seals up her eyes.
When shalt thou wake to soothe me with thy song ?
When shall thy voice of music charm the list'ning throng ?

Ye winds of autumn ! rise with furious breath,
Blow strong upon the dark and dreary heath ;
Ye rapid torrents ! from the mountains pour ;
Through lofty oaks, ye tempests ! howl and roar ;
By intervals, O moon ! shew thy pale face,
Let broken clouds thy silver light deface,
And bring to my remembrance that sad night,
When all my children perish'd from my sight ;
When ARINDEL the great untimely fell,
And DAURA, who in beauty did excel,
Was snatch'd by death, in all her bloom, away,
And left me thus forlorn, to grief a prey.

My daughter DAURA flourish'd fair to fight ;
On JURA hills the moon shines not so bright :
White as the fleeces of descending snow,
Sweet as the gale when vernal breezes blow.
To use the bow my ARINDEL was strong ;
Keen flew his spear amidst th' embattl'd throng ;
Like hov'ring mists on waves his rolling eyes,
Like red-swoln clouds when gloomy storms arise,
So blaz'd 'midst warring hosts his blood-stain'd shield,
His looks so darted cross the deathful field.

To court my DAURA's love, and tell his flame,
Great ARMOR, fam'd in arms, impatient came ;
Nor long she held the youth in anxious pain,
Soon did his suit a kind return obtain.
With joyful hopes their friends beheld the pair ;
For beauty she renown'd, and he in war.

EARCH, son of ODGAL, with malignant eyes,
Beheld his foe blest'd in the destin'd prize.

ARMOR, his foe, who had his brother slain,
Bent on revenge, he flew across the main.

As some seafaring man, he trode the strand,
His fair skiff lightly rode, well nigh the land,

Calm and serene appear'd his furrow'd brow,
His aged locks were silver'd o'er with snow:

In close disguise, he thus approach'd the maid,
And then, with artful lies dissembling, said,

Fairest of women ! blest'd with ev'ry grace,
O lovely virgin, of great ARMYN's race !

A sea-girt rock there lies, not far from land,
Whereon a tree bent down with fruit doth stand,

Red-shining from afar the fruit you'll see ;
There ARMOR waits impatiently for thee.

Here,

Here, with love's speed, he charg'd me to repair,
 And o'er the narrow sea convey his fair.
 Commission'd thus, I chearfully obey;
 Haste, then, thou happy bride ! and come away.

To this false tale the fond deluded maid
 Lent a too ready ear, by love betray'd.
 In an ill-fated hour, away she hy'd
 Across the flood with her deceitful guide :
 With speed she mounts the rock ; —she throws her eyes }
 Eager around.—ARMOR, my love ! she cries ; }
 ARMOR, my love ! the echoing rock replies. }
 Ah cruel ! why torment me thus with fear ?
 Hear, ARDNART's son ! 'tis DAURA calls ; O hear !
 In vains she calls ; no ARMOR is at hand,
 And treach'rous EARCH flies laughing to the land.
 Abandon'd thus, her voice she loud extends,
 And with her piercing shouts the skies she rends.

Will not my brother come and bring redress ?

Will not my father see my deep distress ?

O ARINDEL ! O ARMYN ! must I here

End my sad being, and no succour near ?

Why to relieve your DAURA don't you fly ?

Ah ! is there none to hear my piteous cry ?

My son first heard his sister thus deplore ;

Her loud laments had reach'd the answ'ring shore ;

Down the steep hill he rush'd with eager pace,

Clad in the shaggy trophies of the chase ;

Then to the sea, with hasty stride, he bent

His course ; — his arrows rattled as he went ;

His tough-strung bow adorn'd his better hand ;

Five trusty dark-grey dogs his steps attend :

The traitor EARCH upon the beach he found

Lurking, — and fast unto an oak him bound ;

Round

Round his bare limbs a thong of hide thick flies,
He loads the wind with groans, with shrieks, and cries.

His sister to rescue, and bring to land,
In a small barge my son then quits the strand;
The surgy deep he mounts, he plows his way
Among the foaming billows of the sea :
Mid-way he had not reach'd, when ARMOR came,
With love, and indignation, all on flame ;
Full at my son the twanging-bow he drew,
With aim too sure the fatal arrow flew ;
With winged force it brought the deadly wound,
And through his heart an easy passage found.
Sudden the oars are stopp'd; and, o'er the side,
Headlong he falls into the foaming tide. }
For traitor EARCH mistaken thus he dy'd. }
Upon the rock the surge him panting throws ;
There he expir'd, there ended all his woes.

For DAURA, what a fight ! what horrors thrill
Her tender heart, what cruel sorrows fill ?
When round her feet she saw her brother's gore,
In purple tides distaining all the shore.

Dash'd to the rocks, the boat is broke in twain,
But dauntless ARMOR plunges in the main ;
Nor storms, nor rocks, his soul can terrify, !
Fix'd to redeem his DAURA, or to die ;
When sudden from the hill a blast arose,
Which all the waves in wild confusion throws ;
So rage the seas, such darkness blinds the sky,
That the black night receives a deeper dye ;
At length a foaming billow stops his breath,
Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him underneath.

Of ev'ry hope bereft, and ev'ry aid,
All on the sea-beat rock, the mournful maid

Sat cheerless and alone ; — with grief oppress'd
She groan'd, she wept, she beat her snowy breast ;
From far were heard her plaints, her heaving sighs,
And loud, and frequent, were her piercing cries.
Her hapless father stood upon the shore,
And heard, all night, his daughter thus deplore.
In vain she wail'd in bitterness of grief ;
In vain he heard, yet cou'd bring no relief.
All night the wind was loud, the pouring rain
Beat 'gainst the mountain's side, and lash'd the main ;
Still by the moon's faint beam, the mournful maid
Struck on my view, her cries my ears invade ;
But ere the morning dawn'd her voice grew weak,
And weaker still, and hardly could she speak :
Oft she essay'd in vain, her accents hung
And, falt'ring, dy'd unfinish'd on her tongue ;
Through the long grass, as sounds the ev'ning breeze,
Or as the hollow blast through leafless trees,

Her

Her voice thus slowly, sunk and dy'd away,
Till, spent with grief, she cold and breathless lay,
And left old ARMYN childless and alone.
Have I not cause then to lament and moan ?
Fall'n is my son ! my strength and boast in war ;
I've lost my pride, among th'enchanted fair.

When gloomy tempests o'er the mountains fly,
By the fierce North when waves are rais'd on high,
Pensive I sit upon the sounding shore,
And with sad eyes the fatal rock explore :
Oft by the setting moon, methinks I see
My childrens ghosts, t' increase my misery ;
They seem engaged in some mournful talk,
As o'er the rock in solemn state they stalk ;
“ O speak to me, let me share all your pain ; ”
They heed me not, their father pleads in vain.

F R A G M E N T XII.

R Y N O and A L P I N .

R Y N O .

HO W calm and silent is the noontide-hour,
When winds are hush'd, and past the driving show'r;
Light broken clouds are scatter'd o'er the sky,
O'er the green hills th' inconstant shadows fly;
Down the steep rocks the torrent loudly roars,
Red through the stony vale it beats its shores.
How sweetly dwell thy murmurs on mine ear,
O stream ! but sweeter far that voice I hear ;
'Tis ALPIN's voice, the son of tuneful song,
Who mourns the mighty dead that rolls along :

His hoary head, bent down with age, I spy,
 And red with scalding grief each tearful eye.
 Say, ALPIN, from what cause thy sorrows flow ?
 Why on the silent hill thus drown'd in woe ?
 Why burst those sighs wherewith thy bosom heaves,
 As the loud blast that shakes the trembling leaves ?
 What hero dost thou in sad strains deplore,
 That fall-like waves upon the lonely shore ?

A L P I N.

R Y N O, my tears are for the mighty dead,
 And o'er the valiant are my sorrows shed ;
 Though well I know my sorrows are in vain ;
 For what so tuneful voice, so melting strain,
 Can from the dust the mould'ring tenant wake ?
 Or for the grave who shall a ransom take ?

R Y N O,

R Y N O, though thou art tallest on our hill,
And none can thee in youthful grace excel,
Like M O R A R, thou may'st sudden meet thy doom,
And mourners sit all pensive round thy tomb ;
The hills rough sons no more shall hear thy cry,
Unstrung within thy hall thy bow shall lie.

M O R A R, untimely fall'n, demands my strain ;
What roe so swift e'er scour'd the heathy plain ?
Like winter storms, amidst the bloody fray,
Thy wrath with ruin mark'd its fatal way ;
Thy sword like lightning flash'd along the field ;
Dreadful as flaming meteors blaz'd thy shield ;
Thy voice like roaring torrents after rain ;
Beneath thine arm, what numbers press'd the plain ?
From distant hills, like thunder, was thine ire ;
Thy foes its fury felt as wasteful fire.

But when from fight return'd, how peaceful thou?
Mild and serene appear'd thy settl'd brow.
So beams the sun when after rain more bright;
The radiant moon thus gilds the silent night;
So when the winds are laid, and not a breeze
Ruffles the lake, or whistles through the trees,
Smooth is the surface of the spacious deep,
The storms are hush'd, and Nature seems asleep.

Ah, MORAR ! what avail thy rising fame,
Thy youthful glories, and thy high acclaim?
Dark the abode which now thy corse contains,
Narrow the spot where rest thy dear remains;
Now with three steps thy grave I compass round,
O thou of late who wast so mighty found !
Thy place of rest ere long we must explore,
By these four stones, with grey moss cover'd o'er ;

The

The sole memorial these, by which to know
Where lies the mighty, and the great how low !
The heath-tir'd hunter nothing can espy,
Which to thy tomb may guide his wand'ring eye,
But one bare tree, where scarce a leaf is found,
And to the wind the long grafs whistling round.
Here, MORAR ! art thou laid, unhonour'd, low,
No sister o'er thee weeps with heart-felt wo ;
The tender stream no brother o'er thee pours,
No maid with tears of love thy fall deplores ;
Long in the grave is MORGLAN's daughter laid,
Nor mourns her son here number'd with the dead.

But who appears, low-bending, sad, and slow,
Tott'ring with age, but more oppress'd with wo,
Propt on his staff, who drags his feeble pace,
Big sorrows streaming o'er his furrow'd face ?

I see his hoary hairs, his red-swoln eyes,
His lab'ring breast heaves with tumultuous sighs.
Thy aged father, MORAR ! it is he ;
Of none, alas ! the father but of thee.
Much had he heard in battle of thy fame ;
With joy to meet the conqu'ror he came ;
Of foes he heard that scatter'd were around ;
Till now he heard not of thy fatal wound.
Unhappy man ! thou o'er thy son may'st weep ;
But at thy voice no more he'll rouse from sleep ;
At thy lov'd call no more he'll watch the dawn,
Nor meet the ruddy morning on the lawn. —
Cold in the dust in rest profound he lies,
And death's eternal slumbers seal his eyes :
When shall the morn dispel the shades of night,
That bids the grave hid tenant wake to light ?

Then,

Then, first of heroes, and of men, farewell !
No more thou'lt shine incas'd in sounding mail ;
No more shalt thunder o'er th' enfanguin'd field,
Nor make the thronging ranks before thee yield ;
Thy arms no more shall lighten through the shade,
Thy friends no more shall hear thy conqu'ring tread ;
Thy foes no more shall dread thy matchless pow'r,
Nor shall these well-known fields behold thee more.
Though thou hast left no son to tend thy bier,
Though thou art robb'd of each domestic tear ;
Yet shall the song to thee preserve a name,
And to remotest climes transmit thy fame ;
Thy mem'ry shall be held for ever dear,
And ages yet unborn of MORAR's fall shall hear.

The E N D.







