




1055

A large, stylized handwritten signature or scribble in dark ink, consisting of several overlapping, sweeping lines that form an abstract shape.



Ossian's Fingal;

AN

ANCIENT EPIC POEM,

IN SIX BOOKS,

Rendered into English Verse.

BY GEORGE HARVEY.

A tale of the times of old ! The deeds of days of other years !

Ossian's Carthon.

T

London :

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1814.



TO

MRS. HARVEY.

A Dedication is usually considered, either as a mark of respect, a token of gratitude, or a tribute of affection ; but as there does not exist that individual, for whom I feel those sentiments, (either singly or collectively,) in so high a degree, as for yourself ; to no other can I, with equal propriety or pleasure, inscribe the following pages. Accept them, therefore, as a proof of the sincere esteem, and unfeigned regard, of your ever affectionate son,

GEORGE HARVEY.

Castle Heddingham, Essex.

July 21st, 1814.

Preface.

ON perusing the criticism given in the Edinburgh Review, on Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, I could not avoid remarking how very earnestly that Poet is recommended to take Macpherson's *Ossian*, for the foundation of a new Poem.

After some observations on the romantic scenery of the Highlands, and the characters and dispositions of their inhabitants, the

critic proceeds to say.—‘ The great and continued popularity of Macpherson’s Ossian, (though discredited as a memorial of antiquity, at least as much as is warranted by any evidence now before the public,) proves how very fascinating a fabric might be raised upon that foundation by a more powerful and judicious hand.’

He then points out several of the beauties and defects of that collection, and thus again urges Mr. Scott to turn his thoughts to the subject in the following words.

‘ A great part of its charm we think consists in the novelty of its Celtic characters, and scenery, and their singular aptitude for poetic combinations ; and therefore it

‘ is that we are persuaded, that if Mr. Scott’s
‘ powerful and creative genius were to be
‘ turned in good earnest to such a subject,
‘ something might be produced still more
‘ impressive and original than even this age
‘ has yet witnessed.’

Struck with the idea, I looked over Ossian’s Poems, and by way of amusement, versified the first sentences of the First Book of Fingal; but numerous professional engagements prevented me from thinking any more of it for some months; however, after a time, I again took it up; not that I had the vanity to imagine I could write any thing that would bear a comparison with Mr. Scott’s works, neither had I then any idea of publishing; but having proceeded a few pages, the very numerous and strik-

ing beauties of the Poem, induced me to think, that although Ossian was a work much admired by some for his concise and singular style ; and by all, for his tenderness and sublimity ; yet, if these sentiments could be conveyed in a more familiar language, and in the form of an English Poem, it might prove acceptable.

Under this impression I have completed the work, which may perhaps be considered more approaching to the nature of a translation than any thing else.

The Story of Duchomar and Morna, in the First Book, and all the Songs of the Bards, I have written as Ballads ; this I hope will not be deemed an impropriety, for although these Episodes are, in great

measure, connected with the story, yet, as they were, or at least are represented to have been, sung by the Minstrels, accompanied with the harp, this difference of metre appeared to me not only proper, but necessary.

Perhaps it was not exactly the meaning of the Critic, that Mr. Scott should versify one of Ossian's Poems ; but, that he should compose a new Poem, taking Ossian for his model. Of this, however, I am by no means certain, neither do I consider myself, if such was his meaning, at all adequate to the task.

I have no desire to enter into any dispute concerning the authenticity of these Poems, and have therefore, in compliance

with custom, entitled my book ‘Ossian’s Fingal.’—Whether they are really the compositions of Ossian, the fabrications of Macpherson, or traditionary Legends, I leave others to determine; certain however it is, that they contain many beauties, and I am willing to acknowledge that I never open the book without wishing to believe it authentic.

Throughout the whole poem I have endeavoured to retain the entire force and meaning of my original; but have thought proper to omit the following simile from the Fifth Book, which has been so justly considered as ridiculous.

‘Thus have I seen on Cona, but Cona I
‘behold no more: thus have I seen two

‘ dark hills removed from their place by
‘ the strength of the bursting stream. They
‘ turn from side to side in their fall, their
‘ tall oaks meet one another on high.
‘ Then they tumble together with all their
‘ rocks and trees. The streams are turned
‘ by their side, the red ruin is seen afar.’

Having thus finished my task, I venture to send it into the world, and shall feel highly gratified, should it prove to the Public what it has proved to me—*an amusement.*

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Poematis Personae.

POEMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CUCHULLIN, a General of the Irish tribes, and Regent of Ulster during the minority of **CORMAC**—he is frequently called the son of **SEMO**; and sometimes chief of the Isle of Mist, from his having a palace at Dunscaich in the Isle of Sky.

CARRIL, **CUCHULLIN**'s Bard.

MORAN, one of **CUCHULLIN**'s scouts.

CONNAL, **CALMAR**, **FERGUS**, **CATHBAT**, **CRUGAL**, **GRUMAL**, Chiefs of **CUCHULLIN**'s army.

SWARAN, a King of Scandinavia (anciently called Lochlin,) an enemy of **Cuchullin**; he is also frequently called **Lochlin**, and the son of **STARNO**, which was his father's name.

MORLA, one of SWARAN'S scouts.

ORLA, a Chief of SWARAN'S army.

FINGAL, King of Morven or the north-west coast of Scotland; he is often called King of Selma, which was the name of his palace; a friend of CUCHULLIN.

ULLIN, FINGAL'S Bard.

OSSIAN, a son of FINGAL, and one of his chiefs; but at the time of relating the poem, a Minstrel and blind from age.

FILLAN, FERGUS, RYNO, younger sons of FINGAL, and Chiefs in his army.

OSCAR, a son of OSSIAN, and one of FINGAL'S chiefs.

GAUL, one of FINGAL'S chiefs.

WOMEN.

Bragéla,* wife of CUCHULLIN.

* I have ventured to place the accent on the second syllable of this name, although I am aware of differing from the common mode, in a well known song; but finding it more convenient, and having seen it so accented in an edition printed for Cameron and Murdoch, Glasgow, I have considered myself authorised to adopt it.

AGANDECCA, daughter of STARNO, and sister of SWARAN, loved by, and in love with FINGAL, when very young.

EVERALLIN, wife of OSSIAN, and mother of OSCAR.

The space of five days, five nights and a part of the sixth day is taken up in the poem. The scene lies on the heath Lena, and the mountain Cromla on the coast of Ulster.

Fingal.

BOOK THE FIRST.

The Argument.

CUCHULLIN, (general of the Irish tribes in the minority of Cormac, king of Ireland,) sitting alone beneath a tree at the gate of Tura, a castle of Ulster, (the other chiefs having gone on a hunting party to Cromla, a neighbouring hill,) is informed of the landing of Swaran, king of Lochlin, by Moran the son of Fithil, one of his scouts. He convenes the Chiefs; a council is held, and disputes run high about giving battle to the enemy. Connal, the petty king of Tongorma, and an intimate friend of Cuchullin, was for retreating, till Fingal, king of those Caledonians who inhabited the North-west coast of Scotland, whose aid had been previously solicited, should arrive; but Calmar

the Son of Matha, Lord of Lara, a country in Connaught, was for engaging the enemy immediately. Cuchullin, of himself willing to fight, went into the opinion of Calmar. Marching towards the enemy, he missed three of his bravest heroes, Fergus, Duchomar, and Cathbat. Fergus arriving, tells Cuchullin of the death of the other two, which introduces an affecting episode of Morna, the daughter of Cormac. The army of Cuchullin is descried at a distance by Swaran, who sent the son of Arno to observe the motions of the enemy, while he himself ranged his forces in order of battle. The Son of Arno returning to Swaran, describes to him Cuchullin's chariot, and the terrible appearance of that Hero. The armies engage, but night coming on, leaves the victory undecided. Cuchullin, according to the hospitality of the times, sends Carril his Bard, to invite Swaran to a feast. Swaran refuses to come. Carril relates to Cuchullin, the Story of Grudar and Brassolis. A party, by Connal's advice, is sent to observe the enemy; which closes the action of the first day

Fingal.

BOOK THE FIRST.

NEAR Tura's wall, beneath the spreading trees,
Whose verdant foliage murmur'd to the breeze,
Cuchullin sat ¹—his spear reclined at rest,
Against a rock, his shield the ground possessed.
The mighty Cairbar all his thoughts engaged,
(Cairbar the Hero whom when battle raged
He late had slain,) when from the coast in haste,
A scout arrived, who thus the chief addressed.

¹ Vide Note 1.

‘Cuchullin, rise! resume thy shield and spear,
‘The northern vessels on our seas appear;
‘Unnumbered foemen sea-borne Swaran’s train,
‘Steer their light barks across the rolling main.’

‘Thou ever tremblest, son of Fithil, know,’
Said the brave chief, ‘thy fears increase the foe;
‘Brave Fingal’ comes, the king of desert hills,
‘With friendly troops green Erin’s plains he fills.’²—

‘Their chief,’ said Moran, ‘I have lately seen,
‘Of height gigantic and of haughty mien,
‘Huge as an icy rock, which boldly rears
‘Its glitt’ring form, the warlike chief appears.
‘His spear’s dread length with yonder pine may vie,
‘Whose blasted summit tow’ring meets the sky.
‘Broad as the rising moon, when first her beams,
‘On earth she sheds, the hero’s buckler seems.

¹ Vide Note 2.

² Vide Note 3.

‘ Upon a rock he sits—around in crowds,
‘ His warriors gather, thick as dark’ning clouds.—
‘ Many, O Chief! our hands of war, I said,
‘ Our men are num’rous, and to battle bred ;
‘ Well art thou named the mighty man, but know,
‘ Tura’s proud walls can many mighty show.—
‘ With voice as loud, as when a wave is broke
‘ Against a rock, in answer thus he spoke.

‘ Who in this land, to me can you compare,
‘ Say, have you one, who will the combat dare?
‘ When I am present heroes never stand,
‘ But fall to earth beneath my conquering hand ;
‘ None can meet Swaran, when he takes the field,
‘ Fingal alone presumes, all others yield.
‘ Once when on Malmor’s heath we wrestling strove,
‘ Our heels with struggling, overturned the grove,
‘ From out the ground, the stony rocks we spurned
‘ And murmuring brooks from us their courses
‘ turned.

'Three days successive we renewed the fight,
 'While heroes stood, and trembled at the sight,
 'On the fourth morn, Fingal has dared to say,
 'The King of Ocean fell, and lost the day;
 'But Swaran says, and ever will maintain,
 'That he stood firm, and did the battle gain.
 'Let dark Cuchullin yield to him whose might,
 'Equals the storms of Malmor's rocky height.'

'To mortal never will I yield,' he said,
 'The dark Cuchullin shall be great or dead.—
 'Go, Fithil's son, and with thee take my spear,
 'Strike Cathbat's shield;¹ my heroes soon will hear
 'Its well known voice; that voice which never rung
 'The sound of peace—high on the wall 'tis hung
 'Near Tura's gate.'—He struck the shield. Its
 sound,
 Spread through the woods, and all the country
 round;

¹ Vide Note 4.

The rocks and hills, in echoing peals reply,
And from the lakes, the deer with terror fly.
Curach, and Connal of the bloody spear,
Leap from the rock, when first it's sound they
hear.

With sudden swell, high heaves fair Crugal's breast,
The son of Favi leaves the hind in haste.
'I hear the shield of war,' exclaimed Ronnar;
'Cuchullin's spear,' rejoined the brave Lugar.
Son of the sea, put on thy warlike mail,
And lift, O Calmar! lift thy sounding steel.
Rise, dreadful Puno, for thy aid we need,
From thy red tree of Cromla, Cairbar, speed.
Eth, bend thy martial knee and hither tend,
Haste from the streams of Lena, forth descend.
And Caolt come, advance thy polished side,
Haste thee o'er Mora's whistling heath to stride,
Thy side that glitters as the foaming wave,
Which driv'n by winds, doth murm'ring Cuthon
lave.

Now in the pride of ancient times, behold
The Chiefs assembled.—At the deeds of old,
At the great battles fought in former days,
When they together won the hard-earn'd bays,
Their souls are kindled ;—with indignant ire,
Glows each fierce eye-ball, like a flame of fire,
As seeking him who dares invade the land,
Each mighty warrior firmly grasps his brand ;
While from their steel-clad sides, bright lightning
seems,

To burst in flashes, and to pour in streams.—
Like waters rushing down the mountain's side,
With eager haste impetuously they stride.
Bright in the armour which their fathers wore,
In glitt'ring pomp the chieftains come before ;
In thick'ning groups, like heavy clouds, appear,
Their gloomy warriors, bringing up the rear.

Now mingled sounds which seem the air to rend,
Of howling dogs and clashing arms ascend ;

While ever and anon, is heard from far,
Borne on the breeze, th' unequal song of war ;
And rocking Cromla, the discordant sound,
In oft repeated echoes, sends around.

As an autumnal mist which dark, and high,
Against a mountain's side is seen to fly,
In thick unequal clouds of tow'ring height,
Concealing all its summit from our sight ;
On Lena's dusky heath the warriors stand,
In dark'ning groups, wide scattered o'er the land,
When thus Cuchullin speaks.—'Sons of the Vale !
' Ye warlike hunters of the deer ; all hail !
' Chase ye no longer now the fallow deer,
' A sport far different is drawing near.
' Rough as the waves on yonder beach that foam,
' Is the dread sport to which you now must come.

* Vide Note 5.

‘ Ye sons of war ! say, shall we bravely fight,
 ‘ Or yield green Innis-fail¹ to Lochlin’s might ?
 ‘ Oh, Connal ! breaker of the shields ! declare,
 ‘ Thou first of men ! shall we th’ invader dare ?
 ‘ Oft hast thou fought with Lochlin¹ on the plain,
 ‘ Wilt thou not lift thy Father’s spear again ?’—

In accents mild, with sober prudence fraught,
 Replied the warrior, by experience taught.
 ‘ Keen is my spear, Cuchullin ; keen and bright,
 ‘ And the dread battle is its chief delight,
 ‘ There, ’midst the blood of thousand warriors slain,
 ‘ It streams with gore, and glories in the stain,
 ‘ But though for war, thus ready is my hand,
 ‘ Yet says my heart, give peace to Erin’s² land.—
 ‘ Behold, thou first in Cormac’s war, the fleet,
 ‘ Behold the hostile force we have to meet.

¹ Vide Note 6.

² Vide Note 7.

‘ In number, equal to the reeds which grow
‘ In Lego’s lake, the ships of Swaran show.
‘ Connal says peace—Fingal himself would shun,
‘ The dreadful risk of meeting him to run ;
‘ Fingal, before whose arm, the mighty fly,
‘ Like heath before the wind, when loud, and
 high,
‘ By night it rages, and with horrid roar,
‘ The rapid floods through echoing Cona pour.’—

‘ Fly, Chief of peace!’ said Calmar, Matha’s
 son,

‘ Fly to thy silent hills ; where never shone
‘ The warlike spear—to Cronla’s deer give chase,
‘ And with thine arrows stop their bounding race ;
‘ But thou, Cuchullin ! Semo’s blue-eyed Son !
‘ Slack not thine arm, until the fight be won.
‘ Scatter the Sons of Lochlin, far, and wide,
‘ Shout through those ranks in full career of pride.

‘ Let not a vessel from their snowy shore,
‘ Bound on the rolling waves of Inistore.’¹

‘ Rise, ye dark winds of Erin ; rise and blow ;
‘ Roar, O ye whirlwinds, all your fury show,
‘ And let me, ’midst the tempest’s dreadful ire,
‘ Torn in a cloud by angry ghosts, expire,
‘ If ever chase to me, was half so dear,
‘ As is the battle of the shield and spear.’—

In accents slow, the wary Chief then said,
‘ Oh, Son of Matha ! Connal never fled.
‘ Small is my fame, I grant ; but Calmar, know,
‘ Swift with my friends, to battle did I go ;
‘ I have been present when the fight was won,
‘ Great deeds achieved, and valiant men outdone.
‘ But, Son of Semo, to my voice give ear ;
‘ Be Córmac’s ancient throne thy greatest care,

¹ Vide Note 8.

‘ For peace, give wealth, and give up half the land,
‘ Till Fingal come to take the chief command ;
‘ Or, if thy choice be battle, speak the word,
‘ Connal is ready to unsheath his sword.
‘ In war’s dark gloom my soul shall bright appear,
‘ And amid thousands will I lift my spear.’—

‘ To me,’ replied Cuchullin, ‘ is the sound,
‘ Of warlike arms re-echoing around,
‘ Pleasant as Heaven’s loud thunder to the ear,
‘ Before the genial showers of spring appear.—
‘ But gather all the troops, that I may know,
‘ What force we have to meet this mighty foe.
‘ Let them in order move along the plain,
‘ Bright as the sun before a show’r of rain,
‘ When the west wind collects each stormy cloud,
‘ And Morven’s shores resound with echoes loud.—
‘ But where are those on whom I most depend,
‘ In hours of danger, when I need a friend ?

' Will not white-bosom'd Cathbat now appear ?
 ' Is not that cloud in war, Duchomar, here ?
 ' And Fergus too, wilt thou not with me stay
 ' On this important, this eventful day ?
 ' Fergus, thou arm of strength ! brave Rossa's son !
 ' First at the banquet when the fight is done !
 ' Come like a hart ; or like the mountain roe ;
 ' He comes at last, I see ; but why so slow ?
 ' Hail, Son of Rossa ! say, has aught befel ?
 ' What shades the soul of war ? thy troubles tell.'—

' Four stones,' replied the Chief, ' rise on the
 grave,
 ' Where Cathbat lies, the mighty and the brave,¹
 ' Duchomar too, in earth these hands have laid,
 ' That cloud in war, is numbered with the dead.
 ' Oh Cathbat ! Torman's son, what worth was thine !
 ' Bright as the sun thy deeds were wont to shine,

¹ Vide Note 9.

‘ And like the mist, which oft in Autumn springs
‘ From Lano’s marsh, and deadly influence brings,
‘ Wert thou, Duchomar ; wide thy valour spread,
‘ And strewed the plains with wounded, and with
 dead.—

‘ Calm is thy sleep, O Morna ! fairest maid,
‘ Deep in a rocky cavern art thou laid.—
‘ As the bright star which swiftly seems to fly
‘ Across the desert, cheers the trav’ler’s eye,
‘ And sudden then withdraws it’s transient beams,
‘ Such was thy life ; such thy departure seems.’—

‘ Speak,’ said the blue-eyed Chieftain ; ‘ quickly
 tell,

‘ How the brave warriors of green Erin fell.
‘ Fell they by Lochlin’s sons upon the plain,
‘ Striving ’gainst them the battle to maintain?
‘ Or by what chance are Cromla’s heroes dead
‘ And in the narrow house for ever laid ?

‘Beneath the oak,’ replied the Chief, ‘which
grows
‘Near where yon stream with ceaseless murmur
flows,
‘Brave Cathbat fell—Duchomar’s ruthless blade
‘Gave the sad blow which laid the hero dead,
‘Then straight to Tura’s Cave his way he took,
‘And thus to Morna (fairest maiden) spoke.”



DUCHOMAR AND MORNA.

‘Say, lovely, fair Daughter of Cormac Cairbar,
‘In the cave of the rock, why alone?
‘The stream hoarsely murm’ring is heard from afar,
‘And the winds through the aged trees groan.

‘ Yon lake, whose broad surface was once bright
and clear,

‘ Now is rough and disturbed by the blast ;

‘ Above thee, the clouds thick and heavy appear,

‘ And with darkness the sky is o’ercast.

‘ But thou like the snow on the heath dost appear,

‘ So unsullied, and pure, dost thou seem ;

‘ Like the mist when it curls on the rocks is thy hair,

‘ As it shines in the sun’s setting beam.

‘ Thy bosom in smootliness may certainly vie,

‘ With the rocks seen from Brano’s clear stream,

‘ In the halls of great Fingal the pillars so high,

‘ Not more white than thy arms can I deem.’

‘ And whence comes Duchomar?’ the maiden replies,

‘ Why so terribly dark dost thou frown?

‘ Oh! say, what’s the cause of thy red rolling eyes?

‘ Do the foes of thy country come down?’

- ‘ From hunting the deer, on the hills, I am come,
‘ Neither have I been hunting in vain,
‘ For three my fine far-leaping dogs have brought
home ;
‘ With my bended yew, three have I slain.
- ‘ For thee, lovely Daughter of Cormac, I’ve killed
‘ One that seem’d than the rest more complete ;
‘ His high-spreading horns were with antlers well
filled,
‘ And as fleet as the wind were his feet.’
- ‘ So hard is thy heart,’ was the fair maid’s reply,
‘ And so dark is thy terrible brow ;
‘ To love thee, Duchomar, in vain should I try,
‘ For no fav’rite of Morna art thou.
- ‘ But say, hast thou seen, on the hill of the hind,
‘ The brave Cathbat, pursuing the deer ?
‘ For Cathbat alone hath the bent of my mind,
‘ And for him I am now waiting here.’

‘ And long shalt thou wait for thy Cathbat’ he said,
‘ For my sword blade is stained with his blood ;
‘ In vain dost thou wait, for thy Cathbat is dead,
‘ The youth fell, close by Brano’s clear flood.

‘ A tomb on steep Cromla for him will I form,
‘ Then consent, fairest maid, to be mine ;
‘ On me fix thy love ; I am strong as a storm,
‘ And the strength of my arm shall be thine.’

‘ Is the brave son of Torman then fallen and dead ?’
Ask’d the maid as her tears ’gan to flow,
‘ And pale on his echoing heath is he laid,
‘ Whose fair bosom was white as the snow?

‘ In the chase he was first ; and the first in the field ;
‘ When the Strangers of Ocean appeared,
‘ Young Cathbat the brave with his spear and his
shield,
‘ To meet them was ever prepared.

‘ But thou art Duchomar the dark, and well named,
‘ Dark and cruel to me dost thou prove ;
‘ But give me the sword that slew Cathbat the brave,
‘ For his blood as himself do I love.’

He gave her the sword, her sad tears to allay,
But she pierced through his breast with the blade:
He fell, like the bank of a stream giving way,
And extending his arm thus he said.

‘ Oh! Morna, Duchomar is slain, and by thee,
‘ Cold and keen is the sword in my breast ;
‘ But give me to Moina the maid ; let her see,
‘ And weep over the man she loved best.

‘ A tomb for her much-loved Duchomar she’ll raise,
‘ He alone was the dream of her night :
‘ The huntsman shall see it ; and sound forth the
praise,
‘ Of the first in the chase or the fight.

‘ But come, Morna, come and withdraw this sad
sword,

‘ Which so cold in my bosom I feel.’

She went and withdrew it—he spoke not a word,
But pierced her white side with his steel.

As welt’ring and dying she lay on the ground,

The blood gushed in a stream from her side ;

The Cave’s mournful echoes prolonged the sad
sound

Of her groans till the fair Maiden died.—

‘ Peace to the Heroes’ souls,’ Cuchullin said ;

‘ Great were their deeds when war its ravage spread.

‘ Be they in battle ever by my side,

‘ Or borne on clouds, around me let them glide.’

‘ May they their stern and warlike features show,

‘ To cheer my soul whenc’er I meet the foe.

' But on a moon-beam, Morna, do thou come,
 ' Near to my window when the fight is done ;
 ' When all my thoughts are peace ; when all is o'er,
 ' And the harsh din of arms is heard no more.—

' Now to the wars of Erin let us go,
 ' Gather the tribes to meet our country's foe.
 ' Attend my car ; and give me by my side
 ' Three spears in which I fearless may confide.
 ' Follow my bounding steeds—keep close behind,
 ' That in my friends my soul new strength may
 find.—

As down the shady steep of Cromla's side,
 A foaming stream impetuous rolls its tide,
 When the loud thunder rumbles over head,
 And o'er the mountain, night her veil has spread ;
 So fierce, so vast, with such resistless might,
 Rushed on the Sons of Erin to the fight.—

As a huge whale, in passing through the main,
Leaves in his track, a long and rippling train,
So seemed Cuchullin as he rolled along,
With all his followers, a valiant throng.

The Sons of Lochlin, heard the distant sound,
Like floods in winter, roaring o'er the ground.
Swaran then gave his bossy shield a stroke,
And, list'ning, thus to Arno's son he spoke.

' What murmur rolling over yonder hill,
' Seems like the hum of flies the air to fill?
' The Sons of Inis-fail for war prepare,
' Or the wind roaring through the woods I hear.
' Such is the noise of Gormal, just before
' A tempest comes, with loud tremendous roar
' And foaming waves resound along the shore.
' But haste, ascend the hill, look well around,
' Survey the heath, and all the neighb'ring ground.'

He went—but shortly, trembling and in haste,
 Back to the Hero were his steps retraced.
 High heaved his breast, and wild his eyes he rolled,
 And much he faltered, as his tale he told.

‘ Rise, Ocean’s Son! Rise, Chief of Shields, I
 pray!

‘ Like mountain stream the battle comes this way.
 ‘ Cuchullin’s War-Car, like the flame of death,
 ‘ With rapid progress crosses o’er the heath;
 ‘ It’s sides embossed with stones, emit a light,
 ‘ Like sparkling waves, around a boat by night.’
 ‘ The beam is yew, of polished bone the seat,
 ‘ A stool below, supports the warrior’s feet.
 ‘ In glitt’ring ranks arranged on either side,
 ‘ Are seen the spears with which he is supplied.
 ‘ By two enormous steeds of equal might
 ‘ The car is drawn.—The one upon the right,

‘ Vide Note 11.

- ‘ A proud, broad-breasted, strong, and snorting
horse,
‘ Loud sounds his hoof, and prancing is his course,
‘ Bright is his color, and his spreading mane,
‘ Is like yon curling smoke upon the plain.
‘ Sulin-Sifadda is the common name
‘ By which he’s known amongst the sons of fame.
‘ Before the car’s left side, a dark maned-steed,
‘ Whom they Dusronnal call ; in strength and
speed
‘ Sifadda’s equal ; high he holds his head,
‘ Strong is his hoof, majestic is his tread.
‘ Raised in the air, at distance from the ground,
‘ By num’rous thongs upheld, the car is bound.
‘ Along the horses’ necks which graceful bend,
‘ Studded with sparkling gems, the reins extend.
‘ Swiftly they fly across the streamy vales,
‘ As wreaths of mist impelled by stormy gales ;
‘ Wild as the mountain deer, they take their way,
‘ But strong as eagles, pouncing on their prey ;

‘ With rushing noise across the plains they stride,
‘ Loud as the blast, on snow-topped Gormal’s side.
‘ The famed Cuchullin sits within the car,
‘ A mighty swordsman, long inured to war ;
‘ His cheek is ruddy as my polished bow,
‘ His blue eyes roll beneath his arching brow,
‘ Bright as a flame appears his flowing hair,
‘ When with a forward stoop he wields his spear.
‘ Fly, King of Ocean! fly, nor longer stay,
‘ Like a dread storm the Hero takes his way.’

‘ Chief of the little soul,’ the King replied,
‘ When from the battle did I turn aside ?
‘ I met the storm of Gormal, when the sky
‘ Was dark with clouds, and foaming waves ran
 high ;
‘ Shall I, who tempests braved, a Hero fear ?
‘ Or my soul darken though Fingal appear ?
‘ Arise, ye valiant thousands of my train,
‘ And pour around me, like the echoing main ;

‘ Around your King’s bright steel collected stand,
Strong as the rocks that fence your native land,
‘ And meet the storms with joy, (when storms pre-
vail)
‘ Stretching their dark woods to the boist’rous gale.’

As down two echoing mountains’ rugged sides
Pour Autumn’s storms, in dark o’erwhelming tides,
Th’ opposing warriors tow’rds each other came,
Equal in might, in numbers too the same.
And as two torrents down the rocks that flow,
And foaming meet upon the plain below,
Loud, rough, and dark, each striving to prevail,
Met Lochlin’s sons, and warlike Inisfail.
Chief fought with Chief, Man was to Man opposed,
And clashing arms resounded as they closed.
The high plumed helmets, oft are cleft in twain,
And gushing blood runs smoking to the plain,
Strings twang on polished yews, and arrows fly,
With rushing noise along the azure sky ;

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And falling spears resemble streams of light
With which the meteors gild the face of night.

Loud as the roaring waves when storms arise,
Or as the thunder rattling through the skies,
Is the dread sound of war.—The Bards in vain
Through Cormac's hundred minstrels wake the
 strain,
And with united efforts strive to say
The horrid carnage of that dreadful day;
Feeble their efforts prove—in vain they try
To sing who live, or mourn for those that die.
For many heroes on that day were slain,
And their brave blood streamed wide upon the
 plain.—

Mourn, all ye Sons of song, Sithallin dead,
In plaintive notes his noble deeds be said.
On his lone plains, Fiona, breathe thy sighs,
Amongst the dead, thy much loved Ardan lies,

Like two young hinds beneath the huntsman's blow,
Fell the two warriors striving with the foe ;
By Swaran's mighty hands the heroes fell,
When 'midst the troops he roared with frantic yell,
Like the shrill Spirit of a storm ; who sits
Dim on a northern cloud, and shrieks by fits
With fiend-like pleasure, when the ruthless wave
Ingulphs the seaman in a wat'ry grave.—

Nor slept thine arm, inactive by thy side,
Chief of the Isle of mist ! ^a for many died
Beneath thy conqu'ring blade, brave Semo's Son !
Full many a valiant deed by thee was done.—

As, when the deadly beams of Heav'n prevail,
Piercing the Sons and Daughters of the vale,
Who blasted, fall upon the burning ground ;
So did his sword destruction deal around.

^a Vide Note 12.

Dusronnal snorts o'er Heroes newly dead,
And with their blood Sifadda's hoofs are red ;
On as they passed, the battle lay behind,
Like groves uprooted by the boist'rous wind,
When over Cromla's Heath the dismal blast,
Laden with spirits of the night, has passed. —

On the high rocks where winds tempestuous,
roar,

Weep thy sad loss, Oh Maid of Inistore !¹
Over the waves incline, and weep thy fill,
Thou who art fair, as Spirit of the Hill,
When on a sun-beam, from the distant skies,
O'er Morven's silent groves, at noon it flies.
Thy youth is fallen ; Cuchullin gave the blow,
Cuchullin's sword has laid thy Trenar low.
To match the blood of kings, the youth no more
Shall valour raise, thou Maid of Inistore.

¹ Vide Note 13.

His dogs at home have seen his passing ghost,
And howling, wail their much loved master lost.¹
High in the hall his favorite bow is hung,
Alas! unused, unpolished, and unstrung.
Never again, his voice the heath shall cheer,
Or timorous hind shall start, that voice to hear.—

As roll a thousand waves against a rock,
Came on fierce Swaran's host, with mighty shock ;
And as a rock a thousand waves withstands,
So Erin's Chief, met Swaran's numerous bands.
Death's various voices spread the field around,
And clanging shields produce a horrid sound.
Each Hero now a cloud of darkness seems,
Each glittering sword, like flashing meteor
gleams ;
From wing to wing the jarring discord flies,
And the wide field in echoes loud replies.

¹ Vide Note 14.

Like the harsh sounds that from the anvil spring,
When in their turns a hundred hammers ring.—

But who are those that with such gloomy mien,
Like two dark clouds, upon the heath are seen ?
Each with his hand upraised above his head,
Like flashing lightning flourishes his blade.
The neighbouring hills with terror seem to shake,
And the green moss upon the rocks to quake.—
Who ? 'tis the car-borne Chief of Erin's land
And Ocean's son, engaging hand to hand ;
With anxious eyes, their friends behold the sight
Till with her sable clouds all-shadowing night
Conceals the chiefs, and ends the dreadful
fight.—

Before the sound of brave Cuchullin's shield
Had called the warlike huntsmen to the field ;
Young Dorglas placed on Cromla's shaggy side,
A Deer that early in the chase had died ;

And now a hundred youths of warlike fame,
Collect the heath, ten heroes blow the flame ;¹
Three hundred more the polished stones provide,
And the fine-flavored feast is smoking wide.

Then did Cuchullin's generous soul appear,
As in the front, supported by his spear.
To grey-haired Carril, son of songs, he said,
' Is it for me alone this feast is spread ?
' For me alone ? while Lochlin's king is here,
' Far from his sounding halls, and mountain deer.
' Rise, Carril, ancient Bard ! and speed thy way,
' To the brave Swaran these my words convey.

' Tell him, who from the roaring waters came,
' Cuchullin bid thee go, his feast proclaim.
' Here let him listen to the whispering breeze,
' And pass the night beneath my sheltering trees,

¹ Vide Note 15.

‘ For cold, and bleak the blustering tempests rave,
‘ And rush with fury o’er the foaming wave.
‘ Here let him praise the harp’s melodious strain,
‘ And hear the songs of valiant heroes slain.’

Straight to the King of Shields, old Carril sped,
And thus with softest voice his message said.

‘ From the skins of thy chase, mighty Swaran, arise,
‘ And partake of the bountiful cheer ;
‘ Which the blue-eyed Cuchullin, our Chieftain,
supplies,
‘ Come, and share with our heroes the deer.”—

With sullen voice ; like sound on Cromla’s side,
Before a storm ; the hostile chief replied.

‘ Though all thy daughters, Inisfail ! should
bend,
‘ And suppliant-like their snow-white arms extend,

‘ Though they should raise their heaving breasts
and roll
‘ Their lovely eyes, to captivate my soul ;
‘ Here fixed as Lochlin’s rocks, shall Swaran stay,
‘ Till the young beams proclaim the opening day ;
‘ Which from the ruddy East, shall light my hand,
‘ To lay Cuchullin dead upon his land.—
‘ I love the roar of Lochlin’s winds to hear,
‘ As rushing o’er the seas they meet my ear,
‘ Whistling amongst my shrouds, they bring to
mind,
‘ All the green forests I have left behind ;
‘ Gormal’s green forests, where I’ve chased the
boar,
‘ And often stained my shining spear with gore,—
‘ Let dark Cuchullin yield to me the throne,
‘ And mighty Swaran for his Monarch own,
‘ Or all the streams from Erin’s hills that flow,
‘ Red with his warrior’s haughty blood shall
glow.’—

Back to Cuchullin, then the Minstrel went,
But grieved to bear the answer that was sent.

‘ Sad is the sound of Swaran’s voice,’ he cried ;
‘ Sad to himself alone,’ the Chief replied ;
‘ But, Carril, raise thy tuneful voice, and say
‘ The valiant actions of some former day.
‘ Spend thou the night in song ; and let us know,
‘ The pleasing grief inspired by tales of woe.
‘ For many lovely maids on Inisfail,
‘ Have deigned to listen to the warrior’s tale,
‘ And often when the noisy chase was o’er,
‘ I’ve heard from Albion’s rocks soft music pour ;
‘ And Cona’s streams in murmuring sounds prolong
‘ The plaintive melody of Ossian’s song.’¹

Th’ obedient Bard, a solemn prelude rung,
From his sweet harp, then raised his voice and
sung.

¹ Vide Note 16.

GRUDAR AND BRASSOLIS. ¹

In ancient days when Erin's foes,
Came bounding o'er the wave ;
The sons of Inisfail arose,
Their native land to save.

Brave Cairbar, first of men, was there,
And youthful Grudar too ;
Yet hostile these two heroes were,
And mutual envy knew.

Long for a spotted Bull they strove
That lowed on Golbun's plain ;
Each wished his own the Bull to prove
But neither could obtain.

¹ Vide Note 17.

Oft had they fought ; as often each,
The other near had slain ;
But now their country's foe to reach,
Both strove, nor strove in vain.

For side by side the rivals fought,
The vanquished foe took flight ;
None more their country's welfare sought,
Or more maintained her right.

But ah ! why ever loved that Bull,
On Golbun's echoing plain ;
When him they saw, their hearts were full,
And wrath returned again.

They fought on Lubar's grassy side,
And stately Grudar fell ;
To Tura's valley Cairbar hied,
The woeful news to tell.

His beauteous sister, there alone,
Her song of sorrow sung ;
Grudar's brave deeds in plaintive moan
Responsive echoes rung.

For him she raised the song of woe,
His absence did she mourn ;
Yet hoped, when conquered was the foe,
To her he would return.

As by a cloud the moon's pale light,
Is only half concealed ;
So a loose robe of purest white,
Her bosom partly veiled.

Soft was her voice as softest sound,
From harp that ever rung ;
Her words melodious flowed around,
As Grudar's deeds she sung.

When hastening from th' embattled field,
Cairbar, her brother, came ;
And holding out a bloody shield,
Thus called upon her name.

‘ Brassolis, high within my hall,
‘ His bloody armour place ;
‘ Grudar, my foe no more I'll call,
‘ His arms my house shall grace.’

Her soft heart beat against her side,
Distracted, pale she flew,
To seek her Grudar where he died.
For well his shield she knew.

On Cromla's heath the youth she found,
All bloody as he died,
Then sunk expiring on the ground,
And perish'd by his side.

Yon lonely Yews, whose branches wave,
And wish to meet on high ;
Sprung from the spot, and mark the grave
Where these two lovers lie.—

Ceased was the song—the Minstrel bowed his head.
' Sweet is thy voice,' the blue-eyed Chieftain said ;
' Soft on the ear thy songs their influence pour,
' Soft as the genial drops of Spring's calm shower,
' When the mild sun looks down upon the vale,
' And the light clouds above the mountains sail,
' But strike thy harp again and raise the song,
' To fair Bragéla ' let the theme belong,
' Dunscaiach's lone sunbeam, whom I lately left,
' That lovely spouse of whom I'm now bereft.—
' And dost thou raise thy beauteous face, and try,
' From the steep rock my vessels to descry?
' Oft shall the distant waves thy eyes deceive,
' And the white foam, my ships wilt thou believe.

' Vide Note 18.

' Retire, my love ; my vessels are not there,
 ' And the night wind sighs mournful in thy hair.
 ' Retire, my love ; and in my silent hall,
 ' Let memory to thy mind past times recal ;
 ' For not till war's loud tumults here shall cease,
 ' Back shall Cuchullin turn to thee and peace.
 ' Oh Connal !. speak of wars, and arms, and find,
 ' Something to drive her image from my mind ;
 ' Let me not think of Sorglan's daughter fair,
 ' Her snow white bosom, or her raven hair.'

Slow speaking Connal, cautious Chief, replied,
 ' A nightly guard to watch the foe provide ;
 ' Yet still my voice is peace, as first I said,
 ' Till the brave Fingal bring his promised aid ;
 ' Until his warlike troops, combined with thine,
 ' Like cheering sunbeam on our fields shall shine.'—

Cuchullin struck his shield, and roused a few,
 To keep the actions of the foe in view ;

The rest, exposed to nightly breezes lay,
Intent to pass in sleep the hours till day.
Above their heads in gloomy vapours glide,
The ghosts of those who in the battle died ;
And save their feeble voices, not a sound
Passed through the air ; 'twas silence all around.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

The first part of the document
 contains a list of names and
 addresses of the members of
 the committee. The names are
 arranged in alphabetical order
 and each name is followed by
 the street and number of the
 residence. The list is headed
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Fingal.

BOOK THE SECOND.

The Argument.

THE ghost of Crugal, one of the Irish heroes, who was killed in battle, appearing to Connal, foretells the defeat of Cuchullin in the next battle; and earnestly advises him to make peace with Swaran. Connal communicates the vision, but Cuchullin is inflexible; from a principle of honour he would not be the first to sue for peace, and he resolved to continue the war. Morning comes, Swaran proposes dishonourable terms to Cuchullin, which are rejected: the battle begins and is obstinately fought for some time, until, upon the flight of Grumal, the whole Irish army give way. Cuchullin and Connal cover their retreat; Carril leads them to a neighbouring hill, whither they are soon followed by Cuchullin himself, who descries the fleet of Fingal making towards the coast: but night

coming on he lost sight of it again. Cuchullin, dejected after his defeat, attributes his ill success to the death of Ferda, his friend, whom he killed some time before. Carril, to show that ill success did not always attend those who innocently killed their friends, introduces the episode of Comal and Galvina.

Fingal.

BOOK THE SECOND.

FROM all his brother heroes far away,
Beside a bubbling stream brave Connal lay ;¹
An aged tree above its branches spread,
A mossy stone was pillow for his head.
Shrill through the heath he heard the frequent
 sound,
Of night's faint voices murmuring around.

¹ Vide Note 19.

Here as alone the warrior slept, he dreamed
A flaming torrent from the mountain streamed,
High on the fiery beam, a form he spied,
Resembling Crugal, who that morn had died ;
Striving with Swaran he received a wound,
That laid him breathless on the bloody ground.—
Wan as the setting moon his face appears,
Formed of a misty cloud the robe he wears,
Like two decaying flames appear his eyes.
And a deep wound within his bosom lies.

The mighty Connal first the silence broke,
And to the semblance of his friend thus spoke.
'Crugal, brave Dedgal's son ! why com'st thou
here
'So pale and sad ; famed hunter of the Deer ?
'Fear never yet was known to bleach thy cheek,
'Son of the hill ! then what disturbs thee, speak.'—
Dim and in tears the phantom made a stand,
And over Connal stretched his pallid hand.

His feeble voice he raises to reply,
Faint as the winds through Lego's reeds that sigh.

' Back to its native hills my soul has fled,
' Though here on Ullin's sands my corse is laid ;
' No more with Crugal shalt thou speak thy mind,
' Or on the heath his lonely footsteps find.
' Light is my form as blast on Cromla's side,
' And like the shadow of a mist I glide.
' Connal I see the dismal cloud of death
' Darkly it hovers over Lena's heath.
' Remove from hence, it is the field of ghosts,
' And will prove fatal to green Erin's hosts.'

Then as the moon behind the clouds of night,
'Midst whistling breezes sunk the form from sight.

' Stay' said the mighty Connal ; ' stay my friend,
' And from that fiery beam of Heaven descend :
' Say in what lonely cavern dost thou dwell,
' Or in what green topped hill thy resting cell ?

' Shall we not hear thy voice amid the gale,
 ' Or in the mountain-stream, when storms prevail;
 ' When all the feeble sons of air come forth,
 ' And ride upon the breezes of the north?'—

Sudden he wakes, his clattering arms resound,
 As up he springs astonished from the ground,
 He sought Cuchullin through the spacious field,
 And having found him struck his sounding shield.

The son of battle waked, and thus addressed
 The cautious breaker of his nightly rest.
 ' Say Connal, why, at this dull hour of night,
 ' Dost thou appear before my wondering sight?
 ' Awaking thus, and hearing thy alarm,
 ' Against my friend I might have raised my arm;
 ' Then would Cuchullin evermore have grieved,
 ' That Connal thus of life he had bereaved.
 ' But son of Colgar speak,¹ thy mind declare,
 ' Prized as the sun of Heaven thy counsels are.'

¹ Vide Note 20.

‘ Brave Semo’s son !’ he answered ; ‘ I have
seen

‘ The ghost of Crugal, who this morn was slain.
‘ Dim through his form, the twinkling stars of night
‘ Shone with a glimmering uncertain light ;
‘ His feeble voice was like the murmuring sound
‘ Of distant waters rippling o’er the ground ;
‘ A warning messenger he came, to save
‘ Thy troops Cuchullin from the threatened grave ;
‘ O Chief of Dunscaich ! strive a peace to gain,
‘ Or fly from Swaran over Lena’s plain.’——

‘ He spoke,’ replied the Chief ; ‘ though stars of
night

‘ Shone through his form with dim and glimmering
light ?

‘ Oh ! son of Colgar ; ’twas the murmuring wind,

‘ In Lena’s caverns that deceived thy mind.

‘ Or if it was brave Crugal’s ghost, say why

‘ To force him hither hast thou failed to try ?

‘Hast thou inquired within what lonely cell,
‘This son of air is destined now to dwell?
‘My sword might find that feeble voice, and wrest
‘The boasted knowledge from his airy breast.
‘And be assured but little he can tell,
‘’Twas but this morning that he fought, and fell :
‘Beyond our hills he’s not had time to go,
‘And of our fate, as yet can nothing know.’

With voice of wisdom Connal then replied,
‘Ghosts fly on clouds, and on the breezes ride,
‘They meet together in some lonely den,
‘And talk of all the deeds of mortal men.’

‘Then let them talk of mortal men, and know,
‘Save Erin’s chief, the fate of all below ;
‘Let me within their cavern be forgot,
‘For fly from Swaran, Connal I will not ;
‘If I must fall, my tomb shall rise ; and fame
‘Transmit to future times Cuchullin’s name.

‘The passing huntsman there shall shed a tear,
‘And fair Bragéla suffer grief sincere.—
‘I neither fear to fight, nor dread to die,
‘Fingal has seen me conquer, but not fly.
‘Come thou dim phantom of the hill ; appear,
‘And from thyself let me thy message hear ;
‘Come on thy beam of Heaven, and in thy
hand
‘Shew me my death, and issue thy command,
‘Yet I’ll not fly, thou feeble son of air,
‘Nor shall thy mandate ev’n inspire a care.—
‘Go son of Colgar, strike the sounding shield,
‘That hangs between the spears in yonder field ;
‘Let my brave warriors glorying in their might,
‘Hear its loud clang, and hasten to the fight ;
‘Though Fingal thus his promised aid delays,
‘Alone we’ll fight, alone we’ll win the bays ;
‘Yes son of Colgar, we will fight, and die .
‘The death of heroes ; not like cowards fly.’—

Wide spreads the sound; sudden the heroes stand,
In busy groups dispersed o'er all the land,
As a blue wave, that breaking scatters wide
O'er all the sandy beach its foaming tide.
Or like the withered leaves that strew the ground,
When wintry breezes sprinkle them around.—

Now Cromla's cloud-top'd summit's tinged with
grey,
And glitt'ring waves proclaim the op'ning day;
A thick blue mist swims slowly on the gale,
And hides from view the sons of Inis-fail.

' Rise all ye troops' the mighty Swaran said,
' Ye who o'er Lochlin's foaming waves have sped,
' Rise and pursue, for favoured by the night,
' Green Erin's sons have safety sought in flight.
' To Cormac's Castle, Morna speed thy way,
' Bid them to Swaran due submission pay,

' Before the tomb their people shall receive,
' And Ullin's Hills be silent as the grave.'—

Obedient to his call, the troops arise
Like flocks of sea fowl which the waves surprise ;
Their sound was like the loud tumultuous roar
Of meeting streams in Cona's vale that pour,
And eddying, show beneath the morn's pale light,
The dreadful havoc of a stormy night.—

Swift as autumnal shadows o'er the grass,
Lochlin's dark Heroes in succession pass ;
Tall as the mountain stag, with graceful stride,
Moved on the king, his buckler by his side,
Whose polished surface with refulgence bright,
Shone like a flame upon the heath at night,
When the lone traveller with wond'ring eyes
On its bright beam some sporting Ghost descries.

A sudden breeze the misty vapour cleared,
And Erin's troops like reefs of rocks appeared,

Which trembling mariners with terror find
On unknown shores, and fear the veering wind.—

‘Go, Morla go,’ the king of Lochlin said,
‘Offer them terms, and let a peace be made,
‘Offer those terms to vanquished kings we send,
‘When to our swords their conquered nations
 bend;
‘When slaughtered heroes o’er the plains are spread,
‘And weeping maids are seen amongst the dead.’

The youthful Morla came, in whose proud mien,
And stately stride, a haughty mind is seen;
And to Cuchullin, (seated with the rest
Of Erin’s heroes,) thus his speech addressed.—

‘Take Swaran’s peace, that peace he deigns to
 send
‘To conquered nations, who submissive bend.
‘Leave Ullin’s plains to us, to him resign
‘That lovely, fair, white-bosomed spouse of thine;

'Thy fav'rite dog consent to leave behind,
 'Whose matchless swiftness far outstrips the wind.
 'To prove thy weakness these thy treasures give,
 'And under Swaran's power, consent to live.'—

'Tell Swaran, tell that stubborn heart of pride
 'Cuchullin gives to him yon rolling tide,
 'Or if he chuses rather to remain,
 'I'll give his people graves on Erin's plain.
 'Tell him I'll never yield; and let him know
 'Dunscach's lone sun-beam ne'er shall grace my
 foe.
 'Nor shall swift-footed Luath e'er for you,
 'On Lochlin's hills the flying deer pursue.'—

Morla replied; 'wilt thou presume to fight,
 'Vain ruler of the Car, with Lochlin's might;
 'With him who could sufficient vessels bring,
 'To carry off thine Isle, and thee its king?

‘ So little seems to him green Ullin’s land,
 ‘ Who to the Ocean gives his wide command.’

‘ Morla, in words to many will I yield,
 ‘ But ne’er will own a conqu’ror in the field.
 ‘ Cormac alone shall laws to Erin give,
 ‘ While the brave Connal and Cuchullin live.
 ‘ Oh mighty Connal ! thou hast heard the boast
 ‘ Of vaunting Morla ; shall then all be lost,
 ‘ Famed breaker of the shields ! speak now thy
 mind ;
 ‘ Whether for peace, or war, art thou inclined ?’ —

‘ Spirit of fall’n Crugal, Oh ! say why,
 ‘ To damp us with predictions didst thou try ?
 ‘ And in the midst and light of my renown
 ‘ To the dark narrow house shall I go down ?
 ‘ Bend, O ye sons of Inis-fail, the bow,
 ‘ Lift up your spears and rush upon the foe ;

‘ Dark as the spirits of a stormy night,
‘ Rush on their troops ; o’erwhelm them with your
 might.’—

Then as the mist which to the valley pours
When over head the threat’ning tempest low’rs,
Dark’ning with heavy clouds the sun’s bright beam,
So did the dismal gloom of battle seem.—

Glitt’ring in arms, Cuchullin heads his host,
Dread in appearance as an angry ghost,
Who, wrapped in flaming meteors, heads a cloud,
And grasps within his hands the breezes loud.

Old Carril bids the echoing horn to sound,
And the loud war-note spreads the heath around.
Then raised his tuneful voice, and in a song,
Thus poured his soul amongst the valiant throng.

CARRIL'S SONG.

Where alas is valiant Crugal,
Who so lately fought with us ?
He is fall'n, and ever we shall,
With sad grief bewail his loss ;

Alone his Bride is left complaining,
And a stranger where she dwells ;¹
Nought but grief is now remaining,
Silent is his hall of shells.²

¹ Crugal had married Degrena but a short time before the battle, consequently she may, with propriety, be called a stranger in her own dwelling.

² Vide Note 21.

But who is she so wildly flying,
Fair as sun-beam 'mongst the foe?
It is Degrena vainly trying,
Her loved Crugal's form to know.

Loose her hair flies on the wild wind,
Red her eyes, her voice is shrill ;
Crugal thou shalt never more find,
His spirit dwells in yonder hill.

To our dreams his form shall oft come,
His weak voice we then shall hear ;
Like the drowsy sounding bee's hum,
Or flies at eve collecting near.

But see the fair Degrena falling,
Bright as cloud of morning skies ;
Whilst on Crugal she is calling,
Lochlin by thy sword she dies.

Cairbar, see thy lovely Daughter,
Pale and bloody where she lies ;
Oft thy youthful hours have thought her
Chief of blessings; greatest prize.

Fierce Cairbar heard the melancholy song,
And desp'rate rushed, like Ocean's whale along ;
Enraged, and grieved, when fair Degrena fell,
He roared amidst the troops with horrid yell.
Beneath his spear a son of Lochlin died,
And the dread battle spread from side to side.—

As the loud winds in Lochlin's forests sound,
Or as the flames destruction spread around,
When fire amongst the firs on num'rous hills,
The country round with certain ruin fills ;
So loud, so ruinous, on ev'ry side,
Destructive battle spreads its ravage wide.
From rank to rank the brave Cuchullin goes,
And heroes fall like thistles by his blows.

Fierce Swaran rushed along, with desp'rate hand,
Through the brave troops, and wasted Erin's land.
Curach, and Cairbar of the bossy shield,
Beneath his hand, fell breathless on the field.
In lasting rest the valiant Morglan lies,
And the brave Caolt quivers as he dies ;
With streaming blood his once fair breast is red,
And in the dust his yellow locks are spread.
Where now he lies, on that same spot of earth,
He oft has spent the hours in festive mirth ;
'There, while the Harp's melodious notes have
 rung,
Oft has he raised his powerful voice and sung,
While the young huntsmen did their bows prepare,
And leaping dogs impatient joy declare.—

Still advanced Swaran, like a stream, whose force
Washes away the hillocks in its course,
Beneath the surface of whose rapid tide,
The rocks appear half sunk on either side.

The brave Cuchullin stood before his might,
 Like a huge mountain ; whose tremendous height
 Catches the clouds of Heav'n, as on they sail ;
 And on whose rocky sides, the rattling hail
 Frequent descends ; while raging storms on high,
 Roar 'mongst its pines, whose summits reach the
 sky.

But firm it stands, and shadows Cona's vale,
 Though tempests rage, and mighty storms prevail.
 So amidst thousands did Cuchullin stand,
 And shaded all the sons of Erin's land.—
 Like fountains springing from the rocky ground,
 Rises the blood from panting heroes round,
 But Erin falls on either wing, like snow,
 That melting sinks beneath the sun's bright glow.—

‘ Oh sons of Inis-fail !’ said Grumal, ‘ yield,
 ‘ All powerful Lochlin conquers on the field.
 ‘ Why strive we as the reeds against the winds,
 ‘ Fly to the hills amongst the dark brown hinds.’

Swift as the deer of Morven, Grumal fled,
His spear reversed, a trembling lustre shed.
Some few accompanied his cow'rdly flight,
But were pursued, and fell amid the fight.—

The chief of Erin on his glitt'ring car,
Exalted stood, and waged destructive war ;
A mighty foe he slew ; then thus addressed
His speech to Connal with an anxious haste.

‘ Oh Connal ! first of men ! oft hast thou taught,
‘ And often I, thy sage advice have sought ;
‘ Instruct me now.—Though Erin's sons have fled,
‘ Shall we not fight ? Shall we the contest dread ?
‘ Oh ! Carril, ancient bard ! lead on the way,
‘ My living friends to yonder hill convey.
‘ Here Connal let us stand, like rocks, and lend
‘ Our joint assistance to each flying friend.’—

Beside Cuchullin, Connal takes his stand,
Within the Car : each stretching forth his hand,

Holds a broad shield ; no longer shining bright,
But like the moon, when with obstructed light,
A gloomy circle through the clouds she flies,
And mortals fear some dread event will rise.
The proud Dusronnal, and Sifadda blow,
As up the steep with lagging steps they go.
Behind them rush the foe, a length'ning train,
Like waves behind a whale upon the main.—

Now on the rising side of Cromla, stand
Erin's few sons, a melancholy band,
Just like a grove, through which the flames have
spread,
When the rude storms increase their havoc dread.
Withered, and gloomy, stand a few sad trees,
Without a leaf to flutter in the breeze.

Beside an oak Cuchullin took his stand,
And rolled his eyes in silence o'er the land ;
Here as he stood, absorbed in anxious care,
While the wind sounded through his bushy hair,

Moran the scout, the son of Fithil came,
And thus his joyful tidings did proclaim.

‘The ships, the ships, from yonder Isles appear,
‘Fingal himself, the first of men is here ;
‘Before his prows the whitening billows foam,
‘As dashing o’er the sea his vessels come.
‘His masts appear a grove of many trees,
‘His swelling sails like clouds before the breeze.

‘Blow,’ said Cuchullin ; ‘blow, ye breezes strong,
‘That tow’rds my misty Island, rush along,
‘Come to the death of thousands ; hither bring
‘Thy warlike troops ; resounding Selma’s king :
‘With equal pleasure we thy sails espy,
‘As morning clouds just breaking in the sky,
‘Thy ships to us the light of Heaven seem,
‘And thou thyself a fire, whose cheering beam
‘Shines on the world with clear resplendent light,
‘Dispelling all the horrors of the night.

‘ Oh ! Connal, first of men, when grieved the mind,
‘ What heartfelt pleasure in a friend we find.—
‘ But day is closed, and all obscuring night
‘ Conceals the ships of Fingal from our sight.
‘ Here let us pass the darksome hours away,
‘ And anxious watch the rising moon’s pale ray.’—

Amongst the woods the stormy tempests roar,
And from the rocks, the rushing torrents pour ;
Rain gathers round steep Cromla’s tow’ring head,
Swift fly the clouds, the trembling stars are red.—
Close by a rippling stream, whose constant sound,
Mingling with waving branches, spread around
A mournful echo, sat green Erin’s chief,
Absorbed in thought, and overwhelmed with grief ;
With him was Connal, hero justly famed,
And the old minstrel Carril too remained.

‘ Unhappy,’ said the Chief, ‘ my hand has proved,
‘ Since the dread morn I slew the youth I loved ;

‘ How much I lov’d thee Ferda, none can tell,
 ‘ Ev’n as myself, I loved my friend as well.’

‘ By what sad means the youthful warrior fell’
 Connal resumed ; ‘ brave son of Semo tell.
 ‘ Brave Damman’s Son by me in youth was known,
 ‘ Tall was the chief, and fair, and finely grown.’

‘ Ferda,’ Cuchullin said, ‘ from Albion came,
 ‘ Chief of an hundred hills, and known to fame ;
 ‘ In Muri’s hall the swordsman’s art he gained,
 ‘ And there Cuchullin’s friendship he obtained ;
 ‘ Oft to the chase together have we strayed,
 ‘ Often th eheath our common bed has made.
 ‘ Cairbar, a chief in Ullin greatly famed,
 ‘ Had a fair spouse who was Deugala named,
 ‘ Resplendent beauty shone throughout her form,
 ‘ But her sad heart with pride alone was warm.

‘ Vide Note 22.

‘ Ferda that youthful sun-beam she admired,
‘ That son of Damman had her bosom fired.
‘ Cairbar, she said, with me thy herd divide,
‘ For in thy halls no longer I’ll abide.
‘ Then let Cuchullin separate the herd,
‘ Cairbar replied ; for I respect his word,
‘ His heart is just ; and thou shall then be free,
‘ Fair light of beauty, to depart from me.’—

‘ I went and such division strove to make,
‘ That each without dispute a share might take ;
‘ Yet one white Bull remained, and him I said
‘ Cairbar should have, and this the mischief made,
‘ For then arose Deugala’s wrath anew,
‘ And to her Ferda straight the fair one flew.’—

‘ Oh ! Son of Damman,’ she began, ‘ my mind
‘ Since this division, can no comfort find,
‘ Nor can I rest contented, while I see
‘ That man alive, who thus has injured me.

‘ Then let Cuchullin’s death appease my soul,
‘ Or Lubar’s waters over me shall roll,
‘ And my pale wand’ring ghost shall near thee
 glide,
‘ For ever mourning for her wounded pride.
‘ Pour out Cuchullin’s blood, and let me rest,
‘ Or draw thy sword, and pierce this heaving
 breast.’—

‘ How,’ said the fair-haired youth, ‘ shall I obey
‘ This thy command, and brave Cuchullin slay ?
‘ He is my friend ; the friend who is possessed
‘ Of all my thoughts, and shall I pierce his breast ?’

‘ Three days Deugala with her tears assailed,
‘ And on the fourth o’er Ferda she prevailed.
‘ Yes, I’ll consent to fight my friend he said,
‘ But may I lifeless fall beneath his blade.
‘ How could I bear Cuchullin’s grave to see,
‘ Reflecting that the Chief was slain by me ?’

‘ On Muri’s hill we met, and as we fought,
 ‘ To give no wound our wary swords we taught,
 ‘ From our steel helmets oft the weapons glide,
 ‘ And on the sounding bucklers harmless slide.
 ‘ But fair Deugala watched each cautious stroke,
 ‘ And thus with taunting smile to Ferda spoke.’

‘ Sun-beam of youth, thy arm can scarcely wield
 ‘ The warrior’s sword, to brave Cuchullin yield.
 ‘ Strong is his arm as Malmor’s rocky height,
 ‘ But thou art far too weak in arms to fight.’

‘ With tearful eyes, and fault’ring voice he
 spoke,
 ‘ Raise up thy shield, defend thee from my stroke,
 ‘ Grieved is my soul Cuchullin, grieved to say,
 ‘ I’m forced my friend, the chief of men to slay.’—

‘ A sigh escaped me mournful as the wind,
 ‘ When in a rocky cavern close confined ;

‘ Then high I raised my shield, and gave a blow,
 ‘ Which laid my friend, the youthful sunbeam, low ;
 ‘ And since that day unhappy is my hand,
 ‘ For no success Cuchullin can command.’—

‘ Sad is thy tale, and mournfully it ends,
 ‘ Back to the days of old my soul it sends,
 ‘ Carril replied : and brings again to view,
 ‘ The tale of Comal, who his friend once slew,
 ‘ Though through mistake he slew the friend he
 loved,
 ‘ His arm victorious in the battle proved.’

COMAL AND GALBINA.

In Albion lived Comal, a chieftain whose fame,
 O'er the hills far and wide spread around ;
 To a thousand clear streamlets for drink his deer
 came,
 And his dogs made the rocks all resound.

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The mildness of youth, ever shone in his face,
But his hand was the death of the brave ;
To Conloch's fair daughter possessing each grace,
And none else his affections he gave.

A sunbeam 'mongst women she always appear'd,
And her hair was the raven's black wing ;
Her dogs to the chase of the forest were reared,
On the breeze rung her bow's twanging string.

She fixed her affections on Comal alone,
In love's glances their eyes often met ;
Their course in pursuing the deer was but one,
And sweet converse alone did they get.

But Grumal, dark chieftain of Ardven, was fired
With love's passion for this fairest maid ;
And oft watched the footsteps of her he admired,
But to Comal fierce hatred betrayed.

One day when a mist all their friends had concealed,
And with hunting they both were oppressed ;
Galbina and Comal retired from the field,
In the cavern of Ronan to rest.¹

This cavern was Comal's accustomed retreat,
All its sides were with weapons hung round ;
A hundred bright shields with their thongs all complete,
And a hundred steel helms there were found.

' Here wait my return, loved Galbina,' he said,
' On the brow of yon hill I can see
' A Deer, and must chase him, but soon, dearest
maid,
' I'll return to this cavern for thee.

¹ Vide Note 23.

‘ I fear the dark Grumal, my foe’ she replied,
‘ For he visits this cave every day ;
‘ But here ’mongst the arms I’ll endeavour to hide,
‘ Then prolong not, dear Comal, thy stay.’

Then straight to the Deer on the mountain he went,
But she wished his affection to prove ;
So clothed her white sides in his armour and bent
Her rash steps towards the course of her love.

He thought her his foe, and with rage and surprise,
Quickly fluttered his heart in his breast ;
A sense of thick darkness spread over his eyes,
And his face a pale anger expressed.

His bow-string he drew, and the swift flying dart,
Deeply sunk in Galbina’s fair side ;
She fell, and the blood issued fast from her heart,
To the ground in a dark crimson tide.

With wild rapid steps he returned to the cave,
Long and loud on Galbina he cried;
'Where art thou my love?' but no answer she gave,
Nought but echoes the cavern replied.

At length he perceived 'twas her heart beating round
The arrow so fatally thrown;
'To thee!' he exclaimed, 'have I given this wound?'
Then sunk on her breast with a groan.

This unfortunate pair by the Huntsmen were found,
And young Comal oft afterwards paid
His visits alone to the sad spot of ground,
Where entombed was this once lovely maid.

Soon after a fleet from the ocean arrived,
Comal fought; they were all put to flight.
In vain through the battle each plan he contrived
To meet death; but none equalled his might.

He threw down his shield and exposing his breast,
Was at last by a chance arrow slain ;
The green tombs are seen, where these two lovers
rest,
From the ships as they bound o'er the main.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Fingal.

BOOK THE THIRD.

The Argument.

CUCHULLIN, pleased with Carril's story, insists with that 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 surprise the remains of the Irish army. He himself proposes to withstand, singly, the whole force of the Enemy, in a narrow pass, till the Irish 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; and the ships of the Caledonians appearing, Swaran gives over

the pursuit of the Irish, 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 advice concerning his conduct in peace or war. He recommends to him to place the example of his fathers before his eyes, as the best model for his conduct; which introduces the episode concerning Fainasollis, the 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 Morni, desires the command of the army in the next battle, which Fingal promises to give him. Some general reflections of the Poet close the third day.

Fingal.

BOOK THE THIRD.

‘**P**LEASING,’ Cuchullin said, ‘are all thy lays,
‘And lovely are the tales of other days.
‘Soothing and calm, as morning dew they seem,
‘When first the rising sun, with feeble beam,
‘Shines on the mountain side, and in the vale,
‘The lake’s blue surface meets no ruffling gale.
‘O! Carril raise thy voice, awake the strain,
‘The song of Tura let me hear again;

‘ Vide Note 24.

‘ That song which once within my halls was sung,
‘ When jovial mirth throughout the castle rung,
‘ When mighty Fingal, king of shields, was there,
‘ And glowed with joy his father’s deeds to hear.’—

THE DEATH OF AGANDECCA.

Early were thy deeds of arms,
Fingal, mighty Chief of Battle;
Caused by thee, were those alarms,
Felt by Lochlin midst war’s rattle.

Lovely maidens in his youth,
Smiled to see his face so blooming;
But his arm gave frequent proof,
Of strength that equalled Lora’s foaming.

Like the noise of thousand streams,
His warriors came with mighty roar ;
Lochlin by their might or schemes,
They took, but did again restore.

Swollen was his heart with pride,
Fingal's death his dark soul sought ;
Fingal alone, and none beside,
E'er conquered Starno when he fought.¹

Snivan, in great danger's hour,
Oft with a song round Loda went ;
When the stone of mighty power,
Heard his loud cry, and vict'ry sent.²

Starno now to Snivan said,
Throned in his hall in Lochlin's land ;
' Snivan go, thy way be sped,
' Go to Ardven's rocky strand.

¹ Vide Note 25.

² Vide Note 26.

‘ Let the King of Selma know,¹
 ‘ Him amongst his thousands fairest ;
 ‘ Say, on him I will bestow,
 ‘ Her who is of women rarest.

 ‘ My fair Daughter he shall have,
 ‘ Whose heaving breast is white as snow ;
 ‘ White her arms as foaming wave,
 ‘ Her soul does gen’rous mildness show.

 ‘ Let him come and in his train,
 ‘ His valiant heroes one and all ;
 ‘ Her affections let him gain,
 ‘ The Daughter of the secret hall.

Snivan went, his message gave,
 The fair-haired king with him returned ;
 As they bounded o’er the wave,
 With ardent love his bosom burned.

¹ Vide Note 27.

‘Welcome rocky Morven’s King,’
Said Starno, ‘welcome all his train ;
‘All are welcome he shall bring,
‘Sons of the Isle across the main.

‘You shall feast three days with me,
‘Three days the savage boar pursue ;
‘That the Maid your worth may see,
‘And hear of deeds performed by you.’

Starno gave the feast of shells,
But still the Hero’s death designed ;
And a doubt with Fingal dwells,
Who kept his limbs in steel confined.

Fear possessed his treach’rous foes,
Nor dared they meet the king’s fierce eyes ;
While the voice of mirth arose,
And the loud harp pealed through the skies.

Minstrels valiant heroes praised,
The heaving breast of love they sung.
Sweetly Ullin's voice was raised,
That oft in echoing Cona rung.

Lochlin's Daughter, and the brave,
The high-descended Morven's chief,
Praise, and honor too he gave,
Though just yet almost past belief.

Lochlin's Daughter heard his name,
Then left her hall and came in sight;
In all her beauty forth she came,
Resplendent as the moon at night,

When above a cloud she spreads,
Her brilliant lustre through the skies.
Love such light around her sheds,
And from her steps soft sounds arise.

Fingal soon she saw, and loved,
For him her soul in secret sighed ;
Stolen glances often proved,
She loved resounding Morven's pride.

Splendid was the third morn's light,
Bright on the forest shone it's ray,
When the Chiefs as Huntsmen dight,
Bent to the wood of Boars their way.

Nearly half the day was spent,
In chasing through the woods the boar ;
Close by Gormal's steep they went,^a
And Fingal's spear was red with gore.

Then came Starno's Daughter fair,
Her tearful eyes sad grief expressed ;
Lovely was her voice and air,
As thus the Hero she addressed.

^a Vide Note 28.

‘ Fingal, chief of high descent,
 ‘ Trust not to Starno’s treach’rous mind ;
 ‘ Chiefs to yonder wood are sent,
 ‘ Beware, thy death is there designed.

‘ But remember, valiant king,
 ‘ Nor Agandecca’s suit neglect ;
 ‘ Thy assistance promptly bring,
 ‘ And from my Father’s wrath protect.’

Unconcerned the Hero goes,
 On either side his warriors crowd ;
 Falling by his hand, the foes,
 With cries made Gormal echo loud.

Now convened in warlike crowds,
 Near Starno’s halls the huntsmen stand ;
 While the King with brows like clouds,
 And fiery eyes, thus gives command.

‘ Hither Agandecca bring,
 ‘ To him my people’s blood has stained,
‘ To her lovely Morven’s King,
 ‘ To whom in vain she’s not complained.’

Red and tearful were her eyes,
 With loosely flowing locks she came ;
High her bosom heaved with sighs,
 That bosom white as foaming stream.

Starno pierced the maiden’s side,
 Who sinking fell, as wreaths of snow
Oft from rocky Ronan slide,
 In silence to the vale below.

Fingal eyed his valiant men,
 Who to their arms that instant sped ;
Gloomy battle roared again,
 And Lochlin either died or fled.

Fingal to his ship conveyed,
 The Corpse of this once lovely fair ;
 Speed to Ardven's coast he made,
 And safely laid her body there.

On the rugged sea-beat shore,
 Her spiry tomb is seen to rise ;
 And the foaming waves beat o'er,
 The spot where Agandecca lies.

‘ Blest be her soul! Cuchullin said, ‘ and blest,’
 ‘ The Minstrel’s voice which sooths that soul to rest.
 ‘ Strong was thy youth, Oh Fingal ! and in age,
 ‘ Still shall thy arm with strength the battle wage ,
 ‘ Lochlin again shall fall before the king,
 ‘ And echoing Morven with his praise shall ring.—
 ‘ Show from a cloud thy face, O Moon ! and light
 ‘ His white-sailed vessels o’er the waves of night,
 ‘ And should some pow’rful heavenly spirit, ride
 ‘ Yon low-hung cloud, and o’er the storms preside,’^a

^a Vide Note 29.

‘ May he from rocks the bounding vessels save,
‘ And waft them safely o’er the swelling wave.’—

So spake Cuchullin at the mountain stream,
When from the field the wounded Calmar came.
Bloody he came, and leaning on his spear,
Which bending scarce his tott’ring frame could
bear ;
Weak is the hero’s arm, but yet his soul
Remains unconquered, and his heart is whole.—

‘ Welcome,’ said Connal, ‘ welcome art thou
here,
‘ Brave Matha’s son ! but why dost thou appear
‘ Afflicted thus ? why is thy dauntless breast
‘ Which ne’er before knew fear, with sighs op-
pressed ?’

‘ And never Connal, chief of pointed steel !
‘ Never shall Calmar’s bosom terror feel ;

‘ My soul revives amidst dread war’s alarms,
‘ In danger’s hour, and at the noise of arms ;
‘ I am of warlike race ; to battle reared
‘ All my forefathers fought, and never feared,
‘ Cormac, the first from whom my race began ;
‘ Through stormy waves, a life of hazard ran ;
‘ In his black skiff, o’er boisterous seas he passed,
‘ Borne on the light wings of the whistling blast.
‘ Once, when a spirit’s dread embroiling might,
‘ Disturbed the calm serenity of night ;
‘ High-swelling seas with loud tremendous sound,
‘ Broke on the rocks, and sent hoarse echoes round,
‘ On wings of fire did vivid lightning fly,
‘ And stormy clouds drove swiftly o’er the sky.
‘ Fearful, he landed, and then blushed to find,
‘ That any fear could thus possess his mind ;
‘ Again he rushed amidst the raging storm,
‘ Resolved to find the angry spirit’s form.
‘ Three sturdy youths the bounding vessel guide
‘ O’er the rough surface of the foaming tide.

‘ With sword unsheathed the hero took his stand,
‘ And when the vapour passed, he raised his hand,
‘ Adroitly seized it by the curling head,
‘ And pierced its body with his shining blade.’
‘ The airy spirit forthwith took its flight,
‘ The stars returned, the moon renewed her light.—
‘ Such was the courage that my sires possessed,
‘ And the like fire now glows in Calmar’s breast.
‘ From the uplifted sword all danger flies,
‘ Those best succeed who dare attempt the prize.
‘ But, sons of Erin! now no longer stay,
‘ Hasten from Lena’s bloody heath away.
‘ Collect the remnant of our scattered friends,
‘ And join the force which valiant Fingal lends;
‘ Lochlin advances; I have heard the sound,
‘ Of warriors’ footsteps on the distant ground.
‘ Calmar alone will stay, alone will fight,
‘ My single arm shall prove sufficient might.

’ Vide Note 30.

‘ I will so raise my voice, it shall appear,
‘ As though an host was coming in my rear,
‘ But son of Semo ! bear me in thy mind,
‘ Let Calmar’s lifeless corse thy friendship find.
‘ When Fingal’s arm the victory has won,
‘ Place near my body some recording stone,
‘ That future times may hear of Calmar’s fame,
‘ And Calmar’s mother glory in his name.—

‘ No, son of Matha !’ said Cuchullin ; ‘ no,
‘ Not from thy side will I consent to go,
‘ My soul rejoices in unequal fight,
‘ And danger tends but to increase my might ;
‘ Connal, and Carril ancient Bard ! convey,
‘ Erin’s few melancholy sons away ;
‘ And when the tumult of the battle ends,
‘ Come to this narrow pass to seek your friends ;
‘ For near this oak our bodies will be found,
‘ Borne by the stream of battle, to the ground.—
‘ O’er Lena’s heath, O son of Fithil ! haste,
‘ With feet of wind thy rapid steps be traced.

‘ Erin’s sad fall, let valiant Fingal know,
‘ And bid him hasten to subdue the foe.—
‘ Oh! let him come, and as the sun’s bright ray,
‘ Shines through the storm, and bids the hills look
 gay ;
‘ So may his influence spread throughout the isle,
‘ Quell the proud foe, and make green Erin
 smile.’—

Now on steep Cromla breaks grey morning’s
 light,
And Swaran’s train all ready for the fight,
In quick succession come ; Calmar, whose soul
Kindled with pride, stood forth to meet the whole ;
But pale, and languid, did the Chief appear,
Leaning his weight upon his father’s spear ;
That spear he formerly from Lara brought,
When his poor mother’s soul with grief was fraught,
Alcleltha’s soul, o’ercome by anxious cares,
And sadly waning with increasing years.—

But as the forest's pride, the noble oak,
Falls to the ground beneath the woodman's stroke,
So the brave Calmar, once green Erin's pride,
O'erwhelmed by numbers, slowly fell, and died.—
Left thus alone, Cuchullin bore the shock
Of fierce opponents, firm as any rock,
That stands securely on a sandy shore,
Braving the waves that on its surface pour.—

Now from the sea, the mist begins to clear,
And Fingal's white-sailed vessels all appear;
The groves of masts alternate nod like trees,
Which rise and fall before the passing breeze.
Swaran descried the fast approaching fleet,
And turned his troops the added force to meet.—
As, through the hundred isles of Inistore,
Ebbs the resounding sea with deaf'ning roar,
So loud, so vast, returned fierce Lochlin's host,
To meet the chieftain of the desert coast.—

Hapless Cuchullin, with dejected mind,
His useless spear slow dragging far behind,
Deep into Cromla's forest sunk alone,
And mourned those friends who were for ever
gone.

For now he feared, and felt unfit to meet
The face of Fingal, who was wont to greet,
To hail the conqu'ror from th' embattled plain,
And bid him welcome to his home again.—

' Full many a hero lies upon that earth,
' Full many a valiant Chief of Inisfail ;
' Whose cheerful converse oft increased the mirth,
' When sounding shells, and music, filled the gale.

' No more their footsteps shall imprint the heath,
' Nor in the chase their voices shall I hear ;
' Pale, silent, low, on bloody beds of death,
' Rest the brave Chiefs that to my soul were dear.

‘ O ye loved spirits of the lately dead !
‘ On the lone heath to sad Cuchullin come ;
‘ There on the whisp’ring winds your words be said,
‘ Whilst rustling trees through Tura’s cavern hum.

‘ There shall I lie, unhonored and unknown,
‘ Remote from all that once to me was dear ;
‘ To my renown shall rise no tomb of stone,
‘ Nor of my name shall minstrel ever hear.

‘ Mourn, O Bragéla ! mourn me with the dead,
‘ Weep my sad fate, but mention not my name ;
‘ Let nothing more of all my deeds be said,
‘ For lost, departed, is Cuchullin’s fame.’

Such were his words, as in dejected mood,
He sunk despairing, into Cromla’s wood.

High on the deck was Fingal seen to stand,
A glitt’ring spear he brandished in his hand,

Whose gleaming point a horrid lustre sheds,
Like the green Meteor of Death, which spreads
On Malmor's barren heath that sickly light,
Seen by the lonely traveller at night,
When all beside is dark, and from the skies,
The clouded moon no cheering beam supplies.

‘Tis past!’ exclaimed the King; ‘the battle’s
o’er,
‘ My friends are slain, I see their clotted gore.
‘ O’er Lena’s heath a solemn sadness spreads,
‘ And Cromla’s oaks wave mournfully their heads,
‘ In their full strength the Huntsmen are laid
low,
‘ And Semo’s son has fall’n beneath the foe.—
‘ Ryno, and Fillan, mount yon rising ground,
‘ Let Fingal’s horn the call to battle sound;
‘ From Lamdarg’s grave, (famed chief in days of
yore,)
‘ Call the invaders of green Erin’s shore.—

‘ Strong be your voices, may they spread as far,
‘ As does your Father’s when he shouts in war.—
‘ Here for the mighty stranger will I stand,
‘ Fingal waits Swaran, upon Lena’s strand.
‘ Hither let all the warrior’s force be led,
‘ For we are strong, and will avenge the dead.’—

Swift as the gleaming lightning through the skies,
Across the heath the fair-haired Ryno flies ;
And as the shades of Autumn o’er the grass,
With rapid steps does dark-browed Fillan pass ;
Wide spread their voices o’er the distant ground,
And Ocean’s sons heard Fingal’s bugle sound.—

As the rough sea, with loud tumultuous roar,
Returns from Lochlin’s ever snowy shore,
So dark, so sudden, rushed the eager foe,
From the steep mountain to the plain below.
Full in the front, with haughty sullen mien,
In all the pride of arms the king is seen ;

His swarthy visage glows with raging ire,
And his fierce eye-balls roll with martial fire.

Soon as Fingal beheld this son of fame,
Fair Agandecca to his mem'ry came ;
For youthful Swaran tears of sorrow shed,
O'er his fair sister so untimely dead ;
And mem'ry now, such pleasing thoughts inspired,
Of the first love that had his bosom fired,
That to his ancient Bard brave Fingal tells,
To bid the Hero to the feast of shells.—

With feeble steps the aged Ullin came,
And thus to Swaran did his wish proclaim.

‘ O Thou ! who giv'st thy wide command,
‘ In regions far from Erin's land ;
‘ Surrounded, like a rock with waves,
‘ By num'rous troops of willing slaves,
‘ Oh ! come to Fingal's feast.

‘To-morrow, with the morning’s light,
‘ We’ll stand prepared in arms to fight ;
‘ To-morrow, in the warlike field,
‘ We’ll break with thee the echoing shield,
‘ But pass this day in rest.’

‘To-day,’ exclaimed the wrathful Starno’s son,
‘ We’ll break the shields ; to-day the deed be done.
‘ To-morrow, on the heath my feast I’ll spread,
‘ But e’er to-morrow, Fingal shall be dead.’—

‘ And on the heath, to-morrow let it smoke,’
Said the brave Fingal, smiling as he spoke.
‘ To-day, my sons, we’ll break the echoing shield,
‘ To-day we’ll strive to conquer in the field.—
‘ Near to my arm, O Ossian ! take thy stand,
‘ And valiant Gaul, lift up thy dreadful brand,
‘ With arm of strength, O Fergus ! bend thy bow,
‘ Through Heaven’s high arch thy lance, brave Fillan,
throw ;

‘ Let your raised shields like darkened moons
appear,

‘ A deadly meteor be each flying spear ;

‘ Follow my footsteps in the path of fame,

‘ And if my deeds are great, be yours the same.’—

As the rough winds on echoing Morven roar,
As the swift streams down rugged mountains pour,
As the clouds fly successive over Heaven,
Or as the sea ’gainst desert shores is driven ;
So loud, so vast, so fierce, the battle raged,
When on the heath the adverse troops engaged.
Far o’er the hills with tumult loud and dread,
The dying groans and clash of battle spread,
Like the loud storms on Cona’s top that break,
When in the wind a thousand spirits shriek.

Fingal rushed on with fury to the fight,
Like Trenmor’s dreadful spirit was his might,

When in a whirlwind he to Morven rides,
To see his children whom so much he prides ;
Before his might the stubborn oaks resoind,
And massy rocks are levell'd with the ground.—
With warriors' blood my Father's hand was red,
As through the ranks he whirled his glitt'ring blade.
His youthful battles to his mind returned,
And a fresh vigour in his bosom burned ;
On as he went, his still victorious hand,
Wasted the field, and strewed with dead the land.—

Like a consuming fire, fair Ryno goes,
And dark-browed Gaul with frowns opposed his
foes.

With feet of wind brave Fergus rushed along,
And Fillan came like mist upon the throng.—
Exulting in the King's all-powerful might,
I, like a rock, came down amid the fight.*

* Vide Note 31.

My single arm laid many a hero dead,
With dismal lustre gleamed my bloody blade.
No hair upon my head was then turned grey,
Nor trembling hands did feeble age betray ;
No film of darkness then my eyes had veiled,
Nor in the race my feet had ever failed.
Who can relate the horrors of that day,
Or who the deeds of mighty heroes say ;
When martial wrath in Fingal's bosom raged ,
As 'gainst the foe successful war he waged.
From hill to hill successive groanings flew,
Till night o'er all her darkening curtain drew.
Staring aghast, like herds of frightened deer,
The sons of Lochlin on the heath appear.
On the green bank near Lubar's gentle stream,
We sat and heard the Minstrel's sprightly theme.
Fingal himself, advanced beyond the rest,
A station nearest to the foe possessed ;
Here listening to the tales of other days,
He heard the Bards his brave forefathers praise.

Upon his shield he leaned with pensive air,
While the wind whistled through his bushy hair;
And as he hearkened to the Minstrel's lays,
His thoughts returned to deeds of other days.—
Supported by his spear, in thoughtful mood,
Near him my young, my much-loved Oscar stood;
The valiant king of Morven he admired,
And warlike deeds his youthful bosom fired.

‘Son of my Son!’ began the King, ‘with pride,
‘Thy noble acts in battle I descried;’
‘Thy shining sword I watched from place to place,
‘And joyed to see the valour of my race:
‘Our Fathers’ glory ever thus pursue,
‘Tread in their steps and keep their deeds in
view!—

‘As first of men, brave Trenmor was revered,
‘And Trathal heroes to his country reared;
‘They fought and conquer’d in their youthful days,
‘And tuneful Bards perpetuate their praise.—

‘Oscar, with force the strong in arms withstand,
‘But show thy mercy to the feeble hand ;
‘Like many streams united, be thy arm,
‘Against the foe who would thy people harm ;
‘But like the breeze that moves the grassy blade,
‘To those who need support, or ask thy aid.—
‘So Trenmor lived ; such Trathal have we seen,
‘And such thy father hopes his life has been.
‘My arm did succour to the injured lend,
‘And with my sword the weak did I defend.’—

‘Oscar, when I was young like thee, and fame
‘Scarce knew my deeds ; fair Fainasollis came ;^a
‘The beauteous daughter of fam’d Craca’s king ;
‘That fairest light of love that poets sing.
‘’Twas then I homeward came from Cona’s land,
‘Small was the train to which I gave command.

^a Vide Note 32.

‘ Far on the sea, a white-sailed boat we spied,
‘ Like a small cloud upon the distant tide.
‘ Soon it approached, and we perceived the fair ;
‘ On the rude wind loose flowed her dark brown
 hair.
‘ Her tender bosom heaved with bursting sighs,
‘ Her rosy cheek was wet from tearful eyes.’—

‘ Daughter of Beauty !’ calm I said, ‘ why heaves
‘ Thy breast with sighs ? say what oppression
 grieves.
‘ Young though I am, can I thy cause defend,
‘ Fair daughter of the sea ? or prove thy friend ?
‘ My sword in war is not unmatched, I own,
‘ But to my heart no sense of fear is known.’

‘ To thee I fly ;’ with sighs, the maiden said,
‘ O Prince of mighty men ! I seek thy aid,
‘ Chief of the generous shells ! thy succour lend,
‘ Thou who the weak supportest, be my friend.—

‘ My Sire, the throne of Craca’s Isle possessed,
‘ And me the sunbeam of his race confessed ;
‘ Through Cromla’s echoing hills my name pre-
 vailed,
‘ As numerous lovers hopeless flames bewailed.
‘ Sora’s famed chief beheld me, and confessed
‘ That love for Fainasollis fired his breast ;
‘ His warlike sword with dreadful splendour gleams,
‘ A beam of light upon his side it seems ;
‘ But gloomy is the warrior’s brow, and fell,
‘ And raging tempests in his bosom dwell ;
‘ On the rough sea I shun him, but in vain,
‘ For Sora’s Chief pursues me o’er the main.’—

‘ Rest thee,’ I said, ‘ behind my shield in peace,
‘ Thou beam of light ! and let thy troubles cease.
‘ If Fingal’s arm be like his soul in might,
‘ The gloomy Chieftain will be put to flight.
‘ Some lonely cave for refuge I might show,
‘ But Fingal scorns to fly from any foe.

‘ Where danger threatens, glad my soul appears,
‘ And ever glories in the storm of spears.’—
‘ Upon her cheek I saw the glittering tear,
‘ And as I looked, I pitied Craca’s fair.—
‘ Now, at a distance on the waves, appeared
‘ The ship of Borbar, which towards us steered ;
‘ His high mast, yielding to the powerful gale,
‘ Bent o’er the sea behind the swelling sail.
‘ The raging billows foam along her sides,
‘ As her strong prow the roaring sea divides.
‘ Hail, rider of the storm!’ I said, ‘ with me
‘ Partake the feast, and quit the troubled sea ;
‘ Mine is the house where every stranger guest
‘ Shall feast in plenty, and securely rest.’—

‘ As thus I spoke, trembling in fearful mood,
‘ Close by my side the lovely maiden stood.
‘ He drew the bowstring—sorrowful to tell,
‘ Swift flew the shaft, and Fainasollis fell.’

‘Unerring is thy hand,’ I said; ‘but woe
‘Betide the deed; for feeble was the foe.’
‘Long time we fought; at length beneath my blade,
‘Bloody, and dead was pow’rful Borbar laid.
‘Two tombs of stone above the spot we placed,
‘Where closed in earth this hapless couple rest.—
‘Such, Oscar, was my youth; be thine the same,
‘May glorious deeds perpetuate thy name.
‘Seek not for warfare; nor evade the fight,
‘When daring foes usurp thy country’s right.—

‘Fillan! and Oscar! of the dark-brown hair,
‘Swift-footed youths! to watch the foe prepare.
‘Fly over Lena, (whilst I here remain,)
‘And view the sons of Lochlin on the plain;
‘I hear their footsteps trampling o’er the ground,
‘Like distant noises in the woods they sound.
‘Go; that they may not fly from Erin’s land,
‘Before they feel the vengeance of my hand.

‘ For many Chiefs of Erin’s race are slain,
‘ And mangled lie upon the bloody plain.
‘ On beds of death the sons of war are low,
‘ Cromla’s famed chiefs! have fall’n beneath the
foe.’—

As through the trackless regions of the sky
The cloud-formed chariots of the spirits fly,
When the dark sons of air come forth and show
Their dreaded pow’rs to hapless men below :
So o’er the heath the youthful heroes flew,
The secret motions of the foe to view.—

Then Gaul, the Son of Morni, left his place,
And tow’rds the King advanced with steady pace ;
His glitt’ring spear returned the stars’ bright beams,
His voice resounded like the noise of streams,
As thus he spoke.—‘ O Fingal, warlike King !
‘ Let tuneful Bards the deeds of Heroes sing,

‘ Let them soothe Erin’s friends to rest this night ;
 ‘ Sheath thou thy sword, and let thy people fight.
 ‘ We wither without fame ; our King alone
 ‘ Breaks the strong shield, and is in battle known.—
 ‘ Soon as the morning shines on Cromla’s height,
 ‘ From yonder hill behold the distant fight.
 ‘ Let Lochlin feel the sword of Morni’s son,
 ‘ That Bards may sing the deeds which he has
 done.
 ‘ For such the custom of thy race has been,
 ‘ And such thy own, in battles we have seen.’—

‘ I glory in thy fame, brave Morni’s Son!’
 Fingal replied ;—‘ by thee the deed be done.—
 ‘ Take the command ; and shouldst thou need thy
 King,
 ‘ His ready spear shall prompt assistance bring.—
 ‘ Raise, raise your voices ; you to whom belong
 ‘ The soothing pow’rs of melody and song,

‘ Lull me to rest ;—here, ’midst the winds of night,
‘ Will Fingal lie, till comes the morning’s light.
‘ And Agandecca ! should thy spirit come,
‘ To see the children of thy native home ;
‘ Shouldst thou, upborne upon a blast of wind,
‘ To Lochlin’s shrouded masts a passage find,
‘ Come ; and amid the visions of the night,
‘ Let thy loved form inspire me with delight.’—

Now many a harp with sounds harmonious rung,
And many a minstrel raised his voice and sung.
They sung the deeds of Fingal’s noble race,
And Fingal’s acts in ev’ry song had place.
And on the soft, and sweetly soothing sound,
The name of Ossian was sometimes found ;
For I have often fought with spear and shield,
And oft have conquered in th’ embattled field.
But now I’m blind, forlorn, and tearful grown,
And amongst little men alone am known.—

No more, O Fingal ! shall I see thy face,
Or view the noble Heroes of thy race.
Where Morven's Chieftain lies, the wild deer come,
And graze in safety on the warrior's tomb!—
Blest be thy soul, thou King the most renowned,
That ever yet on Cona has been found !

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

Fingal.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

The Argument.

THE action of the poem being suspended by night, Ossian takes the opportunity to relate his own actions at the Lake of Lego, and his courtship of Everallin, who was the mother of Oscar, and 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 joins; 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 and his army are obliged to give way. Fingal descending from the hill rallies them again: Swaran desists from the pursuit, 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 his bard, had retired to the Cave of Tura, hearing the noise came to the brow of the hill, which over-looked the field of battle, where he saw Fingal engaged with the enemy. He being hindered by Connal from joining Fingal, who was himself upon the point of gaining a complete victory, sends Carril to congratulate that Hero on his success.

Fingal.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

'SAY, who is she, that down the mountain's side
' Comes with her songs in beauty's greatest pride?
' Fair as the rainbow oft in summer seen,
' In glowing tints o'er show'ry Lena's green.

' This Book 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.

‘ It is the Maid whose voice of music charms !
 ‘ Toscar’s fair daughter, ’ famed for snowy arms !—
 ‘ Oft hast thou listened to my song of woe,
 ‘ Till fairest maid ! thy tears began to flow.
 ‘ And com’st thou now, amidst dread war’s alarms,
 ‘ To hear of Oscar’s valiant deeds in arms ?
 ‘ Ah ! when shall I my bitter sorrows leave.
 ‘ When cease near Cona’s bubbling streams to
 grieve ?
 ‘ My years have passed away in battle’s rage !—
 ‘ And grief now darkens my declining age !—
 ‘ Fair Daughter of the snowy hand ! my mind,
 ‘ Was not so mournful once, nor was I blind ;
 ‘ When Everallin loved me, no sad sigh
 ‘ Escaped my breast, nor yet forlorn was I.²
 ‘ Famed Everallin ! Branno’s Daughter fair !
 ‘ White was her bosom, and dark brown her hair !—
 ‘ To win her heart a thousand heroes tried,
 ‘ But to a thousand she her love denied ;

¹ Malvina.

² Vide Note 33.

‘ Alike the noble warriors she disdained,
‘ Ossian alone the maid’s affections gained.—
‘ To Lego’s sable surge, with full intent
‘ This lovely fair to woo, my course I bent ;
‘ Twelve of my people, streamy Morven’s pride,
‘ Chose for the purpose, waited by my side.
‘ To Branno’s halls we came, where strangers
 find,
‘ From the famed chieftain, a reception kind.
‘ Whence,’ said the Hero of the sounding mail,
‘ Whence comes the warrior, clad in arms of steel
‘ No easy task he’ll find it is, to gain
‘ The Maid whom Erin’s sons have wooed in vain.
‘ But blest be thou, brave Fingal’s warlike son !—
‘ Happy is she who has thy bosom won.—
‘ Had I twelve daughters, formed with ev’ry grace,
‘ With ev’ry beauty, both of mind, and face,
‘ Thou, Son of Fame ! shouldst choose ; and be
 possessed
‘ Of her that seemed most genial to thy breast.’—

‘ The lofty doors wide open then he threw,
‘ And brought the lovely maiden to our view ;
‘ Joy filled our breasts.—Our salutations paid
‘ With true respect, we blest the beauteous maid.’—

‘ Now on the hill appeared eight warlike men,
‘ The stately Cormac, and his valiant train.
‘ Their polished armour in the sun’s bright rays
‘ Reflected far and wide a glittering blaze.—
‘ First Colla came, and Durra chief of wounds,
‘ Tago and Toscar next, whose fame resounds ;
‘ Victorious Frestal after them succeeds,
‘ And Dairo, chieftain of the happy deeds.
‘ Then Dala came, a Hero we may class
‘ The battle’s bulwark in the narrow pass.
‘ Bright shone the flaming sword in Cormac’s hand,
‘ As with a graceful air he gave command.’—

‘ Our force was eight ;—first stormy Ullin came,
‘ And with him Mullo, chief of gen’rous fame ;

‘ Then noble Scelacha, of graceful mien,
‘ Oglan, and wrathful Cerdal too, were seen ;
‘ Next deadly frowning Dumariccan came,
‘ And why should Ogar be the last I name ?
‘ Ogar, whose fame for warlike deeds, is found
‘ Throughout the shores of ArIVEN to resound.’—

‘ Ogar, and Dala, on the warlike field
‘ Met face to face, and shield opposed to shield.
‘ Their strife was like the storm’s resistless rage,
‘ When winds and waves their direful conflict wage.
‘ Ogar’s famed weapon which he always loved,
‘ His fav’rite dagger once again he proved ;
‘ Nine times he drowned its point in Dala’s side,
‘ Ere the rough battle turned its stormy tide.
‘ Three times on Cormac’s shield, my spear I broke,
‘ And three times his, was splintered by the
stroke.
‘ But with a pow’rful well-aimed blow, my blade
‘ Severed, at length, the youthful lover’s head.

‘ Five times I shook it, bleeding in their sight,
‘ And put all Cormac’s followers to flight.—
‘ Whoever then, fair maid ’ had dared to say,
‘ On that victorious memorable day,
‘ That Ossian, blind, with age, and sorrow, worn,
‘ Should pass the night forsaken, and forlorn,
‘ Firm ought his armour to have been—his might,
‘ Unmatched in war—his arm, prepared to fight.’—

Hushed was the song; ² the Minstrels ceased to
play,

The harp’s soft sounds in murmurs died away.
On Lena’s gloomy heath, th’ inconstant breeze,
Alone, was heard to rage amongst the trees.
My brother warriors all had gone to rest,
And Everallin all my thoughts possessed.

¹ Malvina.

² The Poet returns to his subject, as he left it at the close
of the third Book.

When, on a cloud, before my wond'ring sight,
She stood; adorned with beauty's fairest light.
From her blue eyes successive tears were shed,
As with a feeble, plaintive voice, she said!
' Rise, Ossian rise, and lend thy aid to save,
' My Son, my princely Oscar from the grave;
' Near the red Oak of Lubar's stream he stands,
' Engaged with Lochlin's overpow'ring bands.'
Further to hear I was not then allowed,
She sunk in silence back into the cloud.—
Quickly my limbs again in steel I cased,
And, by my spear supported, sought in haste
Th' appointed spot—my rattling armour rung
At ev'ry step;—onward I went, and sung,
As I have oft in danger done before,
The deeds of Heroes in the days of yore.—
Like distant thunder, Lochlin heard the sound,
They fled;— my son pursued them o'er the
ground.—

Loud as the roaring of the distant tide,
My hollow voice resounded as I cried.
'Oscar return.—Though Ossian is in view,
'No longer now the enemy pursue.'
'He came—And soft as music seemed the sound
'Of Oscar's armour clanking on the ground,
'Why Father ! didst thou stay my hand, he said,
'Till all my foes were numbered with the dead?
'For dark and dreadful by the river's side,
'We met the foe, and were by them descried.
'They watched the terrors of the gloomy night,
'Some we have conquered, some have taken flight.
'But as the rushing waves o'erflow the land,
'When driv'n by winds tow'rds Mora's level
strand,
'So over Lena's heath in numbers dread,
'The still advancing sons of Lochlin spread.
'The ghosts of night shriek distant on the air,
'And the pale meteors of grim death appear.

‘ Let me awake the king, whose placid eye
‘ Ne’er looks at fear, but smiles when danger’s nigh!
‘ Who, as the sun the stormy clouds dispels,
‘ Removes all fear, and every terror quells!’

Fingal had started from his sleep ; and stood,
Leaning on Trenmor’s shield, in thoughtful mood ;
That dark brown shield, which many years before
His brave forefathers in their battles bore !—
The mournful form of Agandecca came
Before the hero’s presence in a dream ;
She bent her steps across the trackless main,
And glided slowly over Lena’s plain.
Pale was her face !—like Cromla’s mist it seemed !
And dark the tears, adown her cheeks that streamed !
Oft from her cloud-formed robe, in silence sad
She raised her hand ;—and with averted head
Stretched it o’er Fingal !—‘ Wherefore,’ said the
chief,
‘ Daughter of Starno ! are these signs of grief?

‘Why thou fair wanderer of the clouds ! say why,
‘Thy face so pale, so tearful is each eye?’—
Borne on the passing breeze, she took her flight,
And left the hero in the midst of night !—
She mourned the warriors of her native land,
About to fall by Fingal’s conquering hand.—

Starting he ’woke ;—but still as though he
dreamed,
Before his soul the airy vision seemed.— !
Oscar’s approaching steps he heard ; and eyed
The dark brown shield he carried by his side.
For, over Ullin’s waves with feeble ray,
Already shone the beam of op’ning day.—

‘What of the foe,’ exclaimed the rising King,
‘What tidings, Oscar, hither dost thou bring ;
‘Fly they through Ocean’s foaming waves with
fear,
‘Or do they wait again to lift the spear?’

‘ But wherefore should I ask? their noise I hear,
‘ Approaching hither on the morning air.
‘ Haste thee o’er Lena, Oscar ! speed thy way ;
‘ Awake our friends, prepare them for the day.’—

Near Lubar’s stone, then Fingal took his stand,
And thrice his voice resounded through the land ;
The frighted Deer the lucid streams forsook,
The craggy summits of the mountains shook.
As down the rugged hills, with deaf’ning roar,
A hundred streams their foaming waters pour,
As on the azure surface of the sky,
The clouds, collecting to a tempest, fly ;
So at the sound of Fingal’s voice, the troops
Before him formed, in fast collecting groups.
They loved to listen to that voice, whose sound
So oft had called them to th’ embattled ground,
For oft with Fingal, they had gained the day,
And oft returned with spoils, and trophies gay.

‘ Come to the battle,’ said the warlike king,
‘ Here, Sons of Selma! all your forces bring ;
‘ The son of Comhal will observe the fight,
‘ My sword shall wave on yonder neighb’ring height.
‘ There will I hold in readiness my blade,
‘ But may you, warriors, never need its aid ;
‘ While the brave Son of Morni gives command,
‘ May you not want to call another hand !
‘ This day my battle shall he fight, that fame
‘ May know his deeds, and bards record his name.
‘ O! ye, the ghosts of heroes, who preside
‘ O’er Cromla’s storms, and on the tempests ride,
‘ Those of my people doomed to fall this day,
‘ Receive with joy, and to your hills convey.
‘ And let them, wafted upon Lena’s breeze,
‘ Be often borne across the foaming seas,
‘ And to my dreams, amid the silent night,
‘ Show their light forms and fill me with delight.
‘ Fillan, and Oscar, of the dark brown hair,
‘ And Ryno, chieftain of the pointed spear,
‘ Advance with valour, and the battle share. }

‘ Behold the Son of Morni in the fight,
‘ And equal him in courage and in might,
‘ Protect your Father’s friends—let Mem’ry’s aid
‘ Bring to your minds the deeds of Heroes dead ;
‘ And should you fall in death, on Erin’s plain,
‘ Yet my loved children we shall meet again !
‘ Soon on a cloud our ghosts shall meet, and fly
‘ On Cona’s breezes, through the trackless sky !’

As some dark stormy cloud, whose edges flare
With the red lightning’s fierce and vivid glare,
Westward retreats before the morning’s beam,
Did Selma’s Hero now retiring seem.
Dread shines his armour ; in his hand he bears,
In case of need, two long and glitt’ring spears.
His grey hair loosely floats upon the wind,
Often he casts an anxious look behind.
Three bards attend him, ready to convey
Aught to the chieftains he may wish to say.

Onward he went to Cromla's rugged height,
There took his seat, and watched the distant fight.
And as he sat and waved his gleaming blade,
'This way, or that ;—so we our force conveyed.—

Now Oscar came,—a flush of joy o'erspread
His eager face,—ecstatic tears he shed ;—
His flaming sword appeared a beam of fire,
As with a smile he thus addressed his Sire.

' O Father ! Ruler of the battle ! deign
' To hear thy Son—nor let me plead in vain ;
' With Morven's Chief retire ; and let my name
' Be known in war, and equal Ossian's fame.
' But should I fall, O Chieftain ! ever bear
' In kind remembrance that white-handed fair !
' Toscar's famed Daughter, with the snowy breast !
' That lonely sunbeam, loveliest, and best !—
' Oft with red cheeks, whilst loosely flows her hair
' In wanton ringlets o'er her neck so fair,

‘ Upon a rock she sits, beside a stream,
‘ Heaves a soft sigh, and thinks of Oscar’s name.
‘ Tell her I’m gone a lightly bounding ghost,
‘ Back to the mountains of my native coast.
‘ Tell her, perhaps I still may be allowed,
‘ Sometimes to meet her in a passing cloud.’—

‘ Rather, brave Oscar! raise a tomb for me,
‘ For I’ll not yet resign the war to thee.
‘ My arm shall teach thee how to fight; my spear,
‘ First in the strife, and bloodiest shall appear.—
‘ But should I fall, my Son! when I am gone
‘ To that dark house, whose mark is one grey stone;
‘ This sword, and bow, be sure with me to place,
‘ And this my horn, the symbol of the chace.’
‘ I have no Love, my son!—no weeping Fair!—
‘ No tender Wife! to leave within thy care.
‘ Branno’s fair Daughter! once my greatest store,
‘ Loved Everallin! is alas! no more.’——

Such were our words ; and scarcely had they
passed,
When Gaul's loud voice came growing on the blast ;
His valiant Father's sword he waved afar,
And on we rushed to wounds, and death, and war.

As the white waves roll foaming o'er the deep,
And as opposing rocks, with oozy steep
Meet foaming waves, in battle met the foes,
And steel with steel, with Heroes, Heroes close ;
The sounding shields a ringing clamor spread
And wounded heroes fell amongst the dead.
As num'rous hammers on the anvil sound,
The clashing swords re-echoed o'er the ground.
Gaul, like a whirlwind 'mongst the warriors flew,
Destruction spread, and many a hero slew.
Swaran, like fire in echoing Gormal's heath,
Ran through the ranks, dispersing wounds and
death.

How can I sing the actions of that day?
Can words the death of many spears convey?
High in the strife my bloody weapon shone,
But, Oscar, thou, my best! my greatest son!
Wert terrible indeed!—with secret pride,
Thy flaming sword victorious I descried.
Through Lena's heath, the troops of Swaran flew,
With eager haste; we followed them and slew!

As tumbling stones from rock to rock rebound,
As in the echoing woods the axes sound,
As the dread thunder rolls among the hills,
Louder and louder yet, in broken peals,
So blow succeeded blow, in Swaran's line,
And death to death from Oscar's hand and mine.¹

But, like the strength of Inistore's rough tide,
Closed the dread foe round Gaul on every side.

¹ Vide Note 34.

Fingal, who watched the progress of the fight,
Grasping his spear, half raised it at the sight.

‘ Go, Ullin, go, my aged bard’ ! he said,
‘ Haste o’er the plain, tow’rds Gaul thy way be sped,
‘ Remind him of those great and glorious days,
‘ When his brave fathers fought and gained the bays ;
‘ With warlike song his yielding troops inspire,
‘ For warlike music adds to martial fire.’

With aged steps tall Ullin went along,
And thus, to Gaul, addressed himself in song.

‘ Son of the Chief of gen’rous steeds !
‘ High-bounding King of spears !
‘ Strong arm inured to dang’rous deeds !
‘ Hard heart that never fears !
‘ Let no white-sailed vessels bound,
‘ Inistore’s dark Isle around.
‘ Cut down the foe !

‘Son of the Chief of gen’rous steeds !
‘ Like thunder be thy might,
‘ Thy heart like rock, which never bleeds,
‘ Thy eyes a fiery light.
‘ Lift like flame of Death thy shield,
‘ And thy sword like meteor wield.
‘ Cut down the foe !’

Warmed with new zeal, the hero’s heart beat high,
But to engage him, Swaran’s self drew nigh ;
The shield of mighty Gaul in twain he cleft,
And Selma’s flying Sons their Leader left.

Fingal now rose ; and thrice he raised his voice,
Thrice Cromla echoed with the dreadful noise !
His scattered warriors heard the well known sound,
And halting, bent their faces to the ground ;
Blushing with shame they scarce their eyes could
raise,
To meet the anger of their monarch’s gaze.

As moves a heavy cloud, with progress slow,
In silence o'er the hills; whilst the fierce glow,
Given by the sunny beams, with added power,
Foretels, with certainty, the coming shower;
So Fingal came!—Swaran, the conqu'ror saw,
And stopped his course, as if o'ercome with awe.
Dark, leaning on his spear in silent mood,
Rolling his eyes around the hero stood,
Tall, and forlorn as stands the aged oak,
Whose limbs are blasted by the lightning's stroke,
O'er Lubar's stream its leafless boughs are spread,
And the wind whistles through its moss-grown
head.

So Swaran stood—Then slowly moving, found,
On Lena's heath, a rising spot of ground;—
Around him gathered, once again, in crowds,
His thousand followers, like dark'ning clouds.

Fingal conspicuous 'mongst his people beamed,
And like the sun amidst the Heavens seemed!

His flocking troops around their chieftain ran,
When with a pow'rful voice he thus began.

‘ Raise, raise my standards, lift them up on
high,
‘ Let them unfurled, on Lena’s breezes fly ;
‘ And by their flutt’ring noise on Erin’s winds,
‘ Bring ancient battles back into our minds.
‘ Come all ye children of the streams, that pour,
‘ Adown a thousand hills, with deaf’ning roar ;
‘ Near to the King of Morven take your stand,
‘ Give ear to him, attend to his command.
‘ Come, strong-armed Gaul, famed chief of deadly
might !
‘ And Oscar, hero of the future fight !
‘ Connal, brave son of Sora’s purple blade !
‘ And dark-haired Dermid, hither bring thy aid ;
‘ Famed Ossian ! king of many songs, appear,
‘ And to your Father’s arm be ever near.’

Then was the sun-beam of the battle reared,¹
The royal standard—soon as it appeared,
Waving majestic, on the passing wind,
With joy exulted ev'ry hero's mind.
Its azure field with studs of gold shone bright,
As Heav'n's blue concave in a starry night.
Inferior Chiefs their proper standards spread,
And to the fight their vassal followers led.—

'Behold,' exclaimed the King; 'on Lena's land,
'How the dividing troops of Swaran stand,
'Like broken clouds upon the craggy rocks,
'Or like a grove of thinly scattered oaks,
'Between whose branches gleams the azure sky,
'And passing meteors glimmer as they fly.
'Let ev'ry Chief that Fingal's friendship knows,
'Take a dark troop of yonder frowning focs,
'Nor let a Son of Lochlin ever more
'Bound on the rolling waves of Inistore!'

¹ Vide Note 35.

‘ Be mine,’ said Gaul, ‘ the seven Chiefs of
fame,

‘ That from the lake of marshy Lano came !’

‘ Let,’ said young Oscar ! ‘ Inistore’s dark king !’

‘ Fame to thy grandson’s glittering weapon bring !’

‘ The king of Iniscon my blade shall feel,’

Said Connal, hero of the heart of steel !

And brown-haired Dermid ; ‘ Mudan’s Chief or I,

‘ On the cold earth in lasting sleep shall lie !’

My choice, though now so weak, and blind I’m
grown,

Was Terman’s battling king, of great renown ;

I promised then to make the hero yield,

And single-handed win his dark brown shield.—

‘ Blest, and victorious may my Chieftain’s prove,’

Said Fingal smiling, with a look of love ;

‘ Swaran, famed king of yonder rolling sea,

‘ Fingal himself has fixed his choice on thee !’

Now like a hundred different winds that pour
Through many vales with loud terrific roar ;
Advanced the sons of Selma o'er the ground,
And Cromla echoed with the dreadful sound.—

How shall my song relate the deaths, and tell,
When closed the chiefs, what steel-clad heroes
fell?

O Toscar's daughter ! blood ran far and wide,
Each warrior's hand with gory blood was dyed ;
Broken and fall'n were Lochlin's gloomy ranks,
Like the loose sides of roaring Cona's banks !
Our arms victorious proved on Lena's field,
Each valiant chief his promises fulfilled !—

Oft hast thou seen, fair maid ! the sun retire,
Angry, and red, behind a cloud like fire ;
Approaching night o'er shades the mountains fast,
Whilst through the valleys roars th' infrequent
blast.

At length in heavy showers the clouds descend,
And pealing thunder seems the air to rend.

The lightning glances on the rocks in streams,
And spirits ride upon its fiery beams.

The rapid floods, in fast-increasing tides,
Come foaming down the craggy mountain's sides.

Such, fairest maiden of the snowy arms!

Such was the tumult, such were war's alarms!

But, daughter of the hill! what mean those
sighs?

Wherefore the tears that tremble in thine eyes?

'Tis Lochlin's maids alone have cause to weep,
Their people fell; in death, their heroes sleep!

But our brave troops, a well earned victory gained,
And their blue steel with crimson blood was
stained.

Weep not for them; but give to me thy tears,

For I am sad, forlorn, and blind with years!

I have no comrades now amongst the brave,
The friends of Ossian moulder in the grave.—

On that dread day great Fingal saw with grief,
Felled by his hand, a brave and aged chief!
Rolling in dust, the grey-haired warrior raised
His dying eyes, and on his conqueror gazed!
Then Fingal said—‘ Have I thus caused the end,
‘ Of one who was loved Agandecca’s friend?—
‘ Oft have I seen in bloody Starno’s hall,
‘ Thy tears of pity for the maiden fall,
‘ And has my hand thus stretched upon the
ground,
‘ One who a foe to all her foes was found?—
‘ Raise, Ullin, raise, to Mathon’s son a tomb,
‘ And sing in Agandecca’s song, his doom ;
‘ Dear darkly-dwelling maid of Ardven’s shore,
‘ Dear to my soul thou shalt be evermore !’

From Cromla’s cave Cuchullin heard afar,
The clash of arms, the troubled sound of war.
To Connal then and Carril loud he cried,
And summoned both the heroes to his side.

The grey-haired warriors heard the well known sound,
Seized their bright spears, and soon the Chieftain
found.

To Cromla's brow they went ; and thence beheld
A distant prospect of the battle field.

Like ocean's waves it seemed, when storms prevail
And force the billows through the sandy vale.—

Soon as the warlike sight Cuchullin viewed,
Dark grew his brow, his spirits were renewed,
With eager grasp he seized his father's blade,
His reddening eyes th' embattled plain surveyed.

Thrice did he strive to rush into the field,
And thrice to Connal's arguments did yield.

' Chief of the Isle of Mist !' he said, ' beware,
' Seek not a part of Fingal's fame to share ;
' He now subdues and puts the foe to flight,
' Strong as a tempest is the hero's might.'—

' Then, Carril, go ; and greet the warlike king,'
Replied the Chief ;' and Morven's praises sing.

‘ When Lochlin fallꝰ away with weaken’d power,
 ‘ Like the small stream that’s caus’d but by a shower ;
 ‘ When the loud tumult of the war is o’er,
 ‘ And the harsh din of arms is heard no more ;
 ‘ Then let thy voice its sweetest accents raise,
 ‘ To hail the king of swords ! and sing his praise.
 ‘ Then give him Caithbat’s sword ; for I no more,
 ‘ Am worthy now to bear the arms he wore.

‘ But, O ye ghosts of lonely Cromla’s height !
 ‘ Ye souls of chieftains fallen in Erin’s fight !
 ‘ Come to Cuchullin now amid his grief,
 ‘ And by your converse grant a sad relief ;
 ‘ For now no longer shall I be renowned,
 ‘ Nor ’mongst the mighty shall my name be
 found.

‘ I am a beam whose light has passed away,
 ‘ A mist that fled before approaching day.—
 ‘ O Connal ! talk of arms no more, nor name
 ‘ The deeds of war ; departed is my fame.

‘ On Cromla’s breezes shall my sighs be found,
‘ Till my sad footsteps cease to mark the ground.
‘ And thou, white-bosom’d fair ! Bragela dear !
‘ Mourn my lost fame, and shed for me a tear.
‘ For never, vanquished, will I seek my home,
‘ Or to thy arms a conquered hero come.’

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

Fingal.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

Os.

L.

The Argument.

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; 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 Lamderg and Gelchossa, and returns towards 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.

Fingal.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

STILL sat the Chiefs on Cromla's windy side,
When to Cuchullin Connal thus replied.

' Why, son of Semo ! is thy soul depressed,
' Why with such gloomy thoughts thy mind dis-
tressed ?

¹ The fourth day still continues. The Poet by putting the narration in the mouth of Connal, who still remained with Cuchullin, on the side of Cromla, gives propriety to the praises of Fingal.

‘ Our friends in battle mighty have been found,
‘ And thou, O warrior ! thou art most renowned !
‘ For many a hero has thy conquering blade,
‘ Felled to the ground, and numbered with the
 dead !—

‘ Oft have Bragéla’s sparkling eyes beheld,
‘ With joy her Chief returning from the field ;
‘ Oft has she hailed him ’midst the valiant train,
‘ When his sword glowed with blood of heroes
 slain ;
‘ When by his might the raging foes were quelled,
‘ And silent left upon the deadly field !
‘ Then, pleasant to her ears appeared the lays,
‘ When Minstrels sung thy actions and thy
 praise.—

‘ But see ; the King of Morven moves below,
‘ Like fiery pillar passing ’mongst the foe.
‘ His strength is equal to a roaring stream,
‘ Or like the wind of Cromla does it seem,

‘ When raging storms in some tempestuous night,
‘ O’erthrow the branching forests with their might.

‘ Happy are those, O Fingal ! who obey,
‘ Thy mild commands, and live beneath thy sway,
‘ Thy mighty arm shall soon their warfare end ;
‘ Before thy power their dreaded foes shall bend.—
‘ Thou art the foremost in the battle’s rage,
‘ In time of peace thy counsels are most sage.
‘ Obedient thousands listen to thy word,
‘ And armies tremble at thy powerful sword.
‘ Happy, O Fingal, must thy people be,
‘ Supremely happy in a king like thee.—
‘ But who is he, with such terrific mien,
‘ Takes his dark course, like thunder o’er the plain ?
‘ Who ? ’tis fierce Starno’s son, the Chief of might,
‘ Coming to meet brave Fingal in the fight.
‘ Behold the warriors hand to hand engage :
‘ Their strife is like the stormy ocean’s rage,

‘ When two opposing spirits meeting rave,
‘ And each asserts his right to rule the wave.
‘ The passing huntsman hears the dreadful roar,
‘ And sees the billows roll tow’rds Ardven’s shore.’—

Thus Connal spoke ; when in the middle space,
Betwixt their falling troops, met face to face
Fingal and Swaran !—then was heard the clang
Of clashing arms, at every blow that rang
With jarring noise, loud as the sounds that spring,
When on the anvil many hammers ring.
Dread is the contest—fiercely glare their eyes,
The broken steel from off their helmets flies.
Each cleaves in twain his fierce opponent’s shield,
And down they throw their weapons on the field.
Then rushing forward, each the other grasped,
Close interlocked, their sinewy arms are clasped ;
And struggling hard from side to side they bend,
Wide o’er the plain their spreading legs extend.

But when the pride of all their strength they found,
With stamping feet they shook th' adjacent
ground.

From their high hills the craggy rocks were
thrown,

And shrubs uprooted o'er the plain were strewn ;

The boasted strength of Swaran failed at last,

And Fingal bound the haughty monarch fast.—

' Ye sons of distant Morven !' then he cried,

' Let a strong guard be placed by Lochlin's side,

' Equal to many waves is Swaran's might,

' His powerful arm is tutored to the fight.—

' Gaul, first of Heroes ! Ossian, King of Songs !

' To your strict care the captive Chief belongs ;

' Raise up his grief to joy, his wants attend,

' For he was once fair Agandecca's friend.

' But Oscar, Fillan, and swift Ryno, go,

' O'er Lena's heath pursue the flying foe.

' Let not their hostile vessels ever more,

' Bound on the rolling waves of Inistore.'—

Swift as the lightning o'er the heath they went,
And Fingal followed soon; but slowly bent,
His stately course like heavy cloud that flies,
Sultry, and silent, through the summer skies;
Before him shone his sword, like sunbeam bright,
But dread as streaming meteor of night.
Tow'rds one of Lochlin's chiefs his way he took,
And to the warlike son of waves thus spoke.

'What cloud-like form is that with sullen pride,
'Stalks by the rock near yonder river's side?
'Though stately is the hero's gait, and brave,
'Vainly he'd strive to cross its foaming wave;
'Broad is the bossy shield the warrior bears.
'Tall as a pine his polished lance appears.
'Hail, dark-haired Chieftain! speak, and let me
know,
'Art thou a friend of Fingal, or his foe?'

'I am a son of Lochlin,' he replied,
'Strong is my arm, in war it has been tried;

‘ With weeping eyes my spouse at home bewails,
‘ Her absent lord ; but nought her grief avails ;
‘ Useless those tears, and vainly does she mourn,
‘ For Orla never will again return.’

‘ Or fights, or yields the hero ?’ then resumed
The noble Fingal ; ‘ those who have presumed,
‘ ’Gainst me to strive, have fallen beneath my hand.
‘ Nor can a foe within my presence stand.—
‘ Son of the wave ! my friends alike are found,
‘ In battle-field, and festive hall renowned ;
‘ Follow my steps—partake the feast with me,
‘ Pursue my deer—the friend of Fingal be.’—

‘ No,’ said the Chief ; ‘ the feeble I befriend,
‘ And to the weak in arms, assistance lend.
‘ My sword, brave warrior ! in the battle field,
‘ Is yet unmatched—let Morven’s monarch yield.’

‘ Orla, I never yield, and never can,
‘ Fingal declares he’ll never yield to man.

‘ Unsheath thy sword, and from amongst my train,
‘ Select thy foe ; for num’rous are my men.’

‘ Dost thou refuse to meet me on the field ?’
Said the brave Orla, of the dark-brown shield ;
‘ Fingal alone, of all his valiant train,
‘ Can equal Orla, on th’ embattled plain.
‘ But, King of Morven ! as, or soon, or late,
‘ To die must be each hardy warrior’s fate,
‘ If I should fall, beneath thy conquering hand,
‘ Let my fair fame be known in Erin’s land.
‘ Full in the midst of Lena place my bones,
‘ And high above me raise the sculptured stones ;
‘ Then to my consort o’er the dark-blue sea,
‘ Convey the sword that oncę belonged to me,
‘ That to her offspring she it’s blade may show,
‘ And teach his soul with warlike zeal to glow.’

‘ Son of the mournful tale !’ the King replied,
‘ Why to awake my feelings hast thou tried ?

‘ One day the warrior by death must fall,
‘ One day his arms hang useless in the hall
‘ His children shall behold—but I will raise,
‘ A tomb for thee, shall celebrate thy praise.
‘ And thy Fair Spouse with tearful eyes shall see,
‘ Orla, the sword that once belonged to thee.’

On Lena’s heath they strove, but Orla’s might
Was feeble, and unfit in arms to fight.
The sword of Fingal cleft his bossy shield,
Which broken fell, and glittered on the field,
Like the bright moon whose image seems to break
In shining pieces on the ruffled lake.

‘ O King of Morven !’ said the chief distressed,
‘ Lift up thy sword, and plunge it in my breast.
‘ Wounded, and faint from battle ; and bereft,
‘ Of ev’ry aid ; here by my friends I’m left.
‘ My mournful story shall be told my bride,
‘ On the green bank by streamy Lota’s side ;

‘ When in the wood, alone she sits and grieves,
‘ And hears the rustling blast amongst the leaves.’

‘ No, Orla, no,’ the King of Morven said,
‘ Against thee now I cannot lift my blade ;
‘ On Lota’s banks thy spouse again shall see,
‘ From war’s rude storms, her valiant Orla free.
‘ And let thy father, who perhaps appears,
‘ Blind, and with hoary locks, from lengthened years,
‘ Hearing thy voice ; once more within his hall,
‘ Brighten with joy, and for his Orla call ;
‘ Let him with transport rise, and searching round,
‘ Strive with his arms his hero to surround.’

‘ But,’ said the youth of streamy Lota, ‘ vain
‘ Will be his search ;—for ne’er shall I again
‘ To those loved halls return—here must I die,
‘ Here on the Heath of Lena must I lie,
‘ And foreign Bards shall mention Orla’s name,
‘ And foreign songs shall celebrate his fame ;

‘ A mortal wound my belt has covered o’er,
‘ And on the winds my spirit now I pour.’

Dark flowed the blood in torrents from his side
And pale he sunk on Lena’s plain, and died ;
Fingal bent o’er his fading form with grief,
Then summoned to the spot each younger chief.
‘ Oscar, and Fillan ! raise, my sons, the fame,
‘ Raise high the memory of Orla’s name.
‘ Here let the Hero rest—here far removed
‘ From his fair Spouse, so tenderly beloved ;
‘ Here let him rest within his narrow grave,
‘ Far, far removed, from Lota’s sounding wave !
‘ Now to his home some feeble chief shall go,
‘ And vainly strive to bend his stubborn bow ;
‘ His faithful dogs, upon his hills shall wait,
‘ And howling, wail their much-loved master’s fate.
‘ But in the woods the wild and savage boar
‘ He used to hunt, shall joy that he’s no more.

‘ Fall’n is the arm of battle, fall’n and dead,
‘ Low is the mightiest of the mighty laid.
‘ Exalt your voices, Chiefs of Selma ! sing,
‘ Blow loud the horn, ye sons of Morven’s King !
‘ Tow’rds captive Swaran let us bend our way,
‘ And spend in songs the time till op’ning day.
‘ Fillan ! and Oscar ! Ryno too ! with haste,
‘ O’er blood-stained Lena be your steps retraced ;
‘ But where is Ryno ? why, young Son of Fame,
‘ Art thou not here, in answer to thy name ?
‘ Thou art not wont to be the last, from choice,
‘ To pay attention to thy father’s voice.’

‘ Ryno,’ said Ullin first of bards, ‘ is blest,
‘ And with his Father’s awful forms, at rest.
‘ With Trathal, king of shields, he now is found,
‘ And Trenmor, chief for mighty deeds renowned ;
‘ Pale is the youth, and low alas ! he’s laid,
‘ On Lena’s bloody heath amongst the dead.’

‘Fell!’ said the King, ‘the swiftest in the race!
‘The first to draw the bow-string in the chase?
‘Ah! why so soon, young Ryno! art thou gone?
‘Scarce were thy virtues to thy Father known;
‘But sleep, sleep softly upon Lena’s plain,
‘Fingal shall soon behold his son again;
‘Soon, very soon, my voice shall cease to sound,
‘Soon shall my footsteps cease to mark the ground.
‘The minstrels then will speak of Fingal’s name,
‘Then will the tomb perpetuate my fame,
‘But, Ryno, thou art low indeed, my son;
‘Ere thy renown’s established, thou art gone!
‘But strike the harp for Ryno—Ullin, say
‘What would the Chief have been, some future
 day.—
‘Farewell, thou first in ev’ry field! for thee,
‘No more shall I direct the dart; or see
‘Thy youthful face,—thou who didst all excel,
‘Thou who hast been so passing fair, farewell!’—

While yet he spoke, upon his cheeks were seen,
 The streaming tears, for brave his son had been.
 Ev'n as a fire appeared the hero's might,
 Whose flame wide flares upon the hill by night,
 While the lone trav'ler trembles at the sound,
 Of blazing forests falling to the ground ;
 But soon 'tis driv'n beyond the steep, by gales,
 It sinks, and darkness once again prevails.

‘ Whose fame is this ? ’ resumed the king of shells,
 ‘ Beneath this Tomb what Chief for ever dwells ?
 ‘ Four stones with mossy heads, stand there to show,
 ‘ The narrow chamber of the dead below ;
 ‘ Near to this spot let Ryno's corpse be placed,
 ‘ Let him a neighbour to the valiant rest ;
 ‘ Here may some chiefs renowned in battle lie,
 ‘ Who with my son upon the clouds will fly.
 ‘ Ullin, once more thy ancient songs resume,
 ‘ Relate the deeds of those within this tomb ;

‘ If in the battle field they never fled,
‘ Close by their sides, my Ryno shall be laid.
‘ Here far from Morven shall the youth remain,
‘ Here shall he rest on Lena’s echoing plain.’

‘ Here,’ said the ancient Bard, ‘ within this grave,
‘ Here rest the bodies of the mighty brave.
‘ Silent is Lamderg in his narrow home !
‘ And the brave Ullin, King of swords, is dumb !
‘ But who, soft smiling, with such heav’nly grace,
‘ Shows from the distant cloud her lovely face ?
‘ Why, fairest maid of Cromla ! why so pale ?
‘ Sleep’st thou with foes who in the battle fell,
‘ Tuathal’s daughter ? thousands hast thou fir’d,
‘ With ardent love.—One was by thee desired ;
‘ Lamderg alone return of love could find,
‘ Lamderg alone was genial to thy mind ;
‘ To Tura’s mossy walls his way he took,
‘ Struck his dark buckler, and thus loudly spoke.’

LAMDERG AND GELCHOSSA.

‘Where, where is Gelchossa, the maid of my heart,

‘Tuathal’s fair daughter so bright?

‘In Tura I left her, when forced to depart,

‘With the mighty Ulfada to fight.’

‘Return soon, O Lamderg!’ the fair maiden cried,

‘For sorrowing here shall I stay :

‘Her white bosom heaved, as she heavily sighed,

‘And tears’ down her cheeks ’gan to stray.

‘But comes not Gelchossa, her Lamderg to meet,

‘His soul, after battle to cheer?

‘I hear not the voice of the minstrel so sweet,

‘The halls sad and silent appear.

‘ Old Bran does not shake at the gateway his chain,
 ‘ Well pleased that his master is there.
 ‘ Ah ! where does Gelchossa, my love, now remain,
 ‘ Tuathal’s mild Daughter so fair ?’

Ferchios (the son of Aidon) replies,
 ‘ Oh, Lamderg ! thy love is not here,
 ‘ Perhaps with her maids over Cromla she hies,
 ‘ In chase of the swift flying deer.’

‘ No noise,’ said the Chieftain of Cromla, ‘ I hear,
 ‘ No hunters in Lena’s thick grove ;
 ‘ No panting dog follows the swift flying deer,
 ‘ I see not Gelchossa my love.

‘ But haste thee, Ferchios, to Allad begone,’
 ‘ The grey-headed son of the hill ;
 ‘ His dwelling is in yonder circle of stone,
 ‘ Ask him of Gelchossa to tell.

To Allad, the son of Aidon then hied,
 And spoke in the aged man's ear ;

‘ Oh thou ! who alone in the rocks dost abide,

‘ Say, what to thy view did appear ? ’

‘ I saw,’ replied Allad, ‘ fierce Ullin ; ’ he passed

‘ From Cromla, in dark sullen mood.

‘ He was surlily humming a song, like a blast,

‘ That howls through a dark leafless wood,

‘ He entered the Castle of Tura ; and cried,

‘ Oh Lamderg ! dread chieftain ! appear,

‘ Yield to Ullin, or fight.’—Gelchossa replied,

‘ Brave Ullin ! the chief is not here.

‘ He's gone with the mighty Ulfada to fight,

‘ But, Lamderg the brave never yields !

‘ He'll strive with the dread Son of Cairbar—his
 might

‘ Will he prove in the battle of shields.’

‘ Ullin, the Son of Cairbair.

‘Oh! lovely,’ said terrible Ullin, ‘thou art,

‘Fair Maid of Tuathal the brave!

‘With me to the halls of famed Cairbar depart,

‘The valiant Gelchossa must have.

‘Three days will I tarry on Cromla’s steep height,

‘For that son of battle of thine;

‘On the fourth if famed Lamderg return not to fight,

‘Shall lovely Gelchossa be mine!’

‘Peace, peace be with thee, and thy dreams in the
cave,’

The Chieftain of Cromla replied;

‘Sound, Ferchios, my horn; that Ullin the brave!

‘May hear in the halls of his pride.’

Then Lamderg, from Tura ascended the height,

And a surly song hummed as he went;

Which roared like the noise of a torrent, whose might,

Foams over some rugged descent.

He gloomily stood like a dark cloud afar,
Which varies its form to the breeze.
He rolled a huge stone as a signal of war ;
From Cairbar's hall Ullin obeys.

And joyfully seizing his father's long spear,
He armed for the combat with pride ;
His dark swarthy cheek a bright smile seemed to
clear,
As he girded the sword to his side.

The glittering dagger he held in his hand,
He whistled as onward he went ;
Gelchossa observed him stride over the land,
Like a mist he went up the ascent.

She saw him depart ;—and fast flowed her sad tears,
In anguish she struck her white breast ;
For Lamderg in secret aroused were her fears,
When she thus aged Cairbar addressed.

‘ Hoary Chieftain of shells! in chase of the deer,
‘ To Cromla’s high steep must I go ;
‘ For on its green brow I can see them appear,
‘ And there will I haste with my bow.’

In vain did she hasten the hill to ascend.

They fought, and the fierce Ullin fell.

But wherefore should I, a poor Minstrel, pretend,
Brave Fingal of battles to tell ?

Young Lamderg all pale, and with blood cover’d
o’er,

Return’d to Gelchossa who cried ;

‘ Ah! whence my dear Lamderg, whence comes all
this gore,

‘ What blood is that streams from thy side?’

‘ The blood thou perceivest, thou fairer than snow!

‘ Is Ullin’s;’ the Chieftain replied ;

‘ But here let me rest for a while ere I go,’

Then slowly sunk down and there died.—

‘So soon dost thou sleep on the earth?’ said the
maid,

‘Loved Chieftain of Tura renowned?’

‘Three days in sad grief by her lover she staid,
And dead by the huntsmen was found,

Who raised this one tomb, o’er the three—and thy
son,

May rest here with heroes of fame ;

For the actions, O King! the two Chieftains have
done,

Entitle them both to the name.

‘Fresh on my mind their fame hast thou im-
press’d,’

Fingal replied ;—‘near them my son shall rest.

‘Here shall the youth of Lota’s stream be laid,

‘Fillan and Fergus, have him here conveyed ;

‘Ryno will not unequalled then abide,

‘With valiant Orla resting by his side!—

‘ Weep, Morven’s daughters!—let your tears be shed,
‘ Ye maids of Lota ! for your hero dead.
‘ Like a fair tree each well made Chief was grown,
‘ And as the mountain oak, when overthrown,
‘ Stretched o’er the ground across the riv’let lies,
‘ Till all its lovely foliage fades and dies,
‘ Each fallen hero seems ! Oscar ! thou hast known,
‘ How both have fallen ; like theirs be thy renown.
‘ Like theirs thy life on earth, a life of fame,
‘ That Bards like theirs may celebrate thy name.—
‘ Dreadful in battle have they ever been,
‘ But calm in peace was youthful Ryno seen.
‘ Calm as the bow of heaven, when falls the
 shower,
‘ In gentle drops at evening’s placid hour ;
‘ When the last rays on Mora’s top appear,
‘ And silence dwells among the mountain deer.—

‘ Rest, youngest of my sons ! my Ryno ! rest,
‘ On Lena’s plain, and be for ever blest.

‘ We too shall be no more—death visits all,
‘ One day the warrior by death must fall!’—

Such was thy sorrow, King of Swords! when dead,
On Lena’s plain thy youngest son was laid.—
But in what words shall Ossian’s grief be told,
Now thou art gone!—no longer I behold
My father’s honor’d face!—no longer hear,
That voice which used all Cona’s top to cheer.
Oft by thy grave I sit, forlorn and blind,
Feel with my hands, and strive thy tomb to find;
And oft I fancy that thy voice I hear,
But ’tis the passing breeze that meets my ear.
Fingal has long in lasting sleep been laid,
Long has the ruler of the war been dead!—

Gaul and myself still sat by Swaran’s side,
On the green bank near Lubar’s gentle tide:
I touched the harp and strove to wake a strain,
To animate the king—but all was vain,

Still gloomy was his brow—oft did he raise
His rolling eyes, and over Lena gaze.
With sorrowing look surveyed the neighb'ring
coast,
And mourned the numerous heroes he had lost.

Now as I raised my eyes towards Cromla's
height,
The son of generous Semo met my sight ;
Mournful and slow, across the steep he went,
And his sad steps towards Tura's cavern bent.
Fingal victorious on th' embattled plain,
He saw with joy ; but joy was mixed with pain.
With solemn pace and melancholy mind,
The valiant Connal lingered far behind,
And as they passed across the steep ; the sun,
With dazzling splendour on their armour shone.
As flames of fire they seemed, whose vivid light,
Flares on the mountain's summit in the night,

When the rough breezes drive them o'er the ground,
And burning heath emits a crackling sound.—

Slow sunk the Chiefs behind the mountain's side,
To where a rocky cavern opens wide ;
One single tree above its branches bends,
Below a stream with rapid force descends.
Against its sides the raging tempests pour,
With force tremendous and continued roar. —

Here went the son of Semo ! Erin's chief !
For the lost battle overwhelmed with grief.
A glittering tear ran down his manly face,
As he reviewed his sad unhappy case.
He grieved to think his once fair fame was passed,
Like Cona's mist, that flies before the blast.
Too far remote, Bragéla, dost thou dwell,
To cheer thy hero, and his cares dispel !
But let thy form be present to his mind,
That once again his thoughts may be inclined

Back to the sunbeam of his love to go ;
And seek in her a solace of his woe.


But who is he, with silvered head of age,
Approaching yonder?—'Tis the ancient sage,
Carril of other times!—' Hail, Son of songs!
' Hail, Bard of other days! to thee belongs
' That softest voice, whose sound melodious, vies
' With the sweet strains from Tura's harps that rise.
' Soft flow thy words, and equal pleasure yield,
' With the show'r falling on the sunny field.
' But, ancient Carril! sweetest Minstrel! say,
' Why from Cuchullin dost thou take thy way?

' Ossian,' replied the Bard; ' to thee belong,
' Thou King of Swords! the greatest pow'rs of song;
' Long, gallant ruler of the war, to me
' Hast thou been known—often have I with thee,
' At her desire, to Everallin sung;
' My harp in Brano's Halls, has often rung,


‘ And oft’ amid the song, with softest sound,
‘ Fair Everallin’s lovely voice was found.
‘ Once, when she sung of Cormac’s hapless fate,
‘ Who died for her, his passion was so great,
‘ On her fair cheek I saw the falling tear ;
‘ And, Chief of Men ! on thine it did appear :
‘ His hapless fate, her tender soul had moved,
‘ And then she pitied him she never loved.
‘ How fair was she ! amongst a thousand fair
‘ Brave Brano’s Daughter loveliest would appear.’

‘ Bring not her virtues, Carril ! to my mind,
‘ Let not my memory, her beauties find ;
‘ My soul must melt at thoughts of former years,
‘ Again my eyes will overflow with tears.
‘ Pale in the earth, alas ! for ever laid,
‘ Is that once fair, and softly blushing maid !
‘ But on the heath be seated ; let us hear,
‘ Thy voice, sweet Bard ! our drooping souls to
cheer ;

' Pleasant it is, as Spring's soft gale, that sighs
' Upon the hunter's ear, who sleeping lies ;
' Gently it wakes him from a pleasing dream,
' In which he heard such sounds, to him did seem,
' As though the tuneful spirits of the hill,
' Did the whole air with softest music fill.'



END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.



Fingal.



BOOK THE SIXTH.



The Argument.

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 Scandinavia, and his marriage with Inibaca, the Daughter of a King of Lochlin, 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 to Lochlin, upon his promising never to revisit 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.

Fingal.

BOOK THE SIXTH.*

THE gloomy clouds come rolling down ; and night,
In solemn darkness rests on Cromla's height ;
The northern stars, o'er Erin's waters glow,
And through the flying mist, their faces show.
The distant breezes, through the forests roar,
And silent darkness covers Lena o'er.

* This book opens with the fourth night, and ends on the morning of the sixth day.

Still on the heath the sweet melodious sound
Of Carril's voice spreads tunefully around.

He sung the friendships of our youth ; when we
Together met, in former years, with glee ;
When on sweet Lego's pleasant banks, with song,
And festive mirth, we passed the days along.
All Cromla's heights responsive echoes rang,
And from their clouds, the ghosts of those he sang,
Attentive leaned, to hear him sound their praise,
And heard with joy the deeds of other days !

Blest be thy soul, Oh Carril ! ever blest
'Midst eddyng winds.—Oh ! that in hours of rest,
When I am staying, lonely in my home,
In the night season, thou wouldst deign to come ;
And then my friend does come—oft in my hall,
When my harp hangs against the distant wall,
Thy hand light moving o'er its strings I hear,
And the faint sound scarce vibrates through the air.

But wherefore dost thou not assuage my grief?
Why never speak, and give my soul relief?
Tell me when I again my friends shall see,
And dwell for ever with those friends and thee.
But on the murm'ring breeze thy spirit flies,
While the wind whisp'ring through my grey locks
sighs.

Now on the grassy slope of Mora's side,
The gath'ring heroes for the feast provide ;
Round goes the strength of shells, and on the breeze,¹
Ascend the flames of num'rous burning trees.
The warriors all their wonted joy resume,
Save Lochlin's King ; who sits in silent gloom ;
With pride and sorrow redd'ning in his eyes,
Tow'rds Lena's plain he often looks, and sighs.

On his forefathers' shield brave Fingal leaned ;
His grey locks, slowly waving on the wind,

¹ Vide Note 37.

Shone to the beams of night ; Swaran's great grief
He soon observed, and strove to give relief.

‘ Raise, Ullin, raise,’ he cried ‘ the song of peace,
‘ Oh sooth my soul ; let thoughts of battle cease ;
‘ And let my ravished ear, ’midst music’s charms
‘ Forget the sound of war, and crash of arms ;
‘ Let ev’ry Harp be brought, tune ev’ry string,
‘ Join all your pow’rs to gladden Lochlin’s King ;
‘ For he with joy, must from these shores depart,
‘ None ever went from Fingal, sad at heart.
‘ Oscar, like lightning is my vengeful blade,
‘ Against the mighty who my rights invade ;
‘ But when the yielding Chiefs, for me decide,
‘ Peaceful it hangs, and slumbers by my side.’

Now pealing harps with sounds harmonious
rang,
As thus the Minstrel raised his voice and sang.

TRENMOR AND INIBACA.*

When Trenmor lived; in days of yore,
The northern waves, he bounded o'er,
He braved the tempest's mighty roar,
Companion of the storm.

The tow'ring cliffs of Lochlin's land,
Its murm'ring groves, and rocky strand,
Through mist he saw, and gave command,
To furl his swelling sails.

He then pursued the savage boar,
That loud through Gormal's woods did roar,
And from whose presence heretofore,
All Lochlin's chiefs had fled.

* Vide Note 38.

But soon beneath great Trenmor's spear,
Rolling in death did he appear,
While three of Lochlin's chiefs were near,
Who told the wond'rous deed.

They told in what a gallant mood,
The brave and mighty stranger stood,
He seemed a fire within the wood,
So bright his armour shone.

Then did their King, the feast prepare,
He called the blooming Trenmor there,
And in famed Gormal's tow'rs so fair,
Three days he feasting staid.

In combat he received his choice,
But Lochlin had no Chief whose voice,
Did not in Trenmor's fame rejoice,
And gladly to him yield.

The shell of joy, with songs went round,
In praise of Morven's King renowned,
Who o'er the stormy waves did bound,
The First of Mighty Men.

Now when the fourth grey morn appeared,
He launched his ship, his sails he reared,
He paced the beach, for sea prepared,
And called the rushing wind ;

For he had heard the distant breeze,
Which had not reached the azure seas,
But murmur'd through the waving trees,
With solemn, hollow sound.

From Gormal now, a Youth so fair,
With rosy cheeks, and yellow hair,
Before the Chieftain did appear,
All clad in arms of steel ;

The driven snow was never seen,
Fairer than was the youth's white skin,
Whose blue eye roll'd with smiling mien,
As he the King addressed.

'Stay, Trenmor, stay; nor yet begone;
'Thou hast not conquered Lonval's Son,
'No chief as yet my sword has won,
'The cautious shun my bow.'

Trenmor replied; 'I will not seek,
'Brave Lonval's son, thy shield to break,
'Sun-beam of youth, thy arm is weak,
'Retire to Gormal's hinds.'

'I will retire,' the youth replied,
'But Trenmor's sword shall grace my side,
'Then will I go, with conscious pride,
'Exulting in my fame.'

‘ Then shall the Virgins gather round,
‘ And smile upon the Chief renowned,
‘ Who felled great Trenmor to the ground,
‘ And sigh with sighs of love.

‘ They shall admire thy length of spear,
‘ When amongst thousands I appear,
‘ Raising its point into the air,
‘ Bright glitt’ring to the sun.’

‘ My spear shall ne’er be raised by thee,
‘ Thy Mother on this beach shall see,
‘ Her Son’s pale body slain by me,’
Replied the angry king ;

‘ And when with tears thy death she wails,
‘ Borne o’er the deep by prosp’rous gales,
‘ She shall behold the swelling sails,
‘ Of him who slew her son.’

‘ Too weak am I, the spear to wield,’
Rejoined the youth—‘ in battle field,
‘ Scarce could my arm support the shield,
‘ For I am young in years.

‘ But though I cannot bear a part,
‘ With spear and shield, I’ve learned the art,
‘ To throw with skill the feathered dart,
‘ And pierce a distant foe.

‘ But lay aside thy weighty steel,
‘ So cased from death, thou canst not feel ;
‘ I first will lay on earth my mail ;
‘ Now throw thy dart, brave King.’—

Trenmor perceived her heaving breast,
For ’twas a maid in armour drest,
And now before him stands confessed,
The sister of the King.

For in her brother's halls she'd been,
And there the gallant Chief had seen,
Admired his figure and his mien,
 And loved his youthful face.—

Dropped from the warrior's hand his lance,
He could not one step more advance,
Or trust his eyes to take a glance,
 But bent them to the ground.

She seemed to him that beam of light,
Which strikes the traveller's aching sight,
When from some cavern dark as night,
 He issues into day.

Thus spoke at length the lovely maid ;
' Brave Chief of Morven ! lend thy aid,
' Let me be in thy ship convey'd,
 ' Away from Corlo's love.

‘ That Chieftain Inibaca fears,
‘ For dread as thunder he appears,
‘ He shakes ten thousand glittering spears,
‘ And loves in gloomy pride.’

‘ Repose in peace behind my shield,’
‘ Trenmor replied—‘ I’ll never yield,
‘ But meet him, though in battle field,
‘ He shakes ten thousand spears.’

Three days did Trenmor there abide,
Sounded to battle far and wide,
Loudly on Corlo’s name he cried,
But Corlo never came.

Now from his hall the King descends,
He joined the maid’s and Trenmor’s hands,
And gave a feast to all his friends,
Upon the roaring shore.

‘ Brave Swaran !’ Fingal said, ‘ though we are
foes,
‘ ‘Tis the same blood in both our veins that flows.
‘ Often our fathers met in battle field,
‘ Because they loved the strife of spear and shield.
‘ And oft together in the hall were found,
‘ When at their feasts, with joy the shell went
round.
‘ Then let thy face with gladness brighten o’er,
‘ And the soft harp thy wonted glee restore.
‘ Dread as the storm of Ocean is thy might,
‘ Destructive proved thy valour in the fight.
‘ Thy voice was heard resounding from afar,
‘ Equal to thousands when engaged in war.
‘ Fair Agandecca’s brother ! let thy sails,
‘ When morning breaks, be spread before the gales ;
‘ With brightness equal to the noon-day beams,
‘ Before my mournful soul, her spirit seems.
‘ In Starno’s halls, when I with tears beheld,
‘ The lovely maiden by her father felled ;

‘ When all around me slaughtered Chiefs were laid,
‘ And the red gore streamed reeking from my blade ;
‘ I saw, for her, thy tears of pity flow,
‘ Withdrew my arm, and spared the intended
 blow.—
‘ But should’st thou wish the fight; thyself shalt
 have,
‘ The choice thy fathers once to Trenmor gave ;
‘ That like the sun, when setting in the west,
‘ Thou mayst at parting with renown be blest.’—

‘ Brave King of Morven !’ then the Chief re-
 plied,
‘ No more with Fingal shall my might be tried.
‘ When in my father’s halls thou first wast known,
‘ Although thy years were few beyond my own,
‘ Oft have I said ;—when shall I lift my spear,
‘ Like noble Fingal ?—when like him appear ?—
‘ Thy strength in battle I before have tried,
‘ When once we fought on Malmor’s shaggy side,

‘ After my ships had brought me o’er the sea,
‘ And I had feasted in thy halls with thee.—
‘ Noble was Malmor’s strife—let Minstrels’ lays,
‘ The conqueror’s name transmit to future days.—
‘ But many ships, that crossed with me the main,
‘ Have lost their gallant crews, on Lena’s plain ;
‘ These shall be thine ; then henceforth condescend,
‘ Famed King of Morven ! to be Swaran’s friend.
‘ And when thy sons shall come to Gormal’s shore,
‘ We’ll spread the feast, and they shall hunt the boar ;
‘ Then in the valley we’ll the lists prepare,
‘ And choice of combat shall be offered there.’

‘ Neither thy ships,’ said Fingal, ‘ or thy land,
‘ Of many hills I’ll take from thy command ;
‘ Enough for Fingal is the desert coast,
‘ The woods and deer that Morven’s mountains
boast.

‘ Rise on thy waves, fair Agandecca’s friend !
‘ Let thy white canvas to the morn extend,

‘ Soon as its earliest beams proclaim the day ;
‘ And back to Gormal’s hills pursue thy way.’—

‘ May blessings ever on thy soul be shed,
‘ Thou King of Shells !’ the mighty Swaran said,
‘ In peaceful days thou art the spring’s mild gale,
‘ But like the mountain storm when wars prevail ;
‘ Take now my hand ; and let thy Minstrels tell,
‘ In solemn dirge, our grief for those who fell.
‘ Let Erin’s land find Lochlin’s sons a grave,
‘ And let high tombs be raised above the brave,
‘ Which to the children of the north may tell,
‘ In after ages, where their fathers fell.—
‘ And when the hunter to this place shall come,
‘ He’ll say whilst leaning o’er a mossy tomb ;
‘ In other days, upon this very spot,
‘ Fingal and Swaran, ancient heroes fought.
‘ Thus shall our deeds be known to future days,
‘ And everlasting shall remain our praise.’

To-day,' said Fingal, 'is our greatest fame,
' But we shall shortly vanish like a dream ;
' No warlike clamor on this plain shall sound,
' Nor shall our tombs upon the heath be found.
' No huntsman then shall know our place of rest,
' Nor shall our names by any be possessed,
' Save in the Minstrel's song : but there alone,
' Say what avails it when our strength is gone ?
' You, Ossian ! Carril ! Ullin ! have been taught,
' To sing the deeds of heroes who have fought ;
' Let now the songs of other years go round,
' And the time pass amid the cheerful sound ;
' Thus let us spend the darksome hours of night,
' And hail with joy the next approach of light.'—

We gave the song—a hundred harps combined,
Their soothing strains, and with our voices joined ;
Swaran's sads oul was comforted, and soon
His face with pleasure beamed, mild as the moon,

When calm and broad, amidst the sky she sails,
And not a cloud her radiant beauty veils.

‘Where,’ said great Fingal, ‘Carril, where is
gone,
‘The brave Cuchullin, Semo’s blue-eyed son?
‘Has he retired, like the pale meteor’s light,
‘To Tura’s cavern, dreary as the night?’—

‘He has retired,’ the ancient Bard replied,
‘In the lone cave does sad Cuchullin hide;
‘There the lost battle does the Chief deplore,
‘Who ne’er in fight was overcome before;
‘He sends his sword to rest on Fingal’s side,
‘Who like a storm his foes has scattered wide.
‘Receive the hero’s blade, whose fame has passed,
‘Like the thin mist that flies before the blast.’—

‘Never,’ the king replied, ‘will I receive
‘The hero’s sword—Cuchullin still is brave,

‘ His mighty arm shall yet in war prevail,
‘ His fame’s established and shall never fail.
‘ Many in battle have been overthrown,
‘ And risen afterwards to great renown.
‘ Cast then, Oh Swaran ! all thy grief away,
‘ King of resounding woods ! again be gay.
‘ The valiant ever shall with fame be crowned,
‘ And though defeated, still will be renowned,
‘ They are but clouded for a little space,
‘ Like the bright sun, who sometimes hides his face
‘ Behind a southern cloud ; but soon again,
‘ Shines with full splendour on the grassy plain.

‘ Grumal, a Chief of Cona, much renowned,
‘ Sought every coast where battle could be found ;
‘ His soul rejoiced in blood and war’s alarms,
‘ And his ear gloried in the din of arms,
‘ On Craca’s Isle he poured his warlike men,
‘ But from his grove the King observed his train ;

- ‘ For then in Brumo’s circle, to the stone
‘ Of mighty power, he made his troubles known ;
‘ Fiercely they fought, to gain that lovely maid,
‘ Craca’s fair Daughter ; whose pure fame had
 spread,
‘ Far as where Cona’s rapid waters pour,
‘ And reached brave Grumal, on that distant shore,
‘ Who vowed the lovely Maiden to obtain,
‘ Or spill his blood on Craca’s echoing plain.
‘ Three days they fought, but the fourth morning
 found,
‘ Grumal o’ercome and by the Monarch bound.
‘ Far from his friends, defeated and disgraced,
‘ In Brumo’s horrid circle he was placed,
‘ Where oft they say, departed souls appear,
‘ With dismal howlings round the stone of fear.
‘ Yet he again, as heaven’s ethereal light,
‘ Conspicuous shone—again his wond’rous might,
‘ Subdued the pow’rful ; and brave Grumal’s name,
‘ Again was added to the list of fame.

‘ Raise, all ye Bards,’ continued Fingal, ‘ raise
‘ The songs of Heroes, and exalt their praise,
‘ That on their deeds of fame, my soul may rest,
‘ And sadness cease to dwell in Swaran’s breast.’

At once a hundred tuneful harps were strung,
A hundred Bards their voices raised and sung,
They sung the wondrous deeds of other days,
Of ancient wars, and ancient Heroes’ praise.—
Ah! when shall I the Minstrels’ accents hear?
When will my Father’s fame my spirits cheer?
No harp alas! is strung on Morven’s hills,
No music now all Cona’s echoes fills,
The tuneful Bard is with the mighty dead,
Fame is no longer through the desert spread.

Now from the East, the morn’s first glimm’ring
beam,
Sheds upon Cromla’s side a trembling gleam,

O'er Lena's heath, is heard the echoing sound
Of Swaran's horn ; his followers gath'ring round,
Ascend their ships ; and spread their swelling sails,
Silent and sad before green Erin's gales,
White, as the mist that flies before the breeze,
The bounding vessels float along the seas.

‘ Call all my dogs,’ said Fingal, ‘ and prepare,
‘ O'er Cromla's heights to chase the flying deer,
‘ Call surly Luath, dog of powerful might !
‘ Call too my fav'rite Bran, with breast so white !—
‘ Fillan ! and Ryno ! but alas ! he's gone,
‘ On the cold bed of Death, now rests my son ;
‘ Fillan ! and Fergus ! blow aloud the horn,
‘ With jovial chase bid welcome to the morn ;
‘ Let all the deer of Cromla, at the sound,
‘ Start from their peaceful lakes with sudden bound.’

Shrill through the wood, the horn's loud music flies,
And from the plain all Cromla's sons arise,

Grey-bounding through the heath a thousand hounds,
With cheering voices join the bugle's sounds.
By ev'ry dog, that morn, a deer was slain,
White-breasted Bran laid three upon the plain ;
The flying prey to Fingal's feet he brought,
As though to raise the Chieftain's joy he sought.
One fell at Ryno's tomb ; again returned
Great Fingal's grief—again his son he mourned ;
He saw with pain, how peaceful lay the stone,
Of him who foremost in the chase had shone !

‘ Never, my son, wilt thou arise again,
‘ No more partake the feast on Cromla's plain ;
‘ Soon will thy tomb be hid upon the green,
‘ And the rank grass upon thy grave be seen,
‘ Then shall the sons of feeble men pass by,
‘ Unconscious where the bones of Heroes lie.’

‘ Ossian and Fillan, Fingal's greatest aid !
‘ And Gaul, famed chieftain of the warlike blade !

‘ Let us ascend the hill and strive to find,
‘ The Chief of Erin, in his cave confined.
‘ Are these the walls of Tura? grey and lone
‘ Upon the heath they raise their heads of stone,
‘ Silent and lonely is the hall where dwells
‘ The sad Cuchullin—Erin’s Chief of Shells.
‘ Come let us strive the gloomy chief to find,
‘ And with our joy inspire his drooping mind ;
‘ But, Fillan, look, does smoke my eyes deceive,
‘ Or do I there Cuchullin’s form perceive ?
‘ Cromla’s keen breezes so affect my sight,
‘ That I distinguish not my friend aright.’

‘ It is,’ replied the youth, ‘ brave Semo’s son,
‘ But sad the hero seems, and woe-begone.
‘ In pensive silence, on his glitt’ring blade
‘ The warrior’s once victorious hand is laid.
‘ Hail to the Chieftain of the battle field !
‘ The far-famed breaker of the warlike shield !’

‘ And hail to thee!’ Cuchullin quickly cried ;
 ‘ Hail to thy heroes, rocky Morven’s pride !
 ‘ Grateful to me does Fingal’s presence seem,
 ‘ As is to Cromla’s heights, the sun’s bright beam,
 ‘ When in the skies, the hunter sees unveiled,
 ‘ His face so lately by the clouds concealed ;
 ‘ Thy sons attend thy course with smaller light,
 ‘ Like stars that cheer the gloomy face of night.—
 ‘ It is not thus, O Fingal! thou hast seen,
 ‘ Cuchullin coming from th’ embattled plain ;
 ‘ When vanquished Kings before my might had fled,
 ‘ And peace and joy through all the hills were
 spread.’

‘ Thy words are many, Semo’s blue-eyed Son!’
 Said Connan, warrior of small renown,
 ‘ But where are all these deeds which thou hast
 done?

‘ Why have we come across the stormy wave,
 ‘ To aid thy feeble arm thy land to save?

' Whilst thou to caverns fly'st, absorbed in grief,
 ' Connan thy battles fights, and brings relief;
 ' Yield then to me, these glitt'ring arms of thine,
 ' Green Erin's Chief!—to me thy sword resign.'

' No hero,' said the Chief, ' e'er sought to gain
 ' Cuchullin's arms, thousands should strive in vain,
 ' I sought no cavern, gloomy youth! or wailed,
 ' Till Erin's sons at ev'ry point had failed.'

' Connan!' said Fingal; ' Chief of little might!
 ' Cease thy vain words—Cuchullin in the fight
 ' Is through the world renowned—where'er I've
 gone,
 ' Thou Chief of Inis-fail! thy fame was known.
 ' Spread to the breeze thy sails, and seek once
 more,
 ' King of the Isle of Mist! thy native shore.
 ' Where fair Bragéla! on her rock appears,
 ' Her tender eyes suffused with briny tears,

‘ Strewed o’er her heaving breast, her flowing hair
 ‘ Sports on the breeze, as with attentive ear
 ‘ She list’ning sits ; in hopes perhaps to find,
 ‘ Thy rowers’ voices borne upon the wind,
 ‘ As on the distant waves, they raise the song,¹
 ‘ Whilst the sweet sound thy harp’s loud notes pro-
 long.’

‘ Long shall she listen—long in vain shall mourn,
 ‘ For sad Cuchullin never will return ;
 ‘ How can I bear Bragéla’s face to see ?¹
 ‘ To know that bosom heave with sighs for me ?
 ‘ In all the battles I before have seen,
 ‘ My arm, great Fingal ! has victorious been.’

‘ And yet again victorious shall it be,
 Fingal resumed, ‘ again we all shall see
 ‘ Thy growing fame, which like the oak shall spread,
 ‘ That waves its branches over Cromla’s head ;

¹ Vide Note 39.

‘ For many battles yet thy arm shall gain,
‘ And many a warrior stretch upon the plain.
‘ Hither, young Oscar ! hither bring the deer,
‘ And on this spot the feast of shells prepare ;
‘ Since all the danger’s past, let ev’ry breast
‘ Rejoice in safety, ev’ry friend be blest.’


We sat, we feasted, and we sung ; till rose
Cuchullin’s soul, and banished were his woes ;
His strength returned, and gladness on his face,
Shone with its usual brilliancy and grace.
Old Ullin gave the song, and Carril raised
His tuneful voice, and warlike heroes praised ;
I joined the Bards, and sung those battles o’er,
In which I fought—but now I fight no more,
Ceased is my fame, amongst the tombs alone,
I sit, and mourn my friends for ever gone.

Thus passed in song, the hours of night away,
And gladness hailed the morning’s early ray.


Fingal arising, shook his glittering spear,
And straight the warriors round their chief appear,
Onward he went, tow'rds Lena's bloody plain,
In arms we followed him—a gallant train.

‘Spread, spread the sail,’ exclaimed the King,
and seize,

‘As o'er the plain it flies, the fav'ring breeze.’—
On the green waves we rose with mirthful song,
And rushed with joy, the foaming deep along.



THE END OF FINGAL.





Notes.

Notes.

N. B. *The greater number of the Notes are selected from Mr. Macpherson's Translation.*

NOTE 1.

Cuchullin sat. Cuchullin, or rather Cuth-Ullin, (I have preferred using the former word as having the softer sound, and therefore best adapted for poetical uses,) 'the voice of Ullin,' a name given the son of Semo, grandson to Caithbat, a druid, celebrated by the Bards for his wisdom and valor, from his commanding the forces of the Province of Ulster against the Ferbolg or Belgæ, who were in possession of Connaught.—Cuchullin, when very

young, married Bragéla, the daughter of Sorglan, and passing over into Ireland, lived for some time with Connal, grandson by a daughter to Congal, the petty king of Ulster. His wisdom and valor in a short time gained him such reputation, that in the minority of Cormac, the supreme king of Ireland, he was chosen guardian to the young king, and sole manager of the war against Swaran, king of Lochlin.—After a series of great actions he was killed in battle, somewhere in Connaught, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. He was so remarkable for his strength, that to describe a strong man it has passed into a proverb, ‘He has the strength of Cuchullin.’—They show the remains of his palace at Dunscaich in the Isle of Sky; and a stone to which he bound his dog, Luath, goes still by his name.

NOTE 2.

Brave Fingal comes. Fingal the son of Comhal and Morna, the daughter of Thaddu. His grandfather was Trathal, and great-grandfather Trenmor, both of whom are often mentioned in the poem. Trenmor, according to tradition, had two sons; Trathal, who succeeded him in

the kingdom of Morven, and Connar, called by the bards Connar the Great, who was elected king of all Ireland, and was the ancestor of that Cormac who sat on the Irish throne when the invasion of Swaran happened.

NOTE 3.

With friendly troops, green Ullin's plains he fills.

We may conclude from Cuchullin's applying for foreign aid, that the Irish were not then so numerous as they have since been; which is a great presumption against the high antiquities of that people. We have the testimony of Tacitus, that one legion only was thought sufficient, in the time of Agricola, to reduce the whole island under the Roman yoke; which would not probably have been the case, had the island been inhabited for any number of centuries before.

NOTE 4.

Strike Cathbat's shield. Cathbat, grandfather to the hero, was so remarkable for his valor, that his shield was made use of to alarm his posterity to the battles of the

family. A horn was the most common instrument to call the army together, before the invention of bag-pipes.

NOTE 5.

Inis-fail. Ireland, so called from a colony that settled there, called Falans.

NOTE 6.

Lochlin. The Gaelic name of Scandinavia in general, in a more confined sense, that of the peninsula of Jutland.

NOTE 7.

Erin's land. Erin a name of Ireland; from 'ear or iar' west, and 'in' an island. This name was not always confined to Ireland, for there is the highest probability that the Jerne of the ancients, was Britain to the north of the Forth. For Jerne is said to be the North of Britain, which could not be meant of Ireland. *Strabo*, lib. 2 et 4.

NOTE 8.

Inistore. 'The island of whales;' the ancient name of the Orkney islands.

NOTE 9.

Four stones, replied the Chief, rise on the grave

Where Cathbat lies, the mighty and the brave.

This passage alludes to the manner of burial among the ancient Scots. They opened a grave six or eight feet deep; the bottom was lined with fine clay; and on this they laid the body of the deceased, and if a warrior, his sword, and the heads of twelve arrows by his side. Above, they laid another stratum of clay, on which they placed the horn of a deer, the symbol of hunting. The whole was covered with fine mould, and four stones placed on end, to mark the extent of the grave.

NOTE 10.

Be they in battle, ever by my side,

Or borne on clouds around me let them glide.

It is to this day the opinion of some of the Highlanders, that the souls of the deceased, hover round their living friends; and sometimes appear to them when they are about to enter on any great undertaking.

NOTE 11.

Like sparkling waves around a boat by night.

It is a well known fact that the sea water emits a sparkling and beautiful light as a boat passes through it by night, and when this is the case to any great degree it is considered by the sailors as a certain token of a storm.

NOTE 12.

Chief of the Isle of mist; The isle of Sky; not improperly called the Isle of Mist, as its high hills, which catch the clouds from the western ocean, occasion almost continual rains.

NOTE 13.

Oh Maid of Inistore! The Maid of Inistore was the daughter of Gorlo, king of Inistore or Orkney islands. Trenar was brother to the king of Iniscon, supposed to be one of the islands of Shetland. The Orkneys and Shetland were at that time subject to the king of Lochlin.

NOTE 14.

*His dogs at home have seen his passing ghost,
And howling wail their much loved master lost.*

We find that the dogs of Trenar are sensible at home of the death of their master at the very instant he is killed.

It was the opinion of the times that the souls of heroes went immediately after death to the hills of their country, and the scenes they frequented in the most happy time of their life. It was thought too that dogs and horses saw the ghosts of the deceased.

NOTE 15.

*And now a hundred youths of warlike fame
Collect the heath; ten heroes blow the flame.*

The ancient manner of preparing feasts after hunting is thus handed down by tradition. A pit was prepared, and lined with smooth stones; and near it stood a heap of smooth flat stones of the flint kind. The stones as well as the pit were properly heated with burning heath. Then they laid some venison in the bottom and a stratum of the stones above it, and thus they did alternately till the pit was full. The whole was covered over with heath to confine the steam. Some pits are still shown, which the vulgar say were used in this manner.

NOTE 16.

The plaintive melody of Ossian's song. Ossian, the

son of Fingal, and author of the poem. One cannot but admire the address of the poet in putting his own praise so naturally into the mouth of Cuchullin. The Cona here mentioned is perhaps that small river that runs through Glenco, in Argyleshire. One of the hills which environ that romantic valley is still called Scorna-fena, or the hill of Fingal's people.

NOTE 17.

Grudar and Brassolis. This episode is introduced with propriety. Calmar and Connal, two of the Irish heroes, had disputed warmly before the battle, about engaging the enemy. Carril endeavours to reconcile them with the story of Cairbar and Grudar, who though enemies before, fought side by side in the war. The minstrel obtained his aim, for we find Calmar and Connal perfectly reconciled in the third book.

NOTE 18.

To fair Bragéla let the theme belong. Bragéla was the daughter of Sorglan, and wife of Cuchullin.—Upon the death of Artho, supreme king of Ireland, Cuchullin, probably

by the order of Fingal, passed over into Ireland to take upon him the administration of affairs in that kingdom, during the minority of Cormac, the son of Artho. He left his wife Bragéla, in Dunscaich, the seat of his family in the Isle of Sky,

NOTE 19.

Beside a bubbling stream brave Connal lay.

The scene of Connal's repose is familiar to those who have been in the Highlands of Scotland.—The Poet removes him to a distance from the army, to add more horror to the description of Crugal's ghost by the loneliness of the place.

NOTE 20.

But son of Colgar, speak.

Connal, the son of Caithbait, the friend of Cuchullin, is sometimes called the son of Colgar; from one of that name who was the founder of his family.

NOTE 21.

Silent is his hall of shells. The ancient Scots as well as the present Highlanders, drank in shells: hence it is

that we so often meet in the old poetry with the chief of shells, the halls of shells, &c.

NOTE 22.

In Muri's hall the Swordsman's art he gained.

Muri, say the Irish Bards, was an academy in Ulster for teaching the use of arms. The signification of the word is a cluster of people; which renders the opinion probable. Cuchullin is said to have been the first who introduced into Ireland complete armour of steel. He is famous among the Senachies for teaching horsemanship to the Irish, and for being the first who used a chariot in that kingdom, which last circumstance was the occasion of Ossian's being so circumstantial in his description of the car of Cuchullin, in the first book.

NOTE 23.

In the cavern of Ronan to rest.

The unfortunate death of this Ronan is the subject of the ninth fragment of ancient Poetry published in 1764: it is not the work of Ossian, though written in his manner, and bears the genuine marks of antiquity; the concise ex-

pressions of Ossian are imitated, but the thoughts are too jejune and confined to be the production of that Poet.

NOTE 24.

Book the third. The second night since the opening of the Poem continues; Cuchullin, Connal, and Carril, still sit in the place described in the preceding book. The story of Agandecca is introduced here with propriety, as great use is made of it in the course of the poem, and as it in some measure brings about the catastrophe.

NOTE 25.

*Fingal alone, and none beside,
E'er conquered Starno when he fought.*

Starno King of Lochlin was the father of Swarau, as well as of Agandecca. His fierce and cruel character is well marked in other poems concerning the times.

NOTE 26.

*When the stone of mighty power,
Heard his loud cry, and victory sent.*

This passage most certainly alludes to the religion of
Os. Q

Lochlin, and the stone of power is the image of one of the deities of Scandinavia.

NOTE 27.

Let the King of Selma know.

Fingal is often called the King of Selma, which was the name of the royal palace.—He is also frequently called King of Morven; which word signifies a ridge of very high hills, and probably all the north west coast of Scotland went of old under the name of Morven.

NOTE 28.

Close by Gormal's steep they went.

Gormal is the name of a hill in Lochlin, in the neighbourhood of Starno's palace.

NOTE 29.

*And should some powerful heavenly spirit ride
You low-hung cloud, and o'er the storms preside.*

The ghosts of deceased warriors were supposed in those times to rule the storms, and to transmit themselves in a gust of wind, from one country to another.

NOTE 30.

*Adroitly seized it by the curling head,
And pierced its body with his shining blade.*

Calmar's account of the spirit of the storm is certainly no despicable description of a water-spout. A huge black cloud with a curling head, which he dexterously seizes and pierces with his sword. The appearance of these water-spouts is by no means uncommon at sea; it is a large black cloud of a conical shape, whose smaller end approaches nearer and nearer till it appears to touch the surface of the waves, producing a violent ebullition as it empties itself. The common method of dispersing these clouds is now, not by engaging them sword in hand, but by firing a cannon at them, the report of which produces such a concussion of the air, that the cloud is destroyed.

NOTE 31.

I like a rock, came down amid the fight.

Here the Poet celebrates his own actions, but he does it in such a manner that we are not displeased. The mention of the great actions of his youth, immediately suggests

to him the helpless situation of his age. We do not despise him for selfish praise, but feel his misfortunes.

NOTE 32.

That beauteous daughter of famed Craca's king.

What the Craca here mentioned, was, is not at this distance of time easy to determine; the most probable opinion is, that it was one of the Shetland Isles. There is a story concerning a daughter of Craca in the sixth book.

NOTE 33.

When Everallin loved me, no sad sigh

Escaped my breast, nor yet forlorn was I.

Fingal being asleep, and the action suspended by night, the Poet introduces the story of his courtship of Everallin, the daughter of Branno. This episode is necessary to clear up several passages that follow in the poem, at the same time that it naturally 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.

NOTE 34.

*So blow succeeded blow in Swaran's line,
 * And death to death from Oscar's hand and mine.*

Ossian never fails giving a fine character to his beloved son, indeed there appears a propriety in dwelling here on the actions of Oscar, as Malvina, to whom the book is addressed, was in love with that hero.

NOTE 35.

Then was the sun-beam of the battle reared.

Fingal's standard was distinguished by the name of sun-beam, probably on account of its bright color, and being studded with gold. To begin a battle is expressed in old composition, by lifting the sun-beam.

NOTE 36.

But haste thee, Ferchios, to Allad begone.

Allad is plainly a Druid; he is called the Son of the Hill, from his dwelling in a cave; and the circle of stones here mentioned, is the pale of the Druidical temple. He is here consulted as one who had a supernatural knowledge of things.

NOTE 37.

Round goes the strength of shells.

By the strength of the shell the liquor is meant which the heroes drank ; of what kind it was, cannot be ascertained at this distance of time.

NOTE 38.

Trenmor and Imibaca. Trenmor was great grandfather to Fingal. The story is introduced to facilitate the dismissal of Swaran.

NOTE 39.

As on the distant waves they raise the song.

The practice of singing when they row, is common among the inhabitants of the north-west coast of Scotland, and the Isles. It deceives time, and inspirits the rowers.

THE END.



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