











THE  
POEMS  
OF  
OSSIAN,

Originally Translated

By JAMES MACPHERSON, Esq.

Attempted in English Verse

BY THE LATE

REV. JOHN SHACKLETON.

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‘ We may boldly assign *Ossian* a place among  
those, whose works are to last for ages.’—BLAIR.

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VOL. II.

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# The Songs of Selma :

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## ARGUMENT.

THIS poem fixes the antiquity of a custom, which is well-known to have prevailed afterwards, in the north of Scotland, and in Ireland. The bards at an annual feast provided by the king or chief, repeated their poems, and such of them as by him were thought worthy of being preserved, were carefully taught to their children, in order to have them transmitted to posterity. It was one of those occasions, that afforded the subject of the present poem to Ossian. The meaning of its title in the original is "The Songs of Selma," which it was thought proper to adopt in the translation.

The poem is (in the original) entirely lyric, and has great variety of versification. The address to the evening-star, with which it opens, has in the original all the harmony that numbers could give it, flowing down with all that tranquillity and softness, which the scene described naturally inspires.

STAR of the descending night !  
Lucid is thy western light !  
From thy cloud (ere long thy bed)  
Up thou lift'st thy unshorn head.  
Bright thou shin'st, while all is still,  
Stately striding on thy hill.  
Say—what see'st thou in the glade ?  
All the stormy winds are laid.

From 'far the murmurs of the torrent reach,  
Whilst roaring waves ascend the distant beach,

10

Weakly-pinion'd flies of night  
On the verdure hum their flight.  
Say—what see'st thou, lucent ray ?—  
But, thou smil'st and art away.—  
Bathant of thy hair of love,  
Jocund billows 'round thee rove,

15

Farewell, adieu, thou silent beam of night,  
 Let Ossian's soul now 'rise in all its light.

And 'rise it *does*, in all its strength !  
 I see my long-dead friends :—at length 20  
 They come this way in haste.

On Lora, near the winding floods  
 They ranking stand in gath'ring crowds,  
 As in the days long-past.

A wat'ry beam of mist comes great Fingál ; 25  
 Thick round him stand his heroes stout and tall.

See the ancient bards of song !  
 Hoary Ullin comes along ;  
 And, to make the choir complete,  
 Ryno comes with stately gait : 30

With Alpin, also, of the tuneful song,  
 Minona, softly-plaintive, joins the throng !

Since the glad days, when Selma echo'd 'round  
 Amidst the feast, my friends, with sweetest sound,  
 How are ye chang'd, alas ! 35  
 When, like the zeph'rous gales of spring, we strove ;  
 That bend by turns, as o'er the hills they rove,  
 The feebly-whistling grass.

Then forth, with downcast look and tearful eye,  
 In all her charms the sad Minona came : 40  
 Her raven-hair flew slowly on the blast,  
 That rush'd infrequent from the neighb'ring hill.  
 When soft she rais'd the tuneful voice of song,  
 The heroes' souls were with sad pity touch'd :  
 For, *oft'* the grave of Salgar had they seen, 45  
 And, *oft'* white-bosom'd Colma's dark abode—  
 The hapless Colma, on the stormy hill

With all her voice of music left alone !  
 To her his pledge to come, her Salgar gave :—  
 But gath'ring clouds of night descended 'round. 50  
 Hear, now, the pensive Colma's mournful voice,  
 When, on the dusky hill, alone she sat.

## COLMA.

'Tis night : and on the hill of storms  
 Alone I here remain.  
 The wind is in the mountain heard, 55  
 Wild-roaring o'er the plain.  
 The torrent, down the bending cliff,  
 Rolls with a shrieking sound.  
 No hut receives me from the rain  
 And wind, that rages 'round. 60

Alone I sit upon the stormy plain,  
 Forlorn and chill amidst the driving rain.

*Moon*, from behind thy shady clouds  
 With cheering light, now rise !  
 Ye *stars*, that stud the nightly sky, 65  
 Salute my wishful eyes !  
*Some friendly light*, with guidant ray  
 Conduct me to the place,  
 Where, spent with toil, my love abides  
 Reposing from the chase ! 70

Unstrung, his bow is near him on the ground ;  
 And his swift-footed dogs lie panting 'round.

Yet, by the rock of mossy streams  
 Here I must sit alone.  
 Loud roar the strong and stormy gales, 75  
 And streams fall noisy down.  
 Nor can I hear my lover's voice !  
 Why does my Salgar stay ?

Why does the son of yonder hill  
 His pledg'd return delay ? 80  
 Alone I sit upon the stormy plain,  
 Forlorn and chill amidst the pouring rain.

*Here* is the rock, and *here* the tree,  
 And *here* the roaring stream.  
 And *here* thou said'st thou would'st return, 85  
 Ere fell the ev'ning-beam.  
 Ah! whither is my Salgar gone?—  
 With thee I'd gladly fly,  
 My father ; or I'd fly with thee,  
 My brother proudly high. 90  
 Long held our race each other in disdain :  
 But leagu'd in love, O Salgar, we remain !

Be laid, a little while, O wind !  
 O stream, awhile be still !  
 And let my warning voice be heard 95  
 Along the heathy hill !  
 Yes, let my wand'rer hear my voice !  
 'Tis, Salgar, *I* who call !  
*Here* is the tree, and *here* the rock,  
 And *here* the waters fall. 100  
 Salgar, my love! expectant here I stay.  
 Ah! why dost thou thy pledg'd return delay ?

But lo, the moon ! and in the vale  
 Bright is the sparkling flood.  
 Grey on the hill the rocks are seen 105  
 With all their waving wood.  
 But down the gently-bending brow  
 I see him not appear ;  
 Nor do his swiftly bounding dogs  
 Proclaim my lover near. 110



Here I must sit upon the moon-light bourn,  
Alone and anxious for my love's return.

But, who are these upon the heath—

*These*, that beyond me lie ?

Are they my *brother* and my *love*?— 115

They give me no reply !

O speak to me, my dearest friends !

Yet—answer make they none !

Down shrinks my pained soul with fears !

Ah ! they are dead and gone ! 120

Their naked swords (a melancholy sight !)

Are stain'd with purple from the fatal fight.

My brother ! O my brother ! why

Hast thou my Salgar slain ?

Why, Salgar, with my brother's blood 125

Didst thou thy sabre stain ?

Whilst stately on the hills ye stood,

Ye both to me were dear !

What shall I offer in your praise

Your airy ghosts to cheer ? 130

Fair in the hill 'mong thousands to the sight

Wert thou ;—and he was terrible in fight.

Sons of my love, O hear my voice !

To *you* it is I cry.

And with *your* voices, in return, 135

O make to me reply!—

Yet, borne responsive on the gale,

No voice comes trembling o'er.

Alas ! ye silent still remain,

And silent evermore ! 140

Cold are their breasts of clay upon the ground !

They give no voice, and all is silent 'round.

O, from the cave within the rock,

Upon the airy hill—

O, from the mountain's windy top,

145

With voices weak, but shrill,

Ye spirits of the shady dead,

Now speak to me, I pray !

O speak, to ease my heaving heart,

Nor shall I feel dismay.

150

Alone I sit upon the plain of night,

Mournful and pensive o'er the silent sight.

To your last, secret place of rest,

Say—whither was your road?

In what lone cave within the hill

155

Shall I find your abode?—

No feeble voice is on the wind,

That roars along the glade !

Half-drowned in the mountain-storms

No faint reply is made !

160

Alone I sit upon the plain of night,

Mournful and pensive o'er the silent sight.

In tears amidst my grief I sit,

Expectant of the morn!—

Ye kind survivors of the dead,

165

The tomb rear and adorn.

Yet close it not, till Colma come

Fast-wasting in her mind!

My fleeting life is like a dream!

Why should I stay behind !

170

Here, by the rock where streaming waters sound,

My rest shall ever with my friends be found.

When night comes on the dark'ning hill,

And on the heath the wind :

High in that breeze my ghost shall stand 175  
 Still pain'd with grief of mind,  
 And mourn the fall of both my friends,  
 That blast of all my joys!  
 The hunter, from his booth, shall hear;  
 And fear, but *love*, my voice. 180  
 For, *sweet* my voice, for my lov'd friends, shall be :  
 For, *pleasant* were they both, in life, to me.

Such, Torman's softly-blushing maid of love,  
 Minona, was thy song.—For Colma's fate  
 Our tears descended, and our souls were sad. 185  
 The sweet-voic'd Ullin, with the dulcet lyre,  
 Came forward, and the song of Alpin gave.  
 Delightful was the sound of Alpin's voice,  
 And Ryno's soul was like a beam of fire.  
 But, they had rested in the narrow house, 190  
 And their sweet voice was not in Selma heard,  
 Back from the chase, before the heroes fell,  
 Ullin had one day come. He on the hill  
 Their strife had heard :—their song was soft, but sad.  
 The fall of Morar, first of mortal men, 195  
 In sweet, but plaintive, dirge they sadly mourn'd.  
 His soul was like the soul of great Fingál,  
 And like the sword of Oscar was *his* sword.  
 But, *soon he fell* ! and his sad father mourn'd :  
 His sister's eyes were also full of tears— 200  
 Minona's sparkling eyes with tears were *full*—  
 The car-borne Morar's sister, hapless maid !  
 As, in the west, the moon foresees a show'r,  
 And in a cloud her head of whiteness hides :  
 From Ullin's song the beauteous maid retir'd. 205  
 The harp with Ullin I in concert touch'd,  
 And solemn, straight, the song of mourning rose.

## RYNO.

The wind and rain are fled away,  
 And calm appears the noon of day.  
 With skirts of gold, along the sky, 210  
 The clouds in broken order fly.

With moving and inconstant beams  
 The sun upon the verdure gleams.  
 Red through the stony valley rill  
 The streams impetuous from the hill. 215

Sweet are thy murmurs, streamlet clear !  
 But sweeter is the voice I hear.  
 'Tis Alpin's voice, the son of song ;—  
 He mourns the *dead*.—It sounds along.

Bent is his hoary head of years, 220  
 And his red eyes are full of tears.  
 Say—Alpin, son of sweetest tone,  
 Why on the silent hill alone ?

Why raisest thou the plaintive song,  
 Like gusting blasts, the trees among ? 225  
 Or, as a wave with hollow roar,  
 Which rolling beats the lonely shore ?

## ALPIN.

Fast fall, dearest Ryno, my tears for the dead :  
 My voice is bewailing the warriors low laid.—  
 As yet, on the mountain, *thou* stately art seen ; 230  
 And in beauty canst rival the sons of the plain.  
 But the fate of fall'n Morar shall soon be *thy* doom,  
 And pensive the mourner shall sit on thy tomb.  
 The hills to thy hunters no more shall reply :  
 And, unstrung in the hall, thy bow useless shall lie. 235

'Thou, Morar ! wert swift as a roe on the hill :  
 Like a meteor of fire, to the traveller *chill* !  
 When thou wentest to battle, how awful thy form !  
 Thy wrath was tremendous, and rag'd as the storm.  
 In the haughtiest foe it was prudence to yield : 240  
 For, thy sword was as lightning along the dread field.  
 As a stream after rain, was the sound of thy voice,  
 And as peals of hoarse thunder's loud echoing noise.

Many fell by thy arm :—when to fight they presum'd,  
 In the flames of thy anger they, straight, were consum'd. 245  
 But, when from the war thou return'dst again,  
 How becalmed with peace was thy countenance seen !  
 Like the sun after show'rs, thy mild aspect was bright,  
 Or, as glitters the moon in the silence of night.  
 Then, calm wast thou seen, as the breast of the lake 250  
 When the loud wind is laid and unruffled the brake.

Narrow now is thy dwelling near this lonely road,  
 And lightless the place of thy silent abode.  
 With three steps I compass thy whole grave, or more,  
 O thou, who so mighty wast always before ! 255  
 Four stones, mossy-headed, upstanding there be,  
 The only memorial remaining of thee.  
 But, *stones, too, endure not* ; which points out ere long  
 The loss of thy name, if not kept in the song.

A tree almost leafless, and long tufts of grass, 260  
 Which hail with their whistling the breezes that pass,  
 Are marks to the hunter, directing his eye  
 Inquiring where *Morar the mighty* doth lie.  
 Thou, Morar, art low ! and no mother, to mourn !  
 Nor virgin of love to weep over thy urn ! 265  
 The fair one, who bare thee, is now with the *dead*,  
 And the daughter of Morglan is also low laid.

But, who, on his staff, is now lab'ring this way ?  
Who ?—with head white with age, and his beard silver-grey,  
Whose eyes overflow with the fast-falling tear, 270  
Whose palsied limbs shake, as horrent with fear ?  
'Tis thy father, O Morar—yes, doubtless, 'tis he—  
The sire of no son to support him—but *thee* !  
For deeds done in battle, he heard thy great fame :  
Of the foe in disorder the swift tidings came. 275

Of the fame of *great* Morar, he heard the glad sound :—  
But, why not hear also (alas !) of his wound ?  
Weep, father of Morar, and bitterly cry :  
Yet, thy son cannot hear thee, nor give a reply.  
For, sound is the sleep of the slumbering dead ; 280  
And low in the dust their dark pillow is laid.  
No more to thy voice shall he listen at all ;  
No more shall he gladly awake at thy call.

In the dark lonely grave (say—) when shall the morn break,  
To command the sound slumb'r'er again to awake ? 285  
Farewel, thou great warrior ! thou bravest of men,  
Whose arm was victorious upon the whole plain !—  
But the plain, where the clangors of arms loudly roar,  
Hereafter shall see thy great actions no more ;  
Nor the dark, shady wood be again all alight 290  
With the beams of thy steel, like the meteor of night.

Morar ! great wast thou living ! and *great* art thou dead !  
Yet, without a survivor, low *here* thou art laid :  
For, after thy vict'ries so valiantly won,  
Thou art fall'n without leaving behind thee a son. 295  
Yet still, thy brave actions in mind to retain,  
Immortal in song thy great name shall remain.  
Future times shall in raptures attend to thy fame,  
And a long time remember the fall'n Morar's name.

Thus Alpin sung :—and, straight, the grief of all, 300  
 But most the bursting sigh of Armin, 'rose.  
 Fresh to his mind the death of his dear son,  
 Who fell in youth, with all its sorrow came,—  
 Tall, near the hero, swarthy Carmor stood,  
 The echoing Galmal's chief.—' Why bursts,' he said, 305  
 ' The sigh of Armin ? Is there cause to mourn ?  
 ' At once to melt and please th' attentive soul,  
 ' With all its music comes the voice of song.  
 ' 'Tis like soft mist, that, rising from a lake,  
 ' Down curling pours upon the silent vale. 310.  
 ' The green-cup'd flow'rs with sweet, ambrosial dew  
 ' Are fill'd and flow ; when, shortly, in its strength  
 ' The sun returns, and lo ! the mist is gone.  
 ' But say, O sea-surrounded Gormal's chief—  
 ' O Armin, why thy present secret grief ? 315

I'm sad indeed ! nor small my cause of woe !  
 But its great weight a stranger cannot know.  
 Thou, Carmor, hast not lost a fav'rite son,  
 Nor much-lov'd daughter, and a beauteous one.

Thy Colgar lives ; a hero on the plain ; 320  
 Annira too ; the brightest of her train.  
 Wide (Carmor !) spread the branches of thy place,  
 But Armin is the remnant of his race.

Dark is thy bed, O Daura, near the deep :  
 And low within the tomb thy lasting sleep ! 325  
 When with thy wakeful songs shalt thou surprise  
 Our ears, and with thy voice of music rise ?

Arise, arise, ye winds of autumn, now ;  
 And on the dusky heath with fury blow !  
 Ye currents of the mountains, roar and roll ! 330  
 And in the airy oak, ye tempests, howl !

Through broken clouds, moon, make thy troubled way !  
And thy pale face by intervals display !  
Bring to my mem'ry that disast'rous night,  
When all my children fell in dreadful plight. 335

With force united, picture to my view  
That night, which direful with its tempests blew :  
When my lov'd Arindal the mighty dy'd  
And, but in vain, the lovely Daura cry'd !

Daura, my daughter ! thou wert to the sight 340  
Fair as the moon on Fura's hills of light ;  
White as the snow light-driven on the dale,  
And soft and fragrant as the breathing gale.

Thy bow, Arindal, was not known to yield,  
And thy dread spear was swift upon the field ; 345  
Thy look, like mist upon the rolling bay,  
Thy shield, like clouds upon a stormy day.

Armar, the warrior of renown, apply'd  
For Daura's love :—nor was his suit deny'd.  
He was not long deny'd his fav'rite one ; 350  
And fortune on their friends' expectance shone.

But, Erath, Ogdal's son, was mov'd with pain ;  
For, by young Armar was his brother slain.  
Fir'd with revenge, to gain his purpos'd aim,  
He from the ocean, like a sailor, came. 355

The deep disguise the better to sustain,  
Fair was his skiff upon the briny main.  
His locks of age were albid as the snow,  
And calmly placid was his serious brow.



‘ Daughter of Armin, loveliest fair !’ he said, 360  
‘ Not distant, in the sea, with tow’ring head  
‘ Rises a rock, and on its sunny side  
‘ Far shines a tree of fruit, of rubid pride.

‘ There Armar for thee waits.—Along the sea,  
‘ I came, his lovely Daura to convey.’ 365  
She went, she for her Armar loudly cry’d ;  
When, lo ! except the echo, naught reply’d !

‘ Armar, my love ! my love ! ah ! why, my dear,  
‘ Dost thou torment my heaving heart with fear ?  
‘ Hear, son of Ardnart, hear ; and come this way ! 370  
‘ ’Tis Daura calls thee !—hither come I pray !’

Then, laughing, to the land the traitor fled,  
Whilst Daura lifted up her voice and head.  
She call’d aloud amidst the woeful plight ;  
But all was voiceless, as the stillest night. 375

When to her call no welcome voice reply’d,  
She for her *brother* and her *father* cry’d :  
‘ Arindal ! Armin ! *here* I mourn and grieve !  
‘ Does none approach your Daura to relieve ?

Her voice came breeze-borne o’er the rolling sea, 380  
As down returning from the airy lea  
My son Arindal came, rough with the spoil  
Caught in the chase, and almost spent with toil.

His barbed arrows rattled by his side,  
And in his hand he held his bow of pride. 385  
Whilst thus in arms and spoils Arindal strode,  
Five dark-grey dogs attended on his road.

He saw fierce Erath on the shore, at length—  
 He seiz'd and bound him to an oak of strength.  
 Thick round his limbs the leather thongs are bent : 390  
 He loads the wind with groans of discontent.

The wave Arindal in his boat ascends,  
 To bring back Daura wailing for her friends.  
 Just then young Armar in his wrath came by,  
 And the grey-feather'd shaft with force let fly. 395

Fast through the air then flew the winged dart,  
 Whizzing it sung, and sunk into *thy* heart,  
 My son Arindal ! Oh ! I heard thy cry !  
 'Twas for the traitor Erath thou didst die !

Straightway, the bending oar no more is ply'd : 400  
 Awhile he panted on the rock :—then dy'd.  
 What is thy grief, O Daura, when, around  
 Thy feet, thy brother's blood swims on the ground !

Wave curl'd on wave upon the troubled main,  
 And quickly broken is the boat in twain. 405  
 In this dilemma what could Armin do  
 To save his Daura ? *What last mode* pursue ?

Plunging into the ocean rolling high,  
 To save his Daura he resolves—or *die*.  
 Sudden a blast comes from the hilly shore 410  
 Along the waves :—he sunk :—he rose *no more*.

Alone, upon the rock lash'd by the main,  
 My daughter's voice was plaintive heard and plain.  
 Frequent and loud were her sad cries of grief !  
 Nor could her aged father yield relief ! 415

All night I stood upon the shore alone.  
I saw her by the faintly-beaming moon.  
At once assail'd with sorrow and surprise,  
All night I heard her lamentable cries !

Loud was the wind, and on the mountain side 420  
Hard beat the rain, and roughly roll'd the tide.  
Scarcely, ere long, could I observe her speak.  
Before the morn appear'd, her voice was weak.

It dy'd away !—so fails the ev'ning breeze  
Upon the rock, among the grass and trees. 425  
Spent with her grief, she gave a final moan ;  
And left thee, Armin, to bewail alone !

Though once my strength was mighty in the fight,  
Yet now that strength has wing'd its final flight !  
My daughter, once my pride upon the plain, 430  
Is fall'n, alas ! and childless I remain !

When, from the mountains, storms come roaring down,  
And, by the north, the waves aloft are blown ;  
Then sitting by the sounding shore I quake,  
And of the fatal rock a prospect take. 435

Of't, by the setting moon of fainting light,  
My children's ghosts pass by my aged sight.  
Together talking, and in mournful mood,  
Half-viewless they are seen to walk abroad.'

To me, whose heart with rending grief must break, 440  
Will none of you, in filial pity, speak ?—  
But ah ! their father they no longer know !  
Carmor ! I'm sad ! Nor small my cause of woe !

In sweetest numbers, in the days of song,  
Thus sung the bards; when to the trembling lyre 415  
And tales of other times, the royal ear  
Attention gave: when, down from all their hills,  
The gathering chieftains heard the lovely sound.  
*The voice of Cona*, 'in their praises, rung!  
*The first, the chiefest of a thousand bards.* 450  
But age, with tremors, now affects my tongue,  
And my firm soul has fail'd. Sometimes I hear  
The ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song.  
But, fading mem'ry fails within my mind,  
And of my num'rous years I hear the call: 455  
' Why does not Ossian cease to sing?' they say,  
As, onward rolling, swift they pass along.  
' Within the narrow house *he* soon shall lie,  
' And his renown no tuneful bard shall raise.'—  
Roll on, ye dark-brown years,—roll quickly on; 460  
For on your course no genuine joy ye bring.  
Let the lone tomb to Ossian open wide,  
For, his great strength is now to weakness turn'd.  
The sons of song to silent rest are gone,  
And (like a blast, that, when the winds are laid, 465  
Roars lonely on a sea-surrounded rock;  
Where whistling move the dusky clumps of moss,  
And the far, waving trees the sailor sees)  
Survivor of the race, my voice remains.

END OF THE SONGS OF SELMA.

# Calthon and Colmal :

## A POEM.

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### ARGUMENT.

THIS piece, as many more of Ossian's poems, is addressed to one of the first Christian missionaries. The story of the poem is handed down by tradition thus: In the country of the Britons between the walls, two chiefs lived in the days of Fingal, Dunthalmo lord of Teutha (supposed to be the Tweed) and Rathmor, who dwelt at Clutha (well known to be the river Clyde.)—Rathmor was not more renowned for his generosity and hospitality, than Dunthalmo was infamous for his cruelty and ambition. Dunthalmo (through envy, or on account of some private feuds, which subsisted between the families) murdered Rathmor at a feast; but being afterwards touched with remorse, he educated the two sons of Rathmor, Calthon and Colmar, in his own house. They, growing up to man's estate, dropped some hints that they intended to revenge the death of their father. Upon this Dunthalmo shut them up in two caves on the banks of Teutha, intending to take them off privately. Colmal, the daughter of Dunthalmo, who was secretly in love with Calthon, helped him to make his escape from prison, and fled with him to Fingal in the disguised habit of a young warrior, and implored his aid against Dunthalmo. Fingal sent Ossian with three hundred men, to Colmar's relief. Dunthalmo, having previously murdered Colmar, came to a battle with Ossian: but was killed by that hero, and his army totally defeated.

Calthon married Colmal, his deliverer; and Ossian returned to Morven.

SWEET is the accent of thy pleasant song,  
Thou lonely dweller of the silent rock.  
On, with the echo of the stream, it comes  
Along the narrow vale.—Amidst my hall  
My soul (O stranger!) 'wakes. I to the spear  
Stretch, as in days of other years, my hand:  
My hand I stretch, but feeble is my power,  
And big the sigh of my 'trans'd bosom grows.—  
Son of the rock, wilt thou not, in return,  
To Ossian's song thy close attention give?

5

10

With deeds of other times my soul is full,  
 And the past pleasure of my youth returns.  
 So in the west, when veil'd behind a storm  
 He makes his steps of brightness, shines the sun.  
 Their dewy heads the verdant hills erect, 15  
 And the blue streams roll joyful in the vale.  
 Forth on his staff the aged hero comes,  
 And his hoar head grey-glitters in the beam.  
 Son of the rock, lift up thy eyes, and say—  
 Dost thou not see a shield in Ossian's hall? 20  
 'Tis mark'd with strokes of battle, and no more  
 Bright are its bosses seen: for they have fail'd.  
 That shield was borne by great Dunthalmo, chief  
 Of streamy Teutha. It Dunthalmo bore  
 In fight, before by Ossian's spear he fell.— 25  
 Hear, secret son, the tale of other years.

Rathmor a chief in streamy Clutha reign'd,  
 But in his hall the sons of weakness dwelt.  
 The spacious gates of Rathmor never clos'd,  
 And his extensive feast was always spread. 30  
*There* came the sons of strangers from afar  
 And bless'd with greetings Clutha's gen'rous chief.  
 Bards rais'd the song, and touch'd the dulcet lyre,  
 And bright'ning joy the mournful face illum'd.  
 Elate with all his pride Dunthalmo came, 35  
 And eager into Rathmor's combat rush'd.  
 The chief of Clutha's arm of strength prevail'd,  
 And thence the rage of dark Dunthalmo rose.  
 He with his warriors came by night—and lo!  
 The mighty Rathmor fell.—Within his halls, 40  
 Where oft' the feast for strangers stood, he fell.

Colmar and Calthon, car-borne Rathmor's sons,  
 Were young. Into their father's hall they came

In youthful joy. Him welt'ring in his blood  
 They see, and fast their bursting tears descend. 45  
 Dunthalmo's soul, when on the sons of youth  
 His eyes he cast, was with compassion mov'd.  
 Them to Alteutha's walls with him he brought,  
 Where in the mansion of the foe they grew.  
 They in his presence bent the sounding bow, 50  
 And came forth to his wars. Their father's walls  
 In ruins they beheld. The virent thorn  
 Uprising in the hall they also saw.  
 From them in secret tears of sorrow fell ;  
 And grief, at times, stood louring on their face. 55  
 Dunthalmo saw their sorrow, and their death  
 His dark'ning soul design'd. Them in two caves  
 On Teutha's echoing banks secure he clos'd.  
*There* with its beams no sun by day was seen,  
 Nor moon of heav'n by night,—Fall'n Rathmor's sons 60  
 Remain'd in darkness, and their death foresaw.

Silent the daughter of Dunthalmo wept—  
 The fair-hair'd, blue-ey'd Colmal. For, afore  
 In secret had her eye on Calthon roll'd,  
 And in her soul large had his beauty swell'd. 65  
 Anxious she trembled for her warrior's fate—  
 But what could Colmal do ?—To lift the spear  
 Her arm unequal was, nor for her side  
 Adapted was the sword. Her snow-white breast  
 Ne'er rose beneath a mail, nor was her eye 70  
 The dread of heroes.—For the falling chief  
 What canst thou (Colmal) do ?—With musing gait  
 Unequally she strode : her hair is loose :  
 And wildly looks her aspect through her tears.  
 She to the hall by night approach'd, and arm'd 75  
 Her lovely form in steel—the shining steel  
 Of a young warrior, who in morn of youth,

In his first battle, fell :—then, to the cave  
Of Calthon came, and freed his hands from thongs.

‘ O Rathmor’s son ! arise,’ she said, ‘ arise— 80  
‘ The night is dark. O fall’n Clutha’s chief,  
‘ Let us now fly to Selma’s mighty king !  
‘ I am the son of Lamgal, who once dwelt  
‘ Within thy father’s hall. Of thy abode  
‘ In the dark cave I heard ; and at the news 85  
‘ My soul arose with sorrow for thy plight.  
‘ Rise, son of Rathmor ; for the night is dark.’

‘ Blest voice !’ aloud exclaim’d th’ enraptur’d chief,  
‘ From the dark-rolling clouds is thy approach ?  
‘ [For often since the sun from his lone eyes 90  
‘ Retir’d, and darkness has around him dwelt,  
‘ His fathers’ ghosts descend to Calthon’s dreams.]  
‘ Or, art thou Lamgal’s real son, the chief  
‘ I oft’ in Clutha saw ? But to Fingál  
‘ (And Colmar low ! my brother !) shall *I* fly ? 95  
‘ Shall I to Morven fly, and heedless leave  
‘ The hero clos’d in night ? By *no means* so !  
‘ Give me, O Lamgal’s son, that beaming spear,  
‘ Calthon his brother surely will defend.’

‘ A thousand warriors,’ then the maid reply’d, 100  
‘ Round car-borne Colmar stretch their guardful spears.  
‘ And what is Calthon—to a host so great ?  
‘ Let us now rather fly to Morven’s king,  
‘ For, he will come with battle. His strong arm  
‘ Forth reaches to the hapless, and around 105  
‘ The weak, like lightning, waves his mighty sword.  
‘ Arise, thou son of Rathmor, haste—arise—  
‘ The shades of night e’er long will fly away.  
‘ Thy steps Dunthalmo on the field will trace,  
‘ And in thy youth thou wilt untimely fall.’ 110



In loads of heaving sighs the hero 'rose,  
 Whilst large his tears for car-borne Colmar fall.  
 To Selma's hall he with the virgin went,  
 Nor knew he that 'twas Colmar in disguise.  
 Her face of loveliness the helmet veil'd, 115  
 And high beneath the steel her breast arose.  
 Fingál returned from the busy chase,  
 And found the lovely strangers.—Bright they stood  
 Amidst his hall, like two fair beams of light.  
 The king gave audience to the tale of grief, 120  
 And turn'd his eyes around. A thousand chiefs  
 Half-rose before him, Teutha's war to claim.  
 I with my spear descended from the hill,  
 And in my breast the joy of battle rose:  
 For, in the presence of the martial host, 125  
 To Ossian thus the king was pleas'd to speak.

' Son of my strength,' he said, ' Fingál's bright spear  
 ' Assume.—Proceed to Teutha's mighty stream  
 ' And save the car-borne Colmar. Let thy fame  
 ' Before thee, like a pleasant gale, return : 130  
 ' That my glad soul may brighten o'er my son  
 ' Our fathers' fame renewing. Ossian! be  
 ' A storm in fight ; but mild, when foes are low.  
 ' 'Twas thus *my* fame arose, and, O my son,  
 ' Be thou like Selma's chief.—When to my halls 135  
 ' The haughty come, my eyes behold them not.  
 ' Yet, forth my arm is to the hapless stretch'd,  
 ' And ever does my sword the weak defend.'

Exultant at the language of the king,  
 My rattling arms I took. Close at my side 140  
 Diáran rose, and Dargo, king of spears.  
 Three hundred youths our stately train compos'd,  
 And at my side the lovely strangers strode.

Dunthalmo heard the sound of our approach  
And gather'd Teutha's strength. He, with his host, 145  
Stood on a hill. So stand the blasted rocks  
With thunder broken, when their bended trees  
Are singed and bare ; and streams their chinks have fail'd.

In all its pride, before the gloomy foe,  
The stream of Teutha roll'd.—I sent a bard 150  
To offer to Dunthalmo, on the plain,  
The combat ; but in dark'ning pride he smil'd.  
Upon the hill mov'd his unsettled host,  
As sails the mountain-cloud, when its dark womb  
The blast has enter'd with its forceful strength, 155  
And strews the curling gloom on ev'ry side.

Young Colmar with a thousand thongs secur'd  
To Teutha's banks they brought. The chief is sad,  
But lovely, and his eye is on his friends :  
For on th' opposing bank of Teutha we 160  
Stood in our arms. Dunthalmo with his spear  
Approach'd and pierc'd the youthful hero's side.—  
Upon the bank he rolled in his blood,  
And in the wind his broken sighs we heard.

Into the stream rush'd Calthon—on my spear 165  
Forward I bounded, and blue Teutha's race  
Before us fell. Dusk night came rolling down,  
And on a rock amidst an aged wood  
Dunthalmo rested ; whilst his rageful breast  
'Gainst car-borne Calthon burn'd.—But in his grief 170  
Stood Calthon, and the fall of Colmar mourn'd—  
Young Colmar's fall, before his fame arose.

To sooth the mournful chief, the song of woe  
To 'rise I gave command. But near a tree

He stood, and often threw his spear on earth. 175  
 Near, in a secret tear, the humid eye  
 Of Colmal roll'd.—The dark Dunthalmo's fall,  
 Or Clutha's battling chiefs; the fair foresaw.

Now half the gloomy night had passed away,  
 And silent darkness on the field abode. 180  
 The heroes' eyes in slumber sound were clos'd,  
 And Calthon's settled soul was still.—Half-clos'd  
 Were his bent eyes, yet in his watchful ear  
 Broad Teutha's murmur had not ceas'd to roll.  
 Demonstrant of his wounds in paleness came 185  
 The ghost of Colmar.—O'er the drowsy chief  
 His head he bent, and rais'd his feeble voice:

‘ Sleeps Rathmor's son,’ he said, ‘ great in his might,  
 ‘ And his fall'n brother low? Did we not rise  
 ‘ Together to the chase, and in their flight 190  
 ‘ The dark-brown hinds pursue? Not yet forgot  
 ‘ Was Colmar, till he fell—till his bright youth  
 ‘ Stern death had blasted. I in paleness lie  
 ‘ Beneath the rock of Lona.—Calthon, rise!  
 ‘ With its grey beams the dawn of morning comes 195  
 ‘ And dark Dunthalmo will disgrace the fall'n.

In his swift blast he fleetly passed away,  
 And rising Calthon his departure saw.  
 Forth in the echo of his steel he rush'd,  
 And hapless Colmal 'rose. Her chief through night 200  
 She follow'd, dragging her bright spear behind.—  
 But, when to Lona's rock brave Calthon came,  
 His brother fall'n he found.—His bosom rose  
 With rage, and fierce among the foe he rush'd.  
 The groans of death ascend.—Around the chief 205  
 They close.—He, in the midst, is closely bound

And to Dunthalmo brought. The shout of joy  
Arose, and loud the hills of night reply'd.

I started at the sound, and, straight, assum'd  
My father's spear. Diáran's arm of might 210  
Rose at my side, and Dargo's youthful strength.  
We missed Clutha's chief, and on our souls  
Dark sadness mov'd. I fear'd my loss of fame,  
And high the pride of my firm valour 'rose.  
' O sons of Morven, 'tis not thus,' I said, 215  
' That our forefathers fought. They rested not  
' Upon the field of strangers, when the foe  
' Did not before their mighty presence fall.  
' Their strength was like heav'n's eagles, and in song  
' Their great renown remains. But, by degrees 220  
' Our people fall, and fleeting is our fame!  
' If Ossian conquer not at Teutha's plains,  
' What will the mighty king of Morven say?  
' Rise in your steel, ye warriors; and the sound  
' Of Ossian's course pursue. He, but renown'd, 225  
' To Selma's echoing walls will not return.'

Blue on the floods of Teutha rose the morn,  
And bath'd in tears before me Colmal stood.  
She told of Clutha's chief, and from her hand  
Thrice fell the spear.—'Twas then my rising wrath 230  
Against the stranger turn'd; for my rous'd soul  
For Calthon shook.—' Do Teutha's warriors fight  
' With tears, son of the feeble hand?' I said.  
' *With mournful grief the battle is not won,*  
' *Nor in the soul of war abides the sigh.* 235  
' To Carmun's deer, or Teutha's lowing herds,  
' Now speed thy feeble way:—but, quit these arms—  
' With them a warrior, son of fear, may fight.'

Down from her shoulders then I tore the mail.  
 Her snowy breast appear'd.—She to the ground 240  
 In blushes bent her face. I to the chiefs  
 In silence look'd. The spear fell from my hand,  
 And heaving from my bosom 'rose the sigh.  
 But—when I heard the virgin's name, my tears  
 In crowds descended.—The fair beam of youth 245  
 I bless'd, and bade the angry battle move.

Son of the rock, why now should Ossian tell  
 How Teutha's warriors dy'd?—Now in their land  
 They are forgot, and in the shadowy heath  
 Their tombs are not discern'd. On with their storms, 250  
 Years came, and the green mounds decay'd entire.  
 Scarce is the grave of fall'n Dunthalmo seen,  
 And scarcely known is the lone distant place  
 Where, by the spear of Ossian slain, he fell.  
 Some hoary warrior now, purblind with age, 255  
 Sitting by night beside the flaming oak  
 Of the high hall; rehearses to his sons  
 My actions and the dark Dunthalmo's fall.  
 Rous'd with the tale, the faces of the youth  
 Sidelong are bent, attentive to his voice, 260  
 With joy and wonder burning in their eyes.

Rathmor's brave son bound to an oak I found,  
 And from his hands my sabre cut the thongs.  
 I unto him white-bosom'd Colmal gave.  
 In Teutha's halls in peaceful quiet they dwelt, 265  
 And Ossian back to tow'ring Selma came.

*END OF CALTHON AND COLMAL.*

# Lathmon :

## A POEM.

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### ARGUMENT.

LATHMON, a British prince, taking advantage of Fingal's absence in Ireland, makes a descent on Morven, and advanced within sight of Selma, the royal palace. Fingal arrived in the mean time, and Lathmon retreated to a hill, where his army was surprised by night, and himself taken prisoner by Ossian and Gaul the son of Morni.—This exploit of Gaul and Ossian bears a near resemblance to the beautiful episode of Nisus and Euryalus in Virgil's ninth *Æneid*.

This poem opens with the first appearance of Fingal on the coast of Morven, and ends (it may be supposed) about noon the next day.

SELMA, within thy halls lone silence reigns,  
Nor meets the ear in Morven's groves a sound.  
The tumbling waves roll lonely on the coast,  
And silent darts the sun-beam on the field.  
Forth, like the bow portentous of the show'r, 5  
The fair of Morven come,—For the white sails—  
The *royal* sails, they tow'rds green Ullin look.—  
For, to return Fingál his word had giv'n—  
But the north wind, with blasts adverse, had ris'n.

Who, like a stream of darkness, from the east 10  
In thick'ning crowds descends the dusky hill?—  
'Tis Lathmon's host.—The news has reach'd his ear,  
That in the war Fingál afar abides.  
Confiding in the breezes of the north,  
Joy brightens in his soul.—Yet, Lathmon, why— 15

When far from Selma's plains the brave abide,  
*Why* with thy spear bent forward dost thou come?  
 Will the weak fair of Morven strive in war?  
 —But stop, O mighty stream, in thy swift course  
 Do not these sails, O Lathmon meet thy eyes? 20  
 Why, Lathmon, dost thou vanish, like the mist  
 Swift-moving from the lake?—Behind thee comes  
 The squally storm!—Fingál thy steps pursues!

As on the dark-blue wave we bounding roll'd,  
 The king of Morven started from his sleep. 25  
 He to his spear his hand directly stretch'd,  
 And 'round his heroes rose. For, we perceiv'd  
 That he, in rest, had his forefathers seen  
 [For, frequent to his dreams, when o'er the land  
 The hostile sword arose, and darkly came 30  
 On us the rage of war; was their approach].  
 'Whither, O wind,' said Morven's royal chief,  
 'Has been thy flight? Say, where is thy abode?  
 'Attendant on the show'r in other lands,  
 'Dost thou within the chambers of the south 35  
 'Now yield thy rustling sound? Why to my sails  
 'On the blue-rolling main dost thou not come?  
 'In Morven's land presumptive is the foe,  
 'And far from home the royal chief abides.  
 'But dauntless now let each his mail bind on, 40  
 'And each his shield assume. Above the wave  
 'Stretch ev'ry spear—let ev'ry sword be bare.  
 'With all his host, before us Lathmon stands—  
 'He that on Lona's plains fled from Fingál.  
 '—But, like a stream collected, he returns; 45  
 'And loud between our hills his roar is heard.'

Such were the words of Morven's royal chief,  
 And soon within Carmóna's bay we rush'd.

Up the steep hill, straight, fearless Ossian came,  
 And thrice his shield of num'rous bosses struck ; 50  
 High Morven's rock gave answer to the sound,  
 And, starting forth, the bounding roebucks came.  
 Then, in my presence troubled were the foes,  
 And their dark host directly were conven'd ;  
 For, like a cloud upon the hill, I stood 55  
 Exultant in the armour of my youth.

Beneath a tree sat Morni, at the noise  
 Of Strumon's waters. With his locks of age  
 Grey on his staff he forwards bends his head ;  
 And, list'ning to the battles of his youth, 60  
 Near to the hero eager stands young Gaul,  
 At Morni's mighty deeds, in all the fire  
 Of soul enraptur'd, often did he rise.  
 The aged heard the sound of Ossian's shield,  
 And knew the sign of battle.—From his place 65  
 At once he starts, whilst parting on his back  
 Grey flows his hair : and fresh upon his mind  
 Arise the deathful deeds of other years.

To fair-hair'd Gaul the vet'ran said ; ' My son,  
 ' I hear the sound of battle. Morven's king 70  
 ' Is now return'd—the sign of war is heard.  
 ' Go to the hills of Strumon, and his arms  
 ' To Morni bring. Go, since my arm now fails,  
 ' And fetch the arms my father wore in age.  
 ' Thy armour too, O Gaul, gird on in strength ; 75  
 ' And to the first of all thy battles rush.  
 ' Let now thy arm to thy forefathers' fame  
 ' In might attain. Swift as the eagle's wing  
 ' Be thy dread course upon th' embattling field.  
 ' Why should the fear of death, my noble son, 80  
 ' Give thee dismay ? The valiant fall with fame.



‘ Away their shields of many bosses turn  
 ‘ The dusky stream of danger : and renown  
 ‘ On their grey hair abides. Dost thou not see  
 ‘ How honour, Gaul, attends my steps of age ? 85  
 ‘ Forth Morni moves, and, with devoir profound,  
 ‘ The young him meet ; and on his course with joy  
 ‘ Their eyes in silence turn. But I, my son,  
 ‘ From danger never fled. My flaming sword  
 ‘ Was bright amidst the cloud of angry strife. 90  
 ‘ Before my face the melting stranger sunk,  
 ‘ And in my presence blasted were the strong.’

To Morni then young Gaul the armour brought,  
 And the old warrior clad himself in steel.  
 The spear, which oft’ the blood of heroes stain’d, 95  
 In his ag’d hand he took. Then tow’rds Fingál  
 He came, his son attending on his steps.  
 When in the locks of his hoar age he came,  
 The son of Comhial o’er the warrior joy’d.

‘ King of the roaring Strumon !’ said Fingál 100  
 With rising joy entranc’d, ‘ do I thee see  
 ‘ In arms again, when thy great strength has fail’d ?  
 ‘ In battles oft’, as beams the rising sun  
 ‘ (When he disperses far the mountain-storms,  
 ‘ And brings upon the late-embroided fields 105  
 ‘ Bright peace with all her balm) has Morni shone.  
 ‘ Yet, why amidst the honour of thy age  
 ‘ Didst thou not rest ? Thy fame is in the song.  
 ‘ On thee the people look, and in their souls  
 ‘ Bless mighty Morni in his eve of life. 110  
 ‘ Now, why amidst the honour of thy age  
 ‘ Didst thou not rest at ease ? For soon the foe  
 ‘ Will vanish from the presence of Fingál.’

‘ O Comhal’s son,’ reply’d the hoary chief,  
 ‘ The strength of Morni’s arm indeed has fail’d. 115  
 ‘ To draw the flaming sabre of my youth  
 ‘ In vain I try—it in its place remains.  
 ‘ I throw the spear, but shortways of the mark  
 ‘ It falls, and pond’rous now my shield I feel.  
 ‘ Away we, like the mountain-grass, decay, 120  
 ‘ And, though once great, our strength returns no more.  
 ‘ Fingál, I have a son, whose glowing soul  
 ‘ In Morni’s youthful actions greatly joy’d :  
 ‘ But, he (as yet) has not against the foe  
 ‘ Up-rai’d the sword, nor has his fame begun. 125  
 ‘ His youthful arm to guide, here am I come  
 ‘ With him to battle. From my soul his fame  
 ‘ Shall chase the cloud of my departing hour.  
 ‘ O that among the people Morni’s name  
 ‘ Were lost in shade—that heroes only said : 130  
 “ Behold the father of the warrior Gaul.”

‘ O king of Strumon,’ then Fingál reply’d,  
 ‘ The sword in battle growing Gaul shall lift.  
 ‘ Yet he before Fingál shall lift the same,  
 ‘ That with my arm his youth I may defend. 135  
 ‘ But as for thee, in Selma’s halls abide,  
 ‘ And hear of our renown. Bid thou the lyre  
 ‘ In tune to sound, and bards the voice to raise ;  
 ‘ That they, who fall, may gladden in their fame,  
 ‘ And Morni’s soul may brighten with the joy. 140  
 ‘ Ossian ! in battles often hast thou fought,  
 ‘ And on thy spear the blood of strangers streams.  
 ‘ With Gaul then let thy course be in the strife,  
 ‘ But see that ye depart not from my side ;  
 ‘ Lest you alone the foe might chance to find, 145  
 ‘ And your renown at once extinct become.’

Gaul in his arms I saw, and my glad soul  
 With his was mixt; for in his flaming eyes  
 The fire of battle rag'd! he tow'rd the foe  
 With joyful ardour look'd. In secret we 150  
 The words of friendship spoke; and, as one man,  
 Together pour'd the lightning of our swords:  
 For we, behind the wood, them beaming drew,  
 And try'd our arms of strength on empty air.

On Morven down came night, and, at the oak 155  
 High-beaming, sat Fingál; and by his side,  
 With all his locks grey-beaming, Morni sat.  
 On other times and their forefathers' deeds  
 Is their discourse. Three bards of dulcet sounds  
 Touch'd the soft lyre at times, and, with his song, 160  
 Near Ullin stood. He of great Comhal sung—  
 But gath'ring darkness gloom'd on Morni's brow.  
 On tuneful Ullin red he roll'd his eye,  
 And, straight, the music ceas'd.—Fingál beheld  
 The aged chief, and mildly him address'd: 165

' Why chief of Strumon, does that darkness lour?  
 ' Let dark oblivion in her blackness hide  
 ' The days of other years. In rage of war  
 ' Our fathers strove.—But peaceful at the feast  
 ' We meet together. On the *foes* our swords 170  
 ' Are turn'd, and melting on the field they fall.  
 ' Then let the days of ancestral years,  
 ' O king of mossy Strumon, be forgot,'

' O king of Morven,' then reply'd the chief,  
 ' The mem'ry of thy father yields me joy. 175  
 ' In battle dreadful was his arm of strength,  
 ' And dreadful was the anger of the chief.  
 ' But when the king of matchless heroes fell,

- ‘ My eyes were full of tears: for, O Fingál !  
 ‘ The brave are fall’n, and on the airy hills 180  
 ‘ Remain the feeble in their mighty stead.  
 ‘ How many warriors, once of fame and might,  
 ‘ Have in the days of Morni pass’d away !  
 ‘ Nor did I shun the battle, nor away  
 ‘ Did ever from the strife of heroes fly. 185  
 ‘ Now let the friends of great Fingál repose ;  
 ‘ For, night is ’round ; that they with strength may rise,  
 ‘ In fight with car-borne Lathmon to engage.—  
 ‘ Like thunder rolling on a distant heath,  
 ‘ I hear the murmur of his sounding host. 190  
 ‘ Ossian ! and fair-hair’d Gaul ! ye in the race  
 ‘ Are active.—From that woody, rising ground  
 ‘ Fingál’s dark foes watch—but, approach them not ;  
 ‘ For (—you to shield) your fathers are not near.  
 ‘ Let not your fame at once extinct become, 195  
 ‘ For *youthful valour e’en may chance to fail.*’

We heard the speeches of the chief with joy  
 And onward in our clanging armour mov’d.  
 As on the woody hill our way we made.  
 With all its stars bright burns the studded sky, 200  
 And o’er the field death’s flaming meteors glide  
 The murm’ring noise made by the distant foe  
 Came to our ears. ’Twas then, Gaul in his fire  
 Of valour spoke ; and half-unsheath’d his sword.

- ‘ Son of Fingál,’ he said, ‘ why burns the soul 205  
 ‘ Of rising Gaul ? High beats my swelling heart.  
 ‘ Disorder’d are my steps, and on my sword  
 ‘ My hand with tremor moves.—When tow’rds the foe  
 ‘ My eyes I cast, my soul before me shines,  
 ‘ And their dark host in sleep immers’d I see. 210  
 ‘ Say—do the souls of heroes tremble thus

‘ In battles of the spear ?—If on the foe  
 ‘ We rush’d, how would the soul of Morni rise !  
 ‘ Our crescent fame would flourish in the song,  
 ‘ And on our steps when heroes cast their eyes, 215  
 ‘ They would admire, and stately them pronounce.

‘ My soul delights in battle,’ I reply’d,  
 ‘ O Morni’s son. I joy *alone to shine*  
 ‘ In war, and to the bards my name to give.  
 ‘ But what—if now the foe in fight prevail, 220  
 ‘ Shall I presume the royal eyes to see ?  
 ‘ In his displeasure, like the flames of death  
 ‘ Dreadful they glow ! but Ossian, them in wrath  
 ‘ Will not behold :—I will prevail, or fall.—  
 ‘ But shall the honour of the *vanquish’d* rise ? 225  
 ‘ They vanish like a shadow : but the fame  
 ‘ Of Ossian shall arise. His deeds in war  
 ‘ Shall emulate his fathers’. Let us rush—  
 ‘ *Arm’d* let us rush, O Morni’s son, to strife.  
 ‘ Gaul ! if hereafter thou perchance return, 230  
 ‘ Unto the lofty wall of Selma, go—  
 ‘ Tell Everallin that I fell with fame,  
 ‘ And this bright sword to Branno’s daughter give.  
 ‘ Let her to Oscar render up the same,  
 ‘ When the bright seasons of his youth shall ’rise. 235

‘ Son of Fingál,’ then Gaul said with a sigh,  
 ‘ Shall I return when Ossian low is laid !  
 ‘ What would my father say ? and what Fingál,  
 ‘ The king of men ? The weak would turn their eyes,  
 ‘ And say in scorn : “ Behold the mighty Gaul, 240  
 ‘ “ Who his true friend abandon’d in his blood !”  
 ‘ Yet not on me, ye feeble, shall ye look,  
 ‘ Save when amidst my fame I laureate shine.  
 ‘ Ossian ! the mighty feats by heroes done—

‘ Their mighty feats, when singly they engag’d 245  
 ‘ (For, *with the danger grows the rising soul*)  
 ‘ I from my father’s mouth have often heard.’

‘ O son of Morni,’ I to him reply’d  
 (And speaking strode before him on the heath)  
 ‘ Our bright’ning fathers will our valour praise, 250  
 ‘ When they our fall bewail.—On their brave souls  
 ‘ Shall gladness beam amidst the flood of tears.  
 “ Not like the grass,” ‘ they’ll say,’ “ that on the field  
 “ Falls harmless, have our valiant offspring fall’n :  
 “ For death around them in their rage they spread.” 255  
 ‘ Yet of the narrow house why should we think ?  
 ‘ *The sword defends the brave.—But certain death*  
 ‘ *Pursues the weak,* nor goes their fame abroad.

Forward we rush’d through night, and to the roar  
 Of a loud stream, which bent its azure course 260  
 Around the foe through groves of forest-trees,  
 That echo gave responsive to its noise :  
 With valour fir’d and arm’d in steel we came.  
 We at the bank of the blue stream arriv’d,  
 And saw the sleeping host. Their fading fire 265  
 Grew dim upon the plain, and distant far  
 The lonely footsteps of their scouts were heard.  
 Before me, to support me o’er the stream,  
 I stretch’d my spear.—’Twas then Gaul seiz’d my hand  
 And thus the language of the valiant spoke. 270

‘ Shall great Fingal’s son on a sleeping foe  
 ‘ Rush by surprise ? Or, like a blast by night,  
 ‘ When the young trees in secret it uproots,  
 ‘ Shall his approach be made ? Not thus Fingál  
 ‘ His fame receiv’d, nor for such deeds as these 275  
 ‘ Abides renown on Morni’s hoary hairs.

‘ Strike, Ossian, strike the angry shield of war,  
 ‘ And let their thousands rise. Yes, let them meet  
 ‘ Young Gaul in his first battle, that the strength  
 ‘ Of his fierce arm in combat he may try.’ 280

Then o’er the warrior joy’d my rising soul,  
 And bursting tears of transport from me fell.  
 ‘ And thee, O Gaul,’ I said, ‘ the foe *shall* meet ;  
 ‘ And the renown of Morni’s son shall rise.  
 ‘ Yet not too far alone, my hero, rush ; 285  
 ‘ But near to Ossian let thy armour gleam.—  
 ‘ Yes, let our hands (O Gaul !) in slaughter join.—  
 ‘ Dost thou not see that rock ? To the bright stars  
 ‘ Its grey side dimly gleams.—Now if the foe  
 ‘ By chance prevail, then let our backs be turn’d 290  
 ‘ Against the rock. So, shall they fear to come  
 ‘ Upon our spears ; for death is in our hands.’

Then thrice my echoing shield I struck.—At once  
 Arose the starting foe.—On, in the sound  
 Of our bright arms, we rush’d.—Their crowded steps 295  
 Fly o’er the nightly heath, for they suppos’d  
 That in his roar of might Fingál approach’d ;  
 And wither’d was the prowess of their arms.  
 As sounds the flame, when through the blasted groves  
 Raging it roars ; so sounded they in flight. 300  
 ’Twas *then* the spear of Gaul flew in its strength  
 ’Twas *then* his sword arose.—Fierce Cremor fell,  
 And mighty Leth. Dunthormo in his blood  
 Lay struggling ;—and through Crotha’s side, as bent  
 He on his spear arose, quick rush’d the steel. 305  
 Black from the wound stream’d down the reeking gore,  
 And hiss’d upon the half-extinguish’d oak.  
 The hero’s steps behind him Cathmin saw,  
 And climb’d a blasted tree—but from behind

The spear him pierc'd. He shrieking, panting fell ; 310  
 Whilst wither'd branches thick his fall pursue,  
 And strew Gaul's arms blue-waving underneath.

Such in the morning of thy battles, Gaul,  
 Thou son of Morni, were thy martial deeds.—  
 Nor slept, thou last of fam'd Fingal's great race, 315  
 The sabre by *thy* side ! Forth in his strength  
 Rush'd Ossian, and in crowds the people fell.  
 So by the staff quick-waved by the boy,  
 When whistling through the field he goes, and smites  
 The thistle's grisly beard, down falls the grass. 320  
 Away the thoughtless youth still careless moves,  
 And tow'rds the desert turns his heedless steps.

Grey morning 'round us rose—along the heath  
 The winding streams are bright. Upon a hill  
 Thick stood the foe, and Lathmon's rage arose. 325  
 The livid eye of his fierce wrath he bent,  
 And silent in his rising grief remain'd.  
 His bossy shield at frequent intervals  
 He struck, and strode unequal on the heath.  
 The hero's distant darkness I beheld, 330  
 And thus to Morni's son my thoughts express'd ;

' Seest thou the foe, O Strumon's car-borne chief ?  
 ' They in their wrath assemble on the hill.—  
 ' Now let our steps be tow'rds the royal chief.  
 ' He in the thunder of his strength shall rise, 335  
 ' And Lathmon's host shall vanish quick away.  
 ' Around us, warrior, brightly shines our fame,  
 ' And gladly on us will the aged look—  
 ' —But, son of Morni, let us hence retire ;  
 ' For down the hill the dark'ning Lathmon comes.' 340



‘ Then let our steps,’ reply’d the fair-hair’d Gaul,  
 ‘ Be slow ; lest with a smile the foe should say :  
 “ Behold the mighty warriors of the night !  
 “ Like ghosts they terrible in darkness stalk ;  
 “ But melt away before the eastern beam !” 345  
 ‘ And, that the aged heroes may rejoice,  
 ‘ When on the actions of their sons they look ;  
 ‘ The shield of Gormar, who beneath thy spear  
 ‘ In battle fell, O Ossian, bear along.’

Such were our words upon the bright’ning plain, 350  
 When Sulmath quick to car-borne Lathmon came—  
 Sulmath, the chief of valeful Dutha, where  
 Dark rolls Duvranna’s stream. ‘ Why Nuath’s son—  
 ‘ Why with a thousand of thy heroes now  
 ‘ Dost thou not rush ?’ he cry’d. ‘ Why, with thy host, 355  
 ‘ Dost thou not hasten, ere the warriors fly ?  
 ‘ Blue to the rising light their armour beams,  
 ‘ And on the heath before us large they stride.’

‘ Son of the feeble hand,’ then Lathmon said,  
 ‘ Shall all my host descend ? They are but *two*— 360  
 ‘ And shall a thousand, Sulmath, lift their steel ?  
 ‘ Nuath in grief for his departed fame  
 ‘ Would mourn within his hall ! His eyes would turn  
 ‘ From Lathmon, when his sounding feet approach’d.  
 ‘ Haste, chief of Dutha—to the heroes go, 365  
 ‘ For Ossian’s stately steps my eyes discern.  
 ‘ His fame is worthy of my sounding steel :—  
 ‘ Let him with Lathmon in close combat fight.’

The noble Sulmath (Dutha’s son) approach’d,  
 And gladly I the royal words receiv’d. 370  
 High on my arm the bossy shield I rais’d,  
 And Gaul plac’d Morni’s sabre in my hand.

Thus arm'd we to the murm'ring stream return'd,  
 And in his pride of strength fierce Lathmon came.  
 Dark, like the clouds, behind him roll'd his host, 375  
 And Nuath's son bright glitter'd in his steel.

‘ On our late fall, son of Fingal,’ he said,  
 ‘ Thy fame has grown. How many of my hosts  
 ‘ Slain by thy hand, thou king of men, *there* lie !  
 ‘ High against Lathmon now thy jav’lin raise, 380  
 ‘ And low the son of mighty Nuath lay—  
 ‘ Yes—now among his people lay him low,  
 ‘ Or *thou thyself* must fall.—Within my halls  
 ‘ The tale shall never go, that my brave chiefs,  
 ‘ Fell in my presence—that they bravely fell 385  
 ‘ In Lathmon’s presence, when sheathed by his side  
 ‘ Rested his sword. For so, in floods of tears  
 ‘ Would Cutha’s blue eyes roll, and her slow steps  
 ‘ Would lonely in Dunlathmon’s vales be made.

‘ Nor shall it ever,’ I to him reply’d, 390  
 ‘ Be said that Ossian feebly turn’d away.  
 ‘ Were his dire steps with darkness dreadful made,  
 ‘ Yet never would Fingal’s young warrior fly :—  
 ‘ His soul would meet him and undaunted say :  
 ‘ “ Does tow’ring Selma’s bard shrink from the foe ?” 395  
 ‘ No : he the foe regards not, and his joy  
 ‘ Increases with the danger of the strife.’

On, in his strength, came Lathmon with his spear,  
 And pierc’d the shield of Ossian. At my side  
 I the cool steel perceiv’d : then, Morni’s sword 400  
 I drew, and with it cut the spear in twain,  
 And the fall’n point lay glitt’ring on the ground.  
 In his great wrath the son of Nuath burnt,  
 And raised up his pond’rous, bossy shield.

His dark eyes roll'd above it, whilst it shone, 405  
 In posture forward, like a gate of brass.  
 But Ossian's spear with its sharp, deathful point  
 The thickness of its bosses throughly pierc'd.  
 And sunk into a tree that stood behind.  
 The gleaming shield hung on the quiv'ring lance:— 410  
 Yet Lathmon still advanc'd. The hero's fall  
 Brave Gaul foresaw, and, straight, before my sword  
 His buckler stretch'd: when, in a stream of light,  
 Down o'er Dunlathmon's king with force it fell.

Then on the son of Morni Lathmon look'd, 415  
 Whilst the big tear full-started from his eye.  
 Upon the ground his father's sword he threw,  
 And in the language of the valiant spoke:  
 ' Why now against the first of mortal men  
 ' Should Lathmon fight? Your souls are beams from hea-  
     ven, 420  
 ' And, in the strife, your swords the flames of death.  
 ' The fame of chiefs, whose deeds so shine in youth,  
 ' Who can attain?—O that in Nuath's halls,  
 ' In the fair groves of Lathmon's green abode,  
 ' Ye now appear'd! then, would my father say: 425  
 " That to the weak his son gave not the day."—  
 ' —But who advances, like a mighty stream,  
 ' Along the roaring heath? Before his face  
 ' The little hills are troubled, and he brings  
 ' A thousand spirits on his beaming steel:— 430  
 ' The spirits of those, who by the deathful arm  
 ' Of echoing Morven's royal chief must fall.  
 ' Happy Fingál art thou! for thy brave sons  
 ' Shall fight thy battles. They before thee go  
 ' Forth in the strength of their victorious arm. 435  
 ' And with the steps of their renown return.'

Joying in secret o'er his son's brave deeds  
 Fingal in all his wonted mildness came.  
 On Morni's face bright rose the joyful smile  
 And through the tears of his ecstatic joy 440  
 Faint look'd his eyes of age. To Selma's halls  
 We came, and sat around the feast of shells.  
 With sweetest note the virgins of the song  
 Into our presence came, and with soft air  
 The mildly-blushing Everallin mov'd. 440  
 Dark spread her hair upon her neck of snow,  
 Whilst she on Ossian roll'd her partial eyes.  
 The harp of music gracefully she touch'd  
 And we on Branno's daughter blessings pour'd.

Then in his place Fingal of might arose 450  
 And to Dunlathmon's battling king thus spoke :  
 (The sword of Trenmor trembled by his side,  
 As up he lifted his dread arm of night) :  
 ' Why, son of Nuath, dost thou search,' he said,  
 ' For fame in Morven ? Of the feeble race 455  
 ' We are not sprung, nor o'er the feeble foe,  
 ' Do we lift up the lightning of our swords.  
 ' When with the angry sound of deathful war  
 ' Came we to green Dunlathmon ? Though his arm  
 ' Be strong, Fingal does not delight in war. 460  
 ' 'Tis on the ruin of the haughty foe  
 ' That my renown takes root, and shoots awide.  
 ' 'Tis only on the proud in arms I pour  
 ' The lightning of my steel.—The battle comes,  
 ' And high the tombs of valiant warriors rise :— 465  
 ' The tombs (my father's !) of my *people* rise ;  
 ' And I at last in solitude must be !  
 ' Yet laurel'd with renown I'll still remain,  
 ' And one pure stream of never-fading light  
 ' On my departing soul shall brightly flow. 470

‘ Lathmon ! retire, and hasten to thy place  
‘ And turn thy sounding arms to other lands.  
‘ The race of Morven are in high renown,  
‘ And children of the hapless are their foes.’

*END OF LATHMON.*

# Oithona :

## A POEM.

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### ARGUMENT.

GAUL, the son of Morni, attended Lathmon into his own country, after his defeat in Morven as related in the preceding poem. He was kindly entertained by Nuath the father of Lathmon, and fell in love with his daughter Oithona. The lady was no less enamoured of Gaul, and a day was fixed for their marriage. In the mean time, Fingal preparing for an expedition into the country of the Britons, sent for Gaul. He obeyed, and went: but not without promising to Oithona that he would return, if he survived the war by a certain day. Lathmon too was obliged to attend his father Nuath in his wars, and Oithona was left alone at Dunlathmon, the seat of the family. Dunrommath, lord of Uthal (supposed to be one of the Orkneys) taking advantage of the absence of her friends, came and carried off, by force, Oithona, who had formerly rejected his love, into Tromathon, a desert island; where he concealed her in a cave.

Gaul returned on the day appointed—heard of the rape, and sailed to Tromathon, to revenge himself on Dunrommath. When he landed, he found Oithona disconsolate, and resolved not to survive the loss of her honour.—She told him the story of her misfortunes, and had scarcely ended, when Dunrommath with his followers appeared at the farther end of the island. Gaul prepared to attack him, recommending to Oithona to retire till the battle was over. She seemingly obeyed, but shortly secretly armed herself, rushed into the thickest of the battle, and was mortally wounded. Gaul, pursuing the flying enemy, found her just expiring on the field. He mourned over her, raised her tomb, and returned to Morven.

Thus is the story handed down by tradition, nor is it given with any material difference in the poem, which opens with Gaul's return to Dunlathmon, after the rape of Oithona.

THOUGH half her face the moon upon the hill  
Pale shews, yet darkness 'round Dunlathmon dwells.  
The daughter of night in sorrow turns away  
Her eyes, for she the coming grief beholds.  
The son of Morni glitters on the plain,  
But in the hall antique no sound is heard.

No beam of light long-streaming through the gloom  
 In tremors comes. Nor is Oithona's voice  
 Heard in the murmur of Duvranna's streams.  
 ' In all thy beauty, Nuath's dark-hair'd fair, 10  
 ' Say—whither art thou gone?' brave Gaul exclaim'd.  
 ' Upon the field of heroes Lathmon strives—  
 ' But thou didst promise in the hall to stay :  
 ' To stay within the hall thou gav'st thy pledge,  
 ' Till Morni's son return'd—till *he* return'd 15  
 ' From Strumon to the virgin of his love.  
 ' The tear at his departure wet thy cheek,  
 ' And in thy breast in secret rose the sigh.—  
 ' Yet, with the lightly-trembling lyral sound  
 ' And songs, to meet him glad thou dost not come.' 20

Such were the words of Gaul, when he return'd  
 To green Dunlathmon's tow'rs, Awide and dark  
 He found the gates. And in the voiceless hall  
 The blust'ring winds with hollow whistlings roar'd.  
 The trees with falling leaves the threshold strew'd, 25  
 And widely spread the murmur of the night.  
 In silent sadness, at an echoing oak,  
 Sat Morni's son, and for the absent maid  
 Chill tremors shook his soul: nor knew he where  
 To turn his course. 'Far stood the son of Leth 30  
 And heard the breezes in his bushy hair ;  
 Yet, raised not his voice, for he perceiv'd  
 The grief of Gaul sad-working in his soul.

Down on the heroes fell the shades of sleep  
 And in their rest the sights of night arose. 35  
 Before the eyes of Morni's son stood pale  
 Oithona in a dream. Her darkly hair  
 Disorder'd was and loose. Her lovely eye  
 Red roll'd in tears :—blood stain'd her snowy arm.

The robe half hid the wound of her white breast, 40  
And, standing o'er the chief, her voice was heard :

‘ Sleeps Morni's son,’ she said, ‘ the warlike chief—  
‘ He that was lovely in Oithona's eyes ?  
‘ Sleeps mighty Gaul beside the distant rock,  
‘ And Nuath's daughter low ? Large rolls the sea 45  
‘ 'Round Tromathon's dark isle.—I in my tears  
‘ Sit in the cave, nor do I sit alone :  
‘ For, the dark chief of Cuthal (Gaul !) is there.  
‘ *There* he, befired with the rage of love,  
‘ Abides—and what can weak Oithona do ?’ 50

Then rushed through the oak a rougher blast,—  
The dream of night departed :—Gaul awoke,  
Assum'd his aspen spear, and in his wrath  
Enraged stood.—He often to the coast  
Turned his eyes, and blam'd the lagging light.— 55  
Grey, in the east, at length, arose the morn,  
And high the hero lifted up the sail.  
Down from the hill the rustling breezes came  
And bounding on the wavy deep he sail'd.—  
Like a blue shield, amidst the briny main, 60  
On the third day hoarse Tromathon arose.  
Against its rock deep-roar'd the foaming wave,  
And on the coast, in grief, Oithona sat.  
She on the rolling waters wistful look'd  
Amidst her falling tears. But, when she saw 65  
Gaul in his arms, she started—and away  
She turn'd her eyes.—Her lovely cheek is bent  
And red,—her white arm trembles by her side.  
Thrice from his presence she assay'd to fly,  
But her weak steps still fail'd her as she went. 70



‘ Daughter of Nuath, why,’ the hero said,  
 ‘ Fly’st thou from Gaul ?—Is it because my eyes  
 ‘ Send forth the flame of death ? Or, in my soul  
 ‘ Does hatred darken ?—*Fair* thou art to me,  
 ‘ An eastern beam sprung in a land unknown ! 75  
 ‘ Yet, daughter of high Dunlathmon, thou thy face  
 ‘ Veilest with sadness ! Is Oithona’s foe  
 ‘ At hand ?—My soul with ’vengeful anger burns  
 ‘ In battle him to meet, and red with wrath  
 ‘ The sword upon the side of dark’ning Gaul 80  
 ‘ Trembles and longs to glitter in his hand.  
 ‘ Speak, Nuath’s daughter—seest thou not my tears ?

‘ O Strumon’s car-borne chief,’ the maid reply’d  
 With heaving sighs, ‘ why o’er the dark-blue wave  
 ‘ To Nuath’s mournful daughter comest thou ? 85  
 ‘ Why did I not in secret pass away,  
 ‘ As fades the rock-sprung flow’r, that lifts unseen  
 ‘ Its head, and strew’d its wither’d leaves on winds ?  
 ‘ O Gaul, to witness my departing sigh,  
 ‘ Why didst thou come ? I vanish in my youth, 90  
 ‘ And henceforth never will my name be heard.  
 ‘ Or, should it chance to recollection come,  
 ‘ ’Twill sorrow bring, and Nuath’s tears will fall ;  
 ‘ And for Oithona’s hapless loss of fame  
 ‘ Thou, son of Morni, wilt in sorrow mourn. 95  
 ‘ —But, far removed from the mourner’s voice,  
 ‘ Shall she sleep lifeless in the narrow tomb.  
 ‘ Why to the sea-beat rock of Tromathon—  
 ‘ Why, mighty chief of Strumon, didst thou come ?

‘ O car-borne Nuath’s daughter !’ he rejoin’d, 100  
 ‘ I came to meet thy foes. And in my soul  
 ‘ Avengeful grows, with gath’ring gloom, the death  
 ‘ Of Cuthal’s chief, or Morni’s son shall fall.

‘ Oithona ! when the mighty Gaul is low,  
 ‘ High on that oozy rock my tomb erect. 105  
 ‘ And, when the darkly bounding ship shall pass,  
 ‘ Call thou the sea-borne sons—upon them call  
 ‘ And give this sword ; that to ag’d Morni’s hall  
 ‘ It they may carry : which when he receives,  
 ‘ Tow’rds the lone desert, for his son return’d, 110  
 ‘ The grey-hair’d hero may surcease to look.’

‘ And,’ with a bursting sigh again she said,  
 ‘ Shall Nuath’s daughter live ?—Shall I then live  
 ‘ In Tromathon, and Morni’s son lie low ?  
 ‘ Not of that rock is my warm heart compos’d, 115  
 ‘ Nor careless is my soul as that rough sea,  
 ‘ Which lifts its billows blue to ev’ry wind,  
 ‘ And rolls beneath the storm. The blast, that low  
 ‘ Thee lays, shall also with its friendly strength  
 ‘ The branches of Oithona spread on earth. 120  
 ‘ Then we together (car-borne Morni’s son !)  
 ‘ Shall wither.—The grey stone, and narrow house  
 ‘ Of the deceased pleasant are to me ;  
 ‘ For never, sea-surrounded Tromathon,  
 ‘ More will I leave thy rocks !—Night on 125  
 ‘ Approach’d, when Lathmon distant far was gone—  
 ‘ When to Duthormoth’s airy, moss-grown rocks  
 ‘ He (to the battles of his fathers) went :—  
 ‘ The night came on, and in the silent hall  
 ‘ I near the burning oak deep-musing sat. 130  
 ‘ The wind was far, amidst the distant trees ;  
 ‘ And I perceiv’d th’ approaching sound of arms.  
 ‘ Joy in my face arose ;—for, straight, I thought  
 ‘ ’Twas thy long-wish’d return.—’Twas Cuthal’s chief,  
 ‘ Dunrommath’s red-hair’d strength. In flaming fire 135  
 ‘ Rolled his eyes, and on his sword red-reek’d  
 ‘ My people’s blood !—They, who in angry strife

' Fought for Oithona, fell by the dark chief.  
 ' What could I do? My tender arm was weak,  
 ' Nor could it lift the spear.—Me in my grief 140  
 ' He took, and rais'd amidst my tears the sail ;  
 ' For much he fear'd lest Lathmon should return  
 ' (Hapless Oithona's brother) with his strength—  
 ' —But, lo ! he comes his num'rous host amidst !  
 ' And dark before him cleaves the wave immense ! 145  
 ' Whither, O son of Morni, wilt thou turn ?  
 ' For many are Dunrommath's battling chiefs !'

' From battle never did my steps retreat,'  
 The hero said, as he unsheath'd his sword ;  
 ' And shall my fear, Oithona, now begin 150  
 ' When thy dark foes approach? Go to thy cave,  
 ' Daughter of Nuath, till the battle cease.  
 ' Bring hither, son of Leth, our fathers' bows  
 ' And Morni's sounding quiver.—The red yew  
 ' Let our three warriors bend. Ourselves the spear 155  
 ' Will lift. They are a host upon the rock,  
 ' But steel'd with brav'ry are our dauntless souls.'

'The daughter of Nuath to the cave retir'd ;—  
 Yet on her mind, as on a stormy cloud  
 Red lightning moves, a troubled joy arose. 160  
 Fix'd was her soul, and from her wide-stretch'd eye  
 Of aspect wild the pearly tear was dry'd.  
 Dunrommath slowly made his dark advance,  
 For he saw Morni's son. His haughty face  
 Contempt contracted and his dark-brown cheek 165  
 Gather'd a smile ; and, 'neath his shaggy brows,  
 Livid and half-concealed roll'd his eye.

' Sons of the sea,' begun the gloomy chief,  
 ' Whence are ye? Have the stormy winds you driv'n

- ' To Tromathon's hoarse rocks ? Or, are you come 170  
 ' In search of Nuath's daughter of white hands ?  
 ' The sons of the unhappy (feeble men !)  
 ' Come to Dunrommath's hand. For his dread eye  
 ' Spares not the feeble, and the strangers' blood  
 ' Yields him delight. Oithona is a beam 175  
 ' Of light resplendent, and it Cuthal's chief  
 ' Enjoys in secret. Would'st thou, like a cloud,  
 ' Come on its beauty, son of feeble hand ?  
 ' *Come on* thou *may'st*—but (mind the dire event !)  
 ' Shalt thou unto thy fathers' halls return ? 180

- ' Dost thou not know me ?' said enraged Gaul,  
 ' Red-hair'd chief of Cuthal ?—On the heath  
 ' Thy feet were swift in car-borne Lathmon's war,  
 ' When the red sword of Morni's deathful son  
 ' Pursu'd his host in Morven's woody land. 185  
 ' Dunrommath ! mighty are thy words of pride,  
 ' For crowded warriors tread behind thy steps.  
 ' But do I fear them, pride's presumptuous son ?  
 ' I of the race of weakness am not sprung.'

- Then in his arms advanced Gaul, and, straight, 190  
 Dunrommath sunk behind his people dark.  
 But Gaul's swift jav'lin pierc'd the gloomy chief  
 And his bright sword lopp'd off his head, as down  
 In death it bent.—Thrice by the shaggy lock  
 The son of Morni shook it ; and dismay'd 195  
 Dunrommath's warriors fled. Their speedy flight  
 The winged shafts of Morven swift pursu'd ;  
 And on the mossy rocks ten of them fell.  
 The rest, surviving, lift the sounding sail,  
 And on the echoing ocean fleetly bound.— 200  
 Gaul tow'rs Oithona's cave advanc'd, and saw,  
 Leaning against a rock, a shapely youth.

An arrow had his side of whiteness pierc'd,  
 And faintly roll'd his eye beneath his helm.  
 Sadness o'erspread the soul of Morni's son— 205  
 He came in haste, and spoke the words of peace :

‘ Say—can the lenient hand of Gaul thee heal,  
 ‘ Youth of the mournful brow ? Upon the hills  
 ‘ For herbs has been my search :—on the lone banks  
 ‘ Of their own secret streams them have I cull'd, 210  
 ‘ My hand has oft' the wound of heroes clos'd,  
 ‘ And their glad eyes the son of Morni bless'd.  
 ‘ Where, warrior, dwelt thy fathers ? Did they come  
 ‘ Of mighty race ? Dark sadness shall approach,  
 ‘ Like shades of night upon thy native streams ; 215  
 ‘ For thou in vernal bloom of youth art fall'n.’

‘ Of mighty race,’ the stranger then reply'd,  
 ‘ My fathers were ; but they shall not be sad :—  
 ‘ For, like the mist of morn, my fame is gone.  
 ‘ Walls on Duvranna's banks high-tow'ring rise, 220  
 ‘ And in the stream behold their mossy tow'rs.  
 ‘ Behind them with its bending firs a rock  
 ‘ Airy ascends. Its massy height afar  
 ‘ Thou may'st behold.—'Tis there my brother dwells.  
 ‘ He is renown'd in battle.—Morni's son, 225  
 ‘ Give him this glitt'ring helmet, which I wore.’

Down from the hand of Gaul the helmet fell—  
 For, 'twas Oithona sinking with her wound.  
 She in the secret cave herself had arm'd  
 And came in search of death. Her heavy eyes 230  
 Half-clos'd appear—the blood pours from her side.—  
 ‘ O Morni's son, prepare the narrow house,’  
 She said ; ‘ for, sleep in shadows, like a cloud,  
 ‘ Comes on my soul. Oithona's eyes are dim,

- ' O that bright-beaming in my youthful fame 235  
 ' I at Duvranna had remained still !  
 ' Then had my years come smoothly on with joy,  
 ' And virgins would have bless'd my graceful steps.  
 ' But, son of Morni, in youth's morn I fall,  
 ' And in his hall my aged sire shall blush.' 240

Pale on the rock of Tromathon she fell,  
And her lone tomb the mournful hero rais'd.  
To Morven he return'd, but we perceiv'd  
The darkness of his soul.—The dulcet lyre,  
In praise of fall'n Oithona, Ossian took :—  
The brightness of the face of Gaul return'd.  
Yet, like the blasts, when stormy winds are laid,  
That shake unfrequent their unsettled wings ;  
At times, amidst his friends, his sigh arose.

END OF OITHONA.

# Croma :

## A POEM.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

MALVINA, the daughter of Toscar, is overheard by Ossian lamenting the death of Oscar, her lover. Ossian, to divert her grief, relates his own actions in an expedition, which he (at Fingal's command) undertook, to aid Crothar the petty king of Croma (a country in Ireland) against Rothmar, who invaded his dominions.--The story is by tradition delivered thus:—Crothar, king of Croma, being blind with age, and his son too young for the field; Rathmar, the chief of Troimio, resolved to avail himself of the opportunity offered of annexing the dominions of Crothar to his own. He accordingly marched into the country subject to Crothar, but which he held of Arth or Artho, who was at the time supreme king of Ireland.

Crothar being, on account of his age and blindness, unfit for action; sent for aid to Fingal, king of Scotland. Fingal ordered his son Ossian to the relief of Crothar. But before his arrival, Fovar-gormo (the son of Crothar) attacking Rothmar, was himself slain, and his forces totally defeated. Ossian renewed the war, came to battle, killed Rothmar, and routed his army.—Croma being thus delivered of its enemies, Ossian returned to Scotland.

IT was the accent of my love !

Sweet was the breeze-borne lay ! ;

Yet seldom to Malvina's dreams

Does he his visits pay !

Ye sires of mighty Toscar, wide

Expand your airy domes—

Unfold the portals of your clouds ;

For, soon Malvina comes.

I in my dream have heard a voice  
Delightful to my ear ; 10  
I feel the flutt'ring of my soul.  
It gave my joy and fear !

Why, from the darkly-rolling lake,  
O blast, didst thou move on ?  
Thy rustling wing was in the trees, 15  
And straight—my dream was gone.

But, when her love Malvina saw  
Array'd in robes of light ;  
His vapour-vest flew on the gale,  
And all his mein was bright, 20

With brightness like the stranger's gold  
The sun his skirts illumines.—  
It was the accent of my love !  
To me he seldom comes !

Yet, son of mighty Ossian, thou 25  
Dwell'st in Malvina's soul :  
For on thy former stately mien  
My thoughts incessant roll.

When orient beams first gild the morn,  
My bursting sighs arise ; 30  
And with the falling drops of night  
Tears trickle from my eyes.

I, like a lovely tree, whose top  
Spreads stately on the ground,  
Once near my lovely Oscar stood 35  
With all my branches 'round.



But thy lorn death came like the blasts,  
 That from the desert blow ;  
 And with its fatal force at once  
 My verdant head laid low. 40

The spring return'd, whose genial gale  
 With breath fructif'rous blows :—  
 Yet, though its show'rs in plenty fell,  
 No leaf of *mine* arose.

In pensive sadness in the hall, 45  
 The virgins me beheld :—  
 They touch'd the trembling lyre of joy—  
 Yet, could no comfort yield.

The tear was on Malvina's cheek—  
 The maids ask'd, why it fell ? 50  
 Me in my sorrow when they saw,  
 They urged me to tell.

' Why, first of Lutha's maids,' they said,  
 ' So sad ? O give reply !  
 ' Fair was he as the beam of morn— 55  
 ' And stately in thy eye ?'

Daughter of streamy Lutha ! sweetly sounds  
 In Ossian's ear the accent of thy song !  
 Amidst the visions of thy balmy rest,  
 When on thy eyes at Moruth's murm'ring stream 60  
 Sweet slumber fell ; it was thy chance to hear  
 The dulcet music of departed bards.  
 When back, amidst the rays of scorching sun,  
 Thou camest from the chase, the songs of bards  
 Thou heard'st, O fair !—and lovely is thy song. 65

'Tis lovely, O Malvina, but the soul  
 It melts.—*When in the bosom of the sad  
 Serenity dwells, there is a joy in grief.*  
 But, daughter of Toscar, sorrow with its cares  
 The mournful wastes, and their sad days are few. 70  
 For, like the flow'r, on which the scorching sun  
 Looks in his strength, when o'er it lately pass'd  
 The wat'ry mildew, and its sick'ning head  
 Is heavy with the drops of night ; they fall.—  
 To Ossian's tale, O maid, attention give : 75  
 For, fresh to mind his youthful days return.

The king commanded, and my bosom'd sails  
 I rais'd, and rushed into Croma's bay—  
 Into the bay of Croma sounding loud  
 In lovely Innis-fail.—High on the coast 80  
 The tow'rs of Crothar, king of spears arose :—  
 Crothar of fame for feats in youth perform'd,  
 Though crippling age then 'round the hero dwelt !  
 Against the chief fierce Rothmar rais'd the sword,  
 And ag'd Fingál with indignation burn'd. 85  
 In strife of war with Rothmar to engage,  
 Ossian he sent. For, Croma's hoary chief  
 Had been th' associate of his youthful days.  
 The bard before me, with the voice of songs,  
 I sent, and into Crothar's hall I came. 90  
*There* in the midst of his ancestors' arms  
 The hero sat—but his ag'd eyes had fail'd.  
 Around a staff, on which the warrior lean'd,  
 Grey wav'd his locks. And when his ears of age  
 The echoing clangor of our arms had reach'd, 95  
 He humm'd, for joy, the song of other times.  
 Old Crothar rose—then stretch'd his aged hand,  
 And bless'd the son of Morven's royal chief.

‘ Ossian, the strength of aged Crothar’s arm  
 ‘ Has fail’d,’ the hero said. ‘ O could I lift 100  
 ‘ The sword, as on the day when brave Fingál  
 ‘ At Strutha fought!—The first of mortal men  
 ‘ *He* was—but Crothar also had his fame.  
 ‘ The king of Morven prais’d me, and he plac’d  
 ‘ The bossy shield of Calthar on my arm :— 105  
 ‘ The shield of him, whom he in battle slew.—  
 ‘ Upon the wall (for Crothar’s eyes have fail’d)  
 ‘ Dost thou not see it?—Ossian, is thy strength  
 ‘ Sire—like?—Let now the aged feel thy arm.’

Then to the king my arm I stretched forth, 110  
 And with his hands examinant it he feels.  
 Then in his breast, with falling tears, arose  
 The secret sigh. He added : ‘ Thou art strong,  
 ‘ My son ; yet not in strength like Morven’s king.  
 ‘ But who amongst the men of fame in war 115  
 ‘ Is like that hero ? Let my halls with feasts  
 ‘ Be spread, and let my bards exalt the song.  
 ‘ For, sons of echoing Croma, great is he,  
 ‘ Who now is come, and in my walls abides !—  
 The feast is spread. The harp is heard, and joy 120  
 Sounds in the hall : but ’twas a joy, that screen’d  
 A sigh, that darkly dwelt in ev’ry breast.  
 ’Twas like the sickly glimm’ring of the moon  
 Spread on a cloud in heav’n. At length the lyre  
 Was mute, and Croma’s aged king thus spoke 125  
 (He spoke without a tear, yet swelling sighs  
 Were mixed with the accents of his voice) :

‘ Son of Fingal ! dost thou not see,’ he said,  
 ‘ The gloom o’erspreading Crothar’s hall of shells ?  
 ‘ Amidst the feast, whilst yet my people liv’d, 130  
 ‘ My soul was not in darkness thus envail’d.

- ‘ When strangers came, the light of joy arose  
 ‘ Within my soul, whilst in my joyful hall  
 ‘ My son still shone :—but now he is a beam  
 ‘ Extinct, and left no streak of light behind. 135  
 ‘ Encount’ring in the battles of his sire,  
 ‘ Son of Fingal, my only son is fall’n !  
 ‘ The news (that from my eyes the light was gone)  
 ‘ To Rothmar chief of grassy Tromla came :—  
 ‘ That in the hall my arms were fix’d, he heard, 140  
 ‘ And in his soul presumptuous pride arose.  
 ‘ He came tow’rds Croma, and my people fell  
 ‘ Before him.—Then, my armour in the hall  
 ‘ I took : but what could sightless Crothar do ?  
 ‘ My steps were broken, and my grief was great ! 145  
 ‘ And much I wished for the days long past !  
 ‘ The *days* ! wherein I fought, and in the field  
 ‘ Through streams of crimson made my flaming way.  
 ‘ Back from the pleasures of the busy chase  
 ‘ My son, the fair-hair’d Fovar-gormo came. 150  
 ‘ Nor had he (for his arm as yet was young)  
 ‘ In battle us’d his sword. Yet greatness beam’d  
 ‘ Within his youthful soul, and in his eyes  
 ‘ The fire of valour burnt.—The broken steps  
 ‘ Of his ag’d sire he saw, and deeply sigh’d. 155  
 “ Is it,” ‘ he said,’ “ O Croma’s hoary king,  
 “ Because thou hast no son, thy cause to fight ?  
 “ Is it for Fovar-gormo’s youthful arm  
 “ That thy deep sighs arise ? My arm *robust*,  
 “ My aged father, I begin to feel. 160  
 “ The sword already of my youthful strength  
 “ I’ve drawn, and also I have bent the bow.  
 “ Attended by the youths of Croma’s plains  
 “ Let me this Rothmar meet—*him* let me meet,  
 “ O father ! for I feel my burning soul.” 165

“ And him, O sightless Crothar’s son,” ‘ I said,’  
 “ Now *shalt* thou meet ! But (listen to my words)  
 “ Let others be advanc’d before thy steps,  
 “ That, when again thou comest, I may hear  
 “ The trampling of thy feet: for now my eyes 170  
 “ Thee, fair-hair’d Fovar-gorino, see no more !”  
 ‘ He went—he met the foe—he fell direct ;  
 ‘ And tow’rds green Croma comes the conquering foe—  
 ‘ The foe that in dire battle slew my son !  
 ‘ *He* now is near with all his pointed spears.’ 175

‘ It is not time to fill the shell,’ I said,  
 And took my spear. The redness of my eyes  
 My people saw, and rose at once around.  
 All night, along the dusky heath we strode,  
 And bright’ning in the east grey morning rose. 180  
 A narrow vale with sides of matted green  
 Before us verg’d, nor of blue streamlets void.  
 The dark’ning host of Rothmar on its banks  
 Stood full in view with all their glitt’ring arms.  
 We fought along the vale—the people fled, 185  
 And gloomy Rothmar sunk beneath my sword.  
 Down in the west the day-light had not gone,  
 When I his arms to hoary Crothar brought.  
 The aged hero felt them with his hands,  
 And in his soul bright rose the growing joy. 190

The joyful people gather to the hall,  
 And loud the sound of festive shells is heard.  
 Ten harps are strung—five skilful bards advance,  
 And sing the praise of Ossian’s fame by turns.  
 In dulcet song their burning souls they pour’d. 195  
 And the sweet lyre gave answer to their voice.  
 Great was the joy of Croma—for, once more,  
 The smiles of peace had to the land return’d.

With all its silence dusky night came on,  
 And joyful 'rose the orient beam of morn. 200  
 No black'ning foe with his coruscant spear  
 In darkness came.—Bright Croma's joy was great,  
 For, low the gloomy Rothmar now was laid.

My voice for Fovar-gormo loud I rais'd,  
 When they the youthful warrior laid in earth. 205  
*There* stood the aged Crothar, but his sigh  
 None heard.—He for the wound of his dead son  
 By groping search'd, and found it in his breast.  
 Then in the face of age delight arose—  
 The aged came, and thus to Ossian spoke. 210

‘ Not fameless, O thou king of spears,’ he said,  
 ‘ Has my son fall'n.—Not as the coward dies  
 ‘ Did the young warrior fall. But in his strength,  
 ‘ As onward he advanc'd, death boldly met.  
 ‘ Happy are they, who die in blooming youth, 215  
 ‘ When their renown is heard! Them in the hall  
 ‘ The feeble will not see, nor meanly smile  
 ‘ At their weak hands held by bepalsied age.  
 ‘ Their mem'ry shall be honour'd with the song,  
 ‘ Amidst the tender tears by virgins shed.— 220  
 ‘ But, by degrees, the aged wear away,  
 ‘ And their fam'd youth begins to be forgot.  
 ‘ In secret off they go, nor is once heard  
 ‘ The sighing of their son.—Ill-timed joy  
 ‘ Around their tomb is seen, and the grey stone 225  
 ‘ Of their renown is plac'd without a tear.  
 ‘ Happy are they, who die in blooming youth,  
 ‘ Amidst the laurels of meridian fame!’

END OF CROMA.

# Berrathon :

## A POEM.

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### ARGUMENT.

FINGAL, in his voyage to Lochlin, whither he had been invited by Starno, the father of Agandecca, touched at Berrathon, an island of Scandinavia, where he was kindly entertained by Larthmor, the petty king of the place, who was a vassal of the supreme kings of Lochlin. The hospitality of Larthmor gained him Fingal's friendship, which that hero manifested, after the imprisonment of Larthmor by his own son ; by sending Ossian and Toscar, the father of Malvina, so often mentioned, to rescue Larthmor, and to punish the unnatural behaviour of Uthal. Uthal was handsome, and much admired by the ladies. Nini-thoma, the beautiful daughter of Torthomæ, a neighbouring prince, fell in love and fled with him. He proved inconstant ; for another lady, whose name is not mentioned, gaining his affections, he confined Nina-thoma to a desert island near the coast of Berrathon. She was relieved by Ossian, who, in company with Toscar, landing on Berrathon, defeated the forces of Uthal, and killed him in a single combat. Nina-thoma, whose love the bad behaviour of Uthal could not at all erase, hearing of his death, died of grief. In the mean time Larthmor is restored, and Ossian and Toscar returned in triumph to Fingal.—The present poem opens with an elegy on the death of Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, and closes with the presages of the poet's own death.

'ROUND Lutha's narrow plain, O winding stream,  
Bend thy blue course. And from their airy hills  
Let the green woods their branches o'er it hang,  
And on it let the sun's meridian rays  
Descend.—*There*, on its rock the thistle grows, 5  
And to the zephyr waves its spreading beard.  
The flow'r full-blown, too, hangs its heavy head,  
Waving, at times, its beauties to the gale.  
' Why dost thou 'wake me, gale ? it seems to say,  
' I'm cover'd with th' ambrosial drops of heaven. 10

' Near is the season of my lorn decay,  
 ' And near the blast, that shall my petals strew.  
 ' To-morrow shall th' observant trav'ler come,  
 ' *He*, who of late me in my beauty saw,  
 ' *Shall come*; and strictly careful with his eyes 15  
 ' Will search the field—but *me* they shall not find!  
 —So, shall they search, in vain, for Cona's voice,  
 When on the echoing field it is no more.  
 Forth, in the morning, shall the hunter come;  
 But the soft warblings of my trembling lyre 20  
 Shall not be heard.—With tears upon his cheek—  
 ' Where is the son of great Fingál of cars?  
 He will, astounded with amazement, say.  
 Then come, Malvina! with thy music, come;  
 And Ossian in the plain of Lutha lay:— 25  
 High let his tomb rise in the lovely field.

Where art thou, O Malvina, with thy songs?  
*Where*, with the gentle soundings of thy steps?  
 Art thou, O son of tuneful Alpin, near?  
 Where is the daughter of noble Toscar, say?— 30  
 ' By green Tarlutha's tow'ring, moss-grown walls,  
 ' Son of Fingál, I pass'd.—The curling smoke,  
 ' Which from the hall once rose, had ceas'd entire;  
 ' And voiceless were the forests of the hill,  
 ' The sounding chase was over, and I saw 35  
 ' The daughters of the bow. Then, I them ask'd  
 ' About Malvina—nor made they reply.  
 ' Away they turn'd their faces in their grief,  
 ' And darkness o'er their beauty thinly lour'd.  
 ' Like stars upon a rainy hill by night, 40  
 ' Each faintly looking through her mist, they seem'd.'

And sweet, O lovely beam, be thy repose!  
 Soon on our hills has all thy brightness set!



Like the clear moon on the blue-trembling wave,  
 The steps of thy departure were with state. 45  
 But thou (O first of Lutha's blooming maids !)  
 Hast us in darkness left ! We, at the rock,  
 In sorrow sit amidst the voiceless gloom,  
 And, save the meteor's fire, no light is seen !  
 Malvina ! daughter of gen'rous Toscar, fair ! 50  
 Soon hast thou set, and us in darkness left !  
 But, bright amongst the spirits of thy friends,  
 Where in their stormy halls in air they sit,  
 Amidst the chambers of the thunder dire ;  
 Thou risest radiant as the eastern beam. 55  
 O'er Cona glooms a hov'ring cloud, and high  
 Blue-curling it extends its fretted sides.  
 Beneath it are the winds, with all their wings :—  
 Within it is the dwelling of Fingál.  
 In dusky mansions *there* the hero sits, 60  
 And in his hand he holds his airy spear.  
 Half-cover'd also in the cloudy dusk,  
 His orb'd shield is like the darken'd moon ;  
 When still one half in the blue wave remains,  
 And sickly on the field the other looks. 65

Around the king, his friends on vapour sit,  
 And hear the songs of Ullin :—he the lyre  
 Half-viewless strikes, and lifts the feeble voice.  
 With torches of a thousand meteors made  
 The lesser heroes light the airy hall. 70  
 In splendor great, Malvina in the midst  
 Arises fair—a blush is on her cheek.  
 The unknown faces of her fathers' forms  
 She sees, and turns aside her humid eyes.  
 ' And art thou, in thy brightness, come so soon, 75  
 ' Daughter of gen'rous Toscar ?' said Fingál.  
 ' In mournful Lutha's halls dark sadness dwells,

' And in the gloom my aged son is sad.  
 ' I hear the breeze of Cona, that was wont  
 ' Thy heavy locks to lift. It to the hall 80  
 ' Approach is making:—but thou art not there!  
 ' Its voice is mournful 'midst thy fathers' arms!  
 ' Go with thy rustling wing, O dirgeful breeze,  
 ' And vent on lone Malvina's tomb thy sigh.  
 ' Beneath the rock, at Lutha's winding stream, 85  
 ' Near the blue flood, it yonder rises high.  
 ' The virgins are departed to their place,  
 ' And thou, O breeze, alone art mourning *there*.'

But who—supported on a sailing cloud,  
 Comes from the dusky west? A smile appears 90  
 On his grey-wat'ry face.—Upon the wind  
 His locks of mist are borne.—Upon his spear  
 Forward he bends.—Malvina! 'tis thy sire!  
 ' Ah! why so soon upon our clouds,' he says,  
 ' Dost thou, O lovely light of Lutha, shine? 95  
 ' —But thou wert sad, my daughter; for thy friends  
 ' Away were pass'd. Within the once-fam'd hall  
 ' The sons of little men alone abode:  
 ' And of the heroes, once for war renown'd,  
 ' Not one, but Ossian, king of spears, remain'd.' 100

And dost thou car-borne Toscar, Conloch's son,  
 O Ossian, still remember?—Not a few  
 Were our fierce battles in our days of youth,  
 When to the field our swords together went.  
 They saw us coming like two falling rocks 105  
 And quick the offspring of the stranger fled.  
 ' *There* Cona's warriors come,' amaz'd they said:  
 ' They tread the footsteps of their conquer'd foes.'  
 —Near to the song, that from the mouth of age  
 Now comes, approach.—The deeds of other times 110

Illume my soul, and on the seasons past  
 My mem'ry beams :—on mighty Toscar's days,  
 When in the trackless deep our way we made.  
 O son of Alpin, once renown'd in song,  
 To the *last* sound of Cona's voice draw near. 115

The royal chief of Morven gave command,  
 And to the wind my bending sails I rais'd.  
 Close at my side, as on the dark blue wave  
 I rose ; brave Toscar chief of Lutha stood.  
 To sea-surrounded Berrathon, the isle 120  
 Of tempests many, was our destin'd way.  
*There*, with his grizly locks of age extreme,  
 The stately strength of gen'rous Larthmor dwelt—  
 Larthmor ! by whom to Comhal's mighty son  
 (When to the halls of Starno dark he went) 125  
 In Agandecca's days, the feast was spread.  
 But, when the chief was old, his son of pride  
 Uthal, with pulchrid hair, with love of whom  
 A thousand virgins pin'd ; presumptive 'rose.  
 Usurpant, he the aged Larthmor bound. 130  
 And in the echo of his halls abode.

Within his cave, beside his rolling sea,  
 Long pin'd the king. Nor to his lorn abode  
 Did morning come, nor burning oak by night.  
 But there the rustling breeze of ocean blew 135  
 Amidst the parting lustre of the moon.  
 The red star trembling on the western wave  
 Upon the king with sparkling brightness look'd.  
 To Selma's hall the aged Snitho came—  
 Snitho, the' associate of old Lathmor's youth. 140  
 Of Berrathon's ag'd king he gave account,  
 And at the news Fingál's fierce anger burn'd.  
 Resolv'd to stretch his hand to Uthal, thrice

He lifted up the spear.—But his brave deeds  
 Of old, to royal recollection came, 145  
 And he his son and valiant Toscar sent.  
 Great was our joy upon the rolling sea,  
 And half-unsheath'd our swords we often drew.  
 For in the angry battles of the spear  
 Never before had we engag'd alone. 150

Night came down on the ocean, and the winds  
 Swift-pinion'd fled. The moon is cold and pale.  
 Red lift the stars their heads. Our lagging course  
 Along the coast of Berrathon is slow ;  
 And white, upon the rocks, the billows roll. 155  
 ' What voice is that,' said Toscar in amaze,  
 ' Which comes between the murm'rings of the waves ?  
 ' 'Tis soft, but sad ; like songs of bards deceas'd.  
 ' But, lo ! I see the virgin.—*There*, alone  
 ' Upon the rock she sits. Her drooping head 160  
 ' Bends on her arm of snow ! and in the wind  
 ' Dark floats her hair :—but, Ossian, hear her song !  
 ' 'Tis smooth as runs bright Lavath's gliding stream.'

By motions very slow at last we came  
 To the still bay, and heard the maid of night. 165

' How long around me,' in her grief she sung,  
 ' Will ye, blue-tumbling waves of ocean, roll ?  
 ' Not always in lone solitude in caves,  
 ' Nor 'neath the whistling tree was my abode.  
 ' Wide in Torthoma's hall the feast was spread, 170  
 ' And my soft accents gave my father joy.  
 ' Me, in my lovely steps, the youths beheld  
 ' And dark-hair'd Nina-thoma often bless'd.  
 ' 'Twas *then* bright-beaming, like the sun of heav'n,  
 ' O Uthal, thou didst come !—The maids beheld—

' Their souls, O gen'rous Larthmor's son, were thine !  
 ' But why amidst loud waters here alone  
 ' Dost thou me leave? Was e'er my burning soul  
 ' Dark with thy death? Did e'er my snow-white hand  
 ' Lift up the sword?—Why therefore here alone, 180  
 ' King of Finthormo high, didst thou me leave?'

When I the sorrows of the virgin heard,  
 The starting tear burst from my troubled eye.  
 Before her in my armour clad I stood  
 And spoke the words of peace : ' O lovely fair; 185  
 ' Thou dweller of the cave, what heaving sigh  
 ' Is in that breast? Shall Ossian lift his sword  
 ' Before thee, and thy foes destroy entire?  
 ' The plaintive accents of thy mournful grief  
 ' Have reach'd my ears :—Torthoma's daughter rise. 190  
 ' The race of Morven, who the weak ne'er wrong'd,  
 ' To vindicate thy cause, around thee stand.  
 ' Thou, brighter than that brightly setting moon,  
 ' To our dark-bosom'd vessel speed thy way.  
 ' We to the rocky Berrathon are bound, 195  
 ' To the loud echo of Finthormo's walls.'

She came, in all her beauteous charms adorn'd—  
 With all her steps of loveliness *she came*.  
 As, when the shades fly from the field of spring,  
 In brightness rolls the azure, winding stream, 200  
 And o'er its course the bush green-waving bends.  
 Silent, yet bright, joy in her face arose.

With all its circling rays the morning came,  
 And we at Rothma's bay arriv'd.—A boar  
 Rush'd from the wood—my jav'lin pierc'd his side. 205  
 I o'er the blood rejoic'd, for I discern'd  
 'Thereby my growing fame,—But Uthal's train

Came from the high Finthormo, loud in arms:—  
 To chase the boar, they o'er the mountain spread.  
 With haughty steps, exultant in his strength, 210  
 Himself comes slowly o'er the heathy bourn.  
 He lifts two pointed spears, and on his side  
 The hero's sword is seen. His polish'd bows  
 Three youths convey, and, eager for the chase,  
 Five dogs before him bound; whilst on, afar, 215  
 The royal steps admiring as they went,  
 His warriors move. The gen'rous Larthmor's son  
 Stately appear'd, but his grim soul was dark—  
 Dark as the troubled surface of the moon  
 When dim it waves portentous of dire storms. 220

Before the king we on the heath arose,  
 And, all at once, amidst his course he stop'd—  
 Around his warriors gather'd, and before,  
 A grey-hair'd bard advanc'd. ' Whence,' loud he cries,  
 ' Are ye, the sons of strangers? Rest assur'd, 225  
 ' The children of th' unhappy only come  
 ' To Berrathon, to car-borne Uthal's sword.  
 ' Within his hall no welcome feast he spreads,  
 ' And on his streams the blood of strangers floats.  
 ' If ye from Selma's walls, the mossy walls, 230  
 ' Where dwells Fingál, be come: three youths select,  
 ' The slaughter of his people to announce,  
 ' To hasten to your king.—The hero too  
 ' Himself perhaps may hither speed his way,  
 ' And pour *his* blood on Utha's flaming sword. 235  
 ' So, like the growing branches of the vale,  
 ' The fame of great Finthormo shall arise.'

Then, in the pride of my arising wrath,  
 ' Ne'er will it rise,' I said. ' Soon would he shrink  
 ' Before Fingál, whose eyes are flames of death. 240

' The son of Comhal comes, and from his sight  
 ' Kings vanish quick.—Together they, like mist,  
 ' Are by the breathings of his anger roll'd.  
 ' Shall *three* convey the message to Fingál  
 ' That his brave hosts have fall'n ?—It they may tell— 245  
 ' Yet, bard, his people shall not fameless fall.'

Then in the darkness of my strength I stood,  
 And at my side his sword brave Toscar drew.  
 On, like a stream, th' embattling foe advanc'd,  
 And soon the mingled sound of death arose. 250  
 Man join'd with man, and shield to shield oppos'd ;  
 Steel mix'd its beams with steel ; and swift through air  
 Darts hissing flew. Spears ring on sounding mails,  
 And redd'ning swords on broken bucklers bound.  
 As sounds an aged grove beneath the roar 255  
 Of winds, whilst all its trees a thousand ghosts  
 Break down by night, such was the din of arms.  
 But, Uthal fell beneath my sword ; and, straight,  
 The sons of Berrathon in tremors fled.  
 Then, in his beauty 'twas, I him beheld, 260  
 And in my eye the tear of pity hung.  
 ' With all thy beauty round thee thou art fall'n,  
 ' Young tree !' I said. ' Upon thy native plains  
 ' Now thou art fall'n, and all the field is bare.  
 ' The winds come from the desert, but thy leaves 265  
 ' No rustling sound emit ! Yet, still, in death  
 ' Lovely art thou, O car-borne Larthmor's son !'

Upon the shore fair Nina-thoma sat,  
 And heard th' embattling strife. Her grief-red eyes  
 On Lethmal, Selma's grey-hair'd bard, she turn'd. 270  
 [For, with the daughter of Torthoma he,  
 Her to attend, upon the coast had stay'd.]  
 ' Son of the times of old,' to him she said,

' I hear the noise of death. With Uthal's hosts  
 ' Thy friends have met—alas! the chief is low! 275  
 ' O that inclosed with the tumbling waves  
 ' I lonely on the rock had still remain'd!  
 ' Then, though my soul had still in sadness mourn'd,  
 ' His death would not have reach'd my troubled ear.  
 ' Art thou, O son of high Finthormo, fall'n 280  
 ' Upon thy native heath?—Upon a rock  
 ' Me thou didst leave—yet, still of thought for thee  
 ' My constant soul was full.—Ah! on thy heath,  
 ' O son of high Finthormo, art thou fall'n?'

Pale in her tears she rose, and Uthal's shield 285  
 With blood besmear'd she saw.—In Ossian's hand  
 It she beheld.—Upon the heathy plain  
 Distracted were her melancholy steps.  
 She flew, she found him;—down, at once, she fell:  
 And in a sigh forth came her bursting soul 290  
 Whilst wildly on his face her hair is spread.  
 My bursting tears descend. A tomb arose  
 On the unhappy, and my song was heard.  
 ' Rest, hapless children of green youth!' I said,  
 ' Beside the echo of that mossy stream. 295  
 ' Your grassy mound the virgins at the chase  
 ' Will see, and turn their weeping eyes away.  
 ' Your fame immortal in the song will stand,  
 ' And in your praise the lyre shall sweetly sound.  
 ' The tidings shall to Selma's daughters come, 300  
 ' And your renown in other lands be heard.  
 ' In peace, ye " children of green youth, repose  
 " Beside the echo of the mossy stream."

Two days we on the mournful coast remain'd,  
 And all the chiefs at Berrathon conven'd.— 305  
 Back to his halls we aged Larthmor brought,



And wide around the feast of shells was spread.  
 Great was the joy, that seiz'd the eve of age  
 And to his fathers' arms he gladly look'd—  
*Those arms*, which, when the pride of Uthal rose, 310  
 Within his hall he left. In Larthmor's eyes  
 Great was her fame, and Morven's chiefs he bless'd.  
 Nor that his son, young Uthal's stately strength,  
 Was low did he perceive.—“ That to the groves  
 “ He had with tears of grief retir'd,” they said. 315  
 This was the *tale*—but he in silence deep  
 Low in the tomb of Rothma's heath was laid.

To the brisk breezes of the northern wind  
 On the fourth day our bending sails we rais'd.  
 Ag'd Larthmor to the coast came, and his bards 320  
 High rais'd the song. Great was the royal joy.  
 'Twas then to Rothmar's heath he turn'd his eyes,  
 And saw the mound high raised for his son !  
 When—lo ! the mem'ry of his Uthal rose.  
 ‘ Who,’ cry'd he, ‘ of my heroes there is laid ? 325  
 ‘ He seems to have been of the king of spears.  
 ‘ Was he, before the pride of Uthal rose,  
 ‘ Fam'd in my halls ?—Ye give me no reply !  
 ‘ Ye hosts, say—is the king of heroes low ?  
 ‘ My heart in grief for thee, O Uthal melts ! 330  
 ‘ Though thou against thy father rais'dst thy hand,  
 ‘ Oh that within the cave I had remain'd !—  
 ‘ That in Finthormo still my son had dwelt !  
 ‘ Thus, when he went to chase the mountain-boar  
 ‘ Might I the sounding of his feet have heard : 335  
 ‘ And borne upon the breezes of my cave,  
 ‘ His voice might to my ravish'd ear have come.  
 ‘ Then, gladness would have rested on my soul ;  
 ‘ But in my halls sad darkness now abides !’

Such, when the arm of my firm youth was strong, 340  
O son of Alpin, were my martial deeds :—  
Such were the valiant feats in war perform'd  
By car-borne Toscar, gen'rous Conloch's son.  
But, Toscar shady on his cloud now flies,  
And I alone at Lutha still remain. 345  
Like the last sound of the departing wind,  
When it the woods forsakes, my voice is heard.  
But, Ossian shall not long remain alone ;  
For he the mist, that shall receive his ghost,  
Already sees.—The mist, that shall compose 350  
His airy robe, when soaring on his hills  
Aloft he shines ; already comes to view.  
Struck with the stature of the chiefs of old,  
Me shall the sons of little men admire.  
Amidst their fear, they to their caves shall creep, 355  
And look with tremors to the beaming sky.  
For, in the clouds my steps shall wander large,  
And darkness dreadful on my side shall roll.

Lead—son of Alpin, to his silent woods  
The aged lead. The winds begin to rise, 360  
And from the lake the dusky wave resounds.  
From Mora bends there not a tree of age  
With branches bare ?—Amidst the rustling blast,  
O Alpin's son, it bends.—My aged lyre  
Hangs on a blasted branch : and of its strings 365  
Sad is the sound. Say, does the rustling breeze,  
O harp, thee touch ? Or, sounds some passing ghost ?  
It is Malvina's hand !—Bring me the lyre,  
And, Alpin's son, another song shall 'rise.  
Whilst in their airy halls my fathers hear, 370  
My parting soul amidst the sound shall go.  
With joy, their shadowy faces from their clouds  
Shall hang, and their thin hands their son receive.

Above the stream the aged oak is bent,  
And sighs with all its moss. The wither'd fern 375  
Is near, and whistles in the streamy gale,  
And mixes, as it waves, with Ossian's hair.

Loud strike the lyre, and raise the solemn sound—  
With all your wings, ye winds, be pour'd around.  
Up to Fingál, inhall'd within the air, 380  
The dirgeful song upon your pinions bear.

Even to Fingal's high mansion bear it on,  
That he may hear the accents of his son—  
The accents of his son, who on the lyre  
The mighty prais'd with all his voice of fire. 385

The northern blast, O king, expands thy gate;  
And dimly bright, in all thy warlike state,  
Attended by the lately-tuneful crowd,  
I see thee seated on thy misty cloud.

Not now, as once, terrific art thou seen, 390  
The dread of heroes:—but with gentle mien.  
Thy visage like a wat'ry cloud appears,  
When with moist eyes behind are seen the stars.

Thy airy shield is like the aged moon:  
Thy sword a vapour kindling by the sun. 395  
The chief, who brightly travell'd once the field,  
With aspect dim, and weak is now beheld.

Thy steps of pow'r the desert-winds command,  
And the dire tempests darken in thy hand.  
The sun thou takest in thy wrathful might, 400  
And him enveilest in thy clouds of night.

In tremor's stand the sons of little men,  
 And at thy word a thousand torrents rain.—  
 But, when thou comest in thy gentle mien,  
 The gale of morning near thy course is seen. 405

In his blue fields the laughing sun does beam,  
 And in its valley winds the silver stream.  
 The bushes shake their green heads in the wind,  
 And tow'rds the desert fleets the bounding hind.

But, in the heath a murmur rolls along ! 410  
 The stormy winds, with all their roar, abate !  
 And plain I hear Fingál's light, airy voice.  
 Long has it been far absent from my ear !

' Come, Ossian, come,' he says ;—' Fingál his fame  
 ' Has now receiv'd. Away indeed we pass'd.— 415  
 ' Like flames, that for a season bright had shone,  
 ' Renown'd was our departure. Though in dusk  
 ' And silence be the regions of our war,  
 ' Still in the four grey stones our fame remains.  
 ' The dulcet voice of Ossian has arriv'd, 420  
 ' And tuneful was the lyre in Selma strung.  
 " Come, Ossian,—haste," ' he says,' " and come away,  
 " And with thy fathers fly on airy clouds."

And come I will, thou royal chief of men !  
 The life of Ossian fails. On Cona's vale 425  
 To vanish I begin ; and now my steps  
 Are not in Selma seen. E'er long asleep  
 Beside the stone of Mora I shall fall.  
 Nor shall the whistling winds in my grey hair  
 Break my repose. Swift on thy winds, O wind, 430  
 Depart ; nor canst thou rouse the slumb'ring bard.  
 The night is long, but torpid are his eyes.—  
 With all thy sound, thou rustling blast. der t.

But why art thou with sad'ning grief oppress'd ?  
Son of Fingál, why louring grows the cloud 435  
On thy bright soul ?—The chiefs of other times  
Departed are, and gone without their fame.  
Away the sons of future years shall pass,  
And in their stead another race arise.  
The generations rise like ocean's waves, 440  
Or like the leaves in Morven's fading groves.  
Amidst the rustling blast, away they pass ;  
And other leaves their verdant heads erect,  
O Ryno, did *thy* beauty *always* last ?  
Or, did the strength of car-borne Oscar stand ? 445  
Away Fingál *himself* pass'd in *his* day,  
And his forefathers' halls his steps forgot.  
And shalt thou then, O aged bard, remain,  
When ev'n the mighty, though reluctant, fail'd ?  
But my renown for ages shall remain, 450  
And grow like Morven's oak ; which to the storm  
Lifts its broad head, exulting in the gale.

## END OF BERRATHON.

# Temora.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

CAIRBAR, the son of Barbor-duthal (Lord of Atha in Connaught) the most potent chief of the race of the Firbolg, having, at Temora, the royal palace, murdered Cormac, the son of Artho (the young king of Ireland) usurped the throne. Cormac was lineally descended from Conar the son of Tremmor, the great-grandfather of Fingal, king of those Caledonians, who inhabit the western coast of Scotland. Fingal resented the behaviour of Cairbar, and resolved to pass over into Ireland with an army, to re-establish the royal family on the Irish throne. Early intelligence of his designs coming to Cairbar, he assembled some of his tribes in Ulster, and at the same time ordered his brother Cathmor to follow him speedily with an army from Temora.—Such was the situation of affairs when the Caledonian fleet appeared on the coast of Ulster.

The poem opens in the morning. Cairbar is represented as retired from the rest of the army, when one of his scouts brought him news of the landing of Fingal. He assembles a council of his chiefs. Foldath, the chief of Moma, haughtily despises the enemy, and is warmly reprimanded by Malthos.—Cairbar, after hearing their debate, orders a feast to be prepared; to which, by his bard Olla, he invites Oscar the son of Ossian, resolving to pick a quarrel with that hero, and thereby have some pretext for killing him.—Oscar came to the feast—the quarrel happened—the followers of both fought, and Cairbar and Oscar fell by mutual wounds. The noise of the battle reached Fingal's army. The king came on, to the relief of Oscar; and the Irish fell back to the army of Cathmor, who was advanced to the banks of the river Lubar on the heath of Moi-lena. Fingal, after mourning over his grandson, ordered Ullin, the chief of his bards, to carry his body to Morven, to be there interred. Night coming on, Althan, the son of Conachar, relates to the king the particulars of the murder of Cormac. Fillan, the son of Fingal, is sent to observe the motions of Cathmor by night, which concludes the action of the first day. The scene of this book is a plain, near the hill of Mora, which rose on the borders of the heath of Moi-lena, in Ulster.

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## BOOK I.

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THE azure-waves of Ullin roll in light,  
And verdant in the lucid beams of day  
Enrob'd appear the hills.—Their tow'ring heads  
The branchy trees shake dusky in the breeze.

Grey pour the torrents all their noisy streams, 5  
And, circumambient of the narrow plain,  
With oaks antique two verdant hills extend,—  
*There* glides a stream meand'ring in its way  
With its blue current:—on its matted banks  
Stood Cairbar, Atha's chief, whose royal hand 10  
His spear supports—his livid eyes of fear  
In sadness lour.—With all his ghastly wounds  
Still in his soul (back-shrinking at the sight)  
Slain Cormac rises; and, amidst the gloom,  
Grey stands the youth, whilst from his airy sides 15  
Flows trickling gore.—His jav'lin thrice on earth  
He threw, and thrice his spreading beard he strok'd.  
Short are his steps, and often in his course  
Abrupt he stands; and 'round his sinewy arms  
In agonising grief he tossive throws. 20  
So, variant in its form to ev'ry blast,  
With course anomalous moves the desert cloud;  
When sadness veils the vallies all around,  
That fear, by turns, the sudden-bursting show'r.

At length, the king his drooping soul resum'd 25  
And took his pointed spear. His rolling eyes  
He to Moi-léna turn'd. His wakeful scouts  
Of the blue-rolling main directly came—  
*They* came with steps of circumspective fear,  
And oft' behind them look'd.—Then, Cairbar knew 30  
That near the mighty were, and call'd his chiefs.

Obedient to his call, the warriors came  
With sounding tread, and drew, at once, their swords.  
*There* with his darken'd face great Morlath stood,  
And calm Hidalla, whose long-flowing hair 35  
Sighs in the gale. *There* Cormar on his spear  
Bends with his flaxen locks, and his round eyes

He, side-long looking, rolls. Wild is the look  
 Of Malthos from beneath two shaggy brows.  
 Unmov'd stands Foldath like an oozy rock, 40  
 That covers its dark sides with laving foam.  
 His spear is like Slimóra's stately fir,  
 That meets the wind of heav'n: his bossy shield  
 Is mark'd with strokes of war; and his red eye  
 Danger contemns.—These, and a thousand more, 45  
 'Round car-borne Cairbar form'd, when near approach'd  
 The scout of ocean from Moi-léna's streams,  
 Mor-annal, trembling with pale, bloodless lips,  
 With eyes hung-forward from his earnest face.

' Do the brave chiefs of Erin stand,' he cry'd, 50  
 ' In silence, like the voiceless grove of night?  
 ' Stand they in silence like a breezeless wood,  
 ' And on the coast Fingál? Fingál the great—  
 ' Dreadful in battle—streamy Morven's king?'

Cairbar then heaving with a bursting sigh, 55  
 Said: ' Hast thou seen the warrior? Are his hosts  
 ' Of valiant heroes many on the coast?  
 ' Lifts he the spear of battle? Or, in *peace*,  
 ' Mor-annal, comes high Morven's mighty chief?'

' Cairbar, in peace he comes *not*,' said the scout; 60  
 ' For I beheld his forward spear project  
 ' Coruscant as the meteor dire of death,  
 ' And on its steel the blood of thousands streams,  
 ' Strong, in the grisly hair of age advanc'd,  
 ' First to the shore he came: and, as he strode, 65  
 ' In his great might, full rose his sinewy limbs.  
 ' Down by his side that deathful sabre hangs,  
 ' Which gives no second wound.—As wades the moon,  
 ' Like blood, ascending through the turbid storm,



‘ Tremendous is his shield.—Next, Ossian came, 70  
‘ Of dulcet songs the king ; and Morni’s son,  
‘ The first of men.—Then, forward on his spear  
‘ Leaps Connal. Dermot spreads his dark-brown locks.  
‘ Fillan, the youthful hunter, bends his bow,  
‘ From streamy Moruth come.—But who appears 75  
‘ In front conspicuous, and, in dreadful gait,  
‘ Resistless as a stream ? ’Tis Ossian’s son  
‘ Bright in his locks of youth. Upon his back  
‘ Long falls his hair, and, half-enclos’d in steel,  
‘ Dark are his brows beheld. Upon his side 80  
‘ Loose hangs his sword ; and glitt’ring, as he moves,  
‘ His spear is terrible !—From his dreadful eyes,  
‘ O king of high Temora, straight, I fled.’

‘ Then fly’—said Foldath fierce with gloomy wrath,  
‘ Thou feeble man.—Son of the little soul, 85  
‘ Fly to thy native land, where eddying move  
‘ The streaming waters grey ! Have not I seen  
‘ That Oscar ? I beheld the chief in war.—  
‘ Of those, that are of might in danger he  
‘ Is surely one.—But others too the spear 90  
‘ Can lift as well as he. And many sons,  
‘ O king of green Temora’s groves, as brave  
‘ Can Erin boast.—Amidst his thund’ring course  
‘ Let Foldath meet him, and this mighty stream  
‘ Restrain at once. For, my destructive sword 95  
‘ Is with the blood of valiant heroes sheath’d,  
‘ And, strong as Tura’s wall, remains my shield.’

‘ Shall Foldath unattended meet the foe ?  
Reply’d the dark-brow’d Malthos.—‘ On our coast  
‘ Teem they not num’rous, as along the plains 100  
‘ In all directions streamy waters roll ?  
‘ Are these not also the victorious chiefs,

' That vanquish'd Swaran, when green Erin's sons  
 ' In panics fled?—Shall Foldath then *alone*  
 ' Their bravest heroes meet? Foldath the proud, 105  
 ' Of heart presumptive!—Take the people's strength,  
 ' Conjoin'd with Malthos.—For, with bloody feats  
 ' My sword is red—but who has heard *my* words?'

' Let not Fingál,' Hidalla then reply'd,  
 ' Your words, sons of green Erin, hear: for, then 110  
 ' The foe exultant might within the land  
 ' Full vigour take. O warriors, ye are brave,  
 ' And emulative of the desert-storms,  
 ' That fearless meet the rocks, and fierce in course  
 ' O'erturn the woods!—But, like a gather'd cloud, 115  
 ' Slow in our strength let our approach be made.  
 ' Then, whilst chill tremors shall the mighty seize,  
 ' From their brave hands the pond'rous spears shall fall.  
 ' With face o'erspread with sorrow's gather'd gloom  
 ' Soon they will say: "We see the cloud of death!" 120  
 ' Hoary with age, Fingál will greatly mourn  
 ' And see his flying fame.—On Morven's plains  
 ' The steps of his brave sons will be no more,  
 ' And moss of years in Selma's halls shall grow.'

Silent their sundry counsels Cairbar heard:— 125  
 As darkly hangs on Cromla's tow'ring height  
 The silent cloud precedent to a storm,  
 Till its impregnate side the lightning bursts,  
 And with red light the bright'ning valley gleams  
 Amidst the joy of storm-creating ghosts: 130  
 So silent stood, deep-musing in his thoughts,  
 Temora's king.—At length his words are heard:

' The festive treat on green Mói-lena's plains  
 ' Now spread; and let *my* hundred bards attend:—

‘ Thou red-hair’d Olla, take the royal harp, 135  
 ‘ And speed thy way to Oscar, chief of swords ;  
 ‘ And bid him to our feast. Amidst the song  
 ‘ To-day we feast—to-morrow break the spears.  
 ‘ Tell him that I brave Cathol’s tomb have rais’d—  
 ‘ That dirgeful to his ghost my bards have sung. 140  
 ‘ Say, that his fame at Carun’s sounding stream  
 ‘ Cairbar has heard.—Moreover, absent too  
 ‘ Is Cathmor, Borbarduthul’s gen’rous race.  
 ‘ He, with his matchless thousands, is not here,  
 ‘ And we are weak in arms. To festive strife 145  
 ‘ Cathmor is hostile ;—radiant as that sun  
 ‘ Is his bright soul.—But Oscar’s potent arm,  
 ‘ Chiefs of Temora green with sylvan groves,  
 ‘ Will Cairbar try.—In Cathol’s warm defence  
 ‘ His words were many—Cairbar’s anger burns. 150  
 ‘ He on Moi-lena’s fertile plains shall fall :—  
 ‘ Triumphant in his blood my fame shall rise.’

Whilst gen’ral joy o’erspread their num’rous tribes,  
 They o’er Moi-léna pour’d.—Prepar’d appear’d  
 The feast of shells.—In sweet symphonial strains 155  
 Arise the songs of bards. Along the coast  
 The voice of joy we heard. ’Twas then we thought  
 That mighty Cathmor came—Cathmor the great—  
 The friend of strangers, but in blood ally’d  
 To red-hair’d Cairbar with fraternal tie.— 160  
 Yet, how unequal this relation stood!  
 Their souls were not the same. The light of heav’n  
 In Cathmor’s bosom glow’d!—On Atha’s banks  
 Arose his tow’rs, and to his friendly hall  
 Seven avenues led ; where seven kind-greeting chiefs. 165  
 Steod on the paths and, to partake the feast  
 The stranger call’d!—But Cathmor, in the wood,  
 Avoidant of the voice of praise, abode.

With songs came Olla, and to Cairbar's feast  
 Went the brave Oscar, whilst with stately gait 170  
 Along Moi-léna of the sounding streams  
 Three hundred warriors strode.—Upon the heath  
 With howlings, echoing through a wide expanse,  
 The grey-dogs bounded. Great Fingál beheld  
 The hero going, and with sadness heav'd 175  
 His royal soul!—Amidst the feast of shells  
 Dark Cairbar's thoughts of secret gloom he fear'd!—  
 Aloft my son the spear of Cormac rais'd,  
 And with congratulative songs advanc'd  
 A hundred bards to meet him; and with smiles 180  
 The death, that darkly harbour'd in his soul,  
 Cairbar conceal'd.—Awide the feast is spread—  
 The shells resound—persuasive through the host  
 One gen'ral joy appear'd; yet like the beam  
 Of the departing sun, about to hide 185  
 His redd'ning head amidst the gath'ring storm.

Girt in his arms rose Cairbar:—on his brow  
 Thick darkness gather'd, and at once were mute  
 The hundred harps. The clang of shields was heard!  
 His song of woe, far distant on the heath, 190  
 Olla commenc'd.—The sign of death my son  
 Perceiv'd, and, rising, seiz'd his barbed spear.  
 'Oscar!' said dark-hair'd Cairbar, 'I behold  
 'The spear of Innis-fail. Within thy hand  
 'Temora's spear, O woody Morven's son, 195  
 'Bright glitters.—Of a hundred warlike kings  
 'Twas once the pride—of chiefs renown'd in war  
 'In times of old the death! Yield—Ossian's son,  
 'Yield it to Cairbar of the stately car.'

Then valiant Oscar thus to him reply'd: 200  
 'The gift of Cormac of the beauteous hair—

- ' The valu'd gift of Erin's injur'd king,  
 ' When Oscar scatter'd his presumptuous foes,  
 ' Shall I give up?—When Swaran from Fingál  
 ' Retreating fled, to Cormac's halls of joy 205  
 ' With laurels crown'd I came. Expressive joy  
 ' Rose in the face of youth. Temora's spear  
 ' To me he gave : nor, Cairbar, to the weak  
 ' In arm or soul did he the weapon give.  
 ' The darkness of thy soul bestorms me not, 210  
 ' Nor are thy eyes to me the flames of death.  
 ' Do I the clangor of thy sounding shield  
 ' With terror hear, or tremble at the song  
 ' Of Olla?—No—go, Cairbar, with thy threats  
 ' And fright the feeble. Oscar is a rock.' 215

' And wilt thou not give up the ancient spear ?'  
 Said Cairbar in reply, with rising pride.

- ' Dost thou in haughty words give copious vent,  
 ' Because Fingál is near ? Fingál o'ergrown  
 ' With aged locks from Morven's hundred groves ! 220  
 ' With little men, in fight diminutive,  
 ' Have been his battles. But not such the fight,  
 ' When he with Cairbar strives.—Like fleeting mist  
 ' Before the winds of Atha sportive driv'n  
 ' In pillars thin, must be his fading flight !— 225  
 ' —Were he but here, who fought with little men  
 ' Near Atha's dark'ning chief,' rous'd Oscar said,  
 ' Then Atha's dark'ning chief, to fly his rage,  
 ' Would yield green Erin.—Of the mighty then,  
 ' O Cairbar, speak no more : but, on me turn 230  
 ' Thy flaming sword. For equal is our strength :—  
 ' But, on Fingál, the first of mortal men,  
 ' Far-spreading fame her laurels hath bestow'd !'

The darkening of the chiefs the people saw,  
And, all around, their crowding steps are heard : 235  
Red-flaming fire darts from their rolling eyes,  
And half-unsheath'd a thousand swords appear'd.  
Then red-hair'd Olla rais'd the martial song :

The beaming joy of Oscar's soul arose—  
The wonted joy of his great, rising soul, 240  
When the shrill clarion of Fingál was heard.  
Dark, as the wave of ocean turgid swells  
Before the rising winds, when near a coast  
It bends its head, grim Cairbar's host came on—

Daughter of Toscar ! why that falling tear ? 245  
He is not fall'n, as yet.—By his strong arm  
Many were slain, before my hero fell !

Behold ! as when the stately desert-groves  
Bow down before an angry, passing ghost  
Comprising in his hand their verdant heads 250  
'Midst midnight-gloom ; before my son they fall.  
Stout Morlath falls, and great Maronnan dies,  
And mighty Conachar trembles in his blood.  
Before brave Oscar's sword of deathful might  
Back Cairbar shrinks, and quick behind his stone 255  
In darkness creeps :—then, from his close retreat  
With lifted spear my Oscar's side he pierc'd.  
Forward upon his bossy shield he falls—  
His knee sustains the chief. Yet, still his hand  
Retains the spear.—See ! gloomy Cairbar falls ! 260  
Into his forehead pierc'd the pointed steel  
And shed in twain his yellow hair behind.  
He lay, in semblance like a shatter'd rock,  
Which from its shaggy side huge Cromla shakes :—  
Yet never more shall my fall'n Oscar rise ! 265

Upon his shield he leans :—h's dreadful hand  
Still holds his spear, while distant and obscure  
Stood Erin's sons.—Like crowded streams, aloud  
Their shouts arose.—Moi-léna echo'd wide.

Fingál perceiv'd the sound, and the dread spear 270  
Of his forefathers took.—Upon the heath  
Before us are his steps.—Along he strode  
With hasty gait, and spoke the words of woe :  
' The clanging sound of roaring war I hear---  
' Young Oscar is unaided in the fight ! 275  
' Rise, sons of Morven---join the hero's sword.'

Along the dusky heath then Ossian rush'd,  
And Fillan bounded o'er Moi-léna's plain.  
Fingál, with stately stride in his great strength,  
Gleam'd terrible amidst his glitt'ring steel, 280  
Which Erin's sons far distant shining saw,  
And trembled in their souls. The royal wrath  
Arising they perceiv'd, and thence foresaw  
Their speedy death approach. We first arriv'd—  
We fought, and Erin's chiefs withstood our rage. 285  
But when, rebounding in his sounding course,  
'The king came up—what heart of steel could stand !  
O'er dark Moi-léna, Erin sped their way,  
With death pursuant of their headlong flight,  
Supported by his shield we Oscar saw— 290  
His blood around we saw. On ev'ry face  
Mute darkness gather'd, whilst his heaving back  
Each turn'd, and wept.—To hide the tears of grief  
The royal chief endeavour'd.—In the wind  
Wav'd whistling his grey beard,—Above his son 295  
He bent his head ; his words were mix'd with sighs,



‘ And art thou, Oscar, fall’n amidst thy course !  
 ‘ O’er thee the bosom of the aged beats !  
 ‘ He sees thy coming wars—the wars that ought  
 ‘ E’er long to come he *sees* ! But from thy fame 300  
 ‘ Off they are cut. When shall returning joy  
 ‘ With smiles at Selma dwell ? From Morven when  
 ‘ Shall grief depart ? My sons fall by degrees—  
 ‘ Fingál shall be survivant of his race.  
 ‘ The fame, which crown’d my former deeds in war, 305  
 ‘ Shall vanish, and of friendship orphanis’d  
 ‘ My hoary age will pass within my hall ;  
 ‘ Whilst lone I sit like a grey cloud, nor hear  
 ‘ A son returning girt in sounding arms !  
 ‘ Heroes of Morven ! weep—shed tears of grief ! 310  
 ‘ For, never more shall once-brave Oscar rise !’

And they *did* weep, Fingál ! Dear to their souls  
 The hero was. Forth he to battle went  
 And vanquished the foes :---then, back in peace  
 Amidst their joy he came. No weeping sire 315  
 His fav’rite son in youth’s meridian day  
 In battle slain bewail’d : nor, in deep grief  
 Did brother mourn the brother of his love.  
 ‘Tearless they fell---for, low the people’s chief  
 Was laid---and Bran is howling at his feet. 320  
 In sadness also gloomy Luath stood ;  
 For, he had often led them to the chase,  
 Where, in the desert, leap’d the bounding roe.

When Oscar saw his friends around, his breast  
 With turgid sighs arose : ‘ The groans,’ he said, 325  
 ‘ Of aged chiefs---the howling of my dogs---  
 ‘ The sudden bursts of mournful songs of grief  
 ‘ Have melted Oscar’s soul---*my* soul, that ne’er  
 ‘ Was known to melt before---steel’d as my sword.



‘ Convey me, Ossian, to my native hills ; 330  
‘ And there the stones of my renown erect.  
‘ Within my narrow house the clarion-horn  
‘ Which echo’d to the deer, and my bright sword  
‘ Near me deposit.—In the days to come,  
‘ When heady torrents have dislodg’d the mound, 335  
‘ The hunter may descry the fading steel,  
‘ And say, “ This once was Oscar’s deathful sword.”

‘ And fallest thou, son of my sounding fame,  
‘ And shall I, Oscar, never see thee more ?  
‘ When others hear, in raptures, of their sons, 340  
‘ I shall not hear of *thee*. On thy four stones  
‘ Grey grows the moss ; and with a hollow sound  
‘ There blows the mournful wind. Without his aid  
‘ The battle shall be fought. The dark-brown hinds  
‘ He shall no more pursue. When back from wars 345  
‘ The hero comes, and tells of other lands,  
“ I have beheld a tomb,” ‘ he will announce,  
“ The shaded dwelling of a chief of fame,  
“ Close by the roaring stream. The warrior fell  
“ By car-borne Oscar, first of mortal men.” 350  
‘ I peradventure too shall hear his voice,  
‘ And bright’ning joy beam orient in my soul.’

Full-charg’d with grief, down would the clouds of night  
Have louring fall’n ; and sorrow’s sable gloom  
O’erhung the following morn :—our weeping chiefs, 355  
Like dropping rocks on chill *Moi-léna’s* plain,  
Forgetful of the war would have remain’d :  
Had not the royal chief his grief dispers’d  
And rais’d his mighty voice. Then, all at once,  
As new-awaken’d from a transient dream, 360  
The rising chiefs lift up their heads around,

- ‘ How long shall we upon Moi-léna weep,  
 ‘ Or pour on Ullin’s verdant land our tears ?  
 ‘ *The mighty* never will to us return,  
 ‘ Nor Oscar in his wonted strength arise. 365  
 ‘ One day the *valiant*, in *his* turn, must fall,  
 ‘ And on his hills his name no more be known.  
 ‘ Where, warriors, are our fam’d forefathers gone ?  
 ‘ Where are the chiefs, the pride of other years ?  
 ‘ Like stars, that once did shine, they each have set :— 370  
 ‘ We only hear the mem’ry of their praise.  
 ‘ Yet, in their day, they each with lustre shone,  
 ‘ The dread of other times. So, in the day  
 ‘ Of our departure, warriors, shall *we* pass.—  
 ‘ Then, whilst it may, let fame be our pursuit, 375  
 ‘ And our renown shall bright behind us shine  
 ‘ With lustre, like the sun’s last, raidiant beam,  
 ‘ When redly in the west his head he hides.  
 ‘ Ullin (my aged bard !) the bounding ship  
 ‘ Of royal standard take ; and Oscar hence 380  
 ‘ To Selma of the sounding harps convey.  
 ‘ In sadness there let the Morvenian fair  
 ‘ ‘Midst solemn dirges weep. In Erin’s plains,  
 ‘ Avengeful of great Cormac’s fallen race,  
 ‘ Fierce shall we fight. Declinant I perceive 385  
 ‘ The setting days of my advanced years,  
 ‘ And feel the growing weakness of my arm.  
 ‘ My fathers, to receive their hoary son,  
 ‘ Bend kindly from their clouds. But yet, O chiefs,  
 ‘ Before I bid departing life adieu, 390  
 ‘ A beam of fame once more on me shall rise :  
 ‘ So fame shall crown the ev’ning of my days,  
 ‘ As on the morning of my years she ’rose.  
 ‘ Hence shall my life once stream of brightness roll,  
 ‘ The constant theme of future bards in song.’ 395

Ullin his albid sails rais'd on the main,  
 And from the south the prosp'rous breezes blew.  
 Whilst he tow'rds Selma bounded on the waves,  
*Full-charg'd with grief, but silent, I remain'd.*  
 The spreading feast is on Moi-léna serv'd, 400  
 And Cairbar's tomb a hundred heroes rear'd ;  
 But, o'er the chief, no solemn dirge is rais'd ;  
 For, blood and darkness had his soul obscur'd.  
 Still, Cormac's fall in mind the bards retain'd !  
 But what could they in Cairbar's praise advance ? 405

The night came rolling down. The gleaming light  
 'Rose from an hundred oaks.—Beneath a tree  
 Sat Morven's chief : and hoary, in the midst,  
 Old Althan stood, and Cormac's fall rehears'd :—  
 Althan, the son of Conachar once of fame, 410  
 Car-borne Cuchullin's friend :—When Semo's son  
 With gen'rous Forlath fought, with Cormac he  
 Amidst Temora's windy groves abode.  
 In Althan's eye the tear of pity stood,  
 And mournful was the melancholy tale. 415

' The setting sun high Dora's shaggy side  
 ' With golden rays illum'd. The evening shades  
 ' Of dusky grey descend. Temora's woods  
 ' Shook with the blust'ring of th' inconstant wind.  
 ' A cloud, at length, thick gather'd in the west, 420  
 ' And from behind its dusky edge a star  
 ' Red-glitt'ring look'd. Alone within the grove  
 ' I stood, and on the dark'ning air beheld  
 ' A stately ghost. From hill to hill he strode,  
 ' And dim upon his side his shield appear'd. 425  
 ' 'Twas Semo's son :—the warrior's face I knew.  
 ' But swift away he went upon his blast,  
 ' And all around was dark. My soul was sad,—

‘ Straight to the hall of shells my way I sped,  
 ‘ And found a thousand lights bright-shining there. 430  
 ‘ The hundred bards had strung the dulcet lyre,  
 ‘ And in the midst, bright as the morning-star  
 ‘ (When it rejoices on the eastern hill,  
 ‘ And its young beams are moist with vernal show’rs)  
 ‘ In youth’s meridian lustre Cormac stood. 435  
 ‘ The sword of Artho sparkled in his hand,  
 ‘ And on its polish’d studs he look’d with joy.  
 ‘ To draw it, *thrice* he strove, and *thrice* he fail’d.  
 ‘ Wide on his shoulders flows his yellow hair,  
 ‘ And red appear his cheeks of youthful bloom. 440  
 ‘ Inward my soul was mournful, when I saw  
 ‘ The beam of youth : for, he was *soon to set*.

“ Althan ! ” ( ‘ he said ; and smiled as he spoke, ’ )  
 “ Hast thou beheld my father ? Sure, his arm  
 “ Was strong : for, heavy is the royal sword. 445  
 “ O that, as when in rage his wrath arose,  
 “ Like him I were in fight ! So would I then,  
 “ *Cuchullin-like*, Cantela’s car-borne son  
 “ Have dauntless met ! But (Althan ! ) on may come  
 “ Years, which, at length, my youthful arm may steel. 450  
 “ Of high Temora’s chief, great Semo’s son  
 “ (Say) hast thou heard ? Ere now, he with his fame  
 “ Back might have come ; for, he his promise gave  
 “ That he *this night* most surely would return.  
 “ Him with the plaudit-song my bards await, 455  
 “ And wide my feast is in Temora spread.”

‘ Thus spoke the king ; and silent I remain’d :  
 ‘ Yet bursting grief produc’d my flowing tears.  
 ‘ Them with my aged locks I kept conceal’d,  
 ‘ But, though repress my sorrow he perceiv’d. 460  
 “ O Conachar’s son ! ” ‘ to me, in haste, he said,

“ Is mossy Tura's royal chieftain low ?  
“ Why bursts thy sigh in secret ? Why descends  
“ The falling tear ? Does car-borne Torlath come ?  
“ Or, comes red-haired Cairbar's sounding steel ? 465  
“ Surely, they come ! For I thy grief behold.  
“ *Low is* the king of Tura !—Now to fight  
“ Shall I not rush ? But, lift I can't the spear.  
“ O, that my arm Cuchullin's strength possess'd !  
“ Then soon would Cairbar fly—*soon* would the fame 470  
“ Of my forefathers, and the noble deeds  
“ Of other times with lustre be renew'd.”

‘ His bow he took.—From both his sparkling eyes  
‘ Down flow the tears. Grief saddens all around.  
‘ Forth from their hundred harps the mournful bards 475  
‘ In sadness bend. Their trembling strings the blast  
‘ Lone—blowing touch'd:—the sound is sad and low !  
‘ A mournful voice, as of a man in grief,  
‘ Is at a distance heard !—Returning back  
‘ From dark Slimora, 'twas ag'd Carril's voice. 480  
‘ Then, of Cuchullin's death, and his great deeds  
‘ He told the news. He said, that round his tomb  
‘ Sad stood the hosts : their arms lay on the ground.  
‘ Their thoughts no longer on the war were turn'd,  
‘ For he, their lucent fire, was seen no more. 485

“ But who comes bounding,” ‘ soft-voic'd Carril said,’  
“ With roe-like feet ? Like trees upon the plain,  
“ With verdant branches crescent with the show'r,  
“ Stately they stand : their cheeks are soft and red :  
“ But, fearless from their eyes forth look their souls ! 490  
“ Who, but the car-borne chiefs of Etha's groves,  
“ The sons of Usnoth.—Straight, on ev'ry side  
“ (In semblance, like the remnant-strength of fire  
“ Tho' half-extinct ; when, on their rustling wings,

" Forth from the desert sudden come the winds 495  
 " With force recruitive,) bright the people rise.  
 " Shrill sounded Caithbat's shield of loud alarm,  
 " And bright in Nathos brave Cuchullin's form  
 " The heroes saw. *So* roll'd his sparkling eyes :  
 " *Such*, on the heath, his stately steps appear'd.— 500  
 " Battles are fought at Lego, and the sword,  
 " Of Nathos overcomes. *Soon* in thy halls  
 " King of Temora's groves, him shalt thou sec."

" And soon may I," ' reply'd the blue-ey'd king,'  
 " The noble chief behold ! Yet still, my soul ! 505  
 " Is for Cuchullin sad ! In my glad ear  
 " Sweet was his voice. To chase the dark-brown hinds,  
 " Which bounding brows'd on Dora's windy side,  
 " Where many a deer we pierc'd, oft' have we mov'd.  
 " Upon the hills unerring was his bow. 510  
 " Of mighty men he spoke. And, when he told  
 " My great forefathers' deeds, I felt my joy.  
 " But tuneful, at the feast, with all thy songs  
 " Sit thou, O bard : oft' have I heard thy voice.  
 " In praise of fall'n Cuchullin of the shield, 515  
 " And of that mighty stranger, sweetly sing."

" With all the beams auróral of the east  
 " Day rose resplendent on Temóra's groves.  
 " To the wide, festive hall, with steps of haste,  
 " Tráthin, the son of hoary Gállama, came. 520  
 " Dark in the desert, king of Innis-fail,  
 " A cloud I see !" ' he said : ' " a *darkly cloud*,  
 " At first it seem'd ;—but *now* a *crowd of men*.  
 " Before them, in his strength, one stately strides,  
 " And redly flies in wind his floating hair. 525  
 " Bright to the eastern beam his bossy shield  
 " Responsive gleams. His spear is in his hand."

“ Invite him then,” ‘ the King of Erin said,’  
“ Pronounce him welcome to Temóra’s feast,  
“ Son of the generous Gállama, (know—) my hall 530  
“ Is freely open as the strangers’ house !  
“ Perhaps, amidst the sound of his renown,  
“ Comes Etha’s chief. Thou mighty stranger, hail !  
“ Art thou of Cormac’s friends ? But, Carril, see !  
“ Dark and unlovely is the stranger’s gait ! 535  
“ And he a glitt’ring sabre also draws.  
“ Is that the son of Usnoth, ancient bard ?”

“ ’Tis not the son of Usnoth,” ‘ Carril said,’  
“ But Atha’s chief.—O Cairbar of dark brow,  
“ Why to Temóra’s unprotected walls 540  
“ Com’st thou in arms ? Let not thy sword of might  
“ ’Gainst Cormac rise ! Where dost thou turn thy speed ?”

‘ On, in his darkness, forward still he pass’d,  
‘ And seiz’d the royal hand. Young Cormac then  
‘ His death foresaw, and rage ’rose in his eyes. 545  
“ Thou gloomy king of Atha, hence retire—  
“ With angry battle valiant Nathos comes,  
“ In Cormac’s hall, because his arm is weak,  
“ Presumptive are thy deeds, thou gloomy chief.”—  
‘ The sword of Cairbar pierc’d lorn Cormac’s side : 550  
‘ He in the halls of his forefathers fell.  
‘ His pulchrid hair, beclotted with the dust,  
‘ Dishevell’d lies ! His blood is smoking round.’

“ And art thou fall’n,” ‘ said Altham,’ “ in thy halls,  
“ O noble Artho’s son ? Cuchullin’s shield 555  
“ Was not at hand ; nor, thy brave father’s spear.  
“ With grief the hills of Erin clouded stand,  
“ For, low the chief of the sad people lies !  
“ May blessings rest, O Cormac, on thy soul ;  
“ For, in thy youth has darkness on thee pass’d.” 560



‘ To Cairbar’s ears the words of Althan came,  
 ‘ And in the midst of darkness us he clos’d.  
 ‘ Against the bards, though his grim soul was dark,  
 ‘ He fear’d to stretch his sword.—In solitude  
 ‘ Long had we pin’d:—at length, to our great joy, 565  
 ‘ Came noble Cathmor. From the cave our voice  
 ‘ He heard, and red on Cairbar turn’d his eye.

“ O Atha’s chief,” ‘ he said,’ “ my troubled soul  
 “ How long wilt thou afflict? Thy stony heart  
 “ Is like the desert-rock, and darkly roll 570  
 “ Thy gloomy thoughts. But, with fraternal tie  
 “ Since Cathmor stands in blood to thee ally’d,  
 “ Thy battles he will fight. Yet, Cathmor’s soul,  
 “ Is not like thine, *thou feeble hand of war!*  
 “ With thy dark deeds my bosom-light is stain’d; 575  
 “ Nor will the bards my fame record in song.  
 “ *Of Cathmor’s brav’ry* they perhaps may speak—  
 “ *Yet he for Cairbar fought*; they will aver.  
 “ In silent mood they o’er my tomb will pass,  
 “ Nor shall my fame be heard. Set free the bards, 580  
 “ Cairbar! they are *the sons of other times*.  
 “ In other years, when green Temora’s kings  
 “ No more abide, their voices shall be heard.”

‘ Forth, at the words of this prevailing chief,  
 ‘ Direct we came. Him in his strength we saw 585  
 ‘ Like thee Fingál, when in the flow’r of youth  
 ‘ Thou first didst lift the spear, he stately stood.  
 ‘ His face was like the surface of the sun  
 ‘ Of unabated light: for, o’er his face  
 ‘ No darkness travell’d. But, to Ullin he, 590  
 ‘ To aid the red-hair’d Cairbar’s dark designs,  
 ‘ His thousands brought: and now he comes his death,  
 ‘ O king of woody Morven, to revenge.’



‘ And let him come,’ reply’d the royal tongue,  
‘ I love a foe like Cathmor, great in soul : 595  
‘ Fam’d are his battles, and his arm is strong.  
‘ But, like a vapour ’round the marshy lake,  
‘ Slow, hov’ring lours the groveling, little soul.  
‘ It never rises on the verdant hill,  
‘ Lest the fierce, roaring winds should meet it there : 600  
‘ Forth from its mansion, in the cave obscure,  
‘ The dart of death, at intervals, it sends.  
‘ But, warriors, like our great forefathers’ fame  
‘ Are our young heroes. In the strength of youth  
‘ They fight, they fall, their names are in the song. 605  
‘ Though now Fingál, amidst his dark’ning years,  
‘ Abidant is ; yet, like an aged oak  
‘ Across a stream obscure, he must not fall.  
‘ Near it, beneath the tempest prostrate laid,  
‘ The hunter, when his lonely steps he takes, 610  
“ By what dire tempest fell that aged tree,”  
‘ Slight he enquires : then, whistling, strides along.

‘ That our sad souls may now forget the past,  
‘ Ye bards of Morven, raise the song of joy.  
‘ Down from the clouds on us red look the stars 615  
‘ From heav’n’s expanse, and silently descend.  
‘ Soon shall the beam of morn, grey on us rise,  
‘ And Cormac’s foes unveil.—The royal spear  
‘ (O Fillan !) take :—to Mora’s dark-brown side  
‘ Now speed thy way ; and cast thy eyes around, 620  
‘ Like flames of fire, traversant o’er the heath.  
‘ The enemies of Fingál watch, and observe  
‘ The course of gen’rous Cathmor. Like the noise  
‘ Of tumbling rocks, that in the desert fall,  
‘ A distant sound I hear. But, lest through night 625  
‘ They should approach, and Morven’s fame expire ;  
‘ At times, amidst thy way, strike thou thy shield.

‘ Now I begin, my son, to be alone,  
‘ And much I dread the fall of my renown.’

Then rose the voice symphonious of the bards, 630  
And on the shield of Trenmor lean’d the king.  
Descending slumber clos’d the royal eyes,  
And in his dreams his future battles ’rose.  
The num’rous host are sleeping all around,  
Save dark-hair’d Fillan, watchful of the foe. 635  
Whilst on a lonely, distant heath he treads,  
We hear, at times, the clangor of his shield.

*END OF BOOK FIRST.*

# Temora.

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## ARGUMENT.

THIS book opens, we may suppose, about midnight, with a soliloquy of Ossian, who had retired from the rest of the army, to mourn for his son Oscar. Upon hearing the noise of Cathmor's army approaching, he went to find out his brother Fillan, who kept the watch on the hill of Mora, in the front of Fingal's army. In the conversation of the brothers, the episode of Conar, the son of Trenmor, who was the first king of Ireland, is introduced; which lays open the origin of the contests between the Cael and Firbolg, the two nations, who first possessed themselves of that island. Ossian kindles a fire on Mora: upon which Cathmor desisted from the design, which he had formed, of surprising the army of the Caledonians. He calls a council of his chiefs, reprimands Foldath for advising a night-attack; as the Irish army were so much superior in number to the enemy. The bard Fonar introduces the story of Cróthar, the ancestor of the king; which throws further light on the history of Ireland, and on the original pretensions of the family of Atha to the throne of that kingdom. The Irish chiefs lie down to rest, and Cathmor himself undertakes the watch. In his circuit round the army, he is met by Ossian. The interview of the two heroes is described. Cathmor obtains a promise from Ossian, to order a funeral elegy to be sung over the grave of Cairbar; it being the opinion of the times that the souls of the dead could not be happy, till their elegies were sung by a bard. Morning comes. Cathmor and Ossian part: and the latter, casually meeting with Carril, the son of Kinfena, sends that bard with a funeral-song to the tomb of Cairbar.

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## BOOK II.

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TRENMOR, abidant in loud, eddying winds,  
Where rolls hoarse thunder in its dark-red course  
And marks the troubled clouds! Thy stormy halls  
Expand, thou sire of heroes, and at hand,  
With solemn dirges and half-viewless harps,  
In concert let the bards of old appear.  
'Tis no mean dweller of the misty vale—

No obscure hunter at his streams unknown,  
 But car-borne Oscar from the folds of war,  
 That claims his place.—Quick is thy change my son, 10  
 From what thou wert on dark Moi-lena's heath !  
 Enskirted in the blast, along the sky,  
 Rustling thou movest.—At the stream of night  
 Behold'st thou not thy father ? Hence afar  
 Sleep the Morvenian chiefs. For, of a son 15  
 They undepriv'd remain :—but know, ye chiefs  
 Of streamy Morven, that to you is lost  
 No common hero.—Who in martial strength,  
 (When, like the darkness of the crowded flood,  
 Against his side the stream of battle roll'd,) 20  
 Could with him peer ? Why, then, in Ossian's soul  
 Should rise this dusky cloud ? In peril's hour  
 It ought to burn ; for, Erin's host is near :—  
 Unaided and alone is Morven's king.  
 Yet, whilst my arm can wield the beamy spear, 25  
 Alone, my father, never shalt thou be.

Attentive to the wind of night, I rose,  
 Girt in my rattling arms. No sound is heard  
 From Fillan's shield. Then, for Fingál's brave son  
 Trembling I shook : for, with laté'brous aim, 30  
 Why should the foe advantage take by night,  
 And why the dark-hair'd warrior fail ?—Afar  
 Rise sullen murmurs, like the jarring noise  
 Of Lego's lake ; when in the days of frost  
 Down shrink its waters, and self-burst at once 35  
 Resounds the cleaving ice. Then up to heaven  
 Look Lara's people and the storm foresee.—  
 My steps are still advancing on the heath,  
 Whilst glittering in my hand is Oscar's spear.  
 Down from the studded arches of the sky 40  
 Red look'd the stars, I gleam'd along the night.

Red look'd the stars. I gleam'd along the night.  
From Mora's rock in posture bent I saw  
Before me Fillan silent and attent.  
The shouting of the foe he heard. His soul  
With rapture 'rose. He heard my sounding tread, 45  
And turn'd his lifted spear, and thus began :

' Thou son of night, approachest thou in peace ?  
' Or meetest thou my wrath ? For, rest assur'd,  
' Whoever to the brave Fingál are foes,  
' These are *my* foes. *Declare—or, feel my steel.* 50  
' The shield protective of high Morven's race,  
' Rest well-assured, 'tis *not in vain* I stand.'

' Never in vain,' then I to him reply'd,  
' May'st thou, O son of blue-ey'd Clatho, stand. 55  
' Fingál begins now to be left alone,  
' And darkness veils the ev'ning of his days.  
' Yet still two sons, who ought to shine in war,  
' Has he remaining, and in duty bound  
' On his departing steps *twin lights to beam.*'

' Son of Fingál,' reply'd the valiant youth, 60  
' 'Tis not long since that I the warlike spear  
' Began to raise. In war my glittering sword  
' Few marks has made, yet is my flaming soul  
' To martial deeds aspirant.—'Round the shield  
' Of gen'rous Cathmor in rank order crowd 65  
' The chiefs of Bolga.—On that shadowy heath  
' They rank together.—Shall my fearless steps  
' Their host approach ?—On echoing Cona's heath,  
' When in the contest of the race we strove,  
' To Oscar *only* was I known to yield.' 70

‘ Fillan, their host,’ I to the hero said,  
 ‘ Approach thou shalt not, nor, before thy fame  
 ‘ Is gone abroad, shalt thou in danger fall.  
 ‘ When needful, *I* advance : in martial song  
 ‘ My name is heard. I, from the skirts of night, 75  
 ‘ Shall view their gleaming tribes. Of Oscar, why,  
 ‘ My sigh to summon, Fillan, didst thou speak ?  
 ‘ The *warrior*, till away the storm is roll’d,  
 ‘ I must forget. *Where danger threat’ning hangs,*  
 ‘ *Within the soul, no sadness ought to dwell ;* 80  
 ‘ *Nor in the eye of war, the falling tear.*  
 ‘ Until the din of arms upon the plain  
 ‘ Had ceas’d, our ancestors their fall’n sons  
 ‘ Left in oblivion. Then returning grief  
 ‘ Look’d to the tomb, and mournful dirges ’rose. 85

‘ The brother of Trothal, first of mortal men,  
 ‘ Was Conar. Dreadful gleam’d on every coast  
 ‘ His sword victorious. In a thousand streams  
 ‘ Of purple roll’d the blood of his slain foes.  
 ‘ Sweet as a fragrant gale, his swelling fame 90  
 ‘ Green Erin fill’d. The nations from around  
 ‘ In Ullin met, and bless’d the valiant king—  
 ‘ The *king*, descended from the land of hinds,  
 ‘ Of their forefathers’ race of high renown.

‘ Amidst the darkness of their growing pride 95  
 ‘ The southern chiefs assembled ; and their words  
 ‘ In Moma’s horrid cave in secret mix’d.  
 ‘ *Thither*, they said, their ancestral ghosts  
 ‘ Came frequent, darting from the chinky rocks  
 ‘ Their forms of paleness, and of Bolga’s fame 100  
 ‘ (Long held in honour) promptive to their minds.  
 ‘ Subversive of great Conar’s sway, they said,  
 ‘ “ Why should the son of streamy Morven reign.”

‘ Forth with the roar of all their hundred tribes,  
‘ Loud as the desert-streams, they came.—But firm 105  
‘ As durant adamant, before them stood  
‘ Undaunted Conar. Soon, on every side  
‘ Their broken ranks they roll’d. Yet, stubborn still,  
‘ They oft’ return’d ; and in fierce battle fell  
‘ The sons of Ullin. Then, amidst the tombs 110  
‘ Of his fall’n warriors, stood the potent king,  
‘ And darkly bent in grief his mournful face.  
‘ With shaded soul wrapt in itself, this chief,  
‘ Where he must shortly fall, oft’ mark’d the place ;  
‘ When, in his strength, (on this disaster dire) 115  
‘ Trathal, the chief of cloudy Morven, came,  
‘ Nor came alone : for, aidant at his side,  
‘ Great Colgar stood, his mighty warlike son ;  
‘ Colgar the *brave*, sprung from the noble blood,  
‘ That in white-bosom’d Solin-corma flow’d. 120

‘ As from the halls, where pealing thunders roll,  
‘ Trenmor descends in robes of meteors made,  
‘ Before him pouring o’er the troubled sea  
‘ The turbid storm : so down to battle came  
‘ Brave Colgar, wastive of the echoing field. 125  
‘ Exulting o’er the hero’s matchless feats  
‘ The father stood : but soon an arrow came.  
‘ His tomb without a tear was rais’d. The king  
‘ Was to revenge his son.—In battle dire  
‘ Forward in brightness was the royal course, 130  
‘ Till Bolga yielded at her sounding streams.

‘ When smiling peace returned to the land,  
‘ And his blue waves the king to Morven bore :  
‘ Then, on the fall of his brave son he thought,  
‘ And pour’d the silent tear. Thrice did the bards, 135  
‘ Where hoarsely echoes huge Furmono’s cave,

‘ Great Colgar’s soul invoke. Him to the hills  
 ‘ Of his own land they call’d: and in his mist  
 ‘ He heard them.—Then, his sabre in the cave,  
 ‘ To gladden his son’s ghost, fam’d Trathal plac’d.’ 140

Then Fillan thus: ‘ Renown’d wert thou in youth,  
 ‘ O Colgar, son of Trathal!—But the king  
 ‘ My sword bright-streaming on th’ embattl’d field  
 ‘ Has not remark’d. Promiscuous with the crowd  
 ‘ I march to battle; and without my fame 145  
 ‘ Thence I return.—But—Ossian, near at hand  
 ‘ I hear the foe move murmurant on the heath,  
 ‘ As, when the hills their groves with tremors shake,  
 ‘ And not a blast pours from the darken’d sky,  
 ‘ The thunder rolls embosom’d in the ground.’ 150

Sudden, I turn’d upon my spear, and rais’d  
 From a huge oak the flame ascending high,  
 And spread it large on Mora’s roaring wind.  
 Then in his course the gen’rous Cathmor stop’d:—  
 Gleaming he stood, as shines a glitt’ring rock, 155  
 Whose sides contain the wand’ring of chill blasts,  
 Which seize its echoing streams and them array  
 With icy garb: so stood the strangers’ friend.  
 Heavy his locks wave in the current air.  
 In stature large, O streamy Atha’s king, 160  
 Thou far exceed’st the rest of Erin’s race!

‘ Fonar, thou first of bards,’ said Cathmor, ‘ call  
 ‘ The chiefs of Erin.—Red hair’d Cormar call,  
 ‘ And dark-brow’d Malthos, with Maronnan fierce  
 ‘ Of side-long-looking gloom: Turloutho’s eye 165  
 ‘ Red-rolling: and the pride of Foldath too.  
 ‘ Nor let Hidalla be forgot, whose voice  
 ‘ In danger rattles like the sounding show’r,



‘ When in the valley blasted by its force,  
 ‘ Near Atha’s stream cascadent it descends.’ 170

In all the echo of their clanging arms  
 They came : and forward to the royal voice,  
 As if puissant from a cloud of night  
 A ghost of their forefathers spoke, they bent.  
 Dreadful they glitter’d to the beam of light, 175  
 Like Brumo’s stream, where falling waters roar  
 Coruscant to the nightly stranger’s eye  
 With gleams responsive to the meteor’s blaze.  
 Shudd’ring he stops amidst his lonely way,  
 And, wishful for the morn, looks tow’rds the sky. 180

‘ Why,’ said the king, ‘ to pour the blood of foes  
 ‘ By night, of choice, should Foldath take delight ?  
 ‘ Fails he in battle in the beams of day,  
 ‘ In armour hapless ? Few, to us oppos’d,  
 ‘ In number stand our foes. Why then in mist 185  
 ‘ Should we be clad ? In battles of their land  
 ‘ The brave delight to shine.—O Moina’s chief,  
 ‘ Vain was thy counsel : for, the watchful eyes  
 ‘ Of Morven sleep not.—In the watch of night  
 ‘ They stand, as eagles, on their mossy rocks. 190  
 ‘ His roaring tribe of strength, beneath his cloud,  
 ‘ Let each of us collect. For, Bolga’s foes  
 ‘ To meet, in light, to-morrow, now I move !  
 ‘ The low-laid warrior, that now fights no more—  
 ‘ *Mighty* was he : of Borbar-Luthul’s race !” 195

Foldath reply’d : ‘ Nor were my steps unmark’d  
 ‘ Before thy race. In light I Cairbar’s foes  
 ‘ Undaunted met : the warrior prais’d my deeds.  
 ‘ But lo ! without a tear his lonely stone  
 ‘ Was rais’d ! nor o’er the king of Erin fall’n 200

‘ Sung one sad bard ! And shall his haughty foes  
 ‘ Along their mossy hills in pride rejoice ?  
 ‘ No :—joy they shall *not*.—He was Fôldath’s friend.  
 ‘ Our words in Moma’s awful silent cave  
 ‘ Were mix’d in secret, whilst to thee, a boy, 205  
 ‘ The thistle’s beard was pastime in the field.  
 ‘ With Moma’s sons, a race for valour fam’d,  
 ‘ Abroad I’ll rush, and in his dusky hills  
 ‘ Detect the foe ; and low without *his* song  
 ‘ Fingál, high Morven’s grey-hair’d king, shall lie.’ 210

‘ Dost thou suppose,’—then Atha’s chief reply’d,  
 ‘ Dost thou suppose that he, without his fame,  
 ‘ Can fall (weak man !) in Erin ? Could the bards  
 ‘ The tomb of great Fingál in silence pass ?  
 ‘ The song would burst in secret ; and the sound 215  
 ‘ Would glad the royal ghost.—When *thou* shalt fall,  
 ‘ ’Tis *then* the bard, forgetful of the song,  
 ‘ Shall pass the tomb neglective.—Moma’s chief,  
 ‘ Though, like a tempest, thou in battle rage,  
 ‘ Yet thou art dark.—Within his narrow house 220  
 ‘ Do *I* green Erin’s royal chief *forget* ?  
 ‘ To Cairbar low, the brother of my love,  
 ‘ My soul not yet is lost.—When I return’d  
 ‘ ’Midst plaudit-fame, to Atha of the streams,  
 ‘ The beams of joy, which o’er his cloudy mind 225  
 ‘ Traversant shone, observant I beheld.’

Tall they remov’d beneath the royal woods,  
 Each to his own dark tribe : where on the heath  
 They humming roll’d, faint-glittering to the stars,  
 Like moving billows in a rocky bay 230  
 Before the nightly wind.—Beneath an oak  
 Lay Atha’s chief : his shield, a dusky round,  
 On high was hung. Near him, against a rock,

Lean'd the fair stranger of Inis-huna's plains,  
 That beam of light, from Lumon of the roes 235  
 With wand'ring locks in graceful beauty come,  
 Rehearsant of the deeds of days long past,  
 Far 'rose the voice of Fonar; whilst the song  
 In Lubar's growing roar, at times, is lost.

‘ At Atha's mossy stream,’ begun the bard, 240  
 ‘ First Crothar dwelt; and, from the mountains brought,  
 ‘ A thousand oaks his echoing hall compos'd.  
 ‘ *There* 'round the blue-ey'd chieftain's royal feast  
 ‘ The people gather'd, faithful to his cause.  
 ‘ But, who amongst his num'rous chiefs could peer 245  
 ‘ With stately Crothar? In his presence 'rose  
 ‘ Warriors of fire: and for him burst profound  
 ‘ The virgin-sigh from heaving breasts, till then  
 ‘ Strangers to love.—The first of Bolga's race  
 ‘ The warrior was in green Alneema own'd. 250

‘ In Ullin, on Drumárdo's moss-grown top,  
 ‘ The chace he practis'd.—From the wood of groves  
 ‘ Conlámá's eye (brave Cathmin's daughter fair!)  
 ‘ Blue-rolling look'd; and with the secret sigh  
 ‘ High rose her breast. Amidst her wand'ring locks 255  
 ‘ Her beauteous head she bent. With lucid rays  
 ‘ In look'd thé full-orb'd moon, at night, and saw  
 ‘ Her arms white-tossing; for, amidst her dreams,  
 ‘ The mighty Crothar still her thoughts engag'd.

‘ Three festive days with Cathmin Crothar spent, 260  
 ‘ And on the fourth the bounding hinds they wak'd.  
 ‘ With all her lovely steps Conlámá mov'd  
 ‘ Bright to the chace.—She in the narrow path  
 ‘ Met Crotha; when, at once, from her fair hand  
 ‘ Down fell the bow.—Half-hid beneath her locks 265

‘ Her face away she turn’d. ’Twas then arose  
 ‘ The love of Crothar. He to Atha brought  
 ‘ The maid white-bosom’d. Straight, the bards their song  
 ‘ Rais’d in her presence ; and around the fair,  
 ‘ From Ullin come, one stream of joy abode. 270

‘ Young Torloch’s heart then full of hostile wrath,  
 ‘ Who lov’d Con-lâma of the snow-white hand,  
 ‘ Repugnant rose. He to Alnecma came,  
 ‘ To Atha of the roes, in arms enm aïd.  
 ‘ Then forth, opponent to the coming foe, 275  
 ‘ Córmul, the brother of car-borne Crothar went :—  
 ‘ *He* went—but *fell*, and universal sighs  
 ‘ Burst from the people. Then across the stream  
 ‘ Silent and tall, enrob’d in darkness, came  
 ‘ The strength of Crothar.—Soon the stubborn foe 280  
 ‘ He from Alnecma roll’d with forcive might,  
 ‘ And ’midst Con-lâma’s plaudits safe return’d.

‘ Battle on battle comes, and blood on blood  
 ‘ Is pour’d around ; and frequent on the plain  
 ‘ Arise the tombs of heroes. ’Round with ghosts 285  
 ‘ Are hung the clouds of Erin : and around  
 ‘ The echoing shield of Crothar, ranked close,  
 ‘ The southern chieftains stand. Then, he with death  
 ‘ The hostile paths approach’d.—By Ullin’s streams  
 ‘ The virgins wept ; and towards the misty hill 290  
 ‘ Their eyes, amidst abortive tears, were turn’d :  
 ‘ Yet, from its dusky folds no hunter came.  
 ‘ Drear darkness o’er the land in silence hung,  
 ‘ And lonely sigh’d the blasts on grassy tombs.

‘ Descending (like the vult’rine bird of heav’n 295  
 ‘ With all his rustling wings, when he with joy  
 ‘ The blast forsakes) from Morven of the groves

‘ Conar, the arm of death, great Trenmor’s son,  
 ‘ Of direful pow’r advanc’d. His might he pour’d  
 ‘ Along green Erin, whilst behind his sword 300  
 ‘ Death dimly strode. Then, from his wastive course,  
 ‘ As from a stream, which, from the desert-storm  
 ‘ Forth bursting, rolls the fields, the swarth, the soil,  
 ‘ With all their woods : the sons of Bolga fled.  
 ‘ Him Crothar met in battle : but dismay’d 305  
 ‘ Alnecma’s warriors fled.—In grief of soul  
 ‘ Slowly retir’d green Atha’s vanquish’d chief.—  
 ‘ Yet, sometime after, in the south he shone—  
 ‘ But *dim* : as, in autumnal days, the sun,  
 ‘ When in his robes of vapour, Lara’s streams 310  
 ‘ He darkly visits with his half-form’d beam.  
 ‘ Enrob’d in dew the wither’d grass is seen,  
 ‘ And all the field, though bright, in sadness lours.’

‘ Why wakes the bard before me,’ Cathmor said,  
 ‘ The memory of those, that fled in war ? 315  
 ‘ Has some dim spirit from his dusky cloud,  
 ‘ To frighten Cathmor from the roaring field  
 ‘ With tales of old ; bent forward to thy ear ?  
 ‘ To me, ye dwellers of the folds of night,  
 ‘ Your voice is but a *blast*, whose *utmost might* 320  
 ‘ But takes the thistle’s head, and strews around  
 ‘ Its grisly beard on streams.—*Within my breast*  
 ‘ *Embosom’d is a voice, whose promptive call*  
 ‘ *No other hears.*—His rising soul, from war  
 ‘ Forbids the king of Erin back to shrink.’ 325

Abash’d the bard sinks back amidst the night,  
 And, bending o’er a stream, retired stood ;  
 On Atha’s days, in solemn mood, he thought—  
 The days when Cathmor heard his song with joy.

The winds are in his beard, and down his cheeks 330  
The rolling tears of bursting grief descend.

The silent hosts of Erin sleep around :  
But down on Cathmor's eyes no slumber falls.  
Dark, in his soul, amidst his gloomy thoughts,  
The low-laid Cairbar's shady ghost he saw : 335  
Him, still remaining fameless in the song,  
And shaded in a blast of night, he view'd.  
Up he arose, and 'round the slumb'ring host  
Silent he strode, and struck, at times, his shield.  
On Mora's mountain of the bounding hinds 340  
The air-borne clangor reached Ossian's ear.

' Fillan,' I said, ' the sounding foes advance.  
' I hear the shield of war. Assume thy post  
' Within the narrow path. Their secret course!  
' Shall Ossian mark.—If, roaring, o'er my fall 345  
' The host shall pour ; then, be thy buckler heard :  
' Awake the king upon his shady heath,  
' Lest his renown at once should cease entire.'

Wide bounding o'er a stream, that in a field  
Before the king of Atha darkly wound, 350  
In all my rattling arms, at once, I strode.  
Then, forward and obstructive of my course,  
Green Atha's king with lifted spear advanc'd.  
Now, like two ghosts, that, bending from the clouds,  
With strength oppos'd send forth the roaring winds, 355  
Would we have fiercely mix'd in horrid fray ;  
Had not th' high-crested helm of Erin's kings  
By Ossian, at that crisis, been discern'd,  
Above it, rustling in the nightly breeze,  
Wide spread the eagle's wing ; whilst through the plumes 360  
Look'd a red star,—I stop'd the lifted spear.

‘ The helmet of kings,’ said I, ‘ before me shines !  
 ‘ Who art thou son of night ? Shall Ossian’s spear,  
 ‘ When thou art lowly laid, rise in renown ?”

At once, the gleaming lance he drop’d—the form 365  
 Growing before me seem’d.—Then, forth in night  
 His hand he stretch’d, and spoke the words of kings :  
 ‘ Friend of the ghosts of those, who brightly shone  
 ‘ In feats of war, meet I thee thus in shades ?  
 ‘ In grovy Atha, in the days of feasts, 370  
 ‘ Oft’ have I wish’d thy stately steps to meet :—  
 ‘ But why should now my beaming spear arise ?—  
 ‘ When, gleaming, in the heat of strife we bend,  
 ‘ Ossian, the sun, with bright, meridian-beams  
 ‘ Must on us look, and indicate the deed. 375  
 ‘ Hence, the fam’d place shall future warriors mark,  
 ‘ And shuddering call the days of old to mind.  
 ‘ It they shall *mark*, like the dread haunt of ghosts,  
 ‘ Pleasant and dreadful to the shivering soul.’

‘ And shall it be forgotten, I reply’d, 380  
 ‘ That we *did* meet, and *where* we meet in peace ?  
 ‘ Is the remembrance of the din of war  
 ‘ *Always* delightful to the soul of man ?  
 ‘ Behold we not, upborne on rapture’s wings,  
 ‘ The place where our forefathers held the feast ? 385  
 ‘ But, when the fields, where once in *war* they met,  
 ‘ Our eyes behold, the tears in torrents rush.  
 ‘ *This* stone, with all its moss, shall rise and stand  
 ‘ In record speaking down to other years :  
 ‘ Here Cathmor and Ossian met, unmov’d by war ! 390  
 ‘ ’Twas *here* in *peace* the dauntless warriors met !”  
 ‘ When thou, O stone, for evermore shalt fail ;  
 ‘ And Lubar’s stream entire be roll’d away :  
 ‘ Then, lonely shall the weary traveller come,



‘ And peradventure here in rest recline. 395  
 ‘ When o’er his head is roll’d the darken’d moon,  
 ‘ Our shadowy forms may come, and with his dreams  
 ‘ Mixing remind him of this *noted place*.  
 ‘ But, Borbar-duthul’s son thy grief bespeak—  
 ‘ Say now—why turnest thou so dark away? 400

‘ Son of Fingál, hereafter, not forgot  
 ‘ Shall we these winds ascend.—Our martial deeds  
 ‘ Are streams of light before the eyes of bards.—  
 ‘ But dim on Atha’s plains is darkness roll’d :  
 ‘ Low lies the royal chief, *without his song*. 405  
 ‘ Yet dim, as in the thunder’s dark-red course  
 ‘ The sicken’d moon shines palely through a cloud,  
 ‘ A beam from his rough soul tow’rds Cathmor gleam’d’.

Then, in reply, I said : ‘ My flaming wrath  
 ‘ Dwells not, O Erin’s son, within his house. 410  
 ‘ From the late foe, low-laid within the plain,  
 ‘ On eagle-wing my parting hatred flies.  
 ‘ The song of bards shall shortly meet his ear,  
 ‘ And, bright’ning on his winds, shall Cairbar joy.’

Fill’d with delight, the soul of Cathmor ’rose : 415  
 His shining dagger from his side he took,  
 And plac’d it gleaming in my peaceful hand.  
 He plac’d it in my hand, with heaving sighs,  
 And, in the depth of silence strode away ;  
 Whilst his departure I attent survey’d. 420  
 As, on the darkly skirted heath, a ghost  
 Of shady form, with gliding motion, meets  
 The traveller by night, he dimly gleam’d.  
 With mystic accents, like the songs of old,  
 With morning strides th’ unfinish’d shade away. 425



But, who now comes from Lubar's winding vale ?  
 From the dusk foldings of the morning-mist ?  
 The drops of heav'n stand frequent on his head ;  
 He in the paths of mourners makes his steps.  
 'Tis Carril of other times, with sweetest voice 430  
 Returning sad from Tura's silent cave.  
 Through the thin foldings of the hazy mist,  
 Dark in the rock the lonely place I see.  
*There*, on the blast, that bends its yielding trees  
 Perhaps Cuchullin sits.—Sweet is the song 435  
 Of fragrant morn from Erin's tuneful bard.

‘ Away the fearful waves, in shrinking crowds,  
 ‘ At the shrill noise of thy approach, O sun,  
 ‘ Speed their swift flight ! When in thy locks grim death  
 ‘ Is dimly folded :—when before thy course 440  
 ‘ Thy vapours o'er the blasted host thou roll'st,  
 ‘ O sun of heav'n, thy beauty dreadful shines !—  
 ‘ But, when thou lookest from thy parted cloud ;  
 ‘ And with thy rays his dewy locks illum'st,  
 ‘ The smiling hunter, shelt'ring at the rock 445  
 ‘ Amidst the storm, rejoices at thy beam :—  
 ‘ Down from the cliff upon the streamy vale  
 ‘ He looks and sees the low descent of roes.  
 ‘ How long on war shalt thou, O sun, arise,  
 ‘ And direful roll, a bloody shield, through heav'n ? 450  
 ‘ With dusky wand'rings o'er thy gleaming face  
 ‘ Th' approaching deaths of heroes I perceive !’

‘ Why wander Carril's words ?—Enrob'd in grief  
 ‘ Does heav'n's bright fountain of the morning mourn ?  
 ‘ Ever exulting in his lucent fire, 455  
 ‘ Unstain'd he moves amidst his constant course.  
 ‘ Roll on, thou careless light :—yet, from *thy* height  
 ‘ Perhaps *thou* also, in *thy* turn, must fall :—

‘ With dark approach *thy* dun and sickly robe  
‘ May seize thee, struggling, in thy vaulted sky.’ 460

‘ To Ossian’s soul, O Carril,’ I reply’d,  
‘ Enrapt’ring are the accents of the song.  
‘ ’Tis like the welcome show’r of vernal morn,  
‘ That flies refrigerant through the rustling vale  
‘ On which the sun, just rising from his rocks, 465  
‘ Through the thin foldings of the vapour looks.—  
‘ But down to sit, amidst the strife of song,  
‘ This is no time, O bard !—Bright, on the vale,  
‘ Fingál appears in arms. The royal shield  
‘ Flames in thy eyes.—Between his hoary locks 470  
‘ The growing darkness his bright face pervades ;  
‘ Whilst Erin’s sons wide-rolling, he beholds.

‘ Does not that tomb beside the roaring stream  
‘ The eyes of Carril meet ?—With grisly heads  
‘ Beneath a bending oak three stones arise. 475  
‘ *There* low is laid a king.—Bright to the wind  
‘ Give thou his spirit. For, by fraternal tie  
‘ He is the Cathmor join’d !—His airy hall  
‘ Expand in haste !—To Cairbar’s darken’d ghost  
‘ A stream of joy let thy soft song arise. 480

END OF BOOK SECOND.

## Temora.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

MORNING coming on, Fingal, after a speech to his people, devolves the command on Gaul, the son of Morni; it being the custom of the times, that the king should not engage, till the necessity of affairs required his superior valour and conduct. The king and Ossian retire to the rock of Cormul, which overlooked the field of battle. The bards sing a war-song. The general conflict is described. Gaul, the son of Morni, distinguishes himself, kills Connal, chief of Meruth, and other chiefs of less name. On the other hand, Foldath, who commanded the Irish army (for Cathmor, after the example of Fingal, kept himself from battle) fights gallantly; kills Connal, chief of Dun-lora, and advances to engage Gaul himself. Gaul, in the mean time, being wounded in the hand by a random arrow, is covered by Fillan, the son of Fingal, who performs prodigies of valour. Night comes on. The horn of Fingal recalls his army. The bards meet them, with a congratulatory song, in which the praises of Gaul and Fillan are particularly celebrated. The chiefs sit down at a feast. Fingal misses Connal. The episode of Connal and Duth-caron is introduced; which throws further light on the ancient history of Ireland. Carril is dispatched to raise the tomb of Connal. The action of this book takes up the second day, from the opening of the poem.

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### BOOK III.

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NIGH the blue streams of Lubar's winding flood  
Beneath the bending hill of branchy roes,  
*Who* now appears? (—Majestically tall  
He on a mountain-oak, by nightly winds  
Uprooted, leans:—) *Who*, but great Comhal's son,  
Bright'ning amidst the last of his fam'd fields?  
Gray floats his hair upon the volent breeze,  
And Luno's flaming sword he half unsheathes.

To the dark rolling of his foes, his eyes  
 Are tow'rd's Moi-léna turn'd. Hark ! dost thou hear 10  
 The welcome echo of the royal voice ?  
 'Tis like the bursting of the desert stream  
 When to the field, with sultry drought bescorch'd,  
 Between its echoing rocks it rolls its way.

‘ Wide-skirted from the hills down comes the foe ! 15  
 ‘ Strong as the durant rocks of my domain,  
 ‘ On whose brown sides perpetual waters roll,  
 ‘ Ye sons of Morven of the groves, arise.  
 ‘ A beam of joy pervades my rising soul ;  
 ‘ For, strong before me I perceive the foe. 20  
 ‘ 'Tis when th' opposing foe is weak in arms,  
 ‘ That from Fingál the bursting sigh is heard ;  
 ‘ Lest fameless death should terminate his days,  
 ‘ And darkness in oblivion veil his tomb.  
 ‘ Against Alnecma's host which of my chiefs 25  
 ‘ Shall lead the war ? When threat'ning danger grows—  
 ‘ 'Tis *then alone* my waving sword shall shine.  
 ‘ Such was the constant usage heretofore,  
 ‘ Of Trenmor (ruler of the winds) ; and thus  
 ‘ Blue shielded Trathal down to battle came.' 30

Approvant of the royal voice, the chiefs  
 Attentive bent :—the honour of the war  
 Each darkly seems to claim. By halves they seem  
 Their mighty deeds to tell, and their red eyes  
 On Erin turn. But, far before the rest, 35  
 Stood Morni's son : in silence deep he stood ;  
 For, who brave Gaul's atchievements had not heard ?  
 Within his soul the brightness of them rose.  
 His deathful hand, in secret, seiz'd the sword :  
 The sword which, when the strength of Morni fail'd, 40  
 'The warlike chief from streamy Strumon brought,

On his bright spear, amidst his wand'ring locks,  
 Stood Clatho's son. Thrice to Fingál his eyes  
 He rais'd ; and thrice, but with abortive pow'r,  
 To speak assay'd.—For, of no feats in war 45  
 Could Fillan boast :—at once he strode away.  
 He o'er a distant stream inclining stood :  
 The tear hung in his eye. The thistle's beard  
 At times he struck with his inverted spear.

Nor does the youth escape the royal eye :— 50  
 Sidelong his rising son Fingál beheld.  
 Him he, with bursting joy, beheld, and turn'd  
 Amidst his crowded soul. The royal chief  
 Tow'rd's Mora of the woods in silence turn'd.  
 With his large locks he veil'd the rolling tear, 55  
 And thus, at length, his royal pleasure spoke.

' Thou first of Morni's sons, and chief in fame,  
 ' Thou durant rock, defiant of the storm!  
 ' For low-laid Cormac's race, with martial skill  
 ' Lead thou the battle. For, no puerile staff 60  
 ' Is thy dread spear ; nor is thy flaming sword  
 ' An harmless beam of light.—Thou valiant son  
 ' Of steed-borne Morni, mark the foe—destroy.—  
 ' Fillan, with eye attent observe the chief :  
 ' He is not calm in strife, nor in the fight 65  
 ' Burns he regardless :—watch, my son, the king.  
 ' He rolls in strength like Lubar's sweeping stream,  
 ' But never foams and roars. From high, Fingál,  
 ' On cloudy Mora, shall behold the war.  
 ' Near to thy father, by the falling stream, 70  
 ' Stand, Ossian, king of songs. Lift up the voice  
 ' O bards !—Morvenians, move beneath the sound.  
 ' Think, warriors, think ! it is my *latter field* ;—  
 ' O'erspread it, then, with never-fading light.'

As o'er an isle low-scited on the deep, 75  
 For many a dark-brown year the seat of mist,  
 When some dark ghost, in wrath, the billows heaves ;  
 At once the winds 'rise sudden, or afar  
 The troubled seas with angry motions roll :  
 So terrible, wide-moving o'er the field, 80  
 Advanc'd with dauntless tread the sounding host.  
 Whilst bright between his strides the streamlets gleam'd,  
 In tallness Gaul before the forces mov'd ;  
 And, by his side, the tuneful song the bards  
 High-raisd (at intervals, the shield he struck), 85  
 And on the skirted blast their voices rose.

' Dimly by night on Crona,' said the bards,  
 ' There bursts a stream. It swells in its dark course  
 ' Till morning's early beam. Then, from the hill  
 ' With its gray-skirted rocks and hundred groves, 90  
 ' Its streams descend white-foaming as they fall.  
 ' From rocky Crona, and its falling floods,  
 ' Far be my steps : for, death is tumbling there.  
 ' *Such*, cloudy Morven's sons, *be your dire force* ;  
 ' And, like a stream from bending Mora, pour. 95

' Who, from his car, on Clutha rises bright ?  
 ' Before the king the hills in trouble stand !  
 ' The dusky woods consenting echo give,  
 ' And lighten at his sparkling, gleaming steel.  
 ' See, how amidst the trembling foe he stands, 100  
 ' Like Colgath's sportful ghost, when he descends  
 ' Dispersant of the thick-embod'd clouds,  
 ' And rides triumphant on their eddying wings !  
 ' 'Tis valiant Morni of the bounding steeds !—  
 ' Dreadful in night, be like thy father, Gaul. 105

‘ Awide the gates of Selma’s mansion stand,  
‘ And tuneful bards the trembling harps assume :  
‘ Ten youths robust the festive oak convey.  
‘ A distant sunbeam marks the grovy hill,  
‘ And o’er the fields, array’d with matted grass, 110  
‘ Swift fly the dusky billōws of the blast.  
‘ Say, Morven, why should silence thee pervade ?  
‘ With all his light of fame the king returns.  
‘ Did not the flaming battle on the plain  
‘ As thunder roar ? Yet, peaceful is his brow. 115  
‘ It roar’d, and Morven’s mighty king prevail’d.  
‘ Fillan, be like thy father, strong in war.’

Beneath the song they mov’d. High wav’d their arms,  
As rushy fields beneath autumnal winds.  
Bright in his arms on Mora stood the king, 120  
Whilst ’round his buckler broad, as on a bough  
Aloft it hung on Cormul’s mossy rock,  
Dusk flew the mist.—In silence by Fingál  
I stood ; and (lest mine eyes should see the host,  
And thence my swelling soul perforce should rush) 125  
On shadowy Cromla’s wood my eyes I turn’d.  
With foot advanceant on the dark-brown heath  
I glitter’d tall, in shining steel beclad.  
So, sparkling shines huge Tromo’s falling stream,  
By nightly winds begirt with ice constrict, 130  
Aloft, and gleaming to the early beam,  
The boy beholds it, and attentive turns  
His bending ear ; and in amazement stands,  
Intransed by the smallness of the sound.

Nor, like a youth within a peaceful field, 135  
Bent Cathmór o’er a stream : for, wide the war,  
A dark and troubled wave, at once he drew.—  
But, when Fingál on Mora he beheld,

His gen'rous pride arose :—‘ Shall Atha’s chief  
 ‘ Fight in the field without a royal foe ? 140  
 ‘ Foldath,’ he said, ‘ my people forth conduct :—  
 ‘ As gleams a beam of fire, thou shin’st in war.’

Forth, like a cloud (the airy robe of ghosts),  
 Advanc’d the chief of Moma. From his side  
 His sword, bright-gleaming like a flame, he drew, 145  
 And bade the battle move.—Like ridgy waves,  
 Dark pour the tribes their gath’ring strength around.  
 Haughty he strides before them, and his eye  
 Red rolls in wrath. He call’d Dunrátho’s chief,  
 And thus his measures to arrange was heard. 150

‘ That path, which verdant winds behind the foe,  
 ‘ Conspicuous, Cormul, to thy view appears.  
 ‘ *There* place thy people, guardant of the ground,  
 ‘ Lest Morven should my deathful sword avoid.  
 ‘ Bards of green-valley’d Erin, let no voice 155  
 ‘ Of yours arise.—Unfam’d in tuneful song  
 ‘ Must Morven’s sons, great Cairbar’s deadly foes,  
 ‘ Fall in the war. Their dark and foggy mist  
 ‘ On Lena wand’ring with their shady ghosts,  
 ‘ Beside the reedy lake, in midnight gloom 160  
 ‘ Hereafter shall the shaking trav’ller meet.  
 ‘ To the bright dome of thin, transparent winds,  
 ‘ Without the song, they never shall ascend.’

Fierce Cormul darken’d as he went : his tribes  
 Behind him rush’d. Beyond the rock they sunk.— 165  
 Then Gaul, whose watchful eye pursu’d and mark’d  
 Dunrátho’s dark-ey’d king’s latébrous course,  
 To Fillan of Moruth spoke and gave command :  
 ‘ The steps of Cormul thou perceiv’st ; exert  
 ‘ Thy arm of strength,—Low when the chieftain lies, 170



- ‘ Son of Fingál, remember Gaul in war.  
‘ Amidst the moving ridge of bossy shields,  
‘ Here forward into battle fierce I fall.’

The sign of death, the sound of Morpi’s shield  
Dreadful arose. Gaul pour’d his voice between., 175  
High rose Fingál on Mora; and beheld  
From wing to wing them bending in the strife.  
In gleaming brightness on his own dark hill  
The royal strength of Atha also stood.  
So, radiant stand, each on his gloomy cloud, 180  
Two ghosts of heav’n, when in their might abroad  
They pour the winds, and lift the roaring seas.  
The waves blue-tumbling, mark’d with yawning gulphs,  
The paths of whales, distinctly they behold :  
Yet, bright and undisturb’d theirselves remain, 185  
With locks of mist, light rising in the gale.

What splendid beam of light high hangs in air?  
’Tis Morni’s dreadful sword. Death on thy paths,  
O Gaul, is strew’d. Together in thy rage  
Those paths are join’d and blended by thy tread. 190  
Like a young oak, with all his branches ’round  
Turláthon falls,—To the returning king,  
Amidst her sleep by gurgling Moruth’s stream,  
His spouse, high-bosom’d, forth her snow-white arms,  
In dreams in her disorder’d locks, protrudes. 195  
Oichóna, ’tis his ghost. Thy chief is low.—  
No more, attentive to the wind’s blue course,  
Turláthon’s echoing shield expect. ’Tis pierc’d  
Close by his streams :—its sound is past away.

Not peaceful is great Foldath’s hand : in blood 200  
His course he winds. Him Connal met in fight,  
And terrible their clanging shields they mix’d.

Why should mine eyes behold the carnage dire !  
 Grey, Connal, are thy locks of years advanc'd !  
 Thou, at Dun-lora's rock with moss o'erspread, 205  
 Open to strangers bid'st thy house to stand.  
 When louring skies in clouds of night were roll'd,  
 The feast was spread ; whilst, at thy burning oak,  
 The winds without the joyful stranger heard.  
 Duth-caron's son ! why art thou laid in blood ! 210  
 Above thee bends the blasted tree ; and near,  
 In pieces, lies thy shield. Hot with the stream  
 Thy blood is mix'd, thou breaker of the shields !

In wrath I took the spear ; but on the foe  
 Gaul forward rush'd, and by his stately side 215  
 Unnotic'd pass'd the weak : on Moma's chief  
 His flaming rage is turn'd. Their deathful spears  
 Now had they rais'd—*unseen an arrow came.*  
 The hand of Gaul it pierc'd ; and to the earth  
 Down sounding fell his steel.—With Cormul's shield 220  
 Young Fillan came, and large before the king  
 Stretch'd its expanse. Exultant Foldath sent  
 The shout abroad and kindled all the field.  
 So lifts the sullen blast, with stormy roar  
 Through Lumon's echoing groves, the broad-wing'd flame. 225

‘ O blue-ey'd Clathe's son,’ then said great Gaul,  
 ‘ Thou art a welcome, genial beam from heav'n,  
 ‘ That adventitious o'er the troubled main  
 ‘ Binds up the tempest's wing.—Before thy sword  
 ‘ Is Cormul fall'n. In thy forefathers' fame 230  
 ‘ Early thou shin'st. Great heed, my hero, take,  
 ‘ Nor rush too far ; for, thy brave arm to aid,  
 ‘ I cannot lift the spear. I therefore stand  
 ‘ Harmless in battle ; but, my voice abroad  
 ‘ Shall in its wonted, echoing strength be pour'd. 235

‘ *It shall the valiant sons of Morven hear,  
‘ Whilst they to mind my former deeds recall.*

Dreadful his voice rose on the fresh’ning wind,  
And in the fight impetuous bend the host.  
Oft, when he call’d them to the chase of hinds, 240  
At Strumon had they heard him.—Tall he stood  
Amidst the gathering of the growing war.  
So, in the skirts wild-broken of a storm,  
Majestic stands the stately, tow’ring oak.  
One while, on high, ’tis cloth’d with dusky mist ; 245  
Then, shews its broad and waving head ; by turns.  
From his own rushy field, to view the scene,  
The musing hunter lifts his wond’ring eye.

O Fillan, through the path of thy renown  
My soul pursues thee. Thou before thy might 250  
Rolledst the foe. Perchance now from thy steel  
Would Foldath fly :—but, night with all its clouds  
Came thick’ning down, and Cathmor’s horn was heard,—  
Fingál’s loud voice, from Mora’s gather’d mist,  
The sons of Morven heard. The bards their song 255  
On the returning war now pour’d, like dew.

‘ Amidst her wand’ring locks, who comes,’ they said,  
‘ From roaring Strumon? Up tow’rds Erin she  
‘ Her blue eyes lifts :—sad in her steps she moves.  
‘ Why Eivir-chóma, art thou sad?—In fame 260  
‘ Who emulates thy chief? Down to the war  
‘ He dreadful went, and splendid, as a light  
‘ Forth darting from a cloud opaque, returns.  
‘ In wrath the sword he lifted high, and quick  
‘ Before blue-shielded Gaul back shrunk the foe. 265

‘ Joy, like the rustling gale, the royal soul  
 ‘ Pervades entire. ‘The battles of old, the days  
 ‘ Wherein his fathers fought, to mind recur.  
 ‘ Fresh on Fingál’s glad mind, as he beholds  
 ‘ His son’s renown, the days of old return. 270  
 ‘ As on a tree, which his fond beams have rais’d,  
 ‘ Whilst on the heath its lonely head it shakes,  
 ‘ Down from his cloud the sun with gladness looks:  
 ‘ So Fillan’s return the king with rapture views.

‘ As, when green Lara’s fields are still and dark, 275  
 ‘ Hoarse rolls the thunder on the trembling hills;  
 ‘ Such to the ear are Morven’s mighty steps:—  
 ‘ Pleasant and dreadful they at once are heard.  
 ‘ With all their sound they from the field of blood  
 ‘ Return, like eagles to their dark-brow’d rock, 280  
 ‘ When the dun offspring of the bounding hind,  
 ‘ Their late-fall’n prey, lies mangled on the plain.  
 ‘ Down with delight from their bright-skirted clouds  
 ‘ Your fathers, sons of streamy Cona, look.’

Such was the mighty music of the bards, 285  
 On Mora of the hinds. A spreading flame  
 ‘Rose from a hundred oaks, from Cormul’s steep  
 Uprooted by the storms of roaring winds.  
 Around the feast, which in the midst was spread,  
 Sat down the gleaming chiefs. In all his strength 290  
 Fingál was there, and from the vult’rine plumes,  
 His helm encresting, rose a whistling sound.  
 The rustling blast, which from the westward blew,  
 Unequal rush’d through night.—In silence long  
 ‘Round look’d the king. At length, his words were heard,

‘ My soul still feels a want amidst our joy.  
 ‘ A breach among my friends I see; and low

‘ Is one tree’s head. In pours the squally wind  
 ‘ On Selma.—Say, where is Dun-lora’s chief?  
 ‘ Ought he to be forgotten at the feast ? 300  
 ‘ When, in the mansions of his echoing hall  
 ‘ Did *he* forget the stranger ? ’Mongst my host  
 ‘ No voice is heard !—Then, Connal is no more !  
 ‘ Joy meet thee, warrior, like a stream of light ;  
 ‘ And swift, enfolded in the mountain-winds, 305  
 ‘ To thy forefathers be thy airy course !  
 ‘ *Ossian, thy soul is fire*: of this good king  
 ‘ The mem’ry kindle :—the wars of Connal ’wake,  
 ‘ When first in battle he shone.—The flowing locks  
 ‘ Of Connal floated gray. His days of youth 310  
 ‘ Were mix’d with mine. Duth-caron, in one day,  
 ‘ Our bows against Dun-lora’s roes first strung.’

‘ Many,’ I said, ‘ to battle are our paths,  
 ‘ In green-hill’d Inis-fail. Oft’ ’rose our sails,  
 ‘ O’er the blue-tumbling waves, in other days, 315  
 ‘ When we to aid the race of Conar came.  
 ‘ Once, by Duth-ula’s headstrong, foaming streams,  
 ‘ The deathful strife in green Alnecma roar’d.  
 ‘ Down to the war from cloudy Morven came  
 ‘ Duth-caron’s aid with Corinac’s strength conjoin’d. 320  
 ‘ Nor came the brave Duth-caron there alone.  
 ‘ His son was by his side, the long-hair’d youth  
 ‘ Of Connal, with the first of his bright spears.  
 ‘ To aid the king of Erin, thou Fingál,  
 ‘ Clad in thy arms assum’dst the chief command. 325

‘ As bursts a stream in all its strength; to war  
 ‘ The sons of Bolga rush’d. Before them dark  
 ‘ Blue-streaming Atha’s chief, Colc-ulla mov’d.  
 ‘ Upon the plain, as meet two stormy seas,  
 ‘ Mix’d was the battle.—As his forefathers’ forms, 330

‘ In his own strife bright Cormac’s valour shone.  
 ‘ But fierce Duth-caron, far before the rest,  
 ‘ Hew’d down the foe. Nor, by his father’s side,  
 ‘ Slept Connal’s arm. Fierce Atha’s battling steel  
 ‘ Prevail’d upon the plain :—like scatter’d mist 335  
 ‘ The people of Ullin back, retreating, fled.

‘ Then ’rose Duth-caron’s sabre, and the steel,  
 ‘ Which in the strife broad-shielded Connal wore.  
 ‘ They, like two rocks, with all their heads of pine,  
 ‘ Over their friends amidst retreating flight 340  
 ‘ A shade effective plac’d.—When falling clouds  
 ‘ Duth-ula’s plains envelop’d in black night,  
 ‘ Along the field the chiefs in silence strode.  
 ‘ Loud roar’d, across the path, a mountain-stream,  
 ‘ Nor o’er its channel could Duth-caron bound. 345  
 “ Why stands my potent father ? ” ‘ Connal said :  
 “ I hear the rushing of the roaring foe.”

“ Fly, Connal,” ‘ he reply’d,’ “ thy father’s strength  
 “ Begins to fail :—here let me rest in night :  
 “ Wounded from battle hither am I come.”— 350  
 “ But unattended thou shalt not remain,”  
 ‘ Said Connal’s bursting sigh.’ “ Dun-lora’s chief  
 “ To hide, my shield is like an eagle’s wing.”  
 ‘ He darkly bends above the bleeding chief,  
 ‘ And in his strength the brave Duth-caron dies. 355

‘ Day rose, and night return’d : yet on the heath  
 ‘ In thoughtful mood appear’d no lonely bard.  
 ‘ Could gen’rous Connal leave his father’s tomb,  
 ‘ Till the dead warrior should his fame receive ?  
 ‘ Against Duth-ula’s roes he bent the bow, 360  
 ‘ And spread the lonely feast. He on the tomb  
 ‘ Seven nights repos’d his head ; and in his dreams

' His father's dusk and troubled form beheld.  
 ' Dark, in a blast, like reedy Lego's mist,  
 ' Convolvent roll'd his father's ghost he saw.— 365  
 ' At length, deep-musing, tuneful Colgan came,  
 ' The bard of high Temóra of the groves.  
 ' His lasting fame Duth-caron then receiv'd,  
 ' Bright'ning in air as on the wind he rose.'

' Delightful to the ear,' then said Fingál, 370  
 ' The praises of the kings of men resound ;  
 ' Whose bows are strong in battle ; but, again,  
 ' Who melt in pity, when the sad they see.  
 ' Thus, when the bards shall clear my rising soul,  
 ' Enroll'd in fame bright let my name remain. 375  
 ' Carril, Kinfena's son, now take the bards,  
 ' And raise a ridgy tomb. *This night* in peace,  
 ' Within his narrow house let Connal dwell ;  
 ' Nor let the valiant soul on winds remain.  
 ' Through the broad-headed, waving mountain-groves 380  
 ' The moon, faint-glimmering, on Moi-léna shines.  
 ' Beneath its beams, of all the fall'n in war  
 ' The mem'ry to record, the stones erect.  
 ' Though they rank'd not as chiefs, yet still their hands  
 ' In fight were stout and strong. In danger they 385  
 ' Were my firm rock—and they, the mountain strong,  
 ' From which my eagle-wings, in plumes, I spread.  
 ' Thence sprung for me a fountain of renown.  
 ' Carril, let not oblivion veil the low.

Loud, from the hundred bards, at once, the song 390  
 Of fun'ral dirge arose. Kinfena's son  
 Before them strode. Behind him sound their strains,  
 Like murm'ring streams ; whilst in Moi-léna's vales  
 (Where each, with its own darkly-gliding streams,  
 Deep winds between the hills), still silence dwells. 395



The solemn voices of the mournful bards  
 Still less'ning, as along they mov'd, I heard.  
 Forward in posture from my shield I lean'd,  
 And felt the kindling of my glowing soul.  
 Forth eager burst, upon the nightly breeze, 400  
 The half-form'd accents of my embryo-song.  
 So, hears a tree, lone standing in the vale  
 The voice of spring around. With shooting leaves  
 It hails the sun, and shakes its verdant head.  
 The breeze-borne humming of the mountain-bee 405  
 Near it is heard, and from the blasted heath  
 The hunter sees it with ecstatic joy.

Young Fillan distant stood, and on the ground  
 His helmet glitt'ring lay. Loose to the blast  
 Is his dark hair ; and, like a beam of light, 410  
 Leaning upon his spear, stood Clatho's son ;  
 List'ning with gladness to the royal voice.

Car-borne Fingál then said : ' My valiant son !  
 ' Thy deeds I saw, and gladness fill'd my soul !  
 " Bright from its black and gather'd cloud," ' I said,' 415  
 " Bursts our forefathers' fame." ' O Clatho's son,  
 ' Brave is thy soul, but headlong in the strife.  
 ' Fingál, though ever fearless of the foe,  
 ' *Not so* advanc'd. Behind thee keep thy host  
 ' Close-ridg'd. They are thy bulwark in the field. 420  
 ' *Then*, shall renown long clothe thy honour'd name,  
 ' And thou the tombs of thy forefathers see.  
 ' Fresh to my thoughts the mem'ry of the past,  
 ' My deeds in other years perform'd (when first  
 ' On the green-valley'd isle, amidst the host, 425  
 ' I bounding came from ocean), now return.'



Attentive to the royal voice we bend,  
Whilst the pale moon looks from her cloud abroad :  
Near, with her dusk, grey-skirted comes the mist,  
The vap'ry dwelling of the ghosts of air.

430

*END OF BOOK THIRD.*

## Temora.

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### ARGUMENT.

THE second night continues. Fingal relates, at the feast, his own first expedition into Ireland, and his marriage with Ros-crana, the daughter of Cormac, king of that island. The Irish chiefs convene in the presence of Cathmor. The situation of the king described. The story of Sul-malla, the daughter of Connor, king of Inis-huna, who, in the disguise of a young warrior, had followed Cathmor to the war. The sullen behaviour of Foldath, who had commanded in the battle of the preceding day, renews the difference between him and Malthos; but Cathmor interposing, ends it. The chiefs feast, and hear the song of Fonar the bard. Cathmor retires to rest, at a distance from the army. The ghost of his brother Cairbar appears to him in a dream; and obscurely foretells the issue of the war. The soliloquy of the king. He discovers Sul-malla. Morning comes. Her soliloquy closes the book.

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### BOOK IV.

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- ‘ ON Selma’s streamy rock,’ then said the king,  
‘ Beneath an oak I sat, when from the sea  
‘ ‘Rose Connal, with Duth-caron’s broken spear.  
‘ Far distant stood the youth, whilst his sad eyes  
‘ Away he turn’d ; for, on his own green hills, 5  
‘ Where once his father walk’d, he thought in grief.  
‘ I darken’d in my place, and o’er my soul  
‘ Roll’d dusky thoughts.—Before my presence ’rose  
‘ The kings of Erin. Then, my flaming sword  
‘ I half-unsheath’d, when slow approach’d the chiefs 10  
‘ With silent eyes uplifted. Still they stood  
‘ (As stationed hangs a ridge of stormy clouds)

‘ Expectant of the bursting of my voice ;  
‘ Which was to them a forcive wind from heav’n,  
‘ The dusky mountain-mist away to roll. 15

‘ To rise before the roar of Cona’s wind  
‘ My albid sails I bade. Three hundred youths,  
‘ Up from their waves, upon my bossy shield  
‘ Attentive look’d. Aloft upon the mast  
‘ It hung and mark’d the dark-blue sea beneath 20  
‘ With answ’ring shade. But when the night came down,  
‘ The warning boss at intervals I struck—  
‘ I *struck*, and, upward, for Ul-érin look’d,  
‘ With fiery hair. Nor was the star of heav’n  
‘ Lost to my eyes : for, red between the clouds, 25  
‘ It made its way, whilst I the lovely beam,  
‘ On the faint-gleaming deep, in haste pursu’d.  
‘ Enrob’d in mist ’rose Erin, with the morn :—  
‘ Into Moi-léna’s bay, in echoing woods  
‘ Embosom’d, where its azure-waters roll’d, 30  
‘ Shortly we came. Here, in his secret hall,  
‘ Colc-ulla’s strength to shun, was Cormac clos’d.  
‘ Nor this dark foe did he alone avoid :  
‘ Ros-crana, with blue eyes, is also there,  
‘ The maid, white-handed, daughter of the king. 35

‘ Gray, on his pointless spear, forth slowly came  
‘ The aged steps of Cormac. From his locks,  
‘ Wide-waving, came the smile ; but in his soul  
‘ Sat grief corrosive. In his presence few  
‘ Us he beheld, and deep arose his sigh. 40  
“ ’Tis true,” ‘ he said,’ “ great Trenmor’s arms I see ;  
“ And these, too, are the steps of Morven’s king !  
“ Fingál ! to Cormac’s darken’d soul thou shin’st  
“ A beam of light ; and, early is thy fame,  
“ My son : but strong are Erin’s dark’ning foes. 45

“ They in the land, like streamy torrents, roar,  
 “ O son of car-borne Comhal, Morven’s chief.”

“ Yet,” ‘ in my rising soul I said,’ “ away  
 “ They may be roll’d. King of blue-shielded hosts,  
 “ Not of the race of weakness are we sprung.— 50  
 “ Why, like a ghost of night, should pallid fear  
 “ Amongst us come ?—As foes upon the field  
 “ Increase, the rising souls of warlike men  
 “ Grow in proportion. On the young in war,  
 “ O king of Erin’s plains, no darkness roll.” 55

‘ Whilst bursting tears came down from Erin’s king,  
 ‘ He seiz’d my hand in silence, and reply’d :  
 “ Race of the daring Trenmor, I no cloud  
 “ Before thee roll. In ancestral fire  
 “ Fervent thou burn’st ; and I behold the flame. 60  
 “ Thy course in battles, like a stream of light,  
 “ It marks characteristic. But th’ approach  
 “ Of Cairbar wait, my son must join thy sword.  
 “ From distant streams all Ullin’s sons he calls.”

‘ Then to the mansion of the royal chief, 65  
 ‘ Where stately, and inclos’d by rocks antique  
 ‘ It rose, we came : *rocks*, on whose shady sides  
 ‘ Enfluted were the marks of streams of old.  
 ‘ Broad oaks around bent with their grisly moss ;  
 ‘ And the thick birch high waves its verdant head. 70  
 ‘ Half hid, within her shady grove, the song  
 ‘ Ros-crana rais’d. Upon the dulcet lyre  
 ‘ Her hands of whiteness rose. Her beauteous eyes  
 ‘ Blue-rolling I beheld.—A spirit of heav’n  
 ‘ Half-folded in a broken cloud she seem’d. 75

‘ Three festive days we at Moi-léna spent,  
 ‘ And bright amidst my troubled soul she rose.  
 ‘ Cormac beheld me dark. He gave the maid  
 ‘ With snow-white bosom.—Then, with bending eye,  
 ‘ Amidst the wand’ring of her tressy locks, 80  
 ‘ She came. *She came*: and, straight, the battle roar’d.  
 ‘ Colc-ulla rush’d. My spear I seiz’d.—My sword  
 ‘ Rose with my people, ’gainst the ridgy foe.  
 ‘ Alneema fled; Colc-ulla fell; and back  
 ‘ Amidst renown, Fingál victorious came. 85

‘ O Fillan him, who in his people’s strength  
 ‘ Fights, fame will crown. His steps, through lands hostile,  
 ‘ The bard pursues. But, he who fights alone—  
 ‘ *Few* are *his* deeds to other times.—A light  
 ‘ Mighty he shines to-day :—to-morrow, low. 90  
 ‘ His fame *one song* contains. On *one dark field*  
 ‘ His name remains. His mem’ry lies forgot,  
 ‘ Save where his tomb sends forth the tufted grass.’

In words like these, on Mora of the roes,  
 Fingál his deeds and thoughts rehears’d. Three bards, 95  
 From Cormul’s rock, pour’d down in graceful strains  
 The song melodious. Slumber, in the sound,  
 On the broad-skirted host descended sweet.—  
 From the rais’d tomb of dark Dun-lora’s king  
 Carril, attended by the bards, return’d. 100  
 Not to the bed, where low the hero sleeps  
 In darkness, shall the voice of morning come.  
 No more, around thy narrow, silent house,  
 Shall the fleet roes with boundings meet thy car.

As round a nightly meteor roll the clouds 105  
 With troubled motion, when their dark-brown sides  
 They brighten with its light, whilst raging swells

The rolling, heaving sea: so Erin's host  
 Around the gleaming form of Atha's king  
 In crowds conven'd, whilst stately in the midst, 110  
 Careless, he lifts, at times, the pond'rous spear,  
 As swells or falls the distant, tuneful harp  
 By Fonar touch'd. Near him, against a rock,  
 Sul-malla lean'd, the snow-white bosom'd maid,  
 The daughter of Con-mor, Inis-huna's king, 115  
 With eyes blue-rolling, from the land of roes.

To Con-mor's aid blue-shielded Cathmor came,  
 And roll'd away his foes. His stately mien  
 Within the festive hall Sul-malla saw ;  
 Nor on the long-hair'd maid of matchless form 120  
 With heedless unconcern roll'd Cathmor's eyes.

The third day 'rose.—From Erin of the streams  
 Came Fithil, and of Morven's bossy shield  
 Uplifted, and red hair'd Cairbar's plight  
 With danger pregnant, spoke:—straight, Cathmor rais'd 125  
 The sail at Cluba: but in other lands  
 The winds abode. He, therefore, on the coast  
 Three days remain'd, and turn'd on Con-mor's halls  
 Steadfast his eyes. For, in his lab'ring mind  
 The stranger's daughter ran, and from his breast 130  
 'Rose the deep sigh.—Now, when th' approaching gales  
 Awak'd the wave, descending from the hill  
 Appear'd a youth in shining armour clad ;  
 To lift with Cathmor in his echoing field  
 The sword of battle. 'Twas the white arm'd fair, 135  
 Sul-malla ; who in secret beauty dwelt  
 Beneath the helmet. In the king's own path  
 Her steps abode ; and still on Atha's chief,  
 When by his roaring streams he lay, her eyes  
 Rolled incessant. Yet, the chief suppos'd 140

That still on Lumon she pursu'd the roes,  
Or, splendent on a rock she to the wind  
Her white-hand stretch'd, observant of its course  
Whether with friendly gales from Inis-fail,  
The verdant dwelling of her love, it blew. 145  
He, with his sails white-bosom'd, to return  
Had pledg'd his promise.—Near thee, Atha's king,  
Reposing on her rock the maid abides.

Around, the stately persons of the chiefs  
(All, but the dark-brow'd Foldath) stood,—Beneath 150  
A distant tree, roll'd in his haughty soul,  
He stood in darkness, whilst his bushy hair  
Whistl'd in wind. At intervals, a song  
In hums breaks forth. At length, the sturdy tree  
In wrath he struck, and rush'd before the king. 155  
Stately and calm, before the beaming oak  
'Rose young Hidalla's form. His flowing hair  
In wreaths of waving light, around his cheek  
O'ercast with blushes, falls. When he the lyre  
Within his hall, near roaring waters, touch'd, 160  
In Clonra, in his ancestral vale,  
Soft were the accents of his tuneful voice.

' Now is the time for feasts, O Erin's king,  
Begun the youth: ' Now give the bards command  
' To raise the voice, and roll the night away.— 165  
' More terrible to war, when rous'd with song,  
' The soul returns. Upon green Inis-fail  
' Thick darkness settles, and, from hill to hill,  
' Descending, bend the skirted clouds.—Far off  
' And gray upon the dusky heath are seen 170  
' The dreadful strides of ghosts: the ghosts of those,  
' Who fell, bend forward, list'ning to their song.  
' Bid thou the harps to rise, and, at the sound,  
' The dead shall brighten on their wand'ring blasts.'

‘ Be all the dead forgot,’ then Foldath said, 175.  
 In bursting wrath. ‘ In fight upon the field  
 ‘ Did not I fail? And, shall I hear the song?  
 ‘ Yet without harm was not my course in fight:  
 ‘ Blood stream’d around my steps.—But, in my rear 180  
 ‘ Abode the weak, and hence the foe escap’d  
 ‘ My flaming sword. Therefore in Clon-ra’s vale  
 ‘ Touch thou the harp, and, answer’ing to thy voice,  
 ‘ Let Dura sound; whilst from the neighb’ring grove  
 ‘ On thy long, yellow locks some virgin looks. 185  
 ‘ From Lubar’s echoing plain, the field of death,  
 ‘ Where heroes strive, thou needles harper, fly.’

Then Malthos thus: ‘ ’Tis thine to lead in war,  
 ‘ King of Temora.—On the dark-brown field  
 ‘ Thou to our eyes art flaming as a fire. 190  
 ‘ Thou quick and fierce, as rolls the rushing blast,  
 ‘ O’er hosts hast forc’d thy way, and low in blood  
 ‘ Them laid. Yet, when thou from the roaring field  
 ‘ Victorious cam’st, what ear has heard thy words?  
 ‘ In death the *wrathful only* take delight. 195  
 ‘ On the dire wounds their deathful spears have made,  
 ‘ Dark in their souls, their ’vengeful minds repose.  
 ‘ Strife is enfolded in their thoughts: their words  
 ‘ Frequent are heard. O Moma’s chief, thy course  
 ‘ Was like a troubl’d stream. On thy dark path 200  
 ‘ Were roll’d the dead:—yet, others too the spear  
 ‘ With warlike prowess lift. Nor in thy rear  
 ‘ Remain’d we feeble, but the foe was strong.’

The bending forward and the rising rage  
 Of either chief, the gen’rous king perceiv’d. 205  
 For, half-unsheath’d, their glitt’ring swords they held,  
 And roll’d their silent eyes.—In horrid fray  
 Now dreadful had they mix’d, had not the breast



Of Cathmor burn'd with wrath. His sword he drew  
(Which gleam'd in night responsive to the oak 210  
High-flaming), and in intervention said :

' Your swelling souls, ye sons of pride, allay,  
' In night retire : why should my rage arise ?  
' With both in arms should I contend ? For strife,  
' This is no time :—ye clouds at my repast, 215  
' Retire. Awake my kindling soul no more.'

Then, from the king on either side they sunk.  
So, vanish quickly from the rays of morn,  
Two rolling columns of dark-vapour'd mist,  
When on its glitt'ring rocks the orient sun, 220  
Between them darts. Obscure on either side.  
Each rolls, retiring to its reedy pool.

In silence sat the chieftains at the feast.  
At times on Atha's king, where on his rock  
He strode amidst the setting of his soul, 225  
They look'd.—At length, upon Moi-léna fell  
The shades of sleep, and on the field of war  
The host repos'd.—Beneath his distant tree  
Rose Fonar's voice alone.—In Cathmor's praise  
Larthon of Lumon's son, it sweetly 'rose. 230  
But Cathmor heard not.—At the roaring stream  
The warrior lay, whilst o'er his whistling locks  
The rustling breeze of night with briskness blew.

Cairbar, half-seen from his low-hanging cloud,  
Came to his dreams ; whilst darkly in his face 235  
Joy rose : the song of Carril's solemn dirge  
His ear had reach'd : his shady-skirted cloud  
A blast sustain'd, which, tow'rd's his airy hall  
As with his fame he 'rose, he sudden seiz'd  
In night's chill bosom. Thus his feeble words 240

Half-mixed with the streamy noise, he pour'd :  
 ‘ Joy met the soul of Cathmor : and his voice  
 ‘ Was on Moi-léna heard.—His song the bard  
 ‘ To Cairbar gave : he on the aerial blast  
 ‘ Now travels.—Terrible as glides the light 215  
 ‘ Across the desert in a midnight storm  
 ‘ Winding, my form is in my father’s hall.—  
 ‘ When thou art low, no bard of solemn song  
 ‘ Shall at thy tomb be wanting. For, the brave  
 ‘ Delight the sons of song. A pleasant gale 250  
 ‘ Is thy fam’d name, O Cathmor, and the sounds  
 ‘ Mournful arise.—On Lubar’s field of night  
 ‘ There is a voice ! still louder be that voice,  
 ‘ Ye shadowy ghosts ! *the dead were full of fame.*  
 ‘ Shrill swells the feeble sound. The rougher blast 255  
 ‘ Alone is heard ! Ah, soon is Cathmor low !’

He spoke : and, straight, into himself convolv’d,  
 Wide on the bosom of his blast he flew.—  
 His sudden flight the aged oak perceiv’d,  
 And shook its whistling head.—Then from his rest 260  
 Started the king, and took his deathful spear.  
 Around he lifts his eyes ; but, when he sees  
 Dark-skirted night alone, he thus begins :  
 ‘ ’Twas the king’s voice ; but now his shady form  
 ‘ Is vanish’d.—Children of the silent night, 265  
 ‘ Unmarked is your path in liquid air.  
 ‘ Like a reflected beam, in deserts wild  
 ‘ Often are ye beheld ; yet in your blasts,  
 ‘ Before our steps approach, ye swift retire.  
 ‘ Go then, ye race of weakness ! For, with you 270  
 ‘ Knowledge is none : weak are your utmost joys,  
 ‘ And like the somnal dream, or light-wing’d thought,  
 ‘ That flies across the soul.—Is Cathmor’s fate,  
 ‘ Soon to be low ? in darkness to be laid

‘ Within the narrow house, where, with her eyes 275  
‘ Half-open, morning never makes approach ?  
‘ Away, thou empty shade—far hence away !  
‘ To *fight* is *mine* ! Away, all further thoughts !  
‘ To seize my beam of fame, in might I rush  
‘ On eagle-wings.—Low in the lonely vale, 280  
‘ Where eddying waters roll their murm’ring streams,  
‘ Abides the little soul. His obscure name,  
‘ Though seasons return, and years themselves roll on,  
‘ Remains unnotic’d. Cloudy death e’er long  
‘ Blast-borne approaches, and his hoary head 285  
‘ In dust deposits.—On the fenny field  
‘ His ghost is roll’d in vapour : but on hills,  
‘ Or mossy vales of wind, it has no course.  
‘ But so departs not Cathmor.—In the field  
‘ No boy was he, that on the echoing hills 290  
‘ But marks the bed of roes. My issuing forth  
‘ Was with great kings, and in dread, roaring plains  
‘ My joy rebounds ; when hosts are roll’d away  
‘ In broken ranks, like seas before the wind.’

So spoke Alnecma’s king, whilst in his soul 295  
Bright’ning he grows ; for, like a pleasant flame,  
Gleams valour in his breast.—Upon the heath  
Stately he strides, whilst with refulgent blaze  
The golden beam of east around is pour’d.—  
Whilst he his host upon the field beheld, 300  
In light their ridges spreading wide, and gray ;  
Joying he stood. So joys a spirit of heav’n,  
When forth upon his seas, in steps of pride,  
He comes, and all th’ æquoreal surf around  
Peaceful beholds, and all the winds are laid. 305  
But, soon he, rousant, ’wakes the sleeping waves,  
And to some echoing coast them largely rolls.

Upon the rushy bank, where glides a stream,  
 The daughter of Inis-huna slept profound.  
 Fall'n from her head the helmet lay.—In dreams 310  
 She on the lands of her forefathers thought.  
 She thought, that morning beam'd upon the field—  
 Down from the rocks gray leap'd the falling streams—  
 In shadowy waves above the rushy fields  
 The breezes fly. Preparant for the chase 315  
*There* is the sound, and, moving from the hall,  
 The tread of warriors. But above the rest  
 Tow'rd's streamy Atha's hero :—from his steps  
 His eye of love he on Sul-malla bends.  
 Away with pride, vain-glorious at the sight, 320  
 Her face she turns, and careless bends the bow.

Such were the dreams deceptive of the maid,  
 When Atha's warrior came.—He her fair face,  
 Amidst her wand'ring looks, before him saw :  
 The maid of Lumon he beheld and knew— 325  
 But what should Cathmor on this crisis do ?  
 His sigh arose : then, from his melting eyes  
 Fell the warm tears—but, straight, he turn'd away.  
 ' This is no time, O Atha's king,' he said,  
 ' To 'wake thy secret soul. Before thee rolls 330  
 ' The roar of battle, like a troubled stream.'

That warning boss, where dwelt the voice of war,  
 He struck ; and 'round him Erin's sons arose,  
 Loud as the wings of eagles.—From her sleep,  
 In her disorder'd locks, Sul-malla starts. 335  
 She from the earth her helmet seiz'd, and stood  
 In tremors in her place. ' Ah, why'—she cry'd ;  
 ' That Inis-huna's daughter here abides  
 ' In Erin, why should Erin's people know ?'  
 For, now the race of kings was in her mind, 340

And at the thought her soul of pride arose.  
Her steps she took behind a shadowy rock,  
By the blue-winding streamlet of a vale,  
Where dwelt the dark-brown hind, ere yet the war  
(Her grief) arose. *There*, to Sul-malla's ear, 345  
At times, the breeze-borne voice of Cathmor came.  
Her soul is sad : she pours her words on wind :  
' The dreams of Inis-huna are no more—  
' They from my dark-sad soul are roll'd away.  
' Within my land the echo of the chase 350  
' No more I hear.—Here in the skirts of war  
' Conceal'd I stand. Forth from my sable cloud  
' I look ; but yet, to light my troubled path,  
' No beam appears. I see my warrior low :  
' For, the broad-shielded king, Fingál of spears— 355  
' *He*, that in danger conquers, now draws near.—  
' Deceased Con-mor's spirit ! are thy steps  
' By winds upborne ? At times, to other lands,  
' Father of sad Sul-malla, dost thou come ?  
' Yes : thou *dost* come ; for, I thy voice at night, 360  
' While yet to streamy Inis-fail I rose  
' Upon the wave of ocean heaving high,  
' Distinctly heard.—The ghosts of sires, they say,  
' Can seize the souls of their descendants, whilst  
' Them lonely in the midst of woe they see. 365  
' When low in earth is laid the royal chief,  
' Call me, my father ! for, in solitude  
' Lorn I shall be amidst the pangs of woe !'

END OF BOOK FOURTH.

## Temora.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

OSSIAN, after a short address to the harp of Cona, describes the arrangement of both armies on either side of the river Lubar. Fingal gives the command to Fillan: but, at the same time, orders Gaul, the son of Morni, who had been wounded in the hand in the preceding battle, to assist him with his counsel. The army of the Firbolg is commanded by Foldath. The general onset is described. The great actions of Fillan. He kills Rothmar and Culmin. But when Fillan conquers in one wing, Foldath presses hard on the other. He wounds Dermid the son of Duthno, and puts the whole wing to flight. Dermid deliberates with himself, and, at last, resolves to put a stop to the progress of Foldath, by engaging him in single combat. When the two chiefs were approaching towards one another, Fillan came suddenly to the relief of Dermid; engaged Foldath, and killed him. The behaviour of Malthos towards the fallen Foldath. Fillan puts the whole army of the Firbolg to flight. The book closes with an address to Ciatho, the mother of that hero.

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### BOOK V.

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THOU, that on high between the pendent shields  
In Ossian's hall abid'st! Down from thy place,  
O trembling harp, descend, and thy sweet voice  
Now let me hear! now strike the tuneful string,  
O Alpin's son, with art.—Thou must awake 5  
The bard's deep slumb'ring soul. Away the tale  
The rapid Lora's murm'ring streams have roll'd.  
Within the cloud of years, which tow'rd's the past  
Seldom expands, I stand; and to my view  
Whene'er the vision deigns a transient stay, 10

It comes but dim and dark.—Sweet Cona's lyre,  
I hear thy sound ; and, like a fresh'ning breeze,  
Back by the sun brought to the bright'ning vale,  
Where dwelt the lazy mist, my soul returns.

Bright, in the windings of its bending vale, 15  
Before me Lubar shines. Upon their hills,  
On either side, tall rise the forms of kings.  
Around them, forward bending to their words  
(As if, descending from their rolling winds,  
Their fathers spoke) their num'rous hosts are pour'd. 20  
But, in the midst, and like two airy rocks,  
Each with its dusky head of tow'ring pines,  
When they above the thick, low-sailing mist  
Are in the desert seen ; the kings appear'd.  
High on the surface of these rocks resound 25  
Cascading streams, which spread their foam on blasts.

Loud as the roar of desolating flames  
Beneath the voice of Cathmor Erin pour'd.  
To Lubar's flood, wide-spreading down they came,  
And Foldath in his strength before them strode, 30  
But royal Cathmor, 'neath his bending oaks  
Back to his hill retir'd.—Near to the king  
Clear rolls a tumbling stream: his gleaming spear,  
At times, he lifts.—Amidst the gath'ring war  
'Twas to his people as a burning flame. 35  
The daughter of Con-mor, leaning on her rock,  
Stood near at hand: yet could not on the strife  
With pleasure look : her soul shrunk back from blood.  
With its three streams, blue-rolling in their beds,  
A verdant vale behind the hill expands. 40  
*There*, silent darts the sun his genial rays,  
And the dim mountain-roes in peace descend.  
On these the maid from Inis-huma come,  
With snow-white bosom, cast her wistful eyes.

Fingál, on high, great Borbar-duthul's son 45  
 Dark'ning beheld, and on the crowded plain  
 Deep-rolling Erin saw. *That warning boss,*  
 Which (when before them, to the field of fame  
 It is his royal will his chiefs to send)  
 Enjoins obedience on the hosts, he struck. 50  
 Wide rose their spears bright-glitt'ring to the sun,  
 And loud their echoing shields around reply.  
 Fear, like a vapour, 'mongst the warlike hosts  
 Wound not its way: for *he—the king was near,*  
*The strength* of streamy Morven. Crescent joy 55  
 Illum'd the royal chief:—he heard his words:

‘ As o'er the plain, loud-roaring, rush the winds,  
 ‘ Sound Morven's sons! determin'd in their course,  
 ‘ Like mountain-streams they pour. Hence, to Fingál  
 ‘ Renown arises, and in other lands 60  
 ‘ His name is heard. Nor like a lonely beam  
 ‘ Was he in danger; for, your sounding steps  
 ‘ Were always near. But never into wrath  
 ‘ Was I before you dark and dreadful turn'd.  
 ‘ No thunder were my speeches to your ears; 65  
 ‘ Mine eyes sent forth no death. Whene'er the proud  
 ‘ Before me with their haughty prowess came,  
 ‘ Them I beheld not. Backward thrown in shades,  
 ‘ They, at my feasts unnotic'd and unknown,  
 ‘ Like vapour vanish'd.—But, before you now 70  
 ‘ Is a young beam: few are his paths to war:  
 ‘ His paths are few, but valour swells his veins.  
 ‘ Defend my dark-hair'd son; and back with joy  
 ‘ Him safe conduct. Hereafter, he alone  
 ‘ In might may stand. His great ancestors' form 75  
 ‘ He emulates. Their fire inflames his soul.  
 ‘ Behind the son of Clatho vigorous move,  
 ‘ O car-borne Morni's son. Let thy firm voice



‘ Reach, from the skirts of war, his prompted ear.  
 ‘ Before thee, noble breaker of the shields, 80  
 ‘ Not unobserv’d the dark’ning battle rolls.’

Away, at once, to Cormul’s airy rock  
 Then strode Fingál.—As slow I lifted up  
 My steps behind, the strength of mighty Gaul  
 Forward advanc’d.—Upon the coral thong 85  
 Loose hung his shield. Quick, he to Ossian spoke :  
 ‘ Son of Fingál, fast bind this bossy shield—  
 ‘ High bind it to the side of wounded Gaul.  
 ‘ On it the foe may look, and trembling think ]  
 ‘ I lift the spear.—If now I chance to fall, 90  
 ‘ Let my dark tomb be private in the field ;  
 ‘ For, fameless must I fall : my feeble arm  
 ‘ No more can lift the steel. Let not the news  
 ‘ From Eir-choma, redd’ning in her locks,  
 ‘ The blush of shame compel.—O Clatho’s son, 95  
 ‘ On us the mighty look ! Let us not be  
 ‘ Forgetful of the strife. Why from their hills,  
 ‘ To aid our flying field, should they descend ?’

Then with the sounding clangor of his shield  
 Onward he strode : and, in his bold advance, 100  
 My voice pursu’d him : ‘ Can great Morni’s son  
 ‘ In Erin fameless fall ? But, heroes’ deeds  
 ‘ Forsake their souls of fire. O’er fields of fame  
 ‘ They careless rush : their words are never heard.’—  
 Straight, to the rock, where in his wand’ring locks 105  
 Sat Morven’s king amidst the mountain-wind,  
 Rejoicing in the chieftain’s steps I strode.

At Lubar’s sounding streams the gath’ring hosts,  
 In two dark ridges, tow’rds each other bend.  
 A pillar of darkness *here* fierce Foldath rose : 110

*There* brighten'd Fillan's youth. Each, in the stream  
 With his bright spear, forth sent the voice of war.  
 Gaul struck the shield of Morven: they at once  
 In battle plunge. Steel pour'd its gleam on steel.  
 Like falling streams from two dark-browed rocks 115  
 In scite oppos'd, when in their mazy fall  
 Their foam they mix; the field of battle shone.  
 Behold he comes: behold the son of fame:  
 He lays the people low! On airy blasts  
 Deaths sit around him! Lo! where'er thou go'st, 120  
 Thy deathful paths, O Fillan, warriors strew!

Between two chinky rocks grim Rothmar stood—  
 Rothmar, the shield of warriors.—On each side,  
 Bent from their wonted height by desert-winds,  
 Two oaks their branches spread. His dark'ning eyes 125  
 He rolls on Fillan, and, with cautious aim,  
 In silence shades his friends. Th' approaching fight  
 Fingál beheld, and all his soul arose.  
 But, as (when spirits heave the earth in wrath)  
 The pond'rous stone of Loda falls, at once 130  
 From rocking Drumon-ard's foundation shook,  
 So from his place blue-shielded Rothmar fell.

Near are the steps of Culmin:—bath'd in tears  
 The youth advanc'd. E'er yet with Fillan's steel  
 His strokes he mix'd, he wrathful cut the wind. 135  
 He, at the rock of his blue, native streams,  
 First strung the bow with Rothmar. *There*, the place  
 Where brows'd the roe, as o'er the scorched fern  
 The redd'ning sun-beam flew, they jointly mark'd.  
 Why on that beam of light, Cul-allin's son, 140  
 Rash dost thou rush? 'Tis a *consuming fire*.  
 O Strutha's youth, retire. Unequal stood  
 Your fathers in the glitt'ring strife of war.

The mother of Culmin, thoughtful in the hall  
Remains, and on blue-rolling Strutha looks. 145  
Dark-eddying round the spirit of her son,  
A whirlwind rises on the surgy stream.  
His mournful dogs are howling in their place,  
And bloody is his shield within the hall.  
' And art thou fall'n,' she mournfully complain'd, 150  
' My fair-hair'd son, in Erin's dismal war !'

As by her wonted streams a prostrate roe,  
In secret pierc'd, lies panting on the ground  
(Over her feet of wind the hunter looks,  
And on her late swift, stately bounding thinks), 155  
So lay, 'neath Fillan's eye, Cul-allin's son.  
His floating hair rolls in a little stream,  
And on his shield hot runs his wand'ring blood.  
The sword, that fail'd him in the fatal day,  
Still in his hand retentively he held. 160  
' Low art thou fall'n', said Fillan, ' ere thy fame  
' Abroad had gone. Thee to the field of war  
' Thy father sent : and of thy valiant deeds  
' He waits to hear. Perhaps, gray at his streams  
' His age-dim eyes he tow'rds Moi-léna turns. 165  
' But, with the plunder of the low-laid foe  
' Never hereafter shalt thou more return.'

The flight of Erin o'er the echoing heath  
Before him Fillan pour'd. But, man on man,  
Fell Morven under Foldath's dark-red rage. 170  
For, far upon the raging field he pour'd  
The roar of half his tribes. Before him stood  
Dermid in wrath (—thick-folding gather 'round  
The sons of Cona) ; but by Foldath's hand  
The shield is cleft, and o'er the shady heath, 175  
In close battalion form'd, the people pour'd.

Exultant, in his pride, then said the foe :  
 ‘ Now they have fled ; and my renown begins.  
 ‘ Go, Malthos, and the darkly-rolling main  
 ‘ Command the king to guard ; that from my sword 180  
 ‘ Fingál may not escape. He on the earth  
 ‘ Low must be laid. Beside some marshy fen  
 ‘ Shall people see his tomb.—Without a song  
 ‘ His hill shall rise, and in the misty shade  
 ‘ His ghost shall hover o’er the reedy pool. 185

Malthos attended, yet with dark’ning doubt,  
 And all around his eyes in silence roll’d.  
 Well-vers’d in Foldath’s pride, up to the hill,  
 Where stood the royal chief, intent he look’d :  
 Then, darkly turning, plung’d his sword in war. 190

Close by the brook in Clono’s narrow vale,  
 Where bent two trees above its rolling streams,  
 Dark in his grief stood Duthno’s silent son.  
 Down from his thigh red rush’d the trickling blood :  
 His shield lay broken near. Against a stone 195  
 Lean’d his vain spear. Why, Dermid, why so sad ?  
 ‘ I hear the roar of battle, and alone  
 ‘ My hosts defenceless stand ; and on the heath  
 ‘ My steps are slow :—besides, no shield is mine.  
 ‘ And shall he then prevail ? ’Tis *then* alone, 200  
 ‘ *When* Dermid prostrate on the earth shall lie !  
 ‘ Thee, Foldath, will I summon forth to come,  
 ‘ And meet thee yet with fortitude in fight.’

With dreadful joy his spear again he took—  
 ’Twas then that Morni’s son came up and said : 205  
 ‘ Stay, Duthno’s son, stay thy abortive speed ;  
 ‘ Thy steps are mark’d with blood. No bossy shield  
 ‘ Is thine. Why, then, should’st thou unarmed fall ?’

' Give thou thy shield, O Strumon's king,' he said :  
 ' The stream of war it back has often roll'd, 210  
 ' And, with my sword I'll stop the chiefs career.  
 ' Dost thou, O Morni's son, that stone discern ?  
 ' Gray through the grass it lifts its head antique :  
 ' *There* dwells a chief of falling Dermid's race ;  
 ' And *there* in night my breathless corse interr.' 215

Against the hill he slowly rising, saw  
 The troubled field.—Disjoin'd and broken round,  
 The glimm'ring ridges of the fight appear'd.  
 As distant fires, on dark-brown heath by night,  
*Now* seem as lost in smoke, *then* on the hill 220  
 Red rear their streams, as blow or cease the winds ;  
 So met broad-shielded Dermid's watchful eye  
 The intermitting war.—Like some dark ship  
 On wint'ry waves, when from between two isles  
 It issues sportive on the echoing main, 225  
 Through the loud host majestic Foldath strides.

Dermid, with rage, his flaming course beheld ;  
 And strove to rush along :—but, vain th' attempt.—  
 Amidst his steps he fail'd, and from his eyes,  
 Ne'er wont to weep, big fell the tear of grief. 230  
 His father's horn then sounding, thrice he struck  
 His bossy shield ; and, from his roaring tribes,  
 Thrice Foldath call'd. Dark Foldath saw the chief,  
 And joyful lifted high his bloody spear.  
 As a dark rock is mark'd with lashing streams, 235  
 That in a storm fell troubled down its side ;  
 So Moma's form is streak'd with wand'ring blood.  
 From the contention of the royal chiefs  
 Aloof, on either side, the host withdrew ;  
 And high, at once, their gleaming points they rais'd. 240  
 Then, fiercely rushing, Fillan of Moruth came,

And back three paces, dazzled with the view  
 Of that bright beam (as issuing from a cloud)  
 Which came the wounded hero now to save  
 From the dire blow, dark Foldath quick retir'd :— 245  
 Then, growing in pride, he boldly made a stand,  
 And instantaneous call'd forth all his steel.

As in their sounding strife, upon the winds,  
 Two broad-wing'd eagles dark with vengeance meet ;  
 So the two chiefs, on dark Moi-léna's plains, 250  
 Forth rush'd in anger into gloomy fight.  
 By turns the steps advanceant of the kings  
 Upon their rocks appear : for, now, the war  
 Seems dusky on their sabres to descend.  
 The *joy of warriors*, their *embosom'd* joy, 255  
 When *dangers equal to their souls arise*,  
 Cathmor, upon his mossy hill, now feels.  
 No more on Lubar, but on Morven's king  
 Dreadful in strength, his thoughtful eye is turn'd ;  
 For, him in arms he saw on Mora rise. 260

Down on his bossy shield dark Foldath fell ;  
 For, Fillan pierc'd the king. Nor did the youth  
 Look on the fall'n ; but onward roll'd the war.  
 Then, all at once, death's hundred voices 'rose :  
 ' Son of Fingál, stay now, O stay thy speed ! 265  
 ' That gleaming form, *that* dreadful *sign of death*,  
 ' Perceiv'st thou not ? O stop thy bold career,  
 ' Nor venture thou Alnecma's king to 'wake !  
 ' O blue-ey'd Clatho's son, at once return.'

Malthos saw Foldath low.—Above the king 270  
 He darkly stood, and from his shaded soul  
 Fell hatred roll'd. He seem'd a desert-rock  
 Forsaken by the tardy-sailing mist,

O'erhung with trees dark-blasted by the winds,  
On whose brown side the trickling waters fall. 275  
About the narrow house, where dwell in night  
The silent dead, he to the hero spoke:  
' Shall thy gray stone in Ullin's plains arise,  
' Or in the groves of Moma, where the sun  
' On blue Dal-rutho's streams in secret looks? 280  
' *There*, close-retired in the lone retreat,  
' Thy blue-ey'd daughter Dárdu-léna walks.'

' Think'st thou on her,' the dying Foldath said,  
' Because no son is mine, no youth to roll  
' The war before him, in revenge of me? 285  
' *I am* revenged, Malthos.—In the field  
' I was not peaceful.—'Round my narrow house  
' The tombs of those, who fell beneath me, raise.  
' Often, exulting o'er their silent graves,  
' When with their grass long-whistling spread around 290  
' Them I behold, shall I the blast forsake.'

Then rush'd his soul to Moma's verdant vales,  
And made to Dárdu-léna's dreams approach,  
Where she, returning from the chase of hinds,  
Still by Dal-rutho's winding streamlet slept. 295  
Near, lies her bow unstrung; and her long hair  
On the fair virgin's breast the breezes fold.  
Enrob'd in all the charms of blooming youth,  
The love of heroes lay: when to her dreams  
Dark-bending form the borders of the wood 300  
Her wounded father came. Plain he to her  
At times appear'd: then, seem'd as hid in mist,  
In firm persuasion that the chief was low,  
Amidst a flood of tears the fair one rose.  
From his light soul, when folded in its storms, 305  
To her a beam arriv'd.—Of his fam'd race  
Thou, blue-ey'd Dárdu-léna, wert the last.

O'er echoing Lubar the wide-spreading flight  
 Of Bolga rolls along.—Forth on their steps  
 Brave Fillan hung; and strew'd with dead the heath. 310  
 Fingál rejoiced o'er his flaming son,  
 And in his might blue-shielded Cathmor rose.

Son of Alpin bring the lyre  
 Pregnant with no common fire:  
 Cause the zeph'rous breeze to bear 315  
 Fillan's praises through the air.  
 In my hall of echoing sound  
 Send the trembling airs around.  
 Ev'n while yet, he shines in war—  
 Send the hero's deeds afar, 320

Blue-ey'd Clatho, at my call,  
 Quit, O quit thy spacious hall.  
 Ere the sparks of youth can shine,  
 See *that early beam* of thine!  
 Wither'd is the once-brave host, 325  
 Dark in course! Its beam is lost:  
 Lost before *this splendid one*:  
 Further look not—it is gone!  
 From the lyre, light-trembling 'round,  
 Strike, O virgins, strike the sound. 330  
 From the mountain's dewy lea,  
 Where the bounding roebucks stray,  
 Now, no hunter, he descends  
 Sportive with his secret friends:—  
 Now, he bends not, on the gale, 335  
 His yew-bow within the vale:  
 Nor, upon air's devious way  
 Sends abroad his arrow gray.



Deep-folded in the redd'ning heat of war,  
Against his side the battle rolls from 'far: 340  
Or, mighty-striding 'midst the ridgy strife,  
He sabres thousands, hast'ning out of life.  
As from the skirted blast a ghost descends,  
From his aerial hall : so Fillan bends.  
Whilst the dread ghost from wave to billow strides, 345  
The troubled main its sinking surface hides.  
His path, behind him, blazes as he treads  
Upon the swells, and islands shake their heads.

*END OF BOOK FIFTH.*

# Temora.

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## ARGUMENT.

THIS book opens with a speech of Fingal, who sees Cathmor descending to the assistance of his flying army. The king dispatches Ossian to the relief of Fillan. He himself retires behind the rock of Cormul, to avoid the sight of the engagement between his son and Cathmor. Ossian advances. The descent of Cathmor described. He rallies the army, renews the battle, and, before Ossian could arrive, engages Fillan himself. Upon the approach of Ossian, the combat between the two heroes ceases. Ossian and Cathmor prepare to fight, but night coming on prevents them. Ossian returns to the place where Cathmor and Fillan fought. He finds Fillan mortally wounded, and leaning against a rock. Their discourse. Fillan dies: his body is laid, by Ossian, in a neighbouring cave. The Caledonian army return to Fingal. He questions them about his son, and understanding that he was killed, retires, in silence, to the rock of Cormul. Upon the retreat of the army of Fingal, the Firbolg advance. Cathmor finds Bran, one of the dogs of Fingal, lying on the shield of Fillan, before the mouth of the cave, where the body of that hero lay. His reflections thereupon. He returns in a melancholy mood to his army. Malthos endeavours to comfort him, by the example of his father Borbar-duthul. Cathmor retires to rest. The song of Sul-malla concludes the book, which ends about the middle of the third night, from the opening of the poem.

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## BOOK VI.

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- ‘ NOW, Cathmor rises on his echoing hill!  
‘ Shall Morven’s king the sword of Luno take?  
‘ Yet, if so did Fingál; then, of thy fame,  
‘ White-bosom’d Clatho’s son, what would become?  
‘ Thy azure eyes, O daughter of Inistore,  
‘ Avert not from Fingál! Thy early beam  
‘ I shall not quench: it shines along my soul!  
‘ But, with thy shades between the war and me  
‘ Rise, O wood-skirted Mora, quickly rise!

‘ Why, lest his dark-hair’d warrior now should fall      10  
‘ In battle, should Fingál behold the strife !  
‘ The sound, O Carril, of the trembling lyre  
‘ Mix with the song : *here* rocks their voices give,  
‘ And *here* the lucid streams, bright-tumbling, roar.  
‘ Father of Oscar, lift the spear : defend      15.  
‘ The young in arms. Thy steps from Fillan’s eyes  
‘ Conceal : nor must he know that I once doubt  
‘ His waving steel. Upon thy soul of fire  
‘ No dark’ning cloud of mine, my son, shall rise.’

Amidst the echoing sound of Carril’s song      20  
Behind his rock he sunk. Temora’s spear  
Then bright’ning, in my growing soul, I took.  
Along Moi-léna’s plains, the strife of death,  
In gleaming rows disjoin’d and broken ’round,  
The roaring ranks of battle tumbling wild      25  
I saw. Then, fierce as moves a beam of fire  
Fillan advanc’d.—From wing to wing his course  
Wasteful he makes. The ridges of red war  
Before him melt, and yielding, as he moves,  
Are from the plains of battle roll’d in smoke.      30

Now, Cathmor sallies forth, dark in the arms  
Of kings ! Above his fiery helmet roll’d  
The eagle’s wing. As if to Atha’s chase  
His steps were bent, without concern he mov’d.  
Sedate in course, his voice at times he rais’d :—      35  
Erin, abash’d, now gather’d dark around.  
Back, like a stream, their growing souls return’d :  
They wonder’d at their fear. For, he arose  
Beaming, as gleams upon a haunted heath  
The cheering beam of morn with all its rays.      40  
Back on the field of dreadful, fiery forms  
The bright’ning traveller looks with bending eye.—

Quick, from Moi-léna's rock, with trembling steps  
 Sul-malla moves. An oak from her fair hand  
 The spear arrested ;—she the lance, half-bent, 45  
 Loos'ning resum'd : yet *full* upon the king  
 Her eyes, amidst her wand'ring locks, she kept.  
 ' No friendly strife,' she said, ' before thee moves :—  
 ' No light contention of the sounding bows,  
 ' As when the youth of Cluba's winding streams 50  
 ' Forth from beneath the eye of Con-mor came.'

As Runo's rock, which for its robe assumes  
 The passing clouds, seems, o'er the streamy heath,  
 Growing in gather'd darkness : Atha's chief  
 Taller appear'd, when 'round his hosts were pour'd. 55  
 As diff'rent blasts loud-roaring o'er the sea,  
 Each one protrusive of its dark-blue wave,  
 Coercive fly : so, forth on ev'ry side  
 Great Cathmor's words his pouring warriors mov'd.  
 Nor silent stood brave Fillan on his hill ; 60  
 Whilst with his echoing shield his words he mix'd.  
 Like a fierce eagle, arm'd with pinions loud,  
 The wind commanding to his airy cliff,  
 When he, on Lutha's rushy fields, beholds  
 The coming forth of branchy roes ; he seem'd. 65

In battle now they forward bent :—harsh 'rose  
 Death's hundred voices ; for, on either side  
 Like fires upon the people's kindled souls  
 Raged the kings. Along I bounded forth ;  
 Between the war and me tall rocks and trees 70  
 Rush'd, as I went. Yet loud the noise of steel,  
 Between my clanging arms, distinct I heard.  
 Then, rising, gleaming, on the hill I saw  
 The backward steps of hosts—their backward steps,  
 On either side, and wildly looking eyes. 75

The chiefs, the two blue-shielded kings, were met  
In dreadful fight. Through gleams of waving steel  
The striving heroes, tall and dark, are seen:  
Instant I rush'd :—for, then in all their rage  
Across my soul my fears for Fillan flew. 80

I came: nor Cathmor fled—nor yet advanc'd:  
Sidelong he stalk'd along.—An icy rock,  
Both cold and tall, he seem'd. I all my steel  
Forth summon'd; when defiant, for a time,  
Along each margin of a rushy stream 85  
We silent strode: then, turning all at once,  
Sudden we rais'd our pointed, beamy spears—  
We rais'd our spears;—but night came black'ning down.  
Around 'tis dark, and silent, save the sound  
Of distant steps of hosts along the heath. 90

Then, to the place where Fillan nobly fought  
I came:—nor voice nor sound is there.—On earth  
A broken helmet lay, a buckler cleft.  
' Young chief of echoing Morven,' loud I cry'd,  
' Where, Fillan, where art thou?'—Against a rock, 95  
Which its gray head extended o'er the stream,  
He leaning heard—he heard me: yet, he stood  
Sullen and dark.—At length, I saw the chief.

' Why standest thou, O woody Selma's son,  
' In darkness rob'd? Bright, in this dark-brown field, 100  
' My brother, is thy path. In battle long  
' Has been thy strife: and now aloud is heard  
' Fingál's shrill horn. Ascend now to the cloud  
' Of thy great father, to his hill of feasts.  
' In eve's dusk mist he sits, and hears attent 105  
' The voice of Carril's harp.—To the gray head,  
' Young breaker of the shields, delight convey.'

‘ Can possibly the vanquish’d give delight ?  
 ‘ Ossian no shield is mine :’ he then reply’d.  
 ‘ In pieces on the field it lies ; and lo ! 110  
 ‘ The eagle-wing is from my helmet torn.  
 ‘ ’Tis when the foes dismay’d before them fly,  
 ‘ That valiant fathers in their sons delight.  
 ‘ But, when their youthful warriors yield, their sighs  
 ‘ In secret burst :—No ! Fillan will not see 115  
 ‘ The royal chief. Why should the hero mourn ?’

‘ Why, blue-ey’d Clatho’s son, dost thou my soul  
 ‘ Awake ?’ I said. ‘ Bright as a burning fire  
 ‘ Wert thou not in his presence ? and shall he  
 ‘ Not glory in thee ? Ossian such great fame 120  
 ‘ Never attain’d, yet still a sun to me  
 ‘ The royal hero was. He on my steps  
 ‘ Look’d with delight, and never on his face  
 ‘ ’Rose shadows.—Up to Mora, Fillan, go :—  
 ‘ Within the folds of mist his feast is spread.’ 125

‘ Ossian, that broken shield give me,’ he said ;  
 ‘ —These plumes, the sport of winds, that Fillan’s fame  
 ‘ May suffer less, deposit near my side.  
 ‘ To fail I now begin. Me, Ossian, place  
 ‘ Within that hollow rock. Raise not a stone 130  
 ‘ Above me, lest my fame should be enquir’d.  
 ‘ I in the earliest of my fields have fall’n—  
 ‘ Fall’n without fame. Now, to my flying soul  
 ‘ Do thou *alone* forth send the voice of joy :—  
 ‘ For, where the beam obscure of Clatho dwells, 135  
 ‘ Why should the feeble sons of weakness know ?

‘ And flies thy ghost, O blue-ey’d Clatho’s son,  
 ‘ Upon the eddying winds ? I then reply’d.  
 ‘ Through his convolved clouds may joy pursue  
 ‘ My hero.—Fillan ! thy forefathers’ forms 140

‘ Bend to receive their son. Their spreading fire,  
 ‘ The azure-rolling of their misty wreaths,  
 ‘ On Mora I behold! May joy thee meet,  
 ‘ My brother! but, *we* dark and sad remain.  
 ‘ Around the aged, and his wasting fame, 145  
 ‘ I see the foe. Yes, Selma’s gray-hair’d king,  
 ‘ *Alone* thou standest on the dark’ning field.’

Him at the roaring of the nightly stream  
 Within the hollow rock I laid. One star  
 With fiery aspect on our hero look’d : 150  
 His locks, at times, were lifted by the winds.—  
 The warrior slept, nor did my list’ning ear  
 Perceive a sound,—As lightning on a cloud,  
 A thought came rushing o’er my soul. My eyes—  
 Red roll’d in fire, and in the clang of steel 155  
 I strode : ‘ Though guarded by thy thousands strong,  
 ‘ Thee, Atha’s chief, I’ll find. Why should that cloud  
 ‘ That quench’d our early beam, escape? To light  
 ‘ My steps, my daring steps, great ancestors,  
 ‘ Your meteors kindle. In my gather’d wrath 160  
 ‘ I will consume——

‘ Hold—should I not return?—

‘ Gray-hair’d amidst his foes, without a son,  
 ‘ The king abides. Nor, as in days of old,  
 ‘ Strong is his arm ; and his decreasing fame 165  
 ‘ Grows dim in Erin.—In his latter field  
 ‘ Let me not him laid low, from high behold.—  
 ‘ But can I then return? Will he not ask  
 ‘ About his son? “ Thou art in duty bound  
 ‘ “ Young Fillan to defend.”—“ *I’ll meet the foe.* 170  
 ‘ Resolv’d I’ll rush : for, pleasant to my ear,  
 ‘ Green Inis-fail, now comes thy sounding tread.  
 ‘ Upon the ridgy host, to shun the eyes  
 ‘ Of ag’d Fingál, I rush—but, hark! I hear,

‘ On Mora’s misty top, the royal voice ! 175  
 ‘ He summons his two sons :—Here, in my grief :  
 ‘ O father, here I come—alas, I come  
 ‘ Like the lorn eagle, which the flame of night  
 ‘ Met in the desert, and half spoil’d his wings.’

Distant, on Mora, ’round the king are roll’d 180  
 High Morven’s broken ridges. Back they turn’d  
 Their eyes of grief.—On his own ashen spear  
 Each darkly bends. Encircled by the host  
 In thoughtful silence stood the royal chief,  
 Whilst thought on thought roll’d lab’ring o’er his soul. 185  
 So, on a secret mountain-lake dark waves,  
 Each with its back of form tumultuous roll.  
 He look’d—but, lo, with his long-bending spear,  
 No son appear’d. Close-crowding from his soul  
 Arose the sighs ; but he repress’d his grief. 190  
 At length, beneath an oak I stood. Yet still  
 No voice of mine was heard. What could I say ?—  
*What*, to Fingál in his dark hour of woe ?  
 But in the midst his words, at last, were heard :  
 And backward shrunk the people, as he spoke. 195

‘ Where is the son of Selma, he, who led  
 ‘ In war ? I see not in my crowding host  
 ‘ His steps returning from the field of strife.  
 ‘ Fell the young bounding roe, who on my hills  
 ‘ So stately strode ?—He *fell* ; for, *ye are mute*. 200  
 ‘ Broke is the shield of war ! His armour place  
 ‘ Near to Fingál, and dark-brown Luno’s sword.  
 ‘ Upon my hills now is my soul awake,  
 ‘ And with the morn to battle I descend.’

Aloft on Cormal’s rock flam’d to the wind 205  
 A massy oak. The dusky skirts of mist



Are roll'd around. There, then, great Morven's king  
Striding repair'd in wrath.—Within his soul  
When battle burn'd, he distant from his host  
Always repos'd.—Upon two beaming spears 210  
High hung his shield, the gleaming sign of death :  
*That shield*, which he, before he rush'd to war  
In his great strength, by night was wont to strike.  
'Twas then his warriors knew the royal will  
To lead in strife ; for, never till Fingál 215  
In wrath arose, was this loud buckler heard.  
As in the beam wide-spreading from the oak  
He shone, unequal were his steps on high.  
Dreadful was he ! Such is the ghost of night  
When, on the hills, with mist his gestures wild 220  
He clothes, and mounts the bounding car of winds  
Forth issuing on the troubled, roaring main.

Nor from the storm is Erin's sea of war  
Yet settl'd. They still on th' embattl'd plain,  
Glitt'ring beneath the moon's pale-beaming rays, 225  
Low-humming roll'd. Before them Cathmor strides  
In pride alone, upon the dusky heath.  
With all his arms on Morven's flying host  
Forward he hung.—Now, to the mossy cave,  
Where Fillan lay in night, had he arriv'd. 230  
Above the stream, which glitter'd o'er the rock,  
Bent a lone tree. *There* to the lucid moon  
In pieces shone the shield of Clatho's son  
And near it lay, upon the silent grass,  
The hairy-footed Bran. For, he the chief 235  
Had miss'd on Mora, and along the wind  
For him had search'd ; and lay upon his shield,  
Supposing that the blue-ey'd hunter slept.—  
No blast came o'er the heath unknown to bounding Bran.

The dog's white breast the mighty Cathmor saw : 240  
 He saw the broken shield.—Back on his soul  
 Is darkness blown : and now he calls to mind,  
*How fast the with'ring people fall away !*  
 ' They come,' he said, ' a stream : away they're roll'd :  
 ' Another race succeeds : but some the fields 245  
 ' Mark, as they pass, with their own mighty names.  
 ' Theirs is the dusky heath, through dark-brown years ;  
 ' Some bright-blue stream meanders to their fame.  
 ' Of these be Atha's chief, when down on earth  
 ' Himself he lays. May Cathmor in the air 250  
 ' (When he from wind to wind majestic strides.  
 ' Or, in the winged storm himself enwarps)  
 ' The frequent voice of future ages hear.'

Around the king, to hear his voice of pow'r,  
 Green Erin gather'd.—Tow'rd the burning oak, 255  
 Their joyful faces they, unequal, bend.  
 They, who were terrible in combat dire,  
 Were now remov'd : again, amidst their host  
 Winds streamy Lubar. Cathmor was that beam,  
 Which shone from heav'n when dark the people stood. 260  
 He in the midst was honour'd, and around  
 Their trembling souls arose. The king alone  
 No gladness shew'd—no stranger he to war !

' Why,' eagle-ey'd Malthos said, ' why is the king  
 ' So sad ? Is there at Lubar's streams a foe ? 265  
 ' Lives there among them. who can lift the spear ?  
 ' Not so unmoved, not so peaceful was  
 ' Thy father Bórbar-duthul—chief of spears.  
 ' Always on flame, his anger rag'd : his joy  
 ' Over fall'n foes was great. When he the news 270  
 ' Of Calmar's fall receiv'd, dark Calmar, who  
 ' From Lara's streams came, Ullin's race to aid ;

‘ Three festive days the gray-hair’d hero kept.  
 ‘ The steel, which (as they said) had pierc’d the foe,  
 ‘ Often with the hands of age the hero felt— 275  
 ‘ Groping he felt it with his hands of age ;  
 ‘ For, Bórbar-duthul’s eyes through years had fail’d.  
 ‘ Yet to his friends the king was like a sun ;  
 ‘ Mild as a gale. to lift their branches ’round.  
 ‘ Around him in his halls was joy ; he lov’d 280  
 ‘ The sons of Bolga. And in Atha still  
 ‘ Terrific, like the memory of ghosts,  
 ‘ Whose presence chill’d the sons of night with awe,  
 ‘ Yet they dispell’d the storm ; remains his name.  
 ‘ Let Erin’s voices, with the lyre conjoin’d, 285  
 ‘ Now raise the royal soul—the soul, that shone  
 ‘ When war was dark, and laid the mighty low.  
 ‘ Now, from that gray-brow’d rock, with all thy fire,  
 ‘ The tale of other times, O Fonar, pour.  
 ‘ Upon wide-skirted Erin, settling round, 290  
 ‘ In tones melodious pour the martial song.’

‘ To me,’ they Cathmor said, ‘ no song shall ’rise :  
 ‘ Nor, on the rock of Lubar, Fonar sit :—  
 ‘ There low are laid the strong. Their rushing ghosts  
 ‘ Disturb ye not. Far, Malthos, far remove 295  
 ‘ The sound of Erin’s song. Nor o’er the foe,  
 ‘ When he to lift the warlike spear has ceas’d,  
 ‘ Do I rejoice. We pour with morn abroad  
 ‘ Our strength ; and on his hill Fingál is rous’d.’

Like waves, blown back by sudden, gusty winds, 300  
 Erin retir’d when they the king had heard.  
 Into the field of night their humming tribes,  
 Deep-roll’d, they spread. The bards, at times, sat down ;  
 Each with his harp, beneath his own lone tree.  
 They rais’d the song, and touch’d the trembling string ; 305

Each to the chief he lov'd. At times, the harp,  
 Before a burning oak, Sal-malla touch'd :  
 She touch'd with snow-white hands the harp, and heard,  
 At graceful rests, the breezes in the hair.  
 In darkness near, beneath an aged tree, 310  
 Lay Atha's king. From him the lucent beam,  
 Proceedent from the oak, was turn'd : the maid  
 He saw, but was not seen. Her tearful eye  
 When he beheld, forth pour'd his secret soul :—  
 But, Bórbar-duthul's son, thee battle waits.' 315

Amidst the lonely warblings of the lyre ;  
 Whether the warriors slept, attentive ear,  
 At intervals, she gave. Her anxious soul  
 With grief was up.—To pour her own sad song  
 She long'd in secret.—Silent is the field. 320  
 Each on its wing, the blasts of night retire.  
 The bards had ceas'd :—red-winding with their ghosts  
 Fierce meteors came. Dark grew the low'ring sky.  
 The forms of the deceased with the clouds  
 Entwining blended. But, unheeding, bends 325  
 The daughter of Con-mor o'er the dying flame.  
 Within her soul, O car-borne Atha's chief,  
 Thou wert alone. She rais'd the voice of song  
 With accents soft, and touch'd the lyre between :

Clun-gálo came—she miss'd the maid— 330  
 Amaz'd she flew away :—  
 ' Where art thou, beam of light ? ' she cry'd—  
 ' Where does my virgin stray ?  
 ' You hunters from the mossy rock,  
 ' Saw you the blue-ey'd maid ? 335  
 ' Walks she on grassy Lumon's hills,  
 ' Where roes at rest are laid ?  
 ' Ah me ! I see her bow hang in the hall !  
 ' Where art thou, beam of light ? 'tis thou I call.'

Cease, love of Conmor, cease, I pray, 340

Amid the nightly bourn—

Upon the ridgy heath thy voice

I hear not :—here I mourn.

Unto the king mine eye is turn'd,

Whose path is hot in fight— 345

To him, for whom my soul is up

Amidst the gloom of night.—

In war deep-bosom'd, hence afar he lies :

Nor from his cloud does he once cast his eyes.

Why dost thou not put forth thine eye, 350

Sun of Sul-malla, dear ?

Why not one glance to me afford ?

I dwell in darkness here :—

Wide o'er me flies the shady mist—

My locks are fill'd with dew :— 355

Why not on thy Sul-malla look,

Her gladness to renew ?

Sun of Sul-malla's soul ! with cheering light

Look from thy cloud, amidst the silent night ! \* \* \*

\* \* \*

END OF BOOK SIXTH.

## Temora.

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### ARGUMENT.

THIS book begins about the middle of the third night from the opening of the poem. The poet describes a kind of mist, which rose by night from the lake of Lego, and was the usual residence of the souls of the dead, during the interval between their decease and the funeral song. The appearance of the ghost of Fillan above the cave, where his body lay. His voice comes to Fingal, on the rock of Cormul. The king strikes the shield of Trenmor, which was an infallible sign of his appearing in arms himself. The extraordinary effect of the sound of the shield. Sul-malla, starting from sleep, awakes Cathmor. Their affecting discourse. She insists with him to sue for peace; but he resolves to continue the war. He directs her to retire to the neighbouring valley of Lona, which was the residence of an old Druid, until the battle of the next day should be over. He awakes his army with the sound of his shield. The shield described. Fonar, the bard, at the desire of Cathmor, relates the first settlement of the Firbolg in Ireland, under their leader Larthon. Morning comes. Sul-malla retires to the valley of Lona. A lyric song concludes the book.

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### BOOK VII.

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WHEN at the wat'ry portals of the west  
Upon the sun's bright-beaming vult'rine eye  
The gates are clos'd; from Lego's fenny lake,  
With skirts of wood o'erhung, gray-bosom'd mists,  
At times, arise. The vapour, dark and deep, 5  
Awide is pour'd o'er Lara's rolling stream:  
The sick'ning moon, dusk-swimming through its folds,  
Like a dim shield appears.—With this enrob'd,  
The ghosts of old (when they from blast to blast,

Along the dusky surface of the night 10  
 Stride on the wind) their sudden gestures make.  
 Oft' to some warrior's grave they, in the gale  
 Entwin'd and blended, on the nightly plain  
 Roll the gray mist, a mansion for his ghost,  
 Until the song of mournful dirge arise. 15

A sound came from the desert : swift in winds  
 Rush'd Conar's course. On Fillan his deep mist  
 He at blue-winding Lubar's waters pour'd.  
 Bending in his gray ridge of smoke, the ghost  
 Sat dark and mournful ; whilst, at times, the blast 20  
 Roll'd him together. Yet, the lovely form  
 Again return'd.—With slowly bending eyes,  
 And locks of mist dark-winding, it return'd.

'Twas dark : and silent, in the skirts of night,  
 Still were the sleeping host : whilst on the hill, 25  
 Fingál's abode, the dwindling flame decay'd ;  
 And lonely on his shield the king repos'd.  
 Then, whilst in sleep his eyes were half-enclos'd,  
 Came Fillan's voice : ' Does Clatho's husband sleep ?  
 ' Abides the father of the fall'n in rest ? 30  
 ' Amidst the lonely solitude of dreams,  
 ' Am I in folds of darkness quite forgot ?

' Why,' said Fingál, as sudden he arose,  
 ' Art thou amidst my dreams ? Thee, my brave son,  
 ' Or thy swift path, fierce-blazing in the field, 35  
 ' Can I forget ? Not such the mighty deeds  
 ' Of heroes strong, come on the royal soul.  
 ' Not, like a beam of lightning, which as soon  
 ' As seen is gone, do they thence transient fly.  
 ' Thee I remember, Fillan ! and my wrath, 40  
 ' Kindling within me, rises in its strength.'



His dreadful spear then took the king, and struck  
The deeply-sounding shield—his shield that high  
On night was hung, the dismal sign of war!  
Ghosts fled on ev'ry side ; and on the wind 45  
Their gather'd features roll'd. The voice of deaths  
Thrice from the winding vale arose. The harps  
Of bards, untouch'd, sound mournful o'er the hill.

Again he struck the shield ; and, in their rest,  
His slumb'ring host of direful battles dream'd. 50  
Across their souls the strife wide-tumbling gleams,  
Whilst to fierce war blue-shielded kings descend.  
Back-looking armies fly : and mighty deeds,  
In the bright gleams of steel, half-hid appear.

But, when the *third*, the *still more dreadful sound* 55  
Arose ; the starting deer amidst the rocks  
Their cliffs forsook.—The dismal screams of fowls  
Are, in the desert, heard ; as, on his blast,  
Each flew affrighted.—Albion's sons their spears,  
Half-rising, half-assum'd. Yet, silence back 60  
Roll'd on the host :—they knew the royal shield :—  
But sleep again their yielding eyes depress'd :  
The field of night again was dark and still.

Yet, Con-mor's blue-ey'd daughter, in the gloom  
No sleep was thine. The dreadful sounding shield 65  
Sul-malla heard, and 'rose amidst the night.  
Her steps of haste tow'rds Atha's king she took—  
' Can *danger* shake his daring soul ?' she cries—  
In doubt, with eyes bent to the ground, she stands ;  
Whilst heav'n with all its stars, is burning 'round. 70

Again the shield resounds ! She rush'd—she stop'd—  
Her voice half 'rose—it fail'd.—Him, in his arms ,



Responsive to the blaze of heav'n, she saw.  
Dim in his locks, that rose to nightly wind,  
Him she beheld. Away, for anxious fear, 75  
Her trembling steps she turn'd. ' Ah ! why,' she said,  
' Should Erin's king awake ? Thou'rt not a dream,  
' Green Inis-huna's daughter, to his rest.'

More dreadful rung the shield ! Sul-malla starts,  
Her helmet falls. Loud echo'd Lubar's rock, 80  
As o'er it roll'd the steel. From dreams of night  
Bursting, beneath his tree half rose the king.  
Upon the rock the virgin's lovely form  
Above him he beheld.—Red-twinkling look'd  
Down through her floating hair a lucid star. 85

' Who comes through night to Cathmor,' said the chief,  
' In the dark time of dreams ? Say, dost thou bring  
' Of battle aught ? Who art thou son of night ?  
' Stand'st thou an image of the times of old  
' Before mine eyes ? Com'st thou a warning voice 90  
' Of Erin's danger, from the cloudy fold ?'

' No traveller of night am I,' she said,  
' Nor voice from folded cloud : but thee I warn  
' Of Erin's danger. Dost thou hear that sound ?  
' 'Tis not the weak, O Atha's royal chief, 95  
' That thund'ring rolls his dismal signs on night.'

' His signs,' he said, ' let the proud warrior roll :  
' Like harps, to Cathmor's ravish'd ears, they sound.  
' Great is my joy, O voice of silent night,  
' And burns o'er all my thoughts.—On lonely hills, 100  
' By night, this is the music of great kings,  
' (The sons of mighty deeds !) when with the sound  
' Their daring souls they light. The weak alone

‘ Abide obscure within the breezy vale,  
 ‘ Where, from the azure-winding of the streams, 105  
 ‘ The rising mists their skirts of morn erect.’

‘ Not weak, thou leader of heroes,’ she reply’d,  
 ‘ Were they—the fathers of my mighty race.  
 ‘ In gloom of war they, in their distant lands,  
 ‘ Dwelt firmly. Yet, amidst the signs of death 110  
 ‘ My soul delights not. He, who never yields,  
 ‘ Advancing comes :—awake the bard of peace !’

As with its trickling waters stands a rock,  
 So Cathmor stood in tears. On his dark soul  
 Her voice came like a breeze, and of her land 115  
 The mem’ry wak’d ; where by her peaceful streams  
 She dwelt, before to Con-mor’s wars he came.

‘ Daughter of strangers,’ said he (at the word  
 She trembling turn’d away), ‘ long have I mark’d  
 ‘ Green Inis-huna’s pine, of youthful growth, 120  
 ‘ In armour clad. But still, I said : “ My soul  
 “ Is folded in a storm. Why should that light  
 “ Beam orient, till in peace my steps return ?”  
 ‘ When we to fear the king thou didst enjoin,  
 ‘ Did paleness, in thy presence, on me sit ? 125  
 ‘ The time of danger is to me, O maid,  
 ‘ The season of my soul ; for, then it swells  
 ‘ A mighty stream, and rolls me on the foe.

‘ Beneath the moss-clad rock of Lona, gray  
 ‘ In locks of age, near his own winding stream, 130  
 ‘ Dwells Clonmal king of harps. Above him are  
 ‘ The roes dun-bounding, and his echoing oak,  
 ‘ As in the thoughts of years he pensive bends,  
 ‘ Our noisy strife, borne on the winged blast,

‘ Reaches his ear. *There*, till our battle cease, 135  
‘ Sul-malla, fix thy rest: and *there* abide  
‘ Till, from the skirts of ev’ning’s dusky mist  
‘ On Lona rising ’round my love’s abode,  
‘ Clad in my glitt’ring armour I return.’

Down on the virgin’s soul then fell a light: 140  
Kindl’d before the king it ’rose. Her face  
She turn’d to Cathmor:—widely float her locks  
Struggling with winds, whilst thus aloud she cry’d:  
‘ Down from the streams of his loud-roaring wind,  
‘ When dun before him he beholds the prey, 145  
‘ The youthful offspring of the bounding roe,  
‘ The eagle of heav’n far sooner shall be torn;  
‘ Than thou, O Cathmor, from the strife of fame  
‘ Aside be turn’d. Soon may I thee behold  
‘ O warrior, from the skirts of ev’ning mist; 150  
‘ When it around me is, thick-folded, roll’d  
‘ On Lona of the streams. While yet thou art  
‘ Far distant, strike—O Cathmor, strike the shield;  
‘ That, whilst against the mossy rock I lean,  
‘ To my dark soul joy brightly may return. 155  
‘ But, if thou chance to fall: (I in the land  
‘ Of strangers here am left)—down from thy cloud  
‘ To Inis-huna’s maid O send thy voice.’

‘ Young branch of green-top’d Lumon,’ he reply’d,  
‘ Why shak’st thou in the storm? Oft’ heretofore 160  
‘ Has Cathmor from dark-rolling wars return’d.  
‘ The darts of death to me but *hail* appear:  
‘ Oft’ have they bounded from my bossy shield.  
‘ As gleams a meteor from a stormy cloud;  
‘ So, brighten’d oft’ have I from battle ris’n. 165  
‘ When on the hill the roar of battle grows,  
‘ Fair beam, return not from thy silent vale,

- ‘ Then, peradventure, might the foe escape ;
- ‘ As they of old my fathers did elude.

- ‘ Of Clunar, who by Cormac’s deathful hand, 170
- ‘ The giver of shells, was slain, they Son-mor told.
- ‘ Three days in darkness on his brother’s fall
- ‘ Great Son-mor thought : when on the silent king
- ‘ His spouse attentive look’d. His steps to war
- ‘ Plain she foresaw. With her blue-shielded chief 175
- ‘ To go, the bow in secret she prepar’d.
- ‘ When to his fields the dauntless warrior mov’d,
- ‘ To her at Atha darkness only dwelt.
- ‘ Down from their hundred streams Alnecma’s sons
- ‘ Poured by night. The king’s blue, bossy shield 180
- ‘ Sounding they heard, and dark their rage arose.
- ‘ In clanging arms tow’rds Ullin of the groves
- ‘ Onward they mov’d. At times, the echoing shield
- ‘ The leader of the war, dark Son-mor struck.

- ‘ Far, o’er the streamy hills the royal spouse 185
- ‘ Sul-allin, at a distance, mov’d behind.
- ‘ Whilst they across the bending vale below
- ‘ Quick mov’d, a light she on the mountain seem’d.
- ‘ Again, when on the mossy hill they ’rose,
- ‘ Her steps, below, were stately in the vale. 190
- ‘ The king, who her in Atha of the hinds
- ‘ Had left, she fear’d presumptive to approach.
- ‘ Yet, when the roar of battle on the plain
- ‘ Tumultuous rose ; when host on host was roll’d ;
- ‘ When, like heav’n’s fire in clouds, great Son-mor burnt, 195
- ‘ With her wide-spreading hair Sul-allin came :
- ‘ For, she for her lov’d king with tremors shook.
- ‘ From harm the love of heroes to defend,
- ‘ The rushing strife he stop’d. Away the foe
- ‘ By night escap’d, when lo ! without his blood, 200

' The blood, which on the warrior's silent tomb  
' Ought to be pour'd, the injur'd Clunar slept.

' Nor rose the rage of Son-mor, but his days  
' Were dark and slow.—By her gray, murm'ring streams  
' Sul-allin wander'd with her tearful eyes. 205  
' Oft' on the hero, folded in his thoughts,  
' Wistful she look'd, but from his mournful eyes  
' She shrunk, and lonely turn'd her steps away.—  
' Rough, like a tempest, 'rose the roar of war  
' And from his soul the gloomy mist dispell'd. 210  
' Joyful her steps within the hall he saw,  
' And her white fingers rising on the lyre.'

Away, then, in his arms strode Atha's chief  
To where his dark-brown shield hung high in night,  
*High* on a bough, o'er Lubar's streamy roar. 215  
Sev'n bosses (the sev'n voices of the king,  
Which from the wind his warlike chiefs receiv'd,  
And mark'd o'er all their tribes) rose on the shield.

On each bright boss is plac'd a star of night :  
With beams unshorn Can-máthon there is seen. 220  
Col-dérna rising from a cloud ; and dark  
Uloicho rob'd in mist.—Soft on a rock  
Is Cathlin's glitt'ring beam.—Its western light  
Half-sinks Reldurath, on its own blue wave  
Fair-gleaming ; whilst with aspect fierce and red, 225  
Down looks the eye of Berthin through a grove  
On the slow-moving hunter, from the chase  
Through show'ry night returning with the spoils  
Of the dun, bounding roe. Wide in the midst  
Ton-théna's beams of cloudless splendor 'rose : 230  
Ton-théna, that by night look'd on the course  
Of sea-toss'd Larthon : Larthon, who the first

(Of Bolga's race) on winds his journey took,  
 [Tow'rd streamy Inis-fail the royal sails  
 White-bosom'd spread; and, louting o'er the king, 235  
 With mist beskirted roll'd the dusky night.  
 The winds in heav'n were changeful, and him roll'd  
 From wave to wave. Then, from her parted cloud,  
 The fiery-hair'd Ton-théna laughing 'rose.  
 As on the tumbling waters faint it gleam'd, 240  
 Larthon rejoiced at the guiding beam.]

'Neath Cathmor's spear awak'd that warning voice,  
 Which 'wakes the bards; when they from ev'ry side  
 Dark-winding came; each with his sounding lyre.  
 Joy in their presence seiz'd the royal soul, 245  
 As joys the trav'ller, in the estive drought,  
 With thirst beparch'd, when, rolling far around,  
 He hears the murmur of cool, mossy streams;  
 Streams, that amongst the desert's lonely tracks  
 Burst from the rock of roes, their thirst to cool. 250

' Why,' Fonar said, ' hear we the royal voice  
 ' Amidst his time of rest? Down in thy dreams  
 ' Did thy forefathers dimly bend their forms?  
 ' Perchance upon their cloud they stand, and wait  
 ' For Fonar's song:—oft' to the dark'ning fields, 255  
 ' Where soon their sons must lift the deathful spear,  
 ' Approach they make. Or, shall our voice arise  
 ' In dirge for him, who lifts the spear no more;  
 ' For him, that from green Moma of the groves  
 ' Consum'd the roaring field amidst his course? 260

' Nor, bard of other times, is yet forgot  
 ' That cloud in war.—High-verging tow'rd the sky  
 ' His stately tomb, the dwelling of renown,  
 ' Shall on Moi-léna rise. But, now, my soul

‘ Back to my fathers’ times—back to the years, 265  
‘ When first on Inis-huna’s waves they rose,  
‘ In secret rapture roll. Nor sweet alone  
‘ To Cathmor is the mem’ry of the groves  
‘ O’erspreading Lumon—Lumon of the streams,  
‘ The snow-white bosom’d virgins’ green abode. 270

‘ Lumon of foamy streams, on Fonar’s soul  
‘ Thou risest bright ! Thy sun is on thy side,  
‘ Gleaming upon the rocks of bending trees.  
‘ Dun from thy furze is seen the bounding roe,  
‘ Whilst the swift deer high lifts his branchy head, 275  
‘ And starts, at times ; for, he perceives the hound  
‘ Fleet as the wind along the half-swarth’d heath.  
‘ Slow, on the vale, the stately virgins move,  
‘ The white-arm’d daughters of the bending yew.  
‘ From ’midst their wand’ring locks, up to the hill 280  
‘ Their round blue eyes they lift. Not there is seen  
‘ The stride of Larthon, Inis-huna’s chief.  
‘ For on his own dark oak (that stately oak,  
‘ Which he, to bound along the roaring sea,  
‘ From Lumon cut) he mounts the briny wave 285  
‘ In Cluba’s ridgy bay. From the sad sight,  
‘ And anxious for the safety of the king,  
‘ Their eyes away th’ affrighted virgins turn :  
‘ For, ne’er before had their astonish’d eyes  
‘ A ship beheld,—dark rider of the wave !— 290

‘ Now he presumes the raging winds to call,  
‘ And with the mist of ocean mix’d to go.  
‘ In smoke blue Inis-fail, at length, arose ;  
‘ But dusky-skirted night came dimly down.  
‘ The trembling sons of woody Bolga fear’d : 295  
‘ And fiery-hair’d Ton-théna glitt’ring ’rose,  
‘ Within the bosom of its echoing woods



‘ Loud Culbin’s bay the bounding ship receiv’d.  
 ‘ *There* from Duthuma’s horrid cave, a stream  
 ‘ Forth issu’d ; where, with their half-finish’d forms,      300  
 ‘ At intervals, appear’d the gleam of ghosts.

‘ In dreams, which there on dauntless Larthon fell,  
 ‘ Seven spirits of his ancestors he saw.  
 ‘ Their half-form’d words he heard, and times to come  
 ‘ Dimly beheld. He saw great Atha’s king,      305  
 ‘ The sons of future days.—Along the field,  
 ‘ Like ridgy mist, which winds o’er Atha’s groves  
 ‘ In autumn pour, their dark’ning hosts they led.

‘ To the soft sounding lyre great Larthon rais’d  
 ‘ The hall of Samla. Forth to Erin’s roes      310  
 ‘ He went, and hunted at their wonted streams.  
 ‘ Nor did he verdant Lumon’s head forget :  
 ‘ Oft’ to the place, where from the hill of roes  
 ‘ White-háded Fláthal look’d, he o’er his seas  
 ‘ High-bounding came. Thy rising now is bright,      315  
 ‘ Lumon of foamy streams, on Fonar’s soul.’

Now, in the east awak’d the beam of morn,  
 And, capt in mist, the mountain-tops arose.  
 On ev’ry side, their grayly-winding streams  
 The vallies shew.—The sound of Cathmor’s shield      320  
 His forces heard—at once they rose around.  
 So crowds a sea, when first the wings of winds  
 It feels ; the waves, not knowing where to roll,  
 Their troubled heads in wheeling swells erect.

Then, sad and slow to Lona of the streams      325  
 Sul-malla went : she went, yet often turn’d,  
 Her blue eyes rolling in a flood of tears.—  
 But, when in thoughtful mood she to the rock,



That darkly cover'd Lona's echoing vale,  
Had come ; then she, from her full bursting soul, 330  
Look'd on the king—and sunk, at once, behind.

Son of Alpin, strike the string,  
And in concert sweetly sing.  
Does the dulcet-sounding lyre  
Aught contain of joyful fire ? 335  
On Ossian's soul it quickly pour,  
O'er which dark, vap'ry shadows lour.  
I hear thee in my night profound :  
But cease, O bard, the lightly-trembling sound.

If aught can, in his dark-brown years, 340  
To Ossian give relief ;  
It must command indulgent tears,  
And yield the joy of grief.

Green thorn abidant on the ghostly height,  
That shak'st thy tufty head to winds of night, 345  
I hear no sound in thee :—  
Contain'st thou not a cloudy ghost, that heaves  
His windy skirt, now rustling in thy leaves  
That me from grief can free ?

Oft', when the moon thick rises from the east 350  
And, like a shield, dun rolls along the sky ;  
Forth come the dead, from their dark, silent rest,  
Borne on the darkly-eddyng blasts on high.

Ullin, Carril, with your lay—  
Ryno also, come this way : 355  
Voices of the days of old !  
All your melody unfold.  
In Selma's darkness let your notes abound,  
And 'wake the soul of songs, enraptur'd with the sound.

I listen, sons of music, still in vain! 360  
What hall of clouds, does your calm rest contain?  
Where from his green-top'd waves the sun  
Forth sounding comes his race to run,  
With robes of morning-vapour made  
Touch ye the harp of airy shade ? 365

*END OF BOOK SEVENTH.*

## Temora.

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### ARGUMENT.

THE fourth morning from the opening of the poem, comes on. Fingal, still continuing in the place to which he had originally retired on the preceding night, is seen, at intervals, through the mist, which covered the rock of Cormul. The descent of the king is described. He orders Gaul, Dermid, and Carril the bard, to go to the valley of Cluna, and to conduct from thence, to the Caledonian army, Ferad-artho, the son of Cairbar, the only person remaining of the family of Conar, the first king of Ireland. The king takes the command of the army and prepares for battle. Marching towards the enemy, he comes to the cave of Lubar, where the body of Fillan lay. Upon seeing his dog Bran, who lay at the entrance of the cave, his grief returns. Cathmo, arranges the army of the Firbolg in order of battle. The appearance of that hero. The general conflict is described. The actions of Fingal and Cathmor. A storm. The total rout of the Firbolg. The two kings engage, in a column of mist, on the banks of Lubar. Their attitude and conference after the combat. The death of Cathmor. Fingal resigns the spear of Trenmor to Ossian. The ceremonies observed on that occasion. The spirit of Cathmor appears to Sul-malla in the valley of Lona. Her sorrow. Evening comes on. A feast is prepared. The coming of Ferad-artho is announced by the songs of a hundred bards. The poem closes with a speech of Fingal.

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### BOOK VIII.

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AS, when the wint'ry winds with freezing blast  
Have seiz'd the waters of the mountain-lake ;  
Have seiz'd in stormy night their rising waves,  
And cloth'd them o'er uneven with crusts of ice ;  
White to the wakeful hunters early eye  
The frost-bound billows still appear to roll :—  
[He to the sound of each unequal ridge  
His ear attentive turns. But, silent each  
Gleams to the eye, with boughs and tufts of grass

Bestrew'd, which o'er their grisly seats of frost 10  
 With tremulous motion whistle to the wind.]  
 So, tow'rd's the hill (where stood the royal chief—  
 Fingál's cloud-cover'd hill, where in his might  
 Amidst the rolling of the mist he strode,  
 Up as each warrior from his helmet look'd, 15  
 In silence to the morning's crescent light  
 The ridges of great Morven's army shone.—  
 At times, but greatly dim in all his arms,  
 The hero is beheld. The war still roll'd  
 From thought to thought along his mighty soul. 20

Forth in his matchless strength now comes the king.—  
 First, Luno's sword appear'd :—half, from a cloud,  
 Issues the spear ; the shield still dim in mist.  
 But, when with all his grisly, dewy locks  
 Abroad the stride majestic of the king 25  
 Came in the wind ; then, from his num'rous host  
 O'er ev'ry moving tribe the shouts arose.  
 With all their echoing shields and clang of arms  
 They gather'd, gleaming, 'round. So, 'round a ghost,  
 That from the squally wind in storm descends, 30  
 'Rise the green seas with angry motion tost.  
 Afar the trav'ller hears the sound, and lifts  
 Over the roaring rock his trembling head.  
 He looks upon the troubled bay, and thinks  
 He dimly-sees the form. The billows sport, 35  
 With all their backs of foam, unwieldy, 'round.

The son of Morni, Duthno's stormy race,  
 And echoing Cona's bard, far-distant stood :—  
 We stood far-distant ; each beneath his tree.  
 We shunn'd the royal eyes ; for, in the field 40  
 We had not conquer'd.—Near my silent feet  
 A streamlet roll'd. I with my waving spear

Touch'd its light wave. I touch'd it with my spear ;  
Nor there was Ossian's soul. It darkly rose,  
From thought to thought, and sent abroad the sigh. 45

' Why, son of Morni,' said the mighty king,  
' And Dermid, hunter of dun-sided roes !  
' Why, like two rocks, each with its trickling rills,  
' Appear ye dark ?—Against the chiefs of men  
' Fingál's calm soul assumes no gath'ring wrath. 50  
' Ye are my strength in war : and ye in peace  
' The kindling of my joy. My early voice,  
' When for the chase brave Fillan trim'd the bow,  
' Sweet as a gale reach'd your delighted ears.  
' But his dear son Fingál perceives not here, 55  
' Nor yet the chase of dun, swift-bounding roes.  
' Yet, why in darkness, at a distance great,  
' Should the fierce breakers of loud bucklers stand ?'

Then tow'rd's the royal presence tall they strode,  
And, turn'd to Mora's wind, the king they saw. 60  
His tears were falling for his blue-ey'd son,  
Who in the cave of streams in darkness slept.  
But he before them into brightness turn'd,  
And to the kings broad-shielded gave command.

' Forth to the sight blue Lubar's streamy roar, 65  
' Crómmal, the field of winds, with woody rocks  
' And shaded top of mist, distinctly pours.  
' Clear-winding Lavath in the silent vale,  
' Where browse the deer, behind it eddying rolls.  
' Dark in a rock is a lone, silent cave : 70  
' Above it, strong-wing'd, airy eagles dwell :  
' Before it, sound broad oaks in Cluna's wind.  
' Within, is Ferad-artho, blue-cy'd king,  
' Broad-shielded Cairbar's son, in locks of youth,

‘ From verdant Ullin of the bounding roes. 75  
 ‘ To Condan’s voice within the feeble light,  
 ‘ As gray he bends, he gives attentive heed :—  
 ‘ Attentive heed he gives ; *for*, his dark foes  
 ‘ Within Temora’s echoing halls abide.  
 ‘ At times, abroad, veil’d in the skirts of mist, 80  
 ‘ To pierce the bounding deer, he secret comes.  
 ‘ But, when the sun looks on the gleaming field,  
 ‘ Nor by the rock, nor at the stream, is he !  
 ‘ The hated race of Bolga, that abide  
 ‘ Within his father’s echoing hall, he shuns. 85  
 ‘ Inform him that Fingál now lifts the spear,  
 ‘ And that his foes ere long, perhaps, may fail.

‘ Before him, Gaul, lift up the shield ! and stretch  
 ‘ Temora’s spear, O Dermid. Sound the deeds  
 ‘ Of his forefathers, Carril, in his ear. 90  
 ‘ To green Moi-léna, to the dusky fields  
 ‘ Of shady ghosts, conduct him safe ; for there  
 ‘ Forward in battle, in the folds of war,  
 ‘ I fall.—To high Dunmora’s summit come,  
 ‘ Before dun night descends.—To Lena’s streams, 95  
 ‘ From the gray-rolling mist, your eyes direct.  
 ‘ If, over rolling Lubar’s gleaming course,  
 ‘ My waving standard *there* shall float on wind,  
 ‘ Fingal, *then*, has not fail’d in his last field.’

Such were his words : nor aught to him reply’d 100  
 The silent, striding kings.—On Erin’s host  
 Side-long they look’d, and darken’d as they went.  
 Never before amidst the stormy field  
 Left they the king.—Behind them Carril mov’d  
 With grisly locks, and touch’d at times the harp. 105  
 Aforehand he the people’s fall beheld,  
 And mournful was the sound ! ’Twas like a breeze

That comes, by fits, o'er Lego's reedy lake ;  
When on the weary hunter half descends  
The shades of sleep within his mossy cave. 110

‘ In mournful sadness o’er his secret stream  
‘ Why bends the bard of Cona ? said Fingál.  
‘ Is *this* a time for sorrow ?—*this*, for grief,  
‘ O low-laid Oscar’s father ? When the war,  
‘ When sounds of echoing shields are heard no more, 115  
‘ *Then*, be the warriors’ fall to mind recall’d :—  
‘ *Then*, o’er the flood, where blows the mountain-breeze,  
‘ In sadness bend : let them pass on thy soul,  
‘ The blue-ey’d sons of Lena of the streams.  
‘ But to fierce war, wide-tumbling, rough, and dark, 120  
‘ Rolls Erin. Lift, my Ossian, lift the shield :  
‘ For I abide, my dearest son, alone !’

As when to Inis-huna’s ship becalm’d  
Coercive comes the sudden voice of winds,  
And drives it large, dark rider of the wave, 125  
Along the deep : so, tall along the heath,  
Forth Ossian mov’d, when thus Fingál him urg’d.  
He, in the dusky wing of war, his shield  
Bright-shining lifted high. So, forward moves,  
Behind th’ unequal skirts of broken clouds, 130  
The broad, blank moon, before the storms arise.

Loud, down from moss-clad Mora, pour’d, at once,  
The broad-wing’d war. Fingál, great Morven’s king,  
Forth led his people. Waving spreads on high  
The eagle’s wing ; and on his shoulders broad 135  
His grisly hair is pour’d. His mighty strides  
In thunder move. He often stood, and saw  
The rolling armour widely gleam behind.  
A rock he seem’d, gray o’er with ice, whose woods

Are high in wind ; and from whose stately head 140  
Bright leap the streams, and spread their foam on blasts.

To Lubar's cave, where Fillan darkly slept  
Fingál now came. Bran on the broken shield  
Still lay :—on winds the eagle-wing is strew'd.  
Bright, from the wither'd furze, the hero's spear 145  
Look'd forth.—Like whirlwinds black'ning on a lake,  
Dark-rising grief then stir'd the royal soul.  
Sudden he turn'd his step, and on his spear  
Bending he lean'd :—when to Fingál's known path  
White breasted Bran came bounding, big with joy :— 150  
Bounding he came, and tow'rs the cave, where lay  
The blue-ey'd hunter dark in night, then turn'd :  
For, to the dewy bed, where slept the roe,  
He, with the early morn was wont to stride.  
'Twas then the tears big started from the king, 155  
And all his soul was dark.—But, as the wind,  
Fresh-rising, rolls away the storm of rain,  
And to the sun unveils the foaming streams  
And tops of hills with all their heads of grass :  
So the returning war Fingál's great mind 160  
Again illum'd, and all his fire return'd.  
O'er Lubar's streams he bounded on his spear,  
And struck his echoing shield. His ridgy host,  
With all their pointed steel forth bend at once.

Nor Erin heard, with fear, the sound :—along 165  
Wide-rolling they advanc'd.—From shaggy brows  
Dark Malthos, in the wing of war, looks forth.  
Hidalla next (that beam of light) arose ;  
And then Maronnan's sidelong-looking gloom.  
Blue-shielded Clonar also lifts the spear. 170  
His bushy locks upon the floating wind  
Fierce Cormar shakes.—Slow, from behind a rock



Bright rose the form of Atha in his strength.  
First, his two pointed spears, and then the half  
Of his bright-burnish'd shield, in sight appear'd. 175  
So o'er the vale of ghosts, in gloom of night  
A meteor rises. But, when all abroad  
He shone, the hosts at once plung'd into strife.  
On either side are pour'd the gleaming waves of steel.

As meet two troubled seas, with all their waves 180  
Dark-rolling, when the wings of wind in strife  
In Lumon's cliffy-sided frith they feel:—  
(Along the echoing hills the shady ghosts  
Move dim:—upon the surface of the deep,  
Amidst the foamy path of spouting whales, 185  
By the fierce blast th' uprooted groves descend :)  
So mix'd the hosts ! By turns advanc'd abroad  
Fingâl and Cathmor. In their front appears  
Dark-tumbling death: the gleam of broken steel  
Upon their steps is roll'd, whilst with loud din 190  
Th' high-bounding kings hew'd down the ridge of shields.

Across a stream in all his bulk laid large,  
Marónnan by Fingal's dread sabre fell.  
The tumbling waters gather'd by his side,  
And, o'er his white-orb'd, bossy shield, gray leapt. 195  
Clonar is pierc'd by Cathmor: nor on earth  
Yet lay the chief. A branchy oak his hair  
Seiz'd in his fall. His helmet on the ground,  
Down falling, roll'd away ; and by its thong  
Hung his broad shield, o'er which his streaming blood 200  
Was wand'ring.—Ilamin in her distant hall  
Shall weep, and strike her sadly heaving breast.  
Nor in the wing, where 'twas his part to fight,  
Was Ossian mindless of the spear. He strew'd  
The field with dead. Then, young Hidalla came. 205

‘ Soft voice of streamy Clonra! Why the steel  
‘ Dost thou presume to lift? O that we met  
‘ In thy own rushy vale, in strife of song!’  
Malthos beheld him low; and, as he rush’d  
Along, he darken’d; when in echoing strife 210  
Across a stream we tow’rds each other bend.  
Down heav’n comes rolling; and of squally winds  
The voices burst around with angry roar.  
The spacious plains and hills with fiery robes,  
At times, are cloth’d; the pealing thunder rolls 215  
In wreaths of mist. In darkness shrunk the foe.  
Aghast stood Morven’s warriors.—O’er the stream  
Still ’midst my whistling locks I bending stood.

Then ’rose Fingál’s loud voice, and of the foe  
The sound in flight. I saw, at times, the king, 220  
In lightning, darkly striding in his might.  
My echoing shield I struck, and forward hung  
Upon Alnecma’s steps: before my steel,  
As curls a wreath of smoke, is roll’d the foe.

Forth from his cloud the sun appear’d.—Then shone  
Moiléna’s hundred streams. Slow rose the mist  
In azure-columns ’gainst the glitt’ring hill.  
‘ Where are the mighty kings—the strong in arms?  
‘ Not by that stream, nor in the wood, are they!  
‘ I hear the clang of arms! Incircling mist 230  
‘ Their strife conceals.’—So in a nightly cloud,  
When for the wint’ry wings of winds they strive,  
And for the rolling of the foam-clad waves,  
In dreadful contest angry ghosts contend.

I rush’d along. Gray rose the rolling mist.— 235  
At Lubar’s stream they tall and gleaming stood.  
Against a rock lean’d Cathmor, whilst his shield

Half-fall'n receiv'd the stream, that from a moss  
 Above was leaping.—Tow'rd's him is the stride  
 Of great Fingál : he saw the hero's blood. 240  
 Slow to his side his sabre fell ; and thus,  
 Amidst his dark'ning joy, to him he spoke :

‘ Yields Borbar-duthul's race ? or, the bright spear  
 ‘ Does he still lift ? Thy name is not unheard  
 ‘ In Selma's woody hills : the green abode 245  
 ‘ Of strangers ; where it, like his desert-breeze,  
 ‘ Fingál has heard. Come to my hill of feasts :  
 ‘ *The mighty fail, at times.* To low-laid foes  
 ‘ No fire am I ; nor o'er the brave, when fall'n,  
 ‘ Do I rejoice. 'Tis mine to close the wound : 250  
 ‘ The herbs upon the hills by me are known.  
 ‘ Their full-blown heads, as by their secret streams,  
 ‘ They wav'd, I seiz'd on high. O Atha's king  
 ‘ Silent and dark art thou, the strangers' host.'

‘ By Atha of the streams a mossy rock,’ 255  
 He said, ‘ there rises : on whose craggy head  
 ‘ Are wand'ring boughs ; within, the course of winds.  
 ‘ Dark, in its face, with its own noisy rill,  
 ‘ Extends a cave,—*There* have I heard the tread  
 ‘ Of strangers passing to my hall of shells. 260  
 ‘ Joy, like a flame, rose on my soul : I blest  
 ‘ The echoing rock. Here, in my grassy vale  
 ‘ In darkness be my dwelling. Thence the breeze,  
 ‘ That blows the thistle's beard, I shall ascend ;  
 ‘ Or, down on Atha's azure-winding streams, 265  
 ‘ From its dark-wand'ring mist, with rapture look.'

‘ Of the lone, darkly tomb, why speaks the king ?  
 ‘ Ossian ! the warrior has in battle fail'd !—  
 ‘ Joy, like a stream full-flowing, meet thy soul,

‘ Cathmor, thou friend of strangers !—O my son, 270  
 ‘ I hear the call of years ; which, as they roll,  
 ‘ They take my spear along. They seem to say.  
 “ Why, in his hall, rests not Fingál ?—In blood  
 “ Delights he always? Can sad mis’ry’s tear  
 “ Still please him ?”—‘ No, ye darkly-rolling years 275  
 ‘ Him blood delights not. Tears are wintry streams  
 ‘ That waste away my soul. Then down I lie  
 ‘ To rest ;—*then*, comes the mighty *voice of war*.  
 ‘ Within my hall it ’wakes me, and aloud  
 ‘ My steel it summons.—Yet, in time to come, 280  
 ‘ Its call shall not avail. Thy father’s spear,  
 ‘ O Ossian, take thou, and it bravely wield :  
 ‘ In battle lift it, when the proud arise.

‘ My fathers, Ossian, trace my steps: their eyes  
 ‘ Feast on my deeds. To battle, on the field, 285  
 ‘ Where’er I come, their misty columns stand  
 ‘ Observant of the strife. The *weak in war*  
 ‘ Were rescu’d by my arm: the haughty found  
 ‘ My rage like wastive fire. Nor o’er the fall’n  
 ‘ Did e’er my eye rejoice.—For this, e’er long, 290  
 ‘ At the bright entrance of their airy halls,  
 ‘ With robes of light, with mildly-kindled eyes,  
 ‘ In stature tall, my fathers me shall meet.  
 ‘ But, to the proud and insolent in arms,  
 ‘ They angry shine, like darken’d moons in heav’n, 295  
 ‘ Which send the fire of night, red wand’ring o’er their face.

‘ O Trenmór, dweller of dark-eddyng winds  
 ‘ Thou sire of heroes ; I to Ossian give  
 ‘ Thy deathful spear ; now let thine eye rejoice.  
 ‘ Bright, from between thy op’ning clouds, at times, 300  
 ‘ Thee have I seen :—so to my son appear,  
 ‘ When he to lift the spear must move in might.

‘ Then (though thou now art but a vap’ry blast)  
 ‘ Shall he thy mighty deeds to mind recall.’

The spear he then surrender’d to my hand, 305  
 And rais’d, at once, a stone on high, to speak,  
 With its gray head of moss, to future times.  
 Beneath, in earth, he plac’d a sword, and from  
 His shield one gleaming boss. Awhile, in thought  
 He darkly bends: at length, came forth his words: 310

‘ When thou, O stone, at last shall moulder down,  
 ‘ And lose thyself amidst the moss of years;  
 ‘ Then shall the silent, wand’ring trav’ller come,  
 ‘ And whistling pass away. That martial fame  
 ‘ Once on Moi-lena shone, O wand’rer weak, 315  
 ‘ By thee is not perceiv’d. Fingál his spear  
 ‘ *Here*, after the last of his dark fields, resign’d.  
 ‘ Pass on, thou empty shade; for, in thy voice  
 ‘ Renown there is not.—By some peaceful stream  
 ‘ Is thy abode.—Yet a few, fleeting years 320  
 ‘ And thou art gone. Thou dweller in thick mist,  
 ‘ Thee none remembers. But a beam of light  
 ‘ Fingál with fame to other times shall shine:  
 ‘ For he, to save the weak in arms, went forth  
 ‘ In echoing steel amongst the strong in war.’ 325

To Lubar’s sounding oak, where from its rock  
 Above the lucid-tumbling stream it bent;  
 Bright’ning in fame, most stately strode the king.  
 Beneath it is a narrow plain, where sounds  
 The fountain of the rock. *Here*, on the wind 330  
 Its waving wreaths great Morven’s standard pour’d  
 Conspicuous, marking Férad-ártho’s path  
 From his secreted vale of lone retreat.  
 Bright, from his parted west, the sun of heav’n

Spread his wide rays. The hero saw his hosts 335  
 And heard their shouts of joy ; whilst to the beam  
 They glitt'ring mov'd in broken ridges 'round.  
 Joy seiz'd the king ; as in his own green vale  
 A hunter joys, when, after the black storm  
 Is roll'd away, the gleaming rocks he sees. 340  
 Within their face green shakes the thorn its head,  
 And the dun roes look forward from their top.

Gray, at his mossy cave, the aged form  
 Of Clonmal bends. His eyes had fail'd. He lean'd  
 Forward upon his staff.—Bright in her locks, 345  
 Before the bard, Sul-málla heard the tale,  
*The tale* of Atha's kings in days of old.  
 The noise of strife had ceased in his ear :  
 He stop'd at once—and rais'd the secret sigh.—  
 Over his soul the spirits of the dead, 350  
 They said, oft' lighten'd.—'Neath his bending tree,  
 The bard beheld the king of Atha low.

‘ Why art thou dark ? (in wonder said the maid)  
 ‘ The strife of arms is past :—soon to thy cave,  
 ‘ Across thy winding streams shall he return. 355  
 ‘ Bright from the western rocks with glitt'ring rays  
 ‘ Down looks the sun, and marshy mists arise.  
 ‘ Gray on that hill, that rushy hill, where roes  
 ‘ Are feeding, they expand,—Soon shall my king  
 ‘ From their dusk shade appear !—Behold he comes 360  
 ‘ Bright in his arms !—To Clonmal's secret cave  
 ‘ My best beloved, speed thy welcome way !’

'Twas Cathmor's ghost ; a large and gleaming form  
 Wide-stalking.—By the hollow-murm'ring stream,  
 That roar'd between the hills, he, gliding, sunk.— 365  
 ‘ 'Twas but the hunter,' then the virgin said,

‘ Searching the bed, where rests the dark-brown roe.  
‘ *He* strides not forth to war ; but with the night  
‘ His happy spouse expects his sure return :—  
‘ And back again he, whistling, soon will come, 370  
‘ Rough with the plunder of the dark-brown hinds.’

Attentive, to the hill her eyes are turn’d :  
Again she saw the stately form descend.  
Joyful she rose—but he retir’d in mist.  
His limbs of vapour vanish by degrees, 375  
And viewless mix in mass with mountain-wind,—  
’Twas then she knew that her lov’d hero fell !  
‘ O king of Erin, art thou low !’ she cry’d—  
But her lorn grief let Ossian now forget—  
Knawing it wastes the fading soul of age. 380

Down on *Moi-léna*, with its dusky shade,  
Then evening came. The streamlets of the land  
Gray roll’d. *Fingál’s* loud voice came on the breeze.  
The beam of oaks arose. The people ’round  
Gather’d with gladness, gladness mix’d with shades. 385  
Perceptive of his yet unfinish’d joy,  
They side-long looked to the royal chief :  
For, from the desert-way, with grateful sound  
The voice of music came. It seem’d, at first,  
A noisy stream far distant on its rocks,— 390  
Slow, like the ruffled pinion of a breeze  
In the still time of night, when from the rocks  
The tufted beard it takes ; it roll’d along the hill.  
’Twas the sweet melody of *Condán’s* voice,  
In concert mixt with *Carril’s* trembling lyre. 395  
To echoing *Mora* of the chrystal streams,  
The bards with blue-ey’d *Ferad-artho* came,

At once, melodious from our tuneful bards  
Then burst the song, on *Lena*. ’Midst the sound



The people struck their shields. Then, bright'ning 'rose  
 The orient beam of gladness on the king.  
 Such is the splendor of the genial beam,  
 In days of clouds, upon the verdant hill,  
 When warm it darts, before the roar of winds.—  
 Sudden he struck the bossy shield of kings, 405  
 And, at the sound, at once around they cease.  
 Then, towards the voice of their own native land  
 The people forward, from their jav'lines, lean.

‘ The feast,’ he said, ‘ ye sons of Morven spread ;  
 ‘ And sweetly send away the night in song. 410  
 ‘ Around me ye have shone : and now away  
 ‘ Is roll'd the turbid storm.—Like windy rocks,  
 ‘ From which (when forth to fame I dauntless rush,  
 ‘ And seize it on its field) my eagle-wings  
 ‘ Majestic I expand ; my people stand. 415  
 ‘ Fingál's bright spear, my Ossian, now is thine :  
 ‘ 'Twas no small, puerile staff, with which a boy  
 ‘ The thistle strews, young wand'rer of the field.  
 ‘ No : 'tis the lance of heroes great in might,  
 ‘ With which they forward stretch their hands to death. 420  
 ‘ Look up to thy forefathers :—they, my son,  
 ‘ To thee are glitt'ring beams, replete with awe.—  
 ‘ To green Temora's widely-echoing halls  
 ‘ With morning forth young Ferad-artho lead.  
 ‘ Remind him of green Erin's royal race— 425  
 ‘ The stately forms of old. Nor let the fall'n  
 ‘ Thy mem'ry slip : strong were they in the field.  
 ‘ That in their shadowy mist the kings may joy,  
 ‘ In solemn dirge let Carril pour his song.  
 ‘ To-morrow, hence to Selma's shaded walls, 430  
 ‘ Where, winding through the lone retreat of roes,  
 ‘ Duthula streams ; my bending sails I spread.’

*END OF TEMORA.*



# Cathlin of Clutha :

## A POEM.

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### ARGUMENT.

AN address to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar. The poet relates the arrival of Cathlin in Selma, to solicit aid against Duth-carmor of Clutha, who had killed Cathmol, for the sake of his daughter Lanul. Fingal, declining to make a choice among his heroes, who are all claiming the command of the expedition: they retired each to his hill of ghosts; to be determined by dreams. The spirit of Trenmor appears to Ossian and Oscar: they sail from the bay of Carmono, and on the fourth day appear off the valley of Rath-col, in Inis-huna, where Duth-carmor had fixed his residence. Ossian dispatches a bard to Duth-carmor to demand battle. Night comes on. The distress of Cathlin and Clutha. Ossian devolves the command on Oscar, who, according to the custom of the kings of Morven, before battle, retired to a neighbouring hill. Upon the coming on of day, the battle joins. Oscar and Duth-carmor meet. The latter falls. Oscar carries the mail and helmet of Duth-carmor to Cathlin, who had retired from the field. Cathlin is discovered to be the daughter of Cathmol, in disguise, who had been carried off, by force, by, and made her escape from, Duth-carmor.

COME, thou fair beam, that dwell'st in solitude,  
From watching in the night! Around thee roar  
The squally winds from all their echoing hills.  
Red, o'er my hundred currents are the paths  
Light-cover'd of the dead.—On eddying winds 5  
They in the silent time of night rejoice.  
Say—dwells there no delight in tuneful song,  
White hand of Lutha's harps?—Of the sweet string  
Awake the voice, and roll my soul to me.  
It is a stream, though mighty once in course, 10  
That now has fail'd. Malvina, pour the song.

Thée, from thy darkness, I in Selma hear,  
 Thou that by night in solitude abid'st!  
 Why, fairest beam, from Ossian's failing soul  
 Didst thou withhold the song? As falls the brook 15  
 With grateful murmurs to the hunter's ear  
 (Descending from his tempest-cover'd hill),  
 And in a sun-beam rolls its echoing stream:  
 (He gladly hears, and shakes his dewy locks):  
 Such to the friend of ghosts of heroes dead, 20  
 Is Lutha's voice. High beats my swelling breast,  
 And back upon the seasons past I look.—  
 From the lone watch of night come, lovely beam!

The bounding ship, one day, with bending sails  
 In dark Carmona's echoing bay we saw. 25  
 On high, a shield in pieces we discern'd;  
 'Twas mark'd with wand'ring blood. A youth in arms  
 Forward advanc'd, and stretch'd his pointless spear.  
 Long and dishevell'd, o'er his tearful eyes,  
 Hung his disorder'd locks.—Fingál to him 30  
 In sounding Selma gave the shell of kings;  
 And thus the language of the stranger 'rose:

' Low, by the winding of his own dark streams,  
 ' Cathmol of Clutha lies within his hall.  
 ' Duth-cármor on white-bosom'd Lánul look'd, 35  
 ' And pierc'd her father's side. 'Twas when my steps  
 ' Were in the rushy desert. He by night  
 ' In secret fled. His father to revenge,  
 ' Thy aid to Cathlin give.—Not as a beam  
 ' In a dark land of clouds have I thee sought. 40  
 ' Clear is thy name :—as beams that circling sun,  
 ' Art thou, O king of echoing Selma known.'

'Round, at the words, look'd Selma's mighty king,  
 And in his presence we in arms arose.  
 But, who should lift the shield? For, all had claim'd 45  
 The honour of the war.—Down came the night.—  
 We silent strode, each to his hill of ghosts,  
 That spirits, in our dreams, with light approach  
 On us might fall, to mark us for the field.

We struck the shield invocant of the dead, 50  
 And rais'd the hum of songs. Our fathers' ghosts  
 We thrice invok'd, and laid us down in dreams.  
 Before mine eyes the form of other years,  
 Tall Trenmor came.—In half-distinguish'd rows  
 His gliding forces blue behind him mov'd. 55  
 Scarcely beheld is their dim strife in mist,  
 Or their exertions, stretching forth to deaths.  
 My ear I lent, yet still no sound was there,  
 Nor signal giv'n. Their forms were empty wind.

Then from the dream of ghosts I starting 'rose, 60  
 And on a sudden blast my whistling hair  
 Wild-waving flew.—Low-sounding, in the oak,  
 Is the departure of the airy dead.  
 I from its bough my shield of bosses took,  
 And onward came the rattling sound of steel. 65  
 'Twas Oscar of Lego. He his sires had seen.

' As on the bosom of whit'ning waves,' he cry'd,  
 ' Forth goes the rushing blast; so, to the place  
 ' Where dwell the foes, with warlike ardour fir'd,  
 ' Careless my course through ocean's waves I'll take. 70  
 ' I, O my father, have the dead beheld.  
 ' My beating soul is high. Before me bright  
 ' My fame is shining forth, as on a cloud  
 ' The streak of light, when forth with all its rays  
 ' Comes the broad sun, red trav'ller of the sky.' 75

‘ Grandson of Branno, not alone,’ I said,  
 ‘ Shall Oscar meet the foe. I forward rush  
 ‘ Through ocean to the groves, where heroes dwell.  
 ‘ Let us, my son, like eagles from one rock,  
 ‘ When their broad wings against the stream of winds      80  
 ‘ With all their strength they lift ; united strive.’

Our spreading sails we in Carmóna rais’d,  
 And from three ships my shield upon the wave  
 They march’d ; as on Ton-théna’s nightly eye,  
 That wand’rer red between the clouds, I look’d.      85  
 Four days abroad quick-rushing came the breeze  
 And high in mist came forward Lumon’s hills.  
 In rustling winds high-wav’d its hundred groves,  
 And sun-beams mark’d, at times, its dark-brown side.  
 White leap’d with force impetuous down their cliffs,      90  
 From all its echoing rocks, the foamy streams.

Embosom’d in the hills, in silence winds,  
 With its blue stream, a field of matted green.  
*Here*, ’midst the waving oaks, high-tow’ring rose  
 The dwelling of kings of old. But, its abode,      95  
 For many a dark-brown year, had *silence* made,  
 In grassy Rath-col : for, the warlike race,  
 Along the pleasant vale, had fail’d entire.  
 With all his people, here Duth-carmor was,  
 Dark-rider of the wave. Her fiery head      100  
 Ton-théna had enveiled in the sky.  
 His sails white-bosom’d close he furl’d, and went  
 To Rath-col’s hills, the seats of bounding roes.

We came. And, straight, to fight to call the foe,  
 I sent the bard with songs. Him with delight      105  
 Duth-carmor heard. A beam of raging fire  
 Was the king’s soul : a beam of fire, with smoke

Mark'd, rushing, varied, through the gloom of night.  
Though strong his arm, dark were Duth-carmor's deeds.

Night came umbrageous with its gath'ring clouds, 110  
And by the flaming oak on earth we sat :  
Cáthlin of Clutha at a distance stood:—  
I saw the changing of the stranger's soul.  
As shadows fly across the field of grass,  
So various are the shades in Cáthlin's cheek. 115  
'Twas fair, in locks, that rose on Rath-col's wind.  
Nor did I with my words, amidst his soul,  
Abruptly rush. I bade the song to rise.

' Oscar of Légo, on the secret hill,  
' Be thine,' I said, ' to-night to strike the shield, 120  
' Like Morven's kings. For, thou, with orient day,  
' Shalt lead in war. Thee, Oscar, from my rock,  
' A dreadful form high-rising up in fight,  
' As ghosts appear amidst the storms they raise,  
' I shall, amidst the rage of war; behold. 125  
' Why should my eyes to the dim times of old  
' Return, ere yet the song had bursten forth,  
' Sudden as rise the winds? But mighty deeds  
' Do mark past years. As to Ton-théna's beams  
' The nightly rider of waves looks up; let us 130  
' To Trenmor sire of kings, our eyes now turn.'

Wide, in Carácha's echoing field, his tribes  
Had Carmal pour'd. They, like a dark ridge of waves,  
Appear'd; whilst on their face the gray-hair'd bards  
Like moving foam appear'd. The growing strife 135  
With their red-rolling eyes they kindl'd 'round.  
Nor did the dwellers of rocks there move alone :  
A son of Loda was there; a secret voice  
In his dark land, to call the ghosts from high.

He on his hill, amidst a leafless grove, 140  
 Had dwelt in Lochlin. Near, five pond'rous stones  
 Lifted their heads. Loud-roar'd his rushing stream.  
 He, when red meteors mark'd their nightly wings,  
 When the broad moon in sable garb was roll'd  
 Behind her hill ; oft' rais'd his voice to winds. 145

Nor sighted or unheard of ghosts was he !  
 They with the sound of vult'rine pinions came :  
 And the success of raging battle turn'd  
 In roaring fields, before the kings of men.

But, Trenmor they from battle did not turn :— 150  
 Forward he drew the strife of troubled war ;  
 Whilst in its skirts of darkness, like a light  
 Bright-rising, Tráthal shone. 'Twas dark around:  
 And Loda's son pour'd forth his signs on night.  
 Nor, son of other lands, before thee were the weak ! 155

Then rose the strife of the contending kings,  
 About the hill of night ; yet it was soft  
 As zeph'rous move two summer-gales oppos'd,  
 Their wings of lightness shaking on a lake.  
 Great Trenmor yielded to his valiant son ; 160  
 For, forth the fame of the young king had gone.  
 Before his father mighty Tráthal came,  
 And, in Carácha echoing, fail'd the foes.  
 Past years, my son, are mark'd with mighty deeds.

\* \* \* \* \*

In clouds arose the eastern light. In arms 165  
 Forth came the foe, and, like the roar of streams,  
 The strife is mix'd at Rath-col. *Here*, behold  
 The kings contending !—Near the oak they meet :—  
 In gleams of steel their dusky forms are lost.

So, glitt'ring meteors, in a vale by night, 170  
 Joint-gleaming meet : red light is scatter'd 'round,  
 And men foresee the storm.—Now, low in blood  
 Duth-cármor lies. For, by his might prevail'd  
 The son of Ossian. Harmless he was not  
 In battle, O Malvina, hand of harps ! 175

Nor in the field of strife were Cathlin's steps :  
 But, by a secret stream the stranger stands,  
 Where Rathmor's foam beskirts the mossy stones.  
 Above, o'erhanging bends the branchy birch,  
 And strews its leaves on winds. Th' inverted spear 180  
 Of pensive Cathlin touch'd, at times, the stream.  
 Duth-cármor's mail victorious Oscar brought ;  
 His helmet also with its eagle wing.  
 Them he before the Royal stranger plac'd.  
 The trophies gain'd, and thus his words were heard : 185

‘ Thy fathers’ foes have fail’d. They low are laid  
 ‘ Within the field of ghosts.—Like a fresh gale  
 ‘ Renown returns to Morven.—Clutha’s chief,  
 ‘ Why art thou dark ? Is there now cause for woe ?’

‘ O son of Ossian of sweet-sounding lyres, 190  
 ‘ My soul is darkly sad.’ The stranger said.  
 ‘ The arms of Cathmol, which he rais’d in war,  
 ‘ Are now before mine eyes. Take Cathlin’s mail,  
 ‘ And (that the hapless, in thy distant land,  
 ‘ Thou may’st hereafter on thy mem’ry bear) 195  
 ‘ In Selma’s sounding hall suspend it high.’

Down from white breasts then came the sparkling mail.  
 It was the race of kings ; at Clutha’s streams  
 Cáthmol’s soft-handed daughter.—In the hall  
 Duth-cármor saw her bright. To Clutha’s vale 200

He came by night. Brave Cathmol, clad in arms,  
Him met in battle, but the warrior fell.

Three days the foe, then, with the virgin dwelt;  
And on the fourth in arms array'd she fled.

For, in her mind the race of warlike kings 205  
She mournful bore, and felt her bursting soul.

Why, maid of Toscar of Lutha, should I tell  
How Cáthlin fail'd? Lone in a distant land  
At rushy Lumon is her silent tomb.

Near it Sulmálla, in the days of grief, 210

Retir'd, and for the daughter of strangers oft'

Rais'd the soft song, and touch'd the mournful lyre.

Come from the watch of night, Malvina, lonely beam,

*END OF CATHLIN OF CLUTHA.*



# Sul-malla of Lumon ;

## A POEM.

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### ARGUMENT.

THIS poem, which, properly speaking, is a continuation of the last, opens with an address to Sul-malla, the daughter of the king of Inis-huna, whom Ossian met at the chase, as he returned from the battle of Rath-col. Sul-malla invites Ossian and Oscar to a feast, at the residence of her father, who was then absent in the wars. Upon hearing their name and family, she relates an expedition of Iingal into Inis-huna. She casually mentioning Cathmor, chief of Atha (who then assisted her father against his enemies) Ossian introduces the episode of Culgorm and Suran-dronlo, two Scandinavian kings, in whose wars Ossian himself and Cathmor were engaged on opposite sides. The story is imperfect, a part of the original being lost. Ossian, warned, in a dream, by the ghost of Trenmor, sets sail from Inis-huna.

WHO, at the roaring of the foaming waves  
So stately moves on Lumon ? On her breast  
Fair-heaving falls her hair ; and from behind,  
White is her arm, as slow she bends the bow.—  
Why like a meteor through a cloudy field, 5  
Dost thou in deserts wander ? Far apart  
The tender roes are panting by their rocks.  
Thou daughter of kings return, for near at hand  
Is sable night with all its falling clouds.

It was the tender branch at Lumon rear'd 10  
Sul-malla of blue eyes !—She from her rock,  
To bid us to her feast, her bard had sent.  
Amidst the song, in Connor's echoing hall,

Ourselves we plac'd. Upon the trembling strings  
 White mov'd Sul-malla's hands. Amidst the sound 15  
 Half heard the name of Atha's king arose—  
 Of him, who in the fight of her own land  
 Of verdant hills and groves, had not appear'd.  
 Nor absent was he from her pensive soul,  
 But 'midst her secret thoughts by night he came: 20  
 In, from the sky with its bright, fiery rays,  
 Ton-thena look'd, and saw her tossing arms.

The sound of shells had ceas'd. Amidst long locks  
 Sul-malla rose.—With bending eyes she spoke;  
 And ask'd us of our journey through the seas: 25  
 ' For of the kings of men,' she said, ' are ye,  
 ' Tall riders of the wave !'—Then I reply'd;  
 ' Nor at his distant, rolling, noisy streams  
 ' Unknown is he—the father of our race.  
 ' To Cluba also brave Fingál's great fame 30  
 ' O blue-ey'd, royal daughter has arriv'd.  
 ' Nor, only on the banks of Cona's stream  
 ' Is Ossian's name, and that of Oscar known.  
 ' Foes trembl'd at our voice, and shrunk in other land.'

' Nor is the shield of Morven's mighty king 35  
 ' Unnotic'd by Sul-malla,' said the maid.  
 ' In Connor's hall, in mem'ry of the past;  
 ' When in the days of other years, Fingál  
 ' To Cluba came; aloft large orb'd it hangs.  
 ' In his retreat, amidst his rocks and woods, 40  
 ' Loud roar'd Culdarmi's boar. And, in pursuit,  
 ' Her youths sent Inis-huna, but they fail'd;  
 ' And over tombs in tears the virgins wept.  
 ' Yet to Culdarnu careless went the king,  
 ' And roll'd upon his spear the strength of woods 45  
 " In his large locks," ' they said, " he bright appear'd,

“ The first of mortal men. Nor were his words  
 “ Heard at the feast.—As from the wand’ring sun  
 “ The rolling vapour winds its utmost way,  
 “ From his great soul of fire his actions pass’d. 50  
 “ Nor inobservant on his stately steps  
 “ Did the blue eyes of woody Cluba look.  
 “ Amidst their thoughts in slumbers of the night  
 “ In albid breasts the king of Selma rose.”—  
 “ But to the sounding valleys of his roes 55  
 “ Away the winds the bounding stranger bore.  
 “ Nor like a meteor sunk within a cloud  
 “ Obscure, was he to other nations lost.  
 “ Forth, to the distant dwellings of fierce foes,  
 “ At times, in all his lustre, still he came. 60  
 “ Loud as the sound of winds, to Cluba’s vale  
 “ Of groves and forests vast, came his renown.

“ But now in Cluba of sweet, warbling lyres  
 “ Thick darkness dwells. And, far remov’d from hence,  
 “ Abides the race of kings.—To war are gone 65  
 “ Connor of spears ; and Lormor king of streams.  
 “ Nor darken they alone ; from other lands  
 “ A beam is nigh, the troubler of the field,  
 “ The friend of strangers, that in Atha reigns.  
 “ High, from their misty hill, the azure eyes 70  
 “ Of Erin’s maids look forth : for far away  
 “ Is he—young dweller of their anxious souls.  
 “ Nor, O ye hands of Erin white as snow !  
 “ Unhurtful is he in the skirts of war.  
 “ For, in his distant field, bright gleaming he 75  
 “ Ten thousand foes at once before him rolls.

“ Not unobserv’d by Ossian, I reply’d,  
 “ Rush’d Cathmor from his streams, when all his strength  
 “ He on I-thorno, isle of many waves,

‘ Pour’d like a flood. Two kings in angry strife 80  
 ‘ The fierce Culgorm and Suran-dronlo met  
 ‘ In green I-thorno’s groves : each from his isle  
 ‘ Of sounding streams, stern hunters of the boar !

‘ A boar, beside a foamy stream, they met—  
 ‘ Each pierc’d it with his spear.—And, for the fame 85  
 ‘ Of the great deed, these mighty warriors strove,  
 ‘ And gloomy battle rose.—Their father’s friends  
 ‘ To summon forth in sounding arms enmail’d,  
 ‘ A broken spear, with streaming crimson stain’d,  
 ‘ From isle to isle they as a token sent. 90  
 ‘ From echoing Bolga blooming Cathmor came  
 ‘ To Culgorm, red-ey’d king :—I came as aid  
 ‘ To Suran-dronlo, in his land of boars.

‘ We rush’d on either side a stream, that roar’d  
 ‘ Across a blasted heath. Large, broken rocks, 95  
 ‘ With all their bending trees, high rang’d around,  
 ‘ Of Loda’s worship with the stone of pow’r,  
 ‘ Two circles neighb’ring stand : where with the night,  
 ‘ In dark-red streams of fire down spirits come.  
 ‘ *There*, mixed with the murmur of the floods, 100  
 ‘ The voices hoarse of aged men arose.  
 ‘ These “ forms of night ” they call’d, and, by their pray’r  
 ‘ Invok’d they came ; to aid them in their war.

‘ I, with my people, where the foamy stream  
 ‘ Fell from the craggy cliffs, regardless stood, 105  
 ‘ Red from the mountains mov’d the sickly moon  
 ‘ And in the dusk my song, at times, arose.  
 ‘ Dark on the other side, my rising voice  
 ‘ Young Cathmor heard ; for he, beneath the oak,  
 ‘ In all the splendor of his armour lay. ; 110  
 ‘ Bright morn arose, and we to battle rush’d,

' From wing to wing in raging strife enroll'd.  
 ' As yieldant fall beneath autumnal winds  
 ' The slender thistle's bearded head ; they fell.

' Then came in armour forth a stately form ; 115  
 ' And with the king my strokes of might I mix'd,  
 ' By turns our large and bossy shields were pierc'd,  
 ' And loud-rebounding rung our steely mails.  
 ' Soon to the ground his crested helmet fell,  
 ' And brightly shone the foe ! Two pleasant flames 120  
 ' His eyes between his wand'ring locks appear'd.  
 ' I knew the king of Atha, and on earth  
 ' Threw down my spear. Then dark, away we turn'd,  
 ' And silent pass'd to mix with other foes.

' Yet, not so pass'd the angry, striving kings. 125  
 ' As when ghosts meet in the dark wing of winds,  
 ' In wrath oppos'd ; in echoing fray they mix'd.  
 ' Through either breast the pointed jav'lin rush'd  
 ' Nor prostrate yet on earth were laid the foes.  
 ' A rock receiv'd their fall, and half reclin'd 130  
 ' In death they lay. The lock of his fierce foe  
 ' Each held ; and grimly seem'd to roll his eyes.  
 ' The stream forth issuing from the neighb'ring rock  
 ' Leap'd on their shields, and mix'd below with blood.

' The fight ceas'd in I-thorno ; and in peace 135  
 ' The strangers met,—From Atha of the streams  
 ' Cathmor the brave, and Ossian king of lyres.  
 ' We plac'd the dead in earth.—By Runar's bay  
 ' Our course we steer'd : when with the bounding boat,  
 ' Far, on the surf advanc'd a ridgy wave. 140  
 ' Dark was the rider of the rolling seas ;  
 ' But, like a ray forth darting from the sun,  
 ' In Stromlo's rolling smoke of folds intense

‘ With chearing beam, a flame of light was there.  
 ‘ It was the fair of Suran-dronlo sprung, 145  
 ‘ Wild in her brighten’d looks. Amidst her locks  
 ‘ Of auburn bright, her eyes were wand’ring flames.  
 ‘ Forth with the spear her verging arm appears  
 ‘ White as the snow ; and her high-heaving breast,  
 ‘ White as the foam of waves that rise, by turns, 150  
 ‘ ‘Midst promontorial rocks ; appears to view.  
 ‘ Pleasing but dreadful are those rising cliffs,  
 ‘ And to the winds, for aid, the sailors call :’

“ Ye dwellers of great Loda ! hither come !  
 “ Haste Carchar ! Pale amidst dark-rolling clouds ! 155  
 “ Sluthmor ! That strid’st in airy halls approach !  
 “ Corchtur ! Terrific in the blust’ring gales !  
 “ Now from his suppliant daughter’s vengeful spear  
 “ The foes of Suran-dronlo quick receive.”

‘ No shadow, at his roaring streams was I, 160  
 ‘ Nor yet a mildly-looking form was he !  
 ‘ When up his spear he took, the gorgeful hawks  
 ‘ Their sounding pinions shook ; for ‘round the steps  
 ‘ Of dark-ey’d Suran-dronlo crimson stream’d.

‘ No harmless beam, to glitter on his streams 165  
 ‘ Me he did light.—Like meteors clear I shone,  
 ‘ And blasted Suran-dronlo’s mighty foes.’—\* \* \* \* \*

The praise of Cathmor of resounding shields  
 Not unconcern’d the fair Sul-malla heard.  
 He, like a fire in secret heath conceal’d, 170  
 Sudden awaking at the voiceful blast,  
 And spreading wide its beam : her soul illum’d.  
 Like the soft murmur of a summer breeze,  
 When up it lifts the bending heads of flow’rs,

And curls the lucid lakes and silver streams, 175  
In song, away the royal daughter went.

By night a dream to Ossian came—the shade  
Of Trenmor shapeless stood. The dusky shield  
On Selma's streamy rock he seem'd to strike.  
Directly in my rattling arms I rose : 180  
For I perceiv'd that raging war was near.  
Our bending sails before the winds were spread  
When to the morn its waters Lumon shew'd.  
Come from the watch of night, Malvina, lonely beam.

*END OF SUL-MALLA OF LUMON.*

# Cath-Loda;

## A POEM.

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### ARGUMENT.

FINGAL, in one of his voyages to the Orkney islands, was driven, by stress of weather, into a bay of Scandinavia, near the residence of Starno, king of Lochlin. Starno invites Fingal to a feast. Fingal, doubting the faith of the king, and mindful of his former breach of hospitality (Fingal, B. III.) refuses to go. Starno gathers together his tribes; Fingal resolves to defend himself. Night coming on, Duth-maruno proposes to Fingal to observe the motions of the enemy. The king himself undertakes the watch. Advancing towards the enemy, he accidentally comes to the cave of Turthor, where Starno had confined Comban-carglas, the captive daughter of a neighbouring chief. Her story is imperfect, a part of the original being lost. Fingal comes to a place of worship, where Starno, and his son Swaran, consulted the spirit of Loda, concerning the issue of the war. The rencounter of Fingal and Swaran. The Duan concludes with a description of the airy hall of Cruthloda, supposed to be the Odin of Scandinavia.

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### DUAN I.

---

AN ancient tale ! Why, wanderer unscen,  
That bend'st green Loda's thistle-why my ear  
Hast thou, O breeze of the green valley, left ?  
No distant roar of streams, nor lyral sound  
Hear I soft trembling from the silent rocks !  
Come thou sweet huntress of fair Lutha's plains,  
And to the bard his absent soul restore.



To Lochlin's lakes, to the dark, ridgy bay  
 Of blue U-thorno, where from ocean's waves  
 Down from the roar of winds Fingál approach'd ; 10  
 Forward I look.—But in a land unknown,  
 Few are the heroes of Morvenian race !  
 To give Fingál a welcome to the feast,  
 A dweller of Loda the wrathful Starno sent :

Fingál refus'd : for past transactions came 15  
 Fresh to his mind, and all his rage arose.

‘ Nor Gormal's mossy tow'rs,' the chief reply'd,  
 ‘ Nor Starno shall Fingál indeed behold.  
 ‘ Death's multiform along his fiery soul  
 ‘ Wander like shadows. Don't I bear in mind 20  
 ‘ That beam of light, that once at Gormal shone—  
 ‘ The fair daughter of kings with hands of snow ?  
 ‘ Go, son of Loda ; and to Starno say :  
 ‘ To fam'd Fingál his words are merely blasts—  
 ‘ Blasts, that alone, by rolling too and fro, 25  
 ‘ Turmoils the thistles in autumnal vales.

‘ Dark Duth-maruno, steady arm of death !  
 ‘ And swarthy Cromma-glass of iron shields !  
 ‘ And Struthmor too, dweller of battle's wing !  
 ‘ Cormar expert ! Whose azure-bosom'd ships, 30  
 ‘ Carless as on dark-streaming, angry clouds  
 ‘ The meteor makes its way ; bound on the seas !  
 ‘ Children of heroes ! in a land unknown,  
 ‘ With all your wonted might around me 'rise.  
 ‘ Let each, like Trenmor, ruler of dread war, 35  
 ‘ Look on his shield. Come down,' still said the King,  
 ‘ Thou youthful dweller 'midst the trembling lyres  
 ‘ This stream away thou by thy might shalt roll,  
 ‘ Or with me dwell embosom'd in cold earth.'

At once, in wrath they all around him 'rose ; 40  
 No words came forth :—they seiz'd their beaming spears.  
 Into itself each soul is darkly roll'd.  
 At length aloud the sudden clang is wak'd  
 On all their echoing shields. Each took his hill,  
 By night—at intervals, they darkly stood. 45  
 Unequal burst, between the roaring winds,  
 The hum of songs. Broad o'er them rose the moon,  
 Tall in his armour Duth-maruno stood,  
 He that from rocky Croma-charn had come,  
 Stern hunter of the boar.—In his dark boat 50  
 On waves he rose, when all its tow'ring groves  
 Crumthormoth wak'd. Amongst his foes he shone,  
 Upon the mountain stately in the chase ;  
 Nor was, O Duth-maruno, cow'drice thine.

' Forward by night, O Comhal's son,' he said, 55  
 ' My steps shall be. From this dark, orb'd shield  
 ' Over their gleaming tribes them I shall view.  
 ' Before me, is dark Starno, king of lakes,  
 ' And Swaran, foe of strangers.—Nor in vain  
 ' By Loda's stone of pow'r their words are heard. 60  
 ' If Duth-maruno should no more return,  
 ' His distant spouse is lonely at her home ;  
 ' Were with loud roar on Crathmo-craulo's plain  
 ' Two streams their waters mix.—Around are hills  
 ' With woods o'erhung, and ocean neighb'ring rolls. 65  
 ' My son, young wand'rer of the marshy field  
 ' On screaming sea-fowl looks. A boar's rough head  
 ' Give to Can-dona, and his father's joy  
 ' To him relate, when on his lifted spear  
 ' The bristly strength of loud I-thorno roll'd.' 70

' Not heedless of my fathers,' said Fingál,  
 ' O'er ridgy seas my bounding course has been ;

' Their's were the times of dangers, long ago ;  
 ' Nor though I'm young amidst my spreading locks,  
 ' Does darkness on me grow before the foes, 75  
 ' O chief of Crathmo-craulo, courage take—  
 ' The field of night, ere long, will be my own !

Wide-bounding then o'er Turthor's echoing stream  
 That sent, by night, through Gormal's misty vale,  
 Its sullen roar : he rush'd in all his arms. 80  
 Upon a rock a glitt'ring moon-beam shone,  
 And, in the midst. appear'd a stately form :  
 A form mith floating locks, like Lochlin's maid  
 With bosom white. Unequal are her steps,  
 And short :—she throws on wind a broken song. 85  
 At times she tosses wide her snow-white arms,  
 For grief corrosive in her soul abides.

' O Torcul-torno of hoar locks !' she said,  
 ' Where now, by Lulan, are thy aged steps ?  
 ' With steps unequal at thine own dark streams, 90  
 ' O Conban-carglas' father, thou hast fail'd !  
 ' But, when dark-skirted night along the sky  
 ' Is dusky pour'd : then Lulan's aged chief !  
 ' By Loda's hall, thee sporting I behold.'

' The moon, sometimes, thou hidest with thy shield ;  
 ' For dim in heav'n have I her brightness seen.  
 ' Thou into meteors kindlest thy grey hair,  
 ' And dreadful sail'st along the noon of night.  
 ' O king of shaggy boars, why in my cave  
 ' Dwell I forgotten ?—Down from Loda's hall 100  
 ' On lonely Conban-carglas cast thy eye !'

' Who art thou,' said Fingál, ' thou voice of night ?'—  
 Affrighted, she in tremors turn'd away.

‘ Who art thou, in thy darkness ?’ still he said.  
 But she, still trembling, shrunk into the cave. 105  
 From her fair hands the king untied the thong,  
 And of her fathers urg’d the fair to tell.

‘ At Lulan’s foamy stream once dwelt,’ she said  
 ‘ Fam’d Torcul-torno :’ *there*, he dwelt—but now,  
 ‘ In Loda’s hall he shakes the sounding shell. 110  
 ‘ He Starno, king of Lochlin, met in fight  
 ‘ And long and deathful fought the dark-ey’d kings.—  
 ‘ My sire, blue-shield Torcul-torno, fell.

‘ At Lulan’s roaring waters, by a rock  
 ‘ I jush had pierc’d the branchy, bounding roe. 115  
 ‘ From off the stream of winds my floating hair  
 ‘ My white hand gather’d : for I heard a noise,  
 ‘ And upwards turn’d my eyes. ‘Then high with joy  
 ‘ ‘Rose my soft breast. At Lulan, verging on,  
 ‘ To meet thee, Torcul-torno, was my step. 120

‘ ‘Twas Starno, dreadful king ! He darkly came,  
 ‘ And red on Conban-carglas roll’d his eyes !  
 ‘ Above his gather’d smile of grimly shape  
 ‘ Dark wav’d his shaggy brow,—“ Where is my sire,”  
 ‘ I said,’ “ my father fam’d for might in war ?” 125  
 ‘ “ Among dread foes, in lonely solitude,  
 ‘ “ O Torcul-torno’s daughter, thou art left !”

‘ He took my hand,—then rais’d the bending sail,  
 ‘ And in this cave, in darkness, he me plac’d.  
 ‘ At times a gloomy cloud of mist he comes, 130  
 ‘ And in my presence lifts my father’s shield.  
 ‘ And often, but far distant from my cave,  
 ‘ Passes a beam of youth.—Within the soul  
 ‘ Of Torcul-torno’s daughter ‘lone he dwells.’

' O maid of Lulan,' then Fingál reply'd,      135  
 ' White-handed Conban-carglas ; on thy soul  
 ' A cloud, but mark'd with streaks of fire, is roll'd.  
 ' Cast not thine eyes on that dark-robed moon,  
 ' Nor yet on those bright meteors. For my steel  
 ' O Torcul-torno's daughter, 'round thee gleams.      140

' 'Tis not the steel high-rais'd by feeble hands,  
 ' Nor of the dark in soul. Within our caves  
 ' Of roaring streams the virgins are not shut :  
 ' Nor do they toss their snow-white arms alone.  
 ' Within their locks, above high Selma's lyres,      145  
 ' They brightly bend. Nor in the desert wild  
 ' Young light of Torcul-torno, is their voice.'

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Again, wide through the bosom of dark night,  
 To where, in squally winds, dark Loda's trees  
 High wav'd ; Fingál his steps of might advanc'd.      150  
 Three massy stones, with heads of moss, are there :  
 A stream, with foaming course ; and, them around,  
 Dreadful the dark-red cloud of Loda rolls.  
 Forward a ghost, of shadowy smoke half-form'd,  
 Look'd from its top. Amidst the roaring stream      155  
 His voice, at times he pour'd.—His hollow words,  
 In posture bent beneath a blasted tree  
 Two heroes, near, dark Swaran of the lakes  
 And Starno foe of strangers, gladly heard.  
 On their dun shields in might they darkly lean'd,      160  
 And forward are their spears in darkness bent.  
 Shrill sounds the blast of darkness, as it blows  
 With heaving gusts in Starno's floating beard.

Fingál's bold tread they heard, and in their arms  
 The warriors rose.—Said Starno, in his pride ; 165  
 ' Undaunted Swaran, lay that wand'rer low.  
 ' Thy sire's shield take—it is a rock in war.'  
 His gleaming spear dark Swaran threw, and fix'd  
 In Loda's tree it stood.—Forth with bright swords  
 Then came the foes. Their rattling steel they mix'd. 170  
 Quite through the thongs of Swaran's heavy shield  
 The blade of Luno rush'd. Down fell the shield  
 Rolling on earth. Cleft down the helmet fell.  
 The lifted steel Fingál stopt—and in wrath  
 Unarm'd stood Swaran. 'Round his livid eyes 175  
 He silent roll'd, and threw his sword on earth.  
 Then, slowly stalking o'er the sounding stream,  
 He, for vexation, whistled as he went.

Nor yet unseen is Swaran by his sire.  
 Away in wrath red Starno turn'd.—Above 180  
 His gather'd rage dark wav'd his shaggy brows,  
 Dark Loda's tree he then, with all his might,  
 Struck with his spear—he rais'd the hum of songs.  
 Each dimly moving in his own dark path,  
 Like two foam-cover'd streams, that from the vales 185  
 Of rain descend ; to Lochlin's host they came.

To Turthor's plain Fingál in haste return'd,  
 Amidst the beam fair rising from the east  
 That shone on Lochlin's spoils, with circling rays,  
 In the king's hand in glitt'ring triumph borne. 190  
 Forth from her cave, in all her beauty came  
 Torcul-torno's daughter. She from wind  
 Gather'd her hair, and wildly rais'd her song  
 The song of Lulan of resounding shells,  
 Where once her father in his splendour dwelt. 195

The bloody shield of Starno she beheld  
 And gladness on her face light-beaming rose.  
 But when young Swaran's helmet cleft she saw,  
 She shrunk—she darken'd, from the royal chief.  
 ' And art thou fall'n, by all thy hundred streams !      200  
 ' O love of Conban-carglas ! art thou fall'n !'

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

U-thorno, that in waters risest high,  
 On whose dark side the mighty meteors glide !  
 The moon opaque, behind thy echoing woods,  
 Descending I behold.—And on thy top      205  
 Dwells misty Loda (house of ghosts of men.)  
*There*, in the end of his dark, cloudy hall  
 Bends forward dark Cruth-loda, chief of swords.  
 And thinly shaded in his wavy mist  
 His form is dimly seen. Upon his shield      210  
 Is his right hand, and in his left there is  
 The shell half viewless ; whilst with fires of night  
 The roof of his tremendous hall is mark'd.

Then on, a dusky ridge of formless shades,  
 Cruth-loda's race advance.—The sounding shell      215  
 He kindly gives to those, who shone in war.  
 But—thick between him and the weak, his shield  
 Rises a crust of darkness.—He appears  
 A setting meteor to the weak in arms.  
 Bright, as a rainbow on pellucid streams,      220  
 Came white-arm'd Conban-carglas, soft in air.—

\* \* \* \* \*

END OF DUAN FIRST.

# Cath-Loba :

## A POEM.

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### ARGUMENT.

FINGAL returning, with day, devolves the command of the army on Duth-maruno, who engages the enemy, and drives them over the stream of Turther. Fingal, after recalling his people, congratulates Duth-maruno on his success, but discovers that that hero was mortally wounded in the engagement. Duth-maruno dies. Ullin, the bard, in honour of the dead, introduces the episode of Colgorm and Spina-dona, with which the Duan concludes.

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### DUAN II.

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‘ SON of the king, what is of thee become ?  
Said dark-hair’d Duth-maruno. Selma’s beam  
‘ Of youthful splendor, say—where hast thou fail’d ?  
‘ He comes not from the bosom of dark night !  
‘ And circling morn is on U-thorno spread, 5  
‘ Whilst on his hill thro’ mist soft gleams the sun,—  
‘ Now in my presence warriors lift the shields ;  
‘ For like a fire from heav’n, whose trackless place  
‘ Unmark’d is on the ground ; he must not fall.—  
‘ As, from the skirts of his loud, squally wind, 10  
‘ With pinions large the eagle flies ; he comes !  
‘ And in his hand bright shine the spoils of foes.  
‘ For thee, O Selma’s king ! our souls were sad !



‘ Near us, O Duth-maruno, are the foes.  
 ‘ Forward they come,’ he said, ‘ like waves in mist,      15  
 ‘ When they, above the vapour sailing low,  
 ‘ Their foamy tops, at intervals, erect.  
 ‘ The trembling trav’ller on his journey shrinks,  
 ‘ Nor knows he where to fly.—But we, O chiefs,  
 ‘ No trembling trav’llers are ! Forth all your steel      20  
 ‘ Ye sons of heroes call.—Now shall there ’rise  
 ‘ Fingál’s bright sword—or, shall a warrior lead ?’

‘ The deeds of old,’ brave Duth-maruno said,  
 ‘ Are, O Fingál, like paths unto our eyes !  
 ‘ Amidst his own dim years, still we discern      25  
 ‘ Broad-shielded Trenmor. Nor did weakness mark  
 ‘ His royal soul. There, dark and in disguise  
 ‘ Wander’d no deed. From all their hundred streams  
 ‘ To grassy Colglan-crona came the tribes.  
 ‘ Their chiefs before them, as they stately strode,      30  
 ‘ Each strove to lead the war. And oft unsheath’d  
 ‘ Their swords appear’d. Red roll’d their eyes of rage  
 ‘ They stood apart, and humm’d their surly songs :  
 ‘ “ Why should they to each other yield ? ” ‘ they said :’  
 ‘ “ For their forefathers equal rank’d in war.”      35

‘ With all his people, bright in youthful locks  
 ‘ Brave Trenmor stood. He saw th’ advancing foe,  
 ‘ And high the grief of his great soul arose.  
 ‘ He bade the chiefs to lead by turns. They led—  
 ‘ But they were roll’d away. Then from his hill      40  
 ‘ Down came blue-shielded Trenmor, and himself  
 ‘ Wide skirted battle led.—The strangers fail’d.—  
 ‘ Around him, then, the dark-brow’d warriors came,  
 ‘ And struck the shield of joy.—Like a sweet gale,  
 ‘ The words of pow’r from royal Selma rush’d.—      45  
 ‘ Yet, in strife, by turns, the chieftains fled ;

‘ Till mighty danger rose : *then* was the hour  
 ‘ The *royal* hour, to conquer in the field.’

‘ Nor yet unknown,’ said Cromma-glas of shields.  
 ‘ Are our forefather’s deeds. But who of us 50  
 ‘ Shall lead the war, before the race of kings ?  
 ‘ On these four dusky hills mist dimly lours ;—  
 ‘ Within it let each warrior strike his shield.  
 ‘ Amidst the darkness spirits may descend,  
 ‘ And mark us for the conduct of the war.’ 55

They went—each hero, to his hill of mist :  
 And bards observant mark’d the bossy sounds ;  
 But loudest, Duth-maruno, rung thy boss,  
 And it thy province was to lead the war.

Then like the murmur of resounding streams, 60  
 With stately steps down came U-thorno’s race.  
 The lines of battle swarthy Starno led,  
 And dasky Swaran of the isles of storms.  
 Forward from shields of iron they fiercely look’d  
 With aspect like Cruth-loda fiery-ey’d 65  
 When from behind the darken’d moon he looks,  
 And in his anger strews his signs on night.

By Turthor’s stream the hostile armies met,  
 And intermix’d, like ridgy waves they heav’d.  
 Their echoing strokes are mix’d, and o’er the hosts 70  
 Death shadowy flies. They were as clouds of hail,  
 With squally winds in their storm-bearing skirts,  
 Their show’rs united roar, whilst underneath  
 Tempestuous swells the darkly-rolling deep.

O dark U-thorno’s strife ! why should I mark 75  
 Thy direful wounds ? Thou with the years long past

Remain'st, and thou art fading on my soul.  
 Forward his skirt of war dark Starno brought,  
 And angry Swaran led his own dark wing.  
 Nor harmless burns brave Duth-maruno's sword, 80  
 And o'er her streams is Lochlin roll'd at length  
 Folded in thoughts the wrathful kings remain,  
 And o'er the flight of their affrighted land  
 They roll their silent eyes.—Again, is heard  
 Fingál's loud horn; and woody Albion's sons 85  
 To fight return'd. But, silent in their blood,  
 By Turthor's streaming waters many lay.

' Brave chief of Crom-charn,' said the royal voice,  
 ' Stern Duth-maruno, hunter of the boar !  
 ' Not without harm to the dark, haughty ranks 90  
 ' Returns my eagle from the field of foes.  
 ' For *this* white-bosom'd Lanal at her streams  
 ' Shall brighten, when the welcome news arrives ;  
 ' Can-dona, when she hears of thy vast deeds,  
 ' At rocky Crathmo-craulo shall rejoice.' 95

' Colgorm,' reply'd the chief, ' in Albion was  
 ' The first of all my race:—Colgorm the great !  
 ' Ocean's rider through its wat'ry vales !  
 ' In high I-thorno he his brother slew,  
 ' And left his father's land. In silence he 100  
 ' By rocky Crathmo-craulo chose his place.  
 ' His race came forth, progressive in their years—  
 ' They came to battle, but they always fell.  
 ' And now, O King of Morven's echoing isles,  
 ' The wound of my forefathers is my own.' 105

He from his side an arrow drew, and pale  
 Fell in a land unknown. His soul came forth  
 To his forefathers, to their stormy isle.

*There* they, along the skirts of winds, pursu'd  
 Boars form'd of mist.—The chiefs stood silent 'round, 110  
 As Loda's stones grey-rising on their hill.  
 Them, through the twilight, from his lonely path  
 The traveller beholds. He thinks them ghosts  
 Of hero's dead, concerting future wars.

Night came down on U-thorno.—In their grief 115  
 Still stood the chiefs.—Through ev'ry warrior's hair  
 Hiss'd, by turns, the wand'ring of the blast.  
 From the deep musing of his thoughtful soul  
 Fingál, at length, burst forth. Aloud he call'd  
 Ullin of harps, and bade the song to rise. 120  
 ' No falling fire,' he said, ' that just appears,  
 ' And then retires in night ; no meteor faint  
 ' Was Crathmo-craulo's chief :—but, like the sun  
 ' Strong-beaming, long-rejoicing on his hill.—  
 ' Name his forefathers, from their dwellings old.' 125

' I-thorno,' said the bard, ' that risest green  
 ' Midst ridgy seas ! Why, in the ocean's mist  
 ' So gloomy is thy head ? From thy low vales,  
 ' Fearless as thy strong-winged eagles soar  
 ' Came forth a race, dwellers of Loda's hall ; 130  
 ' The race of Colgorm chief of iron shields.

' With airy height 'rose Lurthan, streamy hill,  
 ' In Tormoth's echoing isle. Its woody head  
 ' Above a silent vale it waving bent.  
 ' There dwelt where foamy Cruruth's streams do rise, 135  
 ' Rurimar, stout hunter of rough, woodland boars.  
 ' His daughter, fair as beams the sunny ray.  
 ' The snow-white bosom'd Strina-dona shone !

‘ Many a king of heroes fam’d in war;  
 ‘ Many a hero of dark iron shields; 140  
 ‘ And many a youth of dark and heavy locks;  
 ‘ To Rurmar’s echoing hall, high-bounding came.  
 ‘ They came to woo the maid of matchless charms,  
 ‘ The stately huntress of green Tormoth wild.  
 ‘ But from thy steps thou, in thy graceful mien, 145  
 ‘ High-bosom’d Strina-dona, careless look’st!

‘ If on the heath she mov’d, her breast arose  
 ‘ Whiter than waves the reedy Cona’s down  
 ‘ If on the sea-beat shore she took her way,  
 ‘ She then outvy’d the rolling ocean’s foam. 150  
 ‘ Her sparkling eyes were two bright stars of light,  
 ‘ Her beauteous face was heav’n’s grand bow in show’rs;  
 ‘ Whilst dark around it, like the streaming clouds,  
 ‘ Her raven-hair in nature’s ringlets flow’d.  
 ‘ Thou wert the dweller of heroic souls, 155  
 ‘ White-handed Strina-dona, charming maid!

‘ In his high-bounding ship young Colgorm came,  
 ‘ And Corcul-surán, mighty king of shells.  
 ‘ To woo the sun-beam of wild Tormoth’s isle,  
 ‘ The brothers:—each from green I-thorno came. 160  
 ‘ In all their echoing steel she them beheld,  
 ‘ And firm on blue-ey’d Colgorm fix’d her soul,  
 ‘ On her, in look’d Ul-lochlin’s nightly eye,  
 ‘ And saw fair Strina-dona’s tossing arms.

‘ In wrath, the brothers on each other frown’d, 165  
 ‘ And their red-flaming eyes in silence met.—  
 ‘ They turn’d away. They struck their sounding shields,  
 ‘ And on their swords their trembling hands they laid.  
 ‘ Into the strife of heroes with their might,  
 ‘ For long-hair’d Strina-dona, fierce they rush’d. 170

- ‘ At length, in blood great Corcul-surán fell ;  
‘ And on his isle, enraged with the deed,  
‘ His father’s strength to measures gave effect.  
‘ At large to wander on the various winds,  
‘ From low I-thorno’s isle Colgorm he turn’d. 175  
‘ And then for refuge, near a foreign stream  
‘ In Crathmo-craulo’s rocky field he dwelt.  
‘ Nor gloom’d the king alone : that beam of light  
‘ Echoing Tormoth’s daughter was at hand,  
‘ White-armed Strina-dona, matchless fair !’ 180

*END OF DUAN SECOND.*

# Cath-Loda ;

## A POEM.

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### ARGUMENT.

OSSIAN, after some general reflections, describes the situation of Fingal, and the position of the army of Lochlin. The conversation of Starno and Swaran. The episode of Cromar-trunar and Foinar-bragal. Starno, from his own example, recommends to Swaran, to surprise Fingal, who had retired alone to a neighbouring hill. Upon Swaran's refusal, Starno undertakes the enterprise himself, is overcome, and taken prisoner, by Fingal. He is dismissed, after a serious reprimand for his cruelty.

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### DUAN III.

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WHENCE is the stream of years ? Where do they flow ?  
Where have they hid amidst the veil of mist  
Their many coloured sides ? Back I attempt  
Into the times of old to look, but dim  
To Ossian's eyes they seem, like the faint light 5  
Of moon-beams answer'd on a distant lake.  
*Here*, rise the redd'ning beams of war ! And *there*,  
In silence dwells a feeble race of men !  
With deeds of fame, as slow they pass along,  
No years they mark.—Thou, that between the shields 10  
Mak'st thine abode ; thou, that the failing soul

To life awak'st ; from thy ag'd wall descend,  
 Thou lyre of Cona, with thy voices *three* !  
 Come with that sound which kindles up the past,  
 With all their actions on their dark-brown years 15  
 And to my view up-rear the forms of old !

U-thorno, hill of storms, upon thy side  
 My race I see.—O'er Duth-maruno's tomb  
 Fingál is bending, in the dusk of night.  
 Near him the steps of his brave chiefs abide, 20  
 Stern hunters of the boar. And deep in shades  
 By Turthor's stream I Lochlin's host behold.  
 On two near hills dark stood the wrathful kings  
 And forward from their bossy shields they look'd,—  
 They looked forward on the stars of night, 25  
 Red-wand'ring in the *West*. Enrob'd in clouds,  
 And like a meteor red, of form devoid ;  
 Cruth-loda bends from high. He sends abroad  
 The winds, and marks them with his fiery signs.  
 That Morven's king was ne'er to yield in war 30  
 Starno foresaw, and with vexation burn'd.

In wrathful anger twice he struck the tree :  
 He sudden rush'd before his son : then humm'd,  
 A surly song ; and heard his hair in wind.  
 Turn'd from each other, like two oaks they stood, 35  
 Which different winds had bent. Each hov'ring leans  
 Above its own loud rill with spreading shade,  
 And shakes its branches in the course of blasts.

' Annir,' said Starno, swarthy king of lakes,  
 ' A wastive fire of old large-wand'ring rag'd. 40  
 ' Death from his eyes, along the striving fields,  
 ' He pour'd. His joy was in the fall of men.  
 ' Blood was to him sweet as a summer-stream,



' That from a mossy rock, to wither'd vales  
 ' Reviving rolls. Forth to Luth-cormo's lake 45  
 ' He came, to meet the tall Corman-trunar,  
 ' From Urlor's streams dweller of battle's wing.'

' High-bounding with his darkly-bosom'd ships  
 ' The chief of Urlor had to Cormul come.  
 ' He Foinar-bragal with the snow-white arms, 50  
 ' The daughter of Annir saw.—Her he lov'd:—  
 ' Nor on the rider of rough, stormy waves  
 ' Roll'd she her eyes with heedless unconcern.  
 ' She, like a moon-beam through a nightly vale,  
 ' Fled to his ships in darkness. O'er the deep 55  
 ' Annir pursu'd. He call'd the winds of heav'n.  
 ' Nor was the king alone,—for by his side  
 ' Was Starno.—Like U-thorno's eagle young,  
 ' I on my father turn'd my darting eyes.

' We came to roaring Urlor: and oppos'd 60  
 ' Came with his people Corman-trunar tall.  
 ' We fought,—but, in the strife, the foe prevail'd.  
 ' Then in his wrath stood Annir king of lakes.—  
 ' He the young trees, in wrath, lopp'd with his sword,  
 ' And in his rage red look'd his fiery eyes. 65  
 ' I mark'd the royal soul—I went in night—  
 ' And from the field a broken helmet took:—  
 ' Likewise a shield that pierced was with steel,  
 ' And pointless was the jav'lin in my hand.  
 ' Accoutred thus, I went to find the foe. 70

' Tall on a rock, beside his burning oak,  
 ' Sat Corman-trunar; and, beneath a tree,  
 ' Near him deep-bosom'd Foinar-bragal sat,  
 ' Before her face my broken shield I threw  
 ' And spoke the words of peace. “ Not distant far 75

" Beside the eddies of his rolling sea,  
 " Lies Annir of many lakes. In battling strife,  
 " The king was pierc'd: and it to Starno falls  
 " His lofty mound of up-heap'd earth to raise.  
 " Me, who am of the sons of Loda great, 80  
 " To Foinar-bragal of white hands, he sends;  
 " To bid her send a lock of her fine hair,  
 " With her dead father low in earth to rest.  
 " And thou, O king of echoing Urlo's roar,  
 " Till Annir, from Cruth-loda fiery-ey'd, 85  
 " Receive the shell; let now the battle cease."

' Amidst a sudden flood of tears she 'rose,  
 ' And from her hair dishevel'd tore a lock—  
 ' A lock which wander'd, in the waving blast,  
 ' Along her heaving breast. The sounding shell 90  
 ' Great Corman-trunar gave, and to rejoice  
 ' Before him me enjoin'd. In silence then  
 ' I rested in the voiceless gloom of night,  
 ' And hid my face within my helmet deep.  
 ' Sleep on the foe descended—up I rose 95  
 ' In semblance like a stalking ghost of night.  
 ' Then Corman-trunar's side I pierc'd. Nor did  
 ' Fair Foinar-bragal e'en herself escape:  
 ' But roll'd her bosom snowy-white in blood.  
 ' Why then, O daughter of heroes, my rage 100  
 ' Didst thou awake? Bright-beaming morn arose,  
 ' And far the foe, like vanish'd mist, were fled.  
 ' His bossy shield struck Annir, and aloud  
 ' Call'd his dark-hair'd son.—I, at his call,  
 ' With wand'ring blood bestreak'd, obedient came, 105  
 ' Thrice rose the royal shout. So, from a cloud,  
 ' By night, bursts forth a sudden squall of wind.  
 ' Above the dead, three festive days we spent,  
 ' And call'd the hawks of heav'n.—From all their winds,

' To feast on Annir's fallen foes, they came. 110  
 ' Swaran ! Fingál upon his hill of night  
 ' Alone abides.—Let thy bright ; deathful spear  
 ' In secret pierce the king. 'Then my glad soul,  
 ' Like aged Annir's, also shall rejoice.'

' Gormalian Annir's son ! Then Swaran said, 115  
 ' Never in shades will Swaran warriors slay.  
 ' In light I issue, when from all their winds  
 ' Forth rush the hawks. They my resistless course,  
 ' Not without arm through war, are wont to trace.'

Then burning rose the anger of the king, 120  
 And his bright-gleaming jav'lin thrice he rais'd.  
 But starting back, as he the blow prepar'd,  
 He spar'd his son : and rush'd into the night.  
 By Turthor's stream a lonely cave is dark  
 Th' abode of Conban-carglas. There he laid 125  
 The royal helmet, and call'd Lulan's maid ;  
 But far, in Loda's sounding hall, she dwelt.

Swelling with rage, to where Fingál alone  
 Was laid ; he strode.—On his own secret hill  
 On his broad shield the royal chief repos'd. 130  
 But, O stern hunter of strong, shaggy boars,  
 No feeble virgin is before thee laid ;  
 Nor boy, defenceless on his ferny bed,  
 By Turthor's murm'ring stream. Here spreads the couch  
 On which the mighty lie, and whence they rise 135  
 To grace their mem'ry by the deeds of death.  
 Wake not the dreadful :—hunter of rough boars.

On, Starno murm'ring came. Fingál in arms  
 Arose, and said : ' Who art thou, son of night ?'  
 Silent he threw the spear. Their gloomy strife 140

They mix'd. The shield of Starno, cleft in twain,  
In pieces fell. He to an oak is bound.—  
The early beam arose.—On Gormal's king  
Fingál then look'd. Awhile his silent eyes  
About he roll'd. He thought of other days 145  
When, like the graceful music of the song,  
White-bosom'd Agandecca sweetly mov'd:  
And from his captive hand the thong she loos'd  
' O son of Annir, hence retire,' he said,  
' A beam once set, back on my mem'ry comes 150  
' Thy daughter of white-breasts I bear in mind ;  
' Away, O dreadful king! From hence retire!  
' Go to thy troubled dwelling, cloudy foe  
' Of all the lovely! Hence away retire!  
' Let the wise stranger thee with caution shun, 155  
' Thou gloomy in the hall!—An ancient tale!

*END OF CATH-LODA.*

# Oina-Morul :

## A POEM.

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### ARGUMENT.

AFTER an address to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, Ossian proceeds to relate his own expedition to Fuarfed, an island of Scandinavia. Mal-orchol, king of Fuarfed, being hard pressed in war, by Ton-thormod, chief of Sardonlo, (who had demanded, in vain, the daughter of Mal-orchol, in marriage) Fingal sent Ossian to his aid. Ossian, on the day after his arrival, came to battle with Ton-thormod, and took him prisoner. Mal-orchol offers his daughter Oina-morul to Ossian; but he, discovering her passion for Ton-thormod, generously surrenders her to her lover, and brings about a reconciliation between the two kings.

AS flies th' inconstant sun, with variant beams  
Across the plains : 'midst Larmon's grassy hills :  
So pass, amidst the silence of the night,  
The tales of old along my pensive soul.  
When to their place the tuneful bards are gone : 5  
When dulcet harps in Selma's hall are hung :  
A voice to Ossian comes, and 'wakes his soul.  
It is the promptive voice of years now past,  
That with their num'rous deeds before me roll.  
Whene'er those deeds across my mem'ry pass 10  
I seize them straight, and pour them forth in song.  
Nor is the royal song a troubled stream,  
But like the swells from Lutha of the strings—  
Lutha of many strings of sweetest note !

Nor are thy streamy rocks devoid of sound 15  
 Responsive to the warblings of the lyre,  
 When on it fair Malvina's fingers move.  
 Light of the shadowy thoughts, that in distress  
 Assistive fly across my troubled soul—  
 Daughter of Toscar of the helmets fam'd 20  
 Wilt thou not pay attention to the song!  
 The pleasing years, now long since roll'd away,  
 We, maid of Lutha, back to mem'ry call!

'Twas in the days when shone the royal chief,  
 While yet my thick and spreading locks were young, 25  
 That I, on high from ocean's nightly wave,  
 Amidst my course the bright Con-cathlin mark'd.  
 Fuarfed, woody dweller of the seas,  
 Was then the isle to which my course was bent.  
 Mal-orchol, wild Fuarfed's royal chief 30  
 To aid, was my direction from Fingál:  
 For round him war with all its fury rag'd  
 And our forefathers at the feast had met.

Ere long I in Col-coiled bound my sails,  
 And to Mal-orchol sent my fav'rite sword. 35  
 That king of shells the sign of Albion knew  
 And at the sight his bright'ning joy arose.  
 From his own tow'ring hall direct he came,  
 And eager seiz'd upon my hand in grief.  
 ' Why comes' (he said) ' to aid a falling king 40  
 ' The race of heroes? Chief of many spears  
 ' Ton-thormod is, and from Sar-dronlo comes,  
 ' The isle of many waves. He saw and lov'd  
 ' My daughter Oina-Morul, lovely fair,  
 ' With snow-white breast, and for her made his suit. 45  
 ' The virgin I deny'd;—for former foes  
 ' Our race had been. Then with the strength of war,

‘ He to Fuarfed came. And now away  
 ‘ My hosts are roll’d. Why therefore comes as aid,  
 ‘ The race of heroes to a falling king? 50

‘ To be, boy-like, spectator of the strife  
 ‘ I come not here :’ I then to him reply’d.  
 ‘ Mal-orchol, and his hospitable hall,  
 ‘ That welcomes strangers still Fingâl well knows.  
 ‘ Down from his waves upon thy woody isle 55  
 ‘ The warrior came. Nor like a stormy cloud  
 ‘ Wert thou before him. With the voice of songs  
 ‘ Thy feast was spread. For this my sword shall rise ;  
 ‘ And thy proud foes ere long perhaps may fail.  
 ‘ When danger threatens, by no means forgot 60  
 ‘ (Though distant is our land) our friends remain.’

Mal-orchol said: ‘ Great as Cruth-loda’s voice,  
 ‘ When downward bending from his broken cloud,  
 ‘ Strong dweller of the sky! In pow’r he speaks ;  
 ‘ Son of the daring Trenmor are thy words ! 65  
 ‘ Aforetime many of my feasts have joy’d,  
 ‘ But they Mal-orchol now have all forgot.  
 ‘ Tow’rds all the winds in hopes of aid I look’d  
 ‘ But lock’d in vain! White sails were no where seen,  
 ‘ And in my halls, where festive sports went round 70  
 ‘ Dire steel resounds : and not the joyful shells.  
 ‘ Dark-skirted night with all its gloom is near ;  
 ‘ Race of brave heroes, to my dwelling come ;  
 ‘ And from the virgin of Fuarfed wild  
 ‘ In raptures hear the dulcet voice of songs.’ 75

We went—and on the sweetly-warbling lyre  
 The albid hands of Oina-morul ’rose.  
 Her own sad tale big with the words of woe,  
 From ev’ry trembling string, she mournful ’wak’d.

I still in silence stood : for in her locks 80  
 Bright shone the daughter of the many isles,  
 As, looking forward through a rushing show'r  
 Two stars are seen, her sparkling eyes appear  
 Aloft, with joy, th' observant sailor stands ;  
 As, blessing th' lovely beams, he on them looks. 85  
 To fight, to 'Tormul's loud-resounding stream,  
 With morn we rush'd : when to the bossy sound  
 Of great 'Ton-thormod's shield the foe advanc'd :  
 And soon the strife from wing to wing was mix'd.  
 Sardronlo's angry chief I met, and soon, 90  
 Wide flew his broken steel. Amidst the fight  
 I seiz'd the king.—His hand, bound fast with thongs  
 To ag'd Mal-orchol, of the shells, I gave.  
 Then at Fuarfed's feast, when fail'd the foe,  
 Delight arose. His face 'Ton-thormod straight 95  
 From Oina-morul of the islands turn'd.

' Son of Fingál,' Mal-orchol then begun,  
 ' Nor shalt thou now forgotten by me pass.  
 ' Within thy ship from hence a light shall dwell,  
 ' Fair Oina-Morul of slow-rolling eyes ! 100  
 ' Along each avenue of thy great soul  
 ' Enkindling joy shall make its bright'ning way.  
 ' Nor in the mansions of the royal house,  
 ' Unheeded shall the maid in Selma move.'

Within the splendid hall in night I lay, 105  
 And with soft sleep half were my eye-lids clos'd.  
 Then to my ear, ('twas like the rising breeze,  
 That whirls at first the thistle's beard ; then flies  
 Dark-shadowy, o'er the grass) soft music came.  
 It was the virgin of Fuarfed wild, 110  
 Raising the nightly song :—my soul, she knew,  
 Was like a stream, that flow'd at pleasant sounds,



' With form majestic from his airy cliff  
 ' Who looks,' she said, ' on ocean's closing mist ?  
 ' His locks are jetty as the raven's wing, 115  
 ' Large-wand'ring on the blast. In depth of grief  
 ' His steps are stately. Starting from his eyes  
 ' The tears are seen ; whilst o'er his bursting soul  
 ' His manly breast is heaving. Ah ! retire—  
 ' Afar I wander, and in lands unknown ! 120  
 ' Though I'm surrounded by the race of kings,  
 ' Yet my sad soul is dark. Ton-thormod why :—  
 ' Thou love of maids, why were our fathers foes !

' Thou softest warbler of the streamy isle,  
 ' Why dost thou mourn by night ?' then I reply'd. 125  
 ' Not dark in soul are daring Trenmor's race.  
 ' Never a wand'rer by loud streams unknown  
 ' Shalt thou, O blue-ey'd Oina-Morul, be.  
 ' Within this bosom is a voice ; nor comes  
 ' The same to other ears—but, Ossian bids 130  
 " *To hear the hapless in their hour of woe.*"  
 ' Retire, soft singer by the mournful night !  
 ' Ton-thormod never on his rock shall mourn.'

The royal hand I, with the morning loos'd,  
 And gave the long-hair'd maid. My words of peace 135  
 Amidst his echoing halls. Mal-orchol heard.  
 ' King of Fuarfed wild,' 'twas then I said,  
 ' Why should Ton-thormod mourn ? He, by descent,  
 ' Is born a hero, and a flame in war.  
 ' Your fathers have been foes, but now in death 140  
 ' In peace ally'd their shady ghosts rejoice.  
 ' To the same shell in Loda's lone abode  
 ' Their airy arms of dusky mist they stretch.  
 ' Henceforth forget, ye warriors brave, their rage !  
 ' It was the angry cloud of other years. 145

Such, in the days now past, were Ossian's deeds;  
Though with the beams of loveliness enrob'd  
The daughter of the isles in splendor shone :  
While yet his thick and spreading locks were young.  
The pleasing years now long since roll'd away 150  
We, maid of Lutha, back to mem'ry call !

*END OF OINA-MORUL.*

# Colna-Dona ;

## A POEM.

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### ARGUMENT.

FINGAL dispatches Ossian and Toscar, to raise a stone, on the banks of the stream of Crona, to perpetuate the memory of a victory, which he had obtained in that place. When they were employed in that work, Car-ul, a neighbouring chief, invited them to a feast. They went : and Toscar fell desperately in love with Colna-dona, the daughter of Car-ul. Colna-dona became no less enamoured of Toscar. An incident at a hunting party brings their loves to an happy issue.

NEAR Car-ul's echoing halls, between the trees ;  
Col-amon, wand'rer dark of distant vales,  
Thy winding course of troubled streams I see.  
*There*, Colna-dona, bright in all her charms,  
The daughter of the king in splendor dwelt. 5  
Like sister-stars her sparkling eyes were roll'd :  
And her white arms were like the foam of streams.  
Slowly to sight, like ocean's heaving wave,  
Her breast arose ; and like a stream of light  
Her soul within her shone. Among the maids 10  
Who ? with the love of heroes could compare ?

Beneath the echo of the royal voice  
To murm'ring Crona of the streams we mov'd—  
Toscar of grassy Lutha join'd the train

And Ossian, young in fields. Three bards with songs  
 On us attendance gave. Three bossy shields  
 Were borne before us. For, of past exploits  
 The monumental stone we were to raise.  
 By Crona's mossy course his mighty foes  
 Fingál had scatter'd. Like a troubled sea, 20  
 Them he away by dint of arms had roll'd.  
 Directly to the place of fame we came,  
 And from the mountains night descended 'round.  
 I from its hills an oak high tow'ring tore,  
 And rais'd a flame on high.—Down from their hall 25  
 Of clouds aërial my ancestors dead  
 I bade to look ; for on the wings of winds  
 They brighten at the lustre of their race.

Amidst the song of bards, I from the stream  
 Up took a stone, and curdled in its ooze 30  
 Hung the thick blood of brave Fingál's fall'n foes.  
 Three bosses from the orb'd shields of foes  
 As rose or fell the sound of Ullin's song  
 By night, beneath, at intervals, I plac'd.  
 A dagger, and a mail of sounding steel 35  
 Brave Toscar laid in earth ; we 'round the stone  
 Rais'd mould and bade it speak to other years.

Daughter of streams when Selma's race have fail'd  
 Speak to the feeble from thy lofty state,  
 Thou oozy stone !—Prone, from the stormy night, 40  
 The trav'ller by thy side himself shall lay :  
 Amidst his dreams, thy whistling moss shall sound ;  
 And to his mind the years long-past return.  
 Before him battles rise, and down to war  
 Blue-shielded kings shall come. The darken'd moon 45  
 Looks down from heav'n upon the troubled field.  
 With morning he from dreams of might shall burst,

And the lone tombs of warriors 'round him see.  
 About the stone he shall enquiries make,  
 And answ'ring, thus the aged will reply : 50  
 ' By Ossian, once a chief, in other years  
 ' This stone, with all its grizly moss was rais'd !

Then from amidst Col-amon's waving trees—  
 From Car-ul, friend of strangers, came a bard.  
 He to the feast of kings bade us repair— 55  
 To where the beauteous Colna-dona dwelt ;  
 And to the hall of harps we took our way.  
 There, when the children of his friend he saw,  
 Like two young trees in all their foliage clad,  
 Bright 'tween his locks of age old Car-ul grew. 60

' Sons of the mighty ! back the days of old  
 ' Ye bring,' he said, ' when first I from the wave  
 ' Of Selma's streamy vale made my descent.  
 ' I Duthmo-carglas, dwell'r of o'cean's wind,  
 ' Went forth to meet. Our fathers had been foes 65  
 ' We met by Clutha's stream. He fled by sea,  
 ' And wide my sails were white behind him spread.  
 ' On me night, on the deep, deceptive came ;  
 ' And to the dwelling of brave kings direct  
 ' (To Selma of high-bosom'd maids,) I came ; 70  
 ' Then forth, attended by his bards, Fingál ;  
 ' And Conloch, arm of death, with greetings came.  
 ' Three days I spent within the festive hall,  
 ' And saw blue-ey'd Ros-crana, Erin's pride,  
 ' Daughter of heroes, light of Cormac's race : 75  
 ' Nor yet forgotten did my steps depart :—  
 ' The royal chiefs their shields to Car-ul gave.  
 ' Placed on high, in mem'ry of the past,  
 ' They monumental in Col-amon hang.

‘ To my remembrance the past days of old  
 ‘ Sons of the daring kings, ye now recal.’ 80

Car-ul then plac’d the oak of feasts, and took  
 Two bosses from our shields. Them he in earth  
 Deposited beneath a massy stone,  
 To speak in future to the hero’s race.

‘ When loud the battle,’ said the king, ‘ shall roar; 85  
 ‘ And in the time to come in direful wrath  
 ‘ Our sons, whilst they the deathful spear prepare,  
 ‘ Their eyes upon this stone perhaps may cast.  
 “ Have not our fathers heretofore,” ‘ they’ll say,  
 “ Here peaceful met?—and lay aside the shield.” 90

Night came—and in her long and tressy locks  
 Car-ul’s daughter mov’d. Mixed with the lyre  
 The voice of white arm’d Colna-dona ’rose.  
 Before the love of heroes, in his place,  
 Dark Toscar grew. Upon his troubled soul 95  
 Bright as a beam to ocean’s dusky swells,  
 When all at once from a dark cloud it bursts  
 And lights a billow’s foamy side, she came.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

With dawn of day, the echoing woods we wak’d  
 And forward on the path of roebucks hung; 100  
 And shortly by their wonted streams they fell.

Through Crona’s winding valley we return’d.  
 Then, with a shield and pointless spear, a youth  
 Came forward from the wood. ‘ The flying beam  
 ‘ Whence does it come?’ Luthanian Toscar said. 105  
 ‘ Around bright Colna-dona of the lyres  
 ‘ At green Col-amon’s groves, say—dwells there peace?

‘ By green Col-amon of the lucid streams,’  
 The youth reply’d, ‘ bright Colna-dona dwelt.  
 ‘ She dwelt—but now attended by the son 110  
 ‘ Of the great king, he, that her secret soul  
 ‘ As through the hall it wander’d, carried off  
 ‘ Amidst wild deserts is her lonely way.’

‘ Stranger of tales, hast thou the warrior’s course  
 ‘ Observant mark’d?’ said Toscar. ‘ He must fall. 115  
 ‘ To me deliver thou that bossy shield.’

In wrath he took the shield. Behind it fair.  
 White as the bosom of a plummy swan  
 Large rising on the swiftly-rolling waves,  
 A virgin’s breasts with matchless heavings rose. 120  
 ’Twas Colna-dona of sweet sounding lyres,  
 The daughter of the king. He azure eyes  
 Had roll’d on Toscar, and her love arose.

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 END OF VOL. II.  
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