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THE  
WORKS  
OF  
OSSIAN,  
THE  
SON of FINGAL.

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T H E  
W O R K S  
O F  
O S S I A N,  
T H E  
S O N of F I N G A L,

Translated from the GALIC LANGUAGE

By JAMES MACPHERSON.

V O L. I.

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*Fortia facta patrum.* VIRG.

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P A R I S :

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M. DCC. LXXIX.



T O T H E

EARL of BUTE,

Knight of the most Noble Order  
of the Garter , &c. &c.

MY LORD,

**I** Presume to present to your lordship a compleat edition of the Works of Ossian. They have already been honoured with your approbation , and have been received with applause by men of taste throughout Europe. This address therefore is not an endeavour to secure the continuance of the public favour through the sanction of your name. Little solicitous myself about the reputation of an author , I permit , with no concern , the Old Bard to take his chance with the world : It proceeds , my Lord , from another cause ; the ambition of being hereafter known to have met with your favour and pro-

## DEDICATION.

rection in the execution of this work ;  
an honour which will be envied me ,  
perhaps , more some time hence than  
at present. I throw no reflexions on  
this age , but there is a great debt of  
fame owing to the EARL of BUTE ,  
which hereafter will be amply paid :  
there is also some share of reputation  
with-held from Ossian, which less pre-  
judiced times may bestow. This simila-  
rity between the Statesman and the  
Poet gives propriety to this dedica-  
tion ; though your Lordship's avowed  
patronage of literature requires no ad-  
ventitious aid to direct to you the  
addresses of authors. It is with pleasure  
I embrace this opportunity of testify-  
ing in public with what perfect attach-  
ment ,

I am ,

my Lord ,

your Lordship's most humble ,  
most obliged ,

and most obedient servant ,

JAMES MACPHERSON



A DISSERTATION  
CONCERNING THE  
ANTIQUITY, &c. of the POEMS  
OF  
OSSIAN the Son of FINGAL.

INQUIRIES into the antiquities of nations afford more pleasure than any real advantage to mankind. The ingenious may form systems of history on probabilities and a few facts ; but at a great distance of time , their accounts must be vague and uncertain. The infancy of states and kingdoms is as destitute of great events , as of the means of transmitting them to posterity. The arts of polished life, by which alone facts can be preserved with certainty , are the pro-

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duction of a well-formed community. Is it then historians begin to write, and public transactions to be worthy remembrance. The actions of former times are left in obscurity, or magnified by uncertain traditions. Hence it is that we find so much of the marvellous in the origin of every nation ; posterity being always ready to believe any thing , however fabulous , that reflects honour on their ancestors. The Greeks and Romans were remarkable for this weakness. They swallowed the most absurd fables concerning the high antiquities of their respective nations. Good historians , however , rose very early amongst them, and transmitted, with

lustre , their great actions to posterity. It is to them that they owe that unrivalled fame they now enjoy , while the great actions of other nations are involved in fables , or lost in obscurity. The Celtic nations afford a striking instance of this kind. They , though once the masters of Europe from the mouth of the river Oby (1) , in Russia , to Cape Finisterre , the western point of Gallicia in Spain , are very little mentioned in history. They trusted their fame to tradition and the songs of their bards , which , by the vicissitude of human affairs , are long since lost. Their ancient language is the only

(1) Plin. l. 6.

monument that remains of them ; and the traces of it being found in places so widely distant from each other , serves only to shew the extent of their ancient power , but throws very little light on their history.

Of all the Celtic nations , that which possessed old Gaul is the most renowned ; not perhaps on account of worth superior to the rest , but for their wars with a people who had historians to transmit the fame of their enemies , as well as their own , to posterity. Britain was first peopled by them , according to the testimony of the best authors (1) ; its situation in respect to Gaul makes the opi-

(1) Cæsar. l. 5. Tac. Agric. l. 1. c. 2.

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nion probable; but what puts it beyond all dispute, is that the same customs and language prevailed among the inhabitants of both in the days of Julius Cæsar (2).

The colony from Gaul possessed themselves, at first, of that part of Britain which was next to their own country; and spreading northward, by degrees, as they increased in numbers, peopled the whole island. Some adventurers passing over from those parts of Britain that are within sight of Ireland, were the founders of the Irish nation: which is a more probable story than the idle fables of Milesian and Gallician colonies. Dio-  
Pomp. Mel. Tacitus.

(2) Cæsar,  
a vj

dorus Siculus (1) mentions it as a thing well known in his time, that the inhabitants of Ireland were originally Britons; and his testimony is unquestionable, when we consider that, for many ages, the language and customs of both nations were the same.

Tacitus was of opinion that the ancient Caledonians were of German extract. By the language and customs which always prevailed in the North of Scotland, and which are undoubtedly Celtic, one would be tempted to differ in opinion from that celebrated writer. The Germans properly so called, were not the same with the ancient Celtæ. The manners and

(3) Diod. Sic. l. 51.

customs of the two nations were similar ; but their language different. The Germans ( 1 ) are the genuine descendants of the ancient Dacæ , afterwards well known by the name of Daci , and passed originally into Europe by the way of the northern countries , and settled beyond the Danube , towards the vast regions of Transilvania , Wallachia ; and Moldavia ; and from thence advanced by degrees into Germany. The Celtæ ( 1 ) , it is certain , sent many colonies into that country , all of whom retained their own laws, language, and customs ; and it is of them, if any colonies came from Germany,

( 1 ) Strabo , l. 7.

( 1 ) Cæf. l. 6. Liv. l. 5. Tac. de mor. Germ.

into Scotland, that the ancient Caledonians were descended.

But whether the Caledonians were a colony of the Celtic Germans, or the same with the Gauls that first possessed themselves of Britain, is a matter of no moment at this distance of time. Whatever their origin was, we find them very numerous in the time of Julius Agricola, which is a presumption that they were long before settled in the country. The form of their government was a mixture of aristocracy and monarchy, as it was in all the countries where the Druids bore the chief sway. This order of men seems to have been formed on the same system with the



Dactyli Idæi and Curetes of the ancients. Their pretended intercourse with heaven ; their magic and divination were the same. The knowledge of the Druids in natural causes , and the properties of certain things , the fruit of the experiments of ages , gained them a mighty reputation among the people. The esteem of the populace soon increased into a veneration for the order ; which a cunning and ambitious tribe of men took care to improve , to such a degree , that they , in a manner , engrossed the management of civil , as well as religious , matters. It is generally allowed that they did not abuse this extraordinary power ; the

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preserving their character of sanctity was so essential to their influence ; that they never broke out into violence or oppression. The chiefs were allowed to execute the laws , but the legislative power was entirely in the hands of the Druids (1). It was by their authority that the tribes were united , in times of the greatest danger , under one head. This temporary king , or Vergobretus ( 2 ) , was chosen by them , and generally laid down his office at the end of the war. These priests enjoyed long this extraordinary privilege among the Celtic nations who lay beyond the pale of the Roman empire. It was in the

(1) Cæf. l. 6.

(2) Fer-gubreth , *the man to judge.*

beginning of the second century that their power among the Caledonians begun to decline. The poems that celebrate Trathal and Cormac, ancestors to Fingal, are full of particulars concerning the fall of the Druids, which account for the total silence concerning their religion in the poems that are now given to the public.

The continual wars of the Caledonians against the Romans hindered the nobility from initiating themselves, as the custom formerly was, into the order of the Druids. The precepts of their religion were confined to a few, and were not much attended to by a people inured to war. The Vergobretas, or chief ma-

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gistrate, was chosen without the concurrence of the hierarchy, or continued in his office against their will. Continual power strengthened his interest among the tribes, and enabled him to send down, as hereditary to his posterity, the office he had only received himself by election.

On occasion of a new war against the *King of the World*, as the poems emphatically call the Roman emperor, the Druids, to vindicate the honour of the order, began to resume their ancient privilege of choosing the Vergobretus. Garmal, the son of Tarno being deputed by them, came to the grandfather of the celebrated Fingal, who was then Ver-

gobretus , and commanded him , in the name of the whole order , to lay down his office. Upon his refusal , a civil war commenced , which soon ended in almost the total extinction of the religious order of the Druids. A few that remained , retired to the dark recesses of their groves , and the caves they had formerly used for their meditations. It is then we find them in *the circle of stones* , and unheeded by the world. A total disregard for the order , and utter abhorrence of the Druidical rites ensued. Under this cloud of public hate, all that had any knowledge of the religion of the Druids became extinct , and the nation fell into the

last degree of ignorance of their rites and ceremonies.

It is no matter of wonder then, that Fingal and his son Ossian make so little, if any, mention of the Druids, who were the declared enemies to their succession in the supreme magistracy. It is a singular case, it must be allowed, that there are no traces of religion in the poems ascribed to Ossian; as the poetical compositions of other nations are so closely connected with their mythology. It is hard to account for it to those who are not made acquainted with the manner of the old Scottish bards. That race of men carried their notions of martial ho-

nour to an extravagant pitch. Any aid given their heroes in battle , was thought derogate from their fame ; and the bards immediately transferred the glory of the action to him who had given that aid.

Had Ossian brought down Gods ; as often as Homer hath done , to assist his heroes , this poem had not consisted of eulogiums on his friends, but of hymns to these superior beings. To this day , those that write in the Galic language seldom mention religion in their profane poetry ; and when they professedly write of religion , they never interlard with their compositions , the actions of their heroes. This custom alone , even

though the religion of the Druids had not been previously extinguished, may, in some measure, account for Ossian's silence concerning the religion of his own times.

To say, that a nation is void of all religion, is the same thing as to say, that it does not consist of people endued with reason. The traditions of their fathers, and their own observations on the works of nature, together with that superstition which is inherent in the human frame, have, in all ages, raised in the minds of men some idea of a superior being.—Hence it is, that in the darkest times, and amongst the most barbarous nations, the very



populace themselves had some faint notion , at least , of a divinity. It would be doing injustice to Ossian , who , upon no occasion , shews a narrow mind , to think , that he had not opened his conceptions to that primitive and greatest of all truths. But let Ossian's religion be what it will , it is certain he had no knowledge of Christianity , as there is not the least allusion to it, or any of its rites , in his poems ; which absolutely fixes him to an æra prior to the introduction of that religion. The persecution begun by Diocletian , in the year 303 , is the most probable time in which the first dawning of Christianity in the north of

Britain, can be fixed.—The humane and mild character of Constantius Chlorus, who commanded then in Britain, induced the persecuted Christians to take refuge under him. Some of them, through a zeal to propagate their tenets, or through fear, went beyond the pale of the Roman empire, and settled among the Caledonians, who were the more ready to hearken to their doctrines, as the religion of the Druids had been exploded so long before.

These missionaries, either through choice, or to give more weight to the doctrine they advanced, took possession of the cells and groves of the Druids; and it was from this  
retired

retired life they had the name of *Culdees* (1), which, in the language of the country, signified *sequestered persons*. It was with one of the *Culdees* that Ossian, in his extreme old age, is said to have disputed concerning the Christian religion. This dispute is still extant, and is couched in verse, according to the custom of the times. The extreme ignorance on the part of Ossian, of the Christian tenets, shews that religion had only been lately introduced, as it is not easy to conceive, how one of the first rank could be totally unacquainted with a religion that had been known for any time in the

(1) Cullich.

country. The dispute bears the genuine marks of antiquity. The obsolete phrases and expressions peculiar to the times , prove it to be no forgery. If Ossian then lived at the introduction of Christianity , as by all appearance he did , his epoch will be the latter end of the third , and beginning of the fourth century. What puts this point beyond dispute , is the allusion in his poems to the history of the times.

The exploits of Fingal against Caracul (1) , the son of *the King of the World* , are among the first brave

(1) Carac'huil , *terrible eye*. Carac-'healla , *terrible look*. Caracchallamh *a sort of upper garment*.

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actions of his youth. A complete poem, which relates to this subject, is printed in this collection.

In the year 210 the Emperor Severus, after returning from his expeditions against the Caledonians, at York fell into the tedious illness of which he afterwards died. The Caledonians and Maiaæ, resuming courage from his indisposition, took arms in order to recover the possessions they had lost. The enraged Emperor commanded his army to march into their country, and to destroy it with fire and sword. His orders were but ill executed; for his son, Caracalla, was at the head of the army, and his thoughts were entire-

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ly taken up with the hopes of his father's death, and with schemes to supplant his brother Geta.—He scarcely had entered the enemy's country, when news was brought him that Severus was dead.—A sudden peace is patched up with the Caledonians, and, as it appears from Dion Cassius, the country they had lost to Severus was restored to them.

The Caracul of Fingal is no other than Caracalla, who, as the son of Severus, the Emperor of Rome, whose dominions were extended almost over the known world, was not without reason called in the poems of Ossian; *the Son of the King of the World*. The space of time between 211, the year.

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Severus died, and the beginning of the fourth century, is not so great, but Ossian the son of Fingal, might have seen the Christians whom the persecution under Diocletian had driven beyond the pale of the Roman empire.

Ossian, in one of his many lamentations on the death of his beloved son Oscar, mentions among his great actions, a battle which he fought against Caros, *King of ships*, on the banks of the *winding Carun* (1). It is more than probable, that the Caros mentioned here, is the same with the noted usurper Carausius, who assumed the purple in the year 287, and seizing on Britain, defeated the Em-

(1) Car-avon, *Winding river*.

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peror Maximian Herculus, in several naval engagements, which gives propriety to his being called in Ossian's poems, *the King of Ships*. The *winding Carun* is that small river retaining still the name of Carron; and runs in the neighbourhood of Agricola's wall, which Carausius repaired to obstruct the incursions of the Caledonians. Several other passages in the poems allude to the wars of the Romans; but the two just mentioned clearly fix the epoch of Fingal to the third century; and this account agrees exactly with the Irish histories, which place the death of Fingal, the son of Comhal, in the year 283, and that of Oscar and



their own celebrated Cairbar , in the year 296.

Some people may imagine , that the allusions to the Roman history might have been industriously inserted into the poems , to give them the appearance of antiquity. This fraud must then have been committed at least three ages ago , as the passages in which the allusions are made , are alluded to often in the compositions of those times.

Every one knows what a cloud of ignorance and barbarism overspread the north of Europe three hundred years ago. The minds of men, addicted to superstition, contracted a narrowness that destroyed genius. Accordingly

we find the compositions of those times trivial and puerile to the last degree. But let it be allowed, that, amidst all the untoward circumstances of the age, a genius might arise, it is not easy to determine what could induce him to give the honour of his compositions to an age so remote. We find no fact that he has advanced, to favour any designs which could be entertained by any man who lived in the fifteenth century. But should we suppose a poet, through humour, or for reasons which cannot be seen at this distance of time, would ascribe his own compositions to Ossian, it is next to impossible, that he could impose upon his countrymen, when all

of them were so well acquainted with the traditional poems of their ancestors.

The strongest objection to the authenticity of the poems now given to the public under the name of Ossian, is the improbability of their being handed down by tradition through so many centuries. Ages of barbarism, some will say, could not produce poems abounding with the disinterested and generous sentiments so conspicuous in the compositions of Ossian; and could these ages produce them, it is impossible but they must be lost, or altogether corrupted in a long succession of barbarous generations.

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These objections naturally suggest themselves to men unacquainted with the ancient state of the northern parts of Britain. The bards, who were an inferior order of the Druids, did not share their bad fortune. They were spared by the victorious king, as it was through their means only he could hope for immortality to his fame. They attended him in the camp, and contributed to establish his power by their songs. His great actions were magnified, and the populace, who had no ability to examine into his character narrowly, were dazzled with his fame in the rhimes of the bards. In the mean time, men assumed sentiments that

are rarely to be met with in an age of barbarism. The bards who were originally the disciples of the Druids, had their minds opened, and their ideas enlarged, by being initiated in the learning of that celebrated order. They could form a perfect hero in their own minds, and ascribe that character to their prince. The inferior chiefs made this ideal character the model of their conduct, and by degrees brought their minds to that generous spirit which breathes in all the poetry of the times. The prince, flattered by his bards, and rivalled by his own heroes, who imitated his character as described in the eulogies of his poets, endeavoured to excel his

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people in merit, as he was above them in station. This emulation continuing, formed at last the general character of the nation, happily compounded of what is noble in barbarity, and virtuous and generous in a polished people.

When virtue in peace, and bravery in war, are the characteristics of a nation, their actions become interesting, and their fame worthy of immortality. A generous spirit is warmed with noble actions, and becomes ambitious of perpetuating them. This is the true source of that divine inspiration, to which the poets of all ages pretended. When they found their themes inadequate to the

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warmth of their imaginations , they varnished them over with fables, supplied by their own fancy , or furnished by absurd traditions. These fables , however ridiculous , had their abettors ; posterity either implicitly believed them , or through a vanity natural to mankind , pretended that they did. They loved to place the founders of their families in the days of fable, when poetry, without the fear of contradiction, could give what characters she pleased of her heroes. It is to this vanity that we owe the preservation of what remain of the works of Ossian. His poetical merit made his heroes famous in a country where heroism was much esteemed and ad-

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mired. The posterity of these heroes, or those who pretended to be descended from them, heard with pleasure the eulogiums of their ancestors; bards were employed to repeat them. This species of composition was not committed to writing, but delivered by oral tradition (1). The care they took to have the poems taught to their children, the uninterrupted custom of repeating them upon certain occasions, and the happy measure of the verse, served to preserve them for a long time uncorrupted. This oral chronicle of the Germans was not forgot in the eighth century, and it pro-

(1) *L'Abbé de la Bletterie, Remarques sur la Germanie.*



bably would have remained to this day , had not learning , which thinks every thing, that is not committed to writing , fabulous , been introduced. It was from poetical traditions that Garcillasso composed his account of the Yncas of Peru. The Peruvians had lost all other monuments of their history , and it was from ancient poems which his mother , a princess of the blood of the Yncas , taught him in his youth , that he collected the materials of his history. If other nations then, that had been often over-run by enemies , and had sent abroad and received colonies , could , for many ages , preserve , by oral tradition , their laws and histories uncorrupted ;

it is much more probable that the ancient Scots, a people so free of intermixture with foreigners, and so strongly attached to the memory of their ancestors, had the works of their bards handed down with great purity.

It will seem strange to some, that poems admired for many centuries in one part of this kingdom should be hitherto unknown in the other; and that the British, who have carefully traced out the works of genius in other nations, should so long remain strangers to their own. This, in a great measure, is to be imputed to those who understood both languages and never attempted a translation. They, from being acquainted but

with detached pieces, or from a modesty, which perhaps the present translator ought, in prudence, to have followed, despaired of making the compositions of their bards agreeable to an English reader. The manner of those compositions is so different from other poems, and the ideas so confined to the most early state of society, that it was thought they had not enough of variety to please a polished age.

This was long the opinion of the translator of the following collection; and though he admired the poems, in the original, very early, and gathered part of them from tradition for his own amusement, yet he never

had the smallest hopes of seeing them in an English dress. He was sensible that the strength and manner of both languages were very different, and that it was next to impossible to translate the Gálic poetry into any thing of tolerable English verse; a prose translation he could never think of, as it must necessarily fall short of the majesty of an original.

It is therefore highly probable; that the compositions of Ossian would have still remained in the obscurity of a lost language, had not a gentleman, who has himself made a figure in the poetical world, insisted with the present editor for a literal prose translation of some detached piece.

He approved of the specimen , and , through him , copies came to the hands of several people of taste in Scotland.

Frequent transcription and the corrections of those , who thought they mended the poems by modernizing the ideas , corrupted them to such a degree , that the translator was induced to hearken to the solicitations of a gentleman deservedly esteemed in Scotland , for his taste and knowledge in polite literature , and published the genuine copies under the title of *Fragments of Ancient Poetry*. The fragments , upon their first appearance , were so much approved of , that several people of rank , as well

as taste, prevailed with the translator to make a journey to the Highlands and western isles, in order to recover what remained of the works of Ossian the son of Fingal, the best, as well as most ancient of those who are celebrated in tradition for their poetical genius. A detail of this journey would be both tedious and unenterprising; let it suffice therefore that, after a peregrination of six months, the translator collected from tradition, and some manuscripts, all the poems in the following collection, and some more still in his hands, though rendered less complete by the ravages of time.

The action of the poem that stands

the first , was not the greatest or most celebrated of the exploits of Fingal. His wars were very numerous , and each of them afforded a theme which employed the genius of his son. But, excepting the present poem , those pieces are in a great measure lost, and there only remain a few fragments of them in the hands of the translator. Tradition has still preserved, in many places, the story of the poems ; many now living have heard them, in their youth , repeated.

The complete work , now printed , would , in a short time , have shared the fate of the rest. The genius of the highlanders has suffered a great change within these few years. The

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communication with the rest of the island is open, and the introduction of trade and manufactures has destroyed that leisure which was formerly dedicated to hearing and repeating the poems of ancient times. Many have now learned to leave their mountains, and seek their fortunes in a milder climate; and though a certain *amor patriæ* may sometimes bring them back, they have, during their absence, imbibed enough of foreign manners to despise the customs of their ancestors. Bards have been long disused, and the spirit of genealogy has greatly subsided. Men begin to be less devoted to their chiefs, and consanguinity is not so much regard-



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ed. When property is established, the human mind confines its views to the pleasures it procures. It does not go back to antiquity, or look forward to succeeding ages. The cares of life increase, and the actions of other times no longer amuse. Hence it is, that the taste for their ancient poetry is at a low ebb among the highlanders. They have not, however, thrown off the good qualities of their ancestors. Hospitality still subsists, and an uncommon civility to strangers. Friendship is inviolable, and revenge less blindly followed than formerly.

To speak of the poetical merit of the poems, would be an anticipation on the judgment of the public: and

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all that can be said of the translation , is , that it is literal , and that simplicity is studied. The arrangement of the words in the original is imitated , and the inversions of the style observed. As the translator claims no merit from his version , he hopes for the indulgence of the public where he fails. He wishes that the imperfect semblance he draws , may not prejudice the world against an original , which contains what is beautiful in simplicity , and grand in the sublime.

F I N G A L ,

F I N G A L,

A N A N C I E N T

E P I C P O E M.

In S I X B O O K S.

Vol. I.

A



## ARGUMENT to BOOK I.

*Cuchullin*, ( general of the Irish tribes , in the minority of *Cormac* , king of Ireland ) sitting alone beneath a tree , at the gate of *Tura* , a castle of *Ulster* , ( the other chiefs having gone on a hunting party to *Cromla* , a neighbouring hill ) is informed of the landing of *Swaran* , king of *Lochlin* , by *Moran* , the son of *Fithil* , one of his scouts. He convenes the chiefs ; a council is held , and disputes run high about giving battle to the enemy. *Connal* , the petty king of *Togorma* , and an intimate friend of *Cuchullin* , was for retreating , till *Fingal* , king of those *Caledonians* who inhabited the north-west coast of *Scotland* , whose aid had been previously solicited , should arrive ; but *Calmar* , the son of *Matha* , lord of *Lara* , a country in *Connaught* , was for engaging the enemy immediately. — *Cuchullin* , of himself willing to fight , went into the opinion of *Calmar*. Marching towards the enemy , he missed three of his bravest heroes , *Fergus* , *Duchomar* , and *Caithbat*. *Fergus* arriving , tells *Cuchullin* of the death of the two other chiefs ; which introduces the affecting episode of *Morna* , the daughter of *Cormac*. — The army of *Cuchullin* is descried at a distance by *Swaran* , who sent the son of *Arno* to observe the motions of the enemy , while he himself ranged his forces in order.

## ARGUMENT to BOOK I.

*of battle. — The son of Arno returning to Swaran, describes to him Cuchullin's chariot, and the terrible appearance of that hero. The armies engage, but night coming on, leaves the victory undecided. Cuchullin, according to the hospitality of the times, sends to Swaran a formal invitation to a feast, by his bard Carril, the son of Kinsena.—Swaran refuses to come. Carril relates to Cuchullin the story of Grudar and Brassolis. A party, by Connal's advice, is sent to observe the enemy; which closes the action of the first day.*

# F I N G A L,

## A N A N C I E N T

### E P I C P O E M.

In S I X B O O K S.

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#### B O O K I.

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C U C H U L L I N ( 1 ) sat by Tura's wall ; by the tree of the rustling leaf.—His

(1) Cuchullin , or rather Cuth-Ullin , *the voice of Ullin*, a poetical name given the son of Semo by the bards , from his commanding the forces of the Province of Ulster against the Ferbolg or Belgæ , who were in possession of Connaught. Cuchullin when very young married Bragela the daughter of Sorglan , and passing over into Ireland , lived for some time with Connal , grandson by a daughter to Congal the petty king of Ulster. His wisdom and valour in a short time gained him such reputation , that in the minority of Cormac the supreme king of Ireland , he was chosen guardian to the young king , and sole manager of the war against Swaran king of Lochlin. After a series of great actions he was killed in battle somewhere in Connaught , in the twenty-seventh year of his age. He was so remarkable for his strength , that to describe a strong man it has passed into a proverb , » He has the strength

spear leaned against the mossy rock. His shield lay by him on the grass. As he thought of mighty Cairbar (1), a hero whom he slew in war ; the scout (2) of the ocean came , Moran (3) the son of Fithil.

Rise , said the youth , Cuchullin , rise ; I see the ships of Swaran. Cuchullin , many are the foe : many the heroes of the dark-rolling sea.

Moran ! replied the blue-eyed chief , thou ever tremblest , son of Fithil : Thy fears have much increased the foe. Perhaps it is the king (4) of the lonely hills coming to aid me on green Ullin's plains.

of Cuchullin." They shew the remains of his palace at Dunstaff in the Isle of Skye ; and a stone to which he bound his dog Luath , goes still by his name.

(1) Cairbar or Cairbre signifies a strong man.

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

(3) Moran signifies many ; and Fithil , or rather Fili , *an inferior bard*.

(4) Fingal the son of Comhal , and Morna the



I saw their chief, says Moran, tall as a rock of ice. His spear is like that blasted fir. His shield like the rising moon. He sat on a rock on the shore: his dark host rolled, like clouds, around him. — Many, chief of men! I said, many are our hands of war.—Well art thou named; 'the Mighty Man, but many mighty men are seen from Tura's windy walls. — He answered, like a wave on a rock, who in this land appears like me? Heroes stand not in my presence: they fall to earth beneath my hand. None can meet Swaran in the fight but Fingal, king of stormy hills. Once we wrestled on the heath of Malmor (1), and our heels overturned the wood. Rocks fell from their place; and rivulets, changing their course, fled murmuring from our strife. Three days we renewed our strife, and heroes stood at a distance and trembled. On the fourth, Fingal says, that the king of the ocean fell; but Swaran says,

daughter of Thaddu. His grandfather was Trathal, and great grandfather Trenmor, both of whom are often mentioned in the poem.—Trenmor, according to tradition, had two sons; Trathal, who succeeded him in the Kingdom of Morven, and Conar, called by the bards *Conar the great*, who was elected king of all Ireland, and was the ancestor of that Cormac who sat on the Irish throne when the invasion of Swaran happened. It may not be improper here to observe, that the accent ought always to be placed on the last syllable of Fingal,

(1) Meal-mór — a great hill.

he stood. Let dark Cuchullin yield to him that is strong as the storms of Malmor.

No : replied the blue-eyed chief, I will never yield to man. Dark Cuchullin will be great or dead. Go, Fithil's son, and take my spear : strike the sounding shield of Cabait (1). It hangs at Tura's rustling gate ; the sound of peace is not its voice. My heroes shall hear on the hill.

He went and struck the bossy shield. The hills and their rocks replied. The sound spread along the wood : deer start by the lake of roes. Curach (2) leapt from the sounding rock ; and Connal of the bloody spear. Crugal's (3) breast of snow beats high. The son of Favi leaves the dark-brown hind. It is the shield of war, said Ronnar, the spear of Cuchullin, said Lugar.----Son of the sea, put on thy arms ! Calmar lift thy sounding steel ! Puno ! horrid hero, rise : Cairbar from thy red tree of Cromla. Bend thy white knee, O Eth ; and

(1) Cabait, or rather Cathbait, grandfather to the hero, was so remarkable for his valour, that his shield was made use of to alarm his posterity to the battles of the family. We find Fingal making the same use of his own shield in the 4th book. — A horn was the most common instrument to call the army together before the invention of bagpipes.

(2) Cu-raoch signifies *the madness of battle*.

(3) Cruth-geal --- *fair-complexioned*.

# Book I. AN EPIC POEM. 9

descend from the streams of Lena.—Caolt stretch thy white side as thou movest along the whistling heath of Mora: thy side that is white as the foam of the troubled sea, when the dark winds pour it on the murmuring rocks of Cuthon (1).

Now I behold the chiefs in the pride of their former deeds; their souls are kindled at the battles of old, and the actions of other times. Their eyes are like flames of fire, and roll in search of the foes of land.—Their mighty hands are on their swords; and lightning pours from their sides of steel.—They came like streams from the mountains; each rushed roaring from his hill. Bright are the chiefs of battle in the armour of their fathers. —Gloomy and dark their heroes followed, like the gathering of the rainy clouds behind the red meteors of heaven.—The sounds of crashing arms ascend. The grey dogs howl between. Unequally bursts the song of battle; and rocking Cromla (2) echoes round. On Lena's dusky heath they stood, like mist (3) that shades the hills of autumn: when broken and dark it settles high, and lifts its head to heaven.

(1) Cu-thòn—*the mournful sound of waves.*

(2) Crom-leach signified a place of worship among the Druids. It is here the proper name of a hill on the coast of Ullin or Ulster.

(3)—νεφέλησιν ὑπὸ πτερύγεσσιν ἄστ' ἐκρύβω

A γ.

Hail, said Cuchullin, sons of the narrow vales, hail ye hunters of the deer. Another sport is drawing near: it is like the dark rolling of that wave on the coast. Shall we fight, ye sons of war! or yield green Innisfail (1) to Lochlin?—O Connal (2) speak, thou first of men! thou breaker of the shields! thou hast often fought with Lochlin; wilt thou lift thy father's spear?

Cuchullin! calm the chief replied, the spear of Connal is keen. It delights to shine in battle, and to mix with the blood of thousands. But tho' my hand is bent on war,

Νηνεμῖνς, εἴπῃς; ἐπ' ἀκροπολοισιν ὄρεσσιν

Ατρείμας.

HOM. IL. 5. v. 522.

So when th' embattled clouds in dark array,  
Along the skies their gloomy lines display;  
The low-hung vapours motionless and still  
Rest on the summits of the shaded hill. POPE.

(1) Ireland so called from a colony that settled there, called Falans.——Innis-fail, *i. e.* the island of the Fa-il or Falans.

(2) Connal, the friend of Cuchullin, was the son of Cathbait prince of Tongorma or the *island of blue waves*, probably one of the Hebrides. His mother was Fioncoma the daughter of Congal. He had a son by Foba of Conachar-nessar, who was afterwards king of Ulster. For his services in the war against Swaran he had lands conferred on him, which, from his name, were called Tir-chonnuil, or Tir-cunnel, *i. e.* the land of Connal.

my heart is for the peace of Erin (1). Behold, thou first in Cormac's war, the sable fleet of Swaran. His masts are as numerous on our coast as reeds in the lake of Lego. His ships are like forests cloathed with mist, when the trees yield by turns to the squally wind. Many are his chiefs in battle. Connal is for peace.—Fingal would shun his arm the first of mortal men : Fingal that scatters the mighty , as stormy winds the heath ; when the streams roar thro' echoing Cona : and night settles with all her clouds on the hill.

Fly, thou chief of peace, said Calmar (2) the son of Matha; fly, Connal, to thy silent hills, where the spear of battle never shone ; pursue the dark-brown deer of Cromla : and stop with thine arrows the bounding roes of Lena. But, blue-eyed son of Semo, Cuchullin, ruler of the war, scatter thou the sons of Lochlin (3), and roar thro' the ranks of their

( 1 ) Erin , a name of Ireland ; from *ear* or *iar* West , and *in* an island. This name was not always confined to Ireland , for there is the highest probability that the *Ierne* of the ancients was Britain to the North of the Forth. —For Ierne is said to be to the North of Britain , which could not be meant of Ireland.

STRABO , l. 2. & 4. CASAUB. l. 1.

(2) Calm-er , a *strong man*.

(3) The Galic name of Scandinavia in general ; in a more confined sense, that of the peninsula of Jutland,

pride. Let no vessel of the kingdom of Snow bound on the dark-rolling waves of Inis-tore (1). O ye dark winds of Erin rise ! roar ye whirlwinds of the heath ! Amidst the tempest let me die, torn in a cloud by angry ghosts of men ; amidst the tempest let Calmar die, if ever chace was sport to him so much as the battle of shields.

Calmar ! slow replied the chief, I never fled, O Matha's son. I was swift with my friends in battle, but small is the fame of Connal. The battle was won in my presence, and the valiant overcame. But, son of Semo, hear my voice, regard the ancient throne of Cormac. Give wealth and half the land for peace, till Fingal come with battle. Or, if war be thy choice, I lift the sword and spear. My joy shall be in the midst of thousands, and my soul brighten in the gloom of the fight.

To me, Cuchullin replies, pleasant is the noise of arms : pleasant as the thunder of heaven before the shower of Spring. But gather all the shining tribes that I may view the sons of war. Let them move along the heath, bright as the sun-shine before a storm ; when the west wind collects the clouds, and the oaks of Morven echo along the shore.

(1) Inis-tore, *the island of whales*, the ancient name of the Orkney islands.

But where are my friends in battle? The companions of my arm in danger? Where art thou, white-bosom'd Cathbat? Where is that cloud in war, Duchomar (1)? And hast thou left me, O Fergus (2)! in the day of the storm? Fergus, first in our joy at the feast! son of Rossa! arm of death! comest thou like a roe (3) from Malmor? Like a hart from the ecchoing hills?—Hail thou son of Rossa! what shades the soul of war?

Four stones (4), replied the chief, rise on the grave of Cathbat.—These hands have laid in earth Duchomar, that cloud in war. Cathbat, thou son of Torman, thou wert a sun-beam on the hill.—And thou, O valiant Duchomar, like the mist of marshy Lano;

(1) Dubhchomar, *a black well-shaped man.*

(2) Fear-guth, —*the man of the word*; or a commander of an army.

(3) Be thou like a roe or young hart on the mountains of Bether. SOLOMON'S SONG.

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

when it fails over the plains of autumn and brings death to the people. Morna, thou fairest of maids ! calm is thy sleep in the cave of the rock. Thou hast fallen in darkness like a star, that shoots athwart the desert, when the traveller is alone, and mourns the transient beam.

Say, said Semo's blue-eyed son, say how fell the chiefs of Erin ? Fell they by the sons of Lochlin : striving in the battle of heroes ? Or what confines the chiefs of Cromla to the dark and narrow house (1) ?

Cathbat, replied the hero, fell by the sword of Duchomar at the oak of the noisy streams. Duchomar came to Tura's cave, and spoke to the lovely Morna.

Morna (2), fairest among women, lovely daughter of Cormac-cairbar. Why in the circle of stones; in the cave of the rock alone ? The stream murmurshoarsely. The old tree's groan is in the wind. The lake is troubled before thee, and dark are the clouds of the sky. But thou art like snow on the heath; and thy hair like the mist of Cromla; when it curls on the rocks, and shines to the beam of the west.—Thy breasts are like two smooth rocks seen

(1) The grave.—The house appointed for all living. JOB.

(2) Muirne or Morna, *a woman beloved by all.*



from Branno of the streams. Thy arms like two white pillars in the halls of the mighty Fingal.

From whence, the white-armed maid replied, from whence, Duchomar the most gloomy of men? Dark are thy brows and terrible. Red are thy rolling eyes. Does Swaran appear on the sea? What of the foe, Duchomar?

From the hill I return, O Morna, from the hill of the dark-brown hinds. Three have I slain with my bended yew. Three with my long bounding dogs of the chase.—Lovely daughter of Cormac, I love thee as my soul.—I have slain one stately deer for thee.—High was his branchy head; and fleet his feet of wind.

Duchomar! calm the maid replied, I love thee not, thou gloomy man.—Hard is thy heart of rock, and dark thy terrible brow. But Cathbat, thou son of Torman (1), thou art the love of Morna. Thou art like a sun-beam on the hill in the day of the gloomy storm. Sawest thou the son of Torman, lovely on the hill of his hinds? Here the daughter of Cormac waits the coming of Cathbat.

(Torman, *Thunder*. This is the true origine of the Jupiter Taramis of the ancients.

And long shall Morna wait, Duchomar said, his blood is on my sword.—Long shall Morna wait for him. He fell at Branno's stream. High on Cromla I will raise his tomb, daughter of Cormac-cairbar; but fix thy love on Duchomar, his arm is strong as a storm.—

And is the son of Torman fallen? said the maid of the tearful eye. Is he fallen on his echoing heath; the youth with the breast of snow? he that was first in the chace of the hill; the foe of the strangers of the ocean.—Duchomar thou art dark (1) indeed, and cruel is thy arm to Morna. But give me that sword, my foe; I love the blood of Caithbat.

He gave the sword to her tears; but she pierced his manly breast. He fell, like the bank of a mountain stream; stretched out his arm and said;

Daughter of Cormac-cairbar, thou hast slain Duchomar. The sword is cold in my breast: Morna, I feel it cold. Give me to Moina (2) the maid; Duchomar was the dream of her night. She will raise my tomb: and the hunter shall see it and praise me. But draw the sword from my breast; Morna, the steel is cold.

(1) She alludes to his name—the dark man.

(2) Moina, soft in temper and person,

She came, in all her tears, she came, and drew it from his breast. He pierced her white side with steel; and spread her fair locks on the ground. Her bursting blood sounds from her side : and her white arm is stained with red. Rolling in death she lay, and Tura's cave answered to her groans.—

Peace, said Cuchullin, to the souls of the heroes; their deeds were great in danger. Let them ride around (1) me on clouds, and shew their features of war : that my soul may be strong in danger; my arm like the thunder of heaven.—But be thou on a moon-beam, O Morna, near the window of my rest; when my thoughts are of peace; and the din of arms is over.—Gather the strength of the tribes, and move to the wars of Erin.—Attend the car of my battles; rejoice in the noise of my course.—Place three spears by my side; follow the bounding of my steeds; that my soul may be strong in my friends, when the battle darkens round the beams of my steel.

As rushes a stream (2) of foam from the dark

(1) It was the opinion then, as indeed it is to this day, of some of the highlanders, that the souls of the deceased hovered round their living friends; and sometimes appeared to them when they were about to enter on any great undertaking.

(2) Ως δ' ὅτε χεῖμαρ' ῥέει ποταμοῖ, κατ' ὄρεσφι ῥέοντις  
Ες μισγάγκειαν συμβάλλετον ἔριμον ὕδωρ,

Κρυαῶν ἐκ μεγάλων κοίλης ἔντοσθε χαράδρης. HOM.

shady steep of Cromla; when the thunder is rolling above, and dark-brown night on half the hill. So fierce so vast, so terrible rushed on the sons of Erin. The chief like a whale of ocean, whom all his billows follow, poured valour forth as a stream, rolling his might along the shore.

The sons of Lochlin heard the noise as the sound of a winter-stream. Swaran struck his bossy shield, and called the son of Arno. What murmur rolls along the hill like the gathered flies of evening? The sons of Innis-fail descend, or rustling winds roar in the distant wood. Such is the noise of Gormal before the white tops of my waves arise. O son of Arno, ascend the hill and view the dark face of the heath.

He went, and trembling, swift returned. His eyes rolled wildly round. His heart beat high against his side. His words were faltering, broken, slow.

Rise, son of ocean, rise chief of the dark-

As torrents roll encreas'd by numerous rills  
With rage impetuous down the ecchoing hills;  
Rush to the vales, and pour'd along the plain,  
Roar thro' a thousand channels to the main.

POPE.

*Aut ubi decursu rapido de montibus altis,  
Dant sonitum spumosi amnes, & in æquora currunt,  
Quisque suum populatus iter.*

VIRGIL.

brown shields. I see the dark, the mountain-stream of the battle : the deep-moving strength of the sons of Erin. — The car, the car of battle comes, like flame of death ; the rapid car of Cuchullin, the noble son of Semo. It bends behind like a wave near a rock ; like the golden mist of the heath. Its sides are embossed with stones, and sparkle like the sea round the boat of night. Of polished yew is its beam, and its seat of the smoothest bone. The sides are replenished with spears ; and the bottom is the footstool of heroes. Before the right side of the car is seen the snorting horse. The high-maned, broad-breasted, proud, high-leaping, strong steed of the hill. Loud and resounding is his hoof ; the spreading of his mane above is like that stream of smoke on the heath. Bright are the sides of the steed, and his name is Sullin-Sifadda.

Before the left side of the car is seen the snorting horse. The dark-maned, high-headed, strong-hoofed, fleet, bounding son of the hill : his name is Dufronnal among the stormy sons of the sword. — A thousand thongs bind the car on high. Hard polished bits shine in a wreath of foam. Thin thongs bright-studded with gems, bend on the stately necks of the steeds. — The steeds that like wreaths of mist fly over the streamy vales. The wildness of deer is in their course, the strength of the eagle descending on her prey. Their noise is like

the blast of winter on the sides of the snow-headed Gormal (1).

Within the car is seen the chief; the strong stormy son of the sword; the hero's name is Cuchullin, son of Semo king of shells. His red cheek is like my polished yew. The look of his blue-rolling eye is wide beneath the dark arch of his brow. His hair flies from his head like a flame, as bending forward he wields the spear. Fly, king of ocean, fly; he comes, like a storm, along the streamy vale.

When did I fly, replied the king, from the battle of many spears? When did I fly, son of Arno, chief of the little soul? I met the storm of Gormal when the foam of my waves was high; I met the storms of the clouds and shall I fly from a hero? Were it Fingal himself, my soul should not darken before him.—Rise to the battle, my thousands; pour round me like the echoing main. Gather round the bright steel of your king; strong as the rocks of my land; that meet the storm with joy, and stretch their dark woods to the wind.

As autumn's (2) dark storms pour from two

(1) A hill of Lochlin.

(2) The reader may compare this passage with a similar one in Homer. *Iliad*. 4. v. 446.

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet clos'd,  
To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,

echoing hills, towards each other approached the heroes.—As two dark streams from high rocks meet, and mix and roar on the plain; loud, rough and dark in battle meet Lochlin and Innis-fail. Chief mixed his strokes with chief, and man with man; steel, clanging, sounded on steel, helmets are cleft on high. Blood bursts and smoaks around.—Strings twang on the polished yews. Darts rush along the sky. Spears fall like the circles of light that gild the stormy face of night.

As the troubled noise of the ocean when roll the waves on high; as the last peal of the thunder of heaven, such is the noise of battle. Though Cormac's hundred bards were there to give the war to song; feeble were the voices of a hundred bards to send the deaths to future times. For many were the falls of the heroes, and wide poured the blood of the valiant.

Host against host, with shadowy squadrons drew;  
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew;  
With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are d'yd,  
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

POPE.

Statius has very happily imitated Homer.

*Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,  
Ense minax ensis, pede pes, & cuspide cuspis, &c.*  
Arms on armour crashing, bray'd  
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
Of brazen chariots rag'd, &c. MILTON.

Mourn, ye sons of song, the death of the noble Sithallin (1) — Let the sighs of Fiona rise on the dark heaths of her lovely Ardan. — They fell, like two hinds of the desert, by the hands of the mighty Swaran; when, in the midst of thousands he roared; like the shrill spirit of a storm, that sits dim, on the clouds of Gormal, and enjoys the death of the mariner.

Nor slept thy hand by thy side, chief of the isle of mist (2); many were the deaths of thine arm, Cuchullin, thou son of Semo. His sword was like the beam of heaven when it pierces the sons of the vale; when the people are blasted and fall, and all the hills are burning around. — Dufronnal (3) snorted over the bodies of heroes; and Sifadda (4) bathed his hoof in blood. The battle lay behind them as groves overturned on the desert of Cromla; when the blast has passed the heath laden with spirits of night.

Weep on the rocks of roaring winds, O

(1) Sithallin signifies *a handsome man*; — Fiona, *a fair maid*; — and Ardan, *pride*.

(2) The Isle of Sky; not improperly called the *Isle of mist*, as its high hills, which catch the clouds from the western ocean, occasion almost continual rains.

(3) One of Cuchullin's horses. Dubhstron-gheal.

(4) Sith-fadda, *i. e. a long stride*.



maid of Inistore (1), bend thy fair head over the waves; thou fairer than the spirit of the hills; when it moves in a sun-beam at noon over the silence of Morven. He is fallen! thy youth is low; pale beneath the sword of Cuchullin. No more shall valour raise the youth to match the blood of kings.—Trenar, lovely Tremard died, thou maid of Inistore. His gray dogs are howling at home, and see his passing ghost. His bow is in the hall unstrung. No sound is in the heath of his hinds.

As roll a thousand waves to the rocks, so Swaran's host came on; as meets a rock a thousand waves, so Innis-fail met Swaran. Death raises all his voices around, and mixes with the sound of shields.—Each hero is a pillar of darkness, and the sword a beam of fire in his hand. The field echoes from wing to wing, as a hundred hammers that rise by turns on the red son of the furnace.

(1) *The maid of Inistore* was the daughter of Gorlo king of Inistore or Orkney islands. Trenar was brother to the king of Iniscon, supposed to be one of the islands of Shetland. The Orkneys and Shetland were at that time subject to the king of Lochlin. We find that the dogs of Trenar are sensible at home of the death of their master, the very instant he is killed.—It was the opinion of the times, that the souls of heroes went immediately after death to the hills of their country, and the scenes they frequented the most happy time of their life. It was thought too that dogs and horses saw the ghosts of the deceased.

Who are these on Lena's heath that are so gloomy and dark? Who are these like two clouds (1), and their swords like lightning above them? The little hills are troubled around, and the rocks tremble with all their moss.—Who is it but Ocean's son and the car-borne chief of Erin? Many are the anxious eyes of their friends, as they see them dim on the heath. Now night conceals the chiefs in her clouds, and ends the terrible fight.

It was on Cromla's shaggy side that Dorglas placed the deer (2); the early fortune of the chase, before the heroes left the hill.—A hundred youths collect the heath; ten heroes blow the fire; three hundred chuse the polished stones. The feast is smoaking wide.

Cuchullin, chief of Erin's war, resumed

(1) As when two black clouds

With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on  
Over the Caspian. MILTON.

(2) The ancient manner of preparing feasts after hunting, is handed down by tradition. — A pit lined with smooth stones was made; and near it stood a heap of smooth flat stones of the flint kind. The stones as well as the pit were properly heated with heath. Then they laid some venison in the bottom, and a stratum of the stones above it; and thus they did alternately till the pit was full. The whole was covered over with heath to confine the steam. Whether this is probable I cannot say; but some pits are shewn, which the vulgar say, were used in that manner.

his

his mighty soul. He stood upon his beamy spear, and spoke to the son of songs ; to Carril of other times , the gray-haired son of Kin-fena (1) Is this feast spread for me alone , and the king of Lochlin on Ullin's shore, far from the deer of his hills , and sounding halls of his feasts ? Rise , Carril of other times , and carry my words to Swaran ; tell him that came from the roaring of waters , that Cuchullin gives his feast. Here let him listen to the sound of my groves amidst the clouds of night. — For cold and bleak the blustering winds rush over the foam of his seas. Here let him praise the trembling harp , and hear the songs of heroes.

Old Carril went , with softest voice , and called the king of dark-brown shields. Rise from the skins of thy chace , rise , Swaran king of groves.—Cuchullin gives the joy of shells ; partake the feast of Erin's blue-eyed chief.

He answered like the sullen sound of Crom-la before a storm. Though all thy daughters, Innis-fail ! should extend their arms of snow ; raise high the heavings of their breasts , and softly roll their eyes of love ; yet , fixed as Lochlin's thousand rocks , here Swaran shall remain ; till morn , with the young beams of my cast , shall light me to the death of

(1) Cean-feana , *i. e.* the head of the people,

Cuchullin. Pleasant to my ear is Lochlin's wind. It rushes over my seas. It speaks aloft in all my shrowds, and brings my green forests to my mind; the green forests of Gormal that often echoed to my winds, when my spear was red in the chace of the boar. Let dark Cuchullin yield to me the ancient throne of Cormac, or Erin's torrents shall shew from their hills the red foam of the blood of his pride.

Sad is the sound of Swaran's voice, said Carril of other times: —

Sad to himself alone, said the blue-eyed son of Semo. But, Carril, raise thy voice on high, and tell the deeds of other times. Send thou the night away in song; and give the joy of grief. For many heroes and maids of love have moved on Innis-fail. And lovely are the songs of woe that are heard on Albion's rocks; when the noise of the chace is over, and the streams of Cona answer to the voice of Ossian (1).

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

In other days (1), Carril replies, came the sons of Ocean to Erin. A thousand vessels bounded over the waves to Ullin's lovely plains. The sons of Innis-fail arose to meet the race of dark-brown shields. Cairbar, first of men, was there, and Grudar, stately youth. Long had they strove for the spotted bull, that lowed on Golbun's (2) echoing heath. Each claimed him as his own; and death was often at the point of their steel.

Side by side the heroes fought, and the strangers of Ocean fled. Whose name was fairer on the hill than the name of Cairbar and Grudar! — But ah! why ever lowed the bull on Golbun's echoing heath? They saw him leaping like the snow. The wrath of the chiefs returned.

On Lubar's (3) grassy banks they fought, and Grudar, like a sun-beam, fell. Fierce

(1) This episode is introduced with propriety. Calmar and Connal, two of the Irish heroes, had disputed warmly before the battle about engaging the ennemy. Carril endeavours to reconcile them with the story of Cairbar and Grudar; who, tho' enemies before, fought *side by side* in the war. The poet obtained his aim, for we find Calmar and Connal perfectly reconciled in the third book.

(1) Golb-bhean, as well as Cromleach, signifies a *crooked hill*. It is here the name of a mountain in the county of Sligo.

(3) Lubar — a river in Ulster. *Labhar*, loud; noisy.

Cairbar came to the vale of the echoing Tura, where Braffolis (1), fairest of his sisters, all alone, raised the song of grief. She sung of the actions of Grudar, the youth of her secret soul. — She mourned him in the field of blood; but still she hoped for his return. Her white bosom is seen from her robe, as the moon from the clouds of night. Her voice was softer than the harp to raise the song of grief. Her soul was fixed on Grudar; the secret look of her eye was his. — When shalt thou come in thine arms, thou mighty in the war? —

Take, Braffolis, Cairbar came and said, take, Braffolis, this shield of blood. Fix it on high within my hall, the armour of my foe. Her soft heart beat against her side. Distracted, pale, she flew. She found her youth in all his blood; she died on Cromla's heath. Here rests their dust, Cuchullin; and these two lonely yews, sprung from their tombs, wish to meet on high. Fair was Braffolis on the plain, and Grudar on the hill. The bard shall preserve their names, and repeat them to future times.

Pleasant is thy voice, O Carril, said the blue-eyed chief of Erin; and lovely are the words of other times. They are like the calm

(1) Braffolis signifies *a woman with a white breast.*

shower (1) of spring, when the sun looks on the field, and the light cloud flies over the hills. O strike the harp in praise of my love, the lonely sun-beam of Dunscach, Strike the harp in the praise of Bragéla (2), of her that I left in the Isle of Mist, the spouse of Semo's son. Dost thou raise thy fair face from the rock to find the sails of Cuchullin? — The sea is rolling far distant, and its white foam shall deceive thee for my sails. Retire, for it is night, my love, and the dark winds sigh in thy hair. Retire to the halls of my feasts, and think of the times that are past: for I will not return till the storm of war is ceased. O Connal, speak of wars and arms, and send her from my mind, for lovely with her raven-hair is the white-bosomed daughter of Sorglan.

(2) Homer compares soft piercing words to the fall of snow.

——*επεια νιχαδεσσιν εοικότα χειμερησιν.*

But when he speaks, what elocution flows!

Like the soft fleeces of descending snows. *POTT.*

(2) Bragéla was the daughter of Sorglan, and the wife of Cuchullin. — Cuchullin, upon the death of Artho, supreme king of Ireland, passed over into Ireland, probably by Fingal's order, to take upon him the administration of affairs in that kingdom, during the minority of Cormac the son of Artho. He left his wife Bragéla in Dunscach, the seat of the family, in the Isle of Sky, where the remains of his palace are still shewn; and a stone, to which he bound his dog Luath, goes still by his name.

Connal, slow to speak, replied: Guard against the race of Ocean. Send thy troop of night abroad, and watch the strength of Swaran. — Cuchullin! I am for peace till the race of the desert come; till Fingal come, the first of men, and beam, like the sun, on our fields.

The hero struck the shield of his alarms — the warriors of the night moved on. The rest lay in the heath of the deer, and slept amidst the dusky wind. — The ghosts (1) of the lately dead were near, and swam on gloomy clouds. And far distant, in the dark silence of Lena, the feeble voices of death were heard.

(1) It was long the opinion of the ancient Scots, that a ghost was heard shrieking near the place where a death was to happen soon after. The accounts given, to this day, among the vulgar, of this extraordinary matter, are very poetical. The ghost comes mounted on a meteor, and surrounds twice or thrice the place destined for the person to die; and then goes along the road through which the funeral is to pass, shrieking at intervals; at last, the meteor and ghost disappear above the burial place.



F I N G A L,

A N A N C I E N T

E P I C P O E M.

B O O K I I.

## ARGUMENT to BOOK II.

*The ghost of Crugal, one of the Irish heroes who was killed in battle, appearing to Connal, foretels the defeat of Cuchullin in the next battle; and earnestly advises him to make peace with Swaran. Connal communicates the vision; but Cuchullin is inflexible; from a principle of honour he would not be the first to sue for peace, and he resolved to continue the war. Morning comes; Swaran proposes dishonourable terms to Cuchullin, which are rejected. The battle begins, and is obstinately fought for some time, until, upon the flight of Grumal, the whole Irish army gave way. Cuchullin and Connal cover their retreat: Carril leads them to a neighbouring hill, whither they are soon followed by Cuchullin himself, who descries the fleet of Fingal making towards the coast; but, night coming on, he lost sight of it again. Cuchullin, dejected after his defeat, attributes his ill success to the death of Ferda his friend, whom he had killed some time before. Carril, to shew that ill success did not always attend those who innocently killed their friends, introduces the episode of Comal and Galvina,*

F I N G A L,  
AN ANCIENT  
EPIC POEM.

In SIX BOOKS.

---

B O O K I I.

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CONNAL (1) lay by the fount of  
the mountain stream, beneath the aged tree.

(1) The scene of Connal's repose is familiar to those who have been in the Highlands of Scotland. The poet removes him to a distance from the army, to add more horror to the description of Crugal's ghost by the loneliness of the place. It perhaps will not be disagreeable to the reader, to see how two other ancient poets handled a similar subject,

Ἦλθεν δ' ἐπὶ ψυχὴ Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο

Παντ' αὐτῷ μεγέθος καὶ ἔματα κατ' εἰκῆα

Καὶ φωνήν, &c.

HOM. II. 234

When lo ! the shade, before his closing eyes,  
Of sad Patroclus rose or seem'd to rise,  
In the same robe he living wore, he came,  
In stature, voice, and pleasing look the same;

B 7

A stone , with its moss , supported his head.  
 Shrill thro' the heath of Lena , he heard the  
 voice of night. At distance from the heroes

The form familiar hover'd o'er his head :  
 And sleeps Achilles thus ? the phantom said. POPE.

*In somnis ecce ante oculos mæstissimus Hector  
 Visus adesse mihi , largosque effundere fletus ,  
 Raptatus bigis , ut quondam , aterque cruento  
 Pulvere , perque pedes trajectus lora tumentes.  
 Hei mihi qualis erat ! quantum mutatus ab illo  
 Hectore , qui redit exuviis indutus Achillis ,  
 Vel Danaûm Phrygios jaculatus puppibus ignes ;  
 Squallentem barbam & concretos sanguine crines  
 Vulneraque illa gerens quæ circum plurima muros  
 Accepit patrios. Æn. lib. 2.*

When Hector's ghost before my sight appears :  
 A bloody shroud he seem'd , and bath'd in tears.  
 Such as he was , when , by Pelides slain ,  
 Thessalian coursers drag'd him o'er the plain.  
 Swoln were his feet , as when the thongs were thrust  
 Through the bor'd holes , his body black with dust.  
 Unlike that Hector , who return'd from toils  
 Of war triumphant , in Æacian spoils :  
 Or him , who made the fainting Greeks retire ,  
 And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.  
 His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore ;  
 And all the wounds he for his country bore.

DRYDEN.

he lay, for the son of the sword feared no foe.

My hero saw in his rest a dark-red stream of fire coming down from the hill. Crugal sat upon the beam, a chief that lately fell. He fell by the hand of Swaran, striving in the battle of heroes. His face is like the beam of the setting moon; his robes are of the clouds of the hill: his eyes are like two decaying flames. Dark is the wound of his breast.

Crugal, said the mighty Connal, son of Dedgal famed on the hill of deer! Why so pale and sad, thou breaker of the shields? Thou hast never been pale for fear.—What disturbs the son of the hill?

Dim, and in tears, he stood and stretched his pale hand over the hero.—Faintly he raised his feeble voice, like the gale of the reedy Lego.

My ghost, O Connal, is on my native hills; but my corse is on the sands of Ullin. Thou shalt never talk with Crugal, or find his lone steps in the heath. I am light as the blast of Cromla, and I move like the shadow of mist. Connal, son of Colgar (1), I see the dark

(1) Connal the son of Caithbar, the friend of Cuchullin, is sometimes, as here, called the son of Colgar; from one of that name who was the founder of his family.

cloud of death: it hovers over the plains of Lena. The sons of green Erin shall fall. Remove from the field of ghosts.—Like the darkened moon (2) he retired, in the midst of the whistling blast.

Stay, said the mighty Connal, stay my dark-red friend. Lay by that beam of heaven, son of the windy Cromla. What cave of the hill is thy lonely house? What green-headed hill is the place of thy rest? Shall we not hear thee in the storm? In the noise of the mountain-stream? When the feeble sons of the wind come forth, and ride on the blast of the desert.

The soft-voiced Connal rose in the midst of his sounding arms. He struck his shield above Cuchullin. The son of battle waked.

Why, said the ruler of the car, comes Connal through the night? My spear might turn against the sound; and Cuchullin mourn the death of his friend. Speak, Connal, son of Colgar, speak, thy counsel is like the son of heaven.

Son of Semo, replied the chief, the ghost of

(1) Ψυχή δὲ κατα χθονὸς, ἥντε καπνὸς

Ὀχλοῦ τετραγυῖα.

HOM. II. 23. v. 100.

Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,  
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.

POPE,

Crugal came from the cave of his hill.—The stars dim-twinkled through his form; and his voice was like the sound of a distant stream.—He is a messenger of death.—He speaks of the dark and narrow house. Sue for peace, O chief of Dunscailh; or fly over the heath of Lena.

He spoke to Connal, replied the hero; though stars dim-twinkled through his form. Son of Colgar, it was the wind that murmured in the caves of Lena.—Or if it was the form (1) of Crugal, why didst thou not force him to my sight. Hast thou enquired where is his cave? The house of the son of the wind? My sword might find that voice, and force his knowledge from him. And small is his knowledge, Connal, for he was here to-day. He could not have gone beyond our hills, and wo could tell him there of our death?

Ghosts fly on clouds and rise on winds, said Connal's voice of wisdom. They rest together in their caves, and talk of mortal men.

Then let them talk of mortal men; of every man but Erin's chief. Let me be forgot in their

(1) The poet teaches us the opinions that prevailed in his time concerning the state of separate souls. From Connal's expression, "That the stars dim-twinkled through the form of Crugal," and Cuchullin's reply, we may gather that they both thought the soul was material; something like the *ψυχή* of the ancient Greeks,

cave; for I will not fly from Swaran. — If I must fall, my tomb shall rise amidst the fame of future times. The hunter shall shed a tear on my stone; and sorrow dwell round the highbosomed Bragéla. I fear-not death, but I fear to fly, for Fingal saw me often victorious. Thou dim phantom of the hill, shew thyself to me! come on thy beam of heaven, and shew me my death in thine hand; yet will I not fly, thou feeble son of the wind. Go, son of Colgar, strike the shield of Caithbat; it hangs between the spears. Let my heroes rise to the sound in the midst of the battles of Erin. Though Fingal delays his coming with the race of the stormy hills; we shall fight, O Colgar's son, and die in the battle of heroes.

The sound spreads wide; the heroes rise, like the breaking of a blue-rolling wave. They stood on the heath, like oaks with all their branches, round them (1); when they echo to the stream of frost, and their withered leaves rustle to the wind.

High Cromla's head of clouds is gray; the morning trembles on the half-enlightened ocean. The blue-gray mist swims slowly by, and hides the sons of Innis-fail.

(1) — As when heaven's fire

Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines  
With singed tops, their stately growth tho' bare  
Stand on the blasted heath.

MILTON,



Rise ye, said the king of the dark-brown shields, ye that came from Lochlin's waves. The sons of Erin have fled from our arms—pursue them over the plains of Lena.—And, Morla, go to Cormac's hall and bid them yield to Swaran; before the people shall fall into the tomb; and the hills of Ullin be silent.—They rose like a flock of sea-fowl when the waves expel them from the shore. Their sound was like a thousand streams that meet in Cona's vale, when after a stormy night, they turn their dark eddies beneath the pale light of the morning.

As the dark shades of autumn fly over the hills of grass; so gloomy, dark, successive came the chiefs of Lochlin's echoing woods. Tall as the stag of Morven moved on the king of groves. His shining shield is on his side like a flame on the heath at night, when the world is silent and dark, and the traveller sees some ghost sporting in the beam.

A blast from the troubled ocean removed the settled mist. The sons of Innis-fail appear like a ridge of rocks on the shore.

Go, Morla, go, said Lochlin's king, and offer peace to these. Offer the terms we give to kings when nations bow before us. When the valiant are dead in war, and the virgins weeping on the field.

Great Morla came, the son of Swart,

and stately strode the king of shields. He spoke to Erin's blue-eyed son, among the lesser heroes.

Take Swaran's peace, the warrior spoke; the peace he gives to kings, when the nations bow before him. Leave Ullin's lovely plains to us, and give thy spouse and dog. Thy spouse hig-bosom'd heaving fair. Thy dog that overtakes the wind. Give these to prove the weakness of thine arm, and live beneath our power.

Tell Swaran, tell that heart of pride, that Cuchullin never yields.—I give him the dark-blue rolling of ocean, or I give his people graves in Erin! Never shall a stranger have the lovely sun-beam of Dunscaich; nor ever deer fly on Lochlin's hills before the nimble-footed Luath.

Vain ruler of the car, said Morla, wilt thou fight the king; that king whose ships of many groves could carry off thine Isle? So little is thy green-hilled Ullin to the king of stormy waves.

In words I yield to many, Morla; but this sword shall yield to none. Erin shall own the sway of Cormac, while Connal and Cuchullin live. O Connal, first of mighty men, thou hast heard the words of Morla; shall thy thoughts then be of peace, thou breaker of the shields? Spirit of fallen Crugal! why didst thou threaten

us with death? The narrow house shall receive me in the midst of the light of renown.—Exalt, ye sons of Innis-fail, exalt the spear and bend the bow; rush on the foe in darkness, as the spirits of stormy nights.

Then dismal, roaring, fierce and deep the gloom of battle rolled along; as mist (1) that is poured on the valley, when storms invade the silent sun-shine of heaven. The chief moves before in arms, like an angry ghost before a cloud; when meteors inclose him with fire; and the dark winds are in his hand.—Carril, far on the heath, bids the horn of battle sound. He raises the voice of the song, and pours his soul into the minds of heroes.

Where, said the mouth of the song, where is the fallen Crugal? He lies forgot on earth, and the hall of shells (2) is silent.—Sad is the spouse of Crugal, for she is a stranger (2) in the

(1) — As evening mist

Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides

And gathers ground fast at the lab'ers heel

Homeward returning.

MILTON.

(2) The ancient Scots, as well as the present Highlanders, drunk in shells; hence it is that we so often meet, in the old poetry, with the *chief of shells*, and the *halls of shells*.

(3) Crugal had married Degrena but a little time before the battle, consequently she may with propriety be called a stranger in the hall of her sorrow.

hall of her sorrow. But who is she, that, like a sun-beam, flies before the ranks of the foe? It is Degrena (1), lovely fair, the spouse of fallen Crugal. Her hair is on the wind behind. Her eye is red; her voice is shrill. Green, empty is thy Crugal now, his form is in the cave of the hill. He comes to the ear of rest, and raises his feeble voice; like the humming of the mountain-bee, or collected flies of evening. But Degrena falls like a cloud of the morn; the sword of Lochlin is in her side. Cairbar, she is fallen, the rising thought of thy youth. She is fallen, O Cairbar, the thought of thy youthful hours.

Fierce Cairbar heard the mournful sound; and rushed on like ocean's whale; he saw the death of his daughter; and roared in the midst of thousands (2). His spear met a son of Lochlin, and battle spread from wing to wing. As a hundred winds in Lochlin's groves, as fire in the firs of a hundred hills; so loud, so ruinous and vast the ranks of men are hewn down.—Cuchullin cut off heroes like thistles, and Swaran wasted Erin. Curach fell by his hand, and Cairbar of the bossy shield. Morglan lies in lasting rest; and Ca-olt quivers as he dies. His white breast is stained with his blood; and his yellow hair stretched in the dust of his

(1) Deo-ghréna signifies a sun beam.

(2) *Mediisque in millibus ardet.* VIRGIL

native land. He often had spread the feast where he fell; and often raised the voice of the harp: when his dogs leapt around for joy; and the youths of the chase prepared the bow.

Still Swaran advanced, as a stream that bursts from the desert. The little hills are rolled in its course; and the rocks half-sunk by its side. But Cuchullin stood before him like a hill (1), that catches the clouds of heaven.—The winds contend on its head of pines; and the hail rattles on its rocks. But, firm in its strength, it stands and shades the silent vale of Cona.

So Cuchullin shaded the sons of Erin, and stood in the midst of thousands. Blood rises

(1) Virgil and Milton have made use of a comparison similar to this; I shall lay both before the reader, and let him judge for himself which of these two great poets have best succeeded.

*Quantus Athos, aut quantus Erix, aut ipse coruscis,  
Cum fremit ilicibus, quantus gaudetque nivali  
Vertice se attollens pater Appeninus ad auras.*

Like Erix or like Athos great he shews  
Or father Appenine when white with snows,  
His head divine obscure in clouds he hides,  
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.

DRYDEN.

On th' other side Satan alarm'd,  
Collecting all his might, dilated stood  
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:  
His stature reach'd the sky.

MILTON.

like the fount of a rock, from panting heroes around him. Bus Erin falls on either wing like snow in the day of the sun.

O sons of Innis-fail, said Grumal. Lochlin conquers on the field. Why strive we as reeds against the wind ? Fly to the hill of dark-brown hinds. He fled like the stag of Morven, and his spear is a trembling beam of light behind him. Few fled with Grumal, the chief of the little soul : they fell in the battle of heroes on Lena's echoing heath.

High on his car, of many gems, the chief of Erin stood ; he slew a mighty son of Lochlin, and spoke, in haste, to Connal. O Connal, first of mortal men, thou hast taught this arm of death ! Though Erin's sons have fled, shall we not fight the foe ? O Carril, son of other times, carry my living friends to that bushy hill.—Here, Connal, let us stand like rocks, and save our flying friends.

Connal mounts the car of light. They stretch their shields like the darkened moon, the daughter of the starry skies, when she moves a dun circle, through heaven. Sithfadda panted up the hill, and Dufronnel haughty steed. Like waves behind a whale, behind them rushed the foe.

Now on the rising side of Cromla stood Erin's few sad sons ; like a grove through which the flame had rushed, hurried on by

the winds of the stormy night.—Cuchullin stood beside an oak. He rolled his red eye in silence, and heard the wind in his bushy hair; when the scout of ocean came, Moran the son of Fithil.—The ships, he cried, the ships of the lonely isle! There Fingal comes, the first of men, the breaker of the shields. The waves foam before his black prows. His masts with sails are like groves in clouds.

Blow, said Cuchullin, all ye winds that rush over my isle of lovely mist. Come to the death of thousands, O chief of the hills of hinds. Thy sails, my friend, are to me like the clouds of the morning; and thy ships like the light of heaven; and thou thyself like a pillar of fire that giveth light in the night. O Connal, first of men, how pleasant are our friends! But the night is gathering around; where now are the ships of Fingal? Here let us pass the hours of darkness, and wish for the moon of heaven.

The winds came down on the woods. The torrents rushed from the rocks. Rain gathered round the head of Cromla. And the red stars trembled between the flying clouds. Sad, by the side of a stream whose sound was echoed by a tree, sad by the side of a stream the chief of Erin sat. Connal son of Colgar was there, and Carril of other times,

Unhappy is the hand of Cuchullin, said the son of Semo, unhappy is the hand of Cuchullin since he slew his friend.—Ferda, thou son of Damman, I loved thee as myself.

How, Cuchullin, son of Semo, fell the breaker of the shields? Well I remember, said Connal, the noble son of Damman. Tall and fair he was like the rain-bow of the hill.

Ferda from Albion came, the chief of a hundred hills. In Muri's (1) hall he learned the sword, and won the friendship of Cuchullin. We moved to the chace together; and one was our bed in the heath.

Deugala was the spouse of Cairbar, chief of the plains of Ullin. She was covered with the light of beauty, but her heart was the house of pride. She loved that sun-beam of youth, the noble son of Damman. Cairbar, said the white-armed woman, give me half of the herd. No more I will remain in your halls. Divide the herd, dark Cairbar.

Let Cuchullin, said Cairbar, divide my herd

(1) Muri, say the Irish bards, was an academy in Ulster for teaching the use of arms. The signification of the word is a *cluster of people*; which renders the opinion probable. Cuchullin is said to have been the first who introduced into Ireland complete armour of steel. He is famous, among the Senachies, for teaching horsemanship to the Irish, and for being the first who used a chariot



on the hill. His breast is the seat of justice. Depart, thou light of beauty.—I went and divided the herd. One snow-white bull remained. I gave that bull to Cairbar. The wrath of Deugala rose.

Son of Damman, begun the fair, Cuchullin pains my soul. I must hear of his death, or Lubar's stream shall roll over me. My pale ghost shall wander near thee, and mourn the wound of my pride. Pour out the blood of Cuchullin, or pierce this heaving breast.

Deugala, said the fair-haired youth, how shall I slay the son of Semo? He is the friend of my secret thoughts, and shall I lift the sword? She wept three days before him, on the fourth he consented to fight.

I will fight my friend, Deugala! but may I fall by his sword. Could I wander on the hill and behold the grave of Cuchullin? We fought on the hills of Muri. Our swords avoid a wound. They slide on the helmets of steel; and sound on the slippery shields. Deugala was near with a smile, and said to the son of Damman, thine arm is feeble, thou sun-beam of youth. Thy years are not strong for

in that kingdom; which last circumstance was the occasion of Ossian's being so circumstantial in his description of Cuchullin's car, in the first book.

steel.—Yield to the son of Semo. He is like the rock of Malmor.

The tear is in the eye of youth. He faultering said to me, Cuchullin, raise thy bossy shield. Defend thee from the hand of thy friend. My soul is laden with grief: for I must slay the chief of men.

I sighed as the wind in the chink of a rock. I lifted high the edge of my steel. The sun-beam of the battle fell; the first of Cuchullin's friends.

Unhappy is the hand of Cuchullin since the hero fell.

Mournful is thy tale, son of the car, said Carril of other times. It sends my soul back to the ages of old, and to the days of other years.—Often have I heard of Comal who slew the friend he loved; yet victory attended his steel; and the battle was consumed in his presence.

Comal was a son of Albion; the chief of an hundred hills. His deer drunk of a thousand streams. A thousand rocks replied to the voice of his dogs. His face was the mildness of youth. His hand the death of heroes. One was his love, and fair was she! the daughter of mighty Conloch. She appeared like a sun-beam among women. And her hair was like the wing of the raven. Her dogs were taught to the chase.

Her

Her bow-string sounded on the winds of the forest. Her soul was fixed on Comal. Often met their eyes of love. Their course in the chace was one, and happy were their words in secret.—But Gormal loved the maid, the dark chief of the gloomy Ardvea. He watched her lone steps in the heath; the foe of unhappy Comal.

One day, tired of the chace, when the mist had concealed their friends, Comal and the daughter of Conloch met in the cave of Ronan (1). It was the wonted haunt of Comal. Its sides were hung with his arms. A hundred shields of thongs were there; a hundred helms of sounding steels

Rest here, he said, my love Galvina; thou light of the cave of Ronan. A deer appears on Mora's brow. I go; but I will soon return. I fear, she said, dark Gormal my foe; he

(1) The unfortunate death of this Ronan is the subject of the ninth fragment of ancient poetry published last year; it is not the work of Ossian, though it is writ in his manner, and bears the genuine marks of antiquity. --- The concise expressions of Ossian are imitated, but the thoughts are too jejune and confined to be the production of that poet.—Many poems go under his name that have been evidently composed since his time; they are very numerous in Ireland, and some have come to the translator's hands. They are trivial and dull to the last degree; swelling into ridiculous bombast, or sinking into the lowest kind of prosaic style.

haunts the cave of Ronan. I will rest among the arms; but soon return, my love.

He went to the deer of Mora. The daughter of Conloch would try his love. She cloathed her white sides with his armour, and strode from the cave of Ronan. He thought it was his foe. His heart beat high. His colour changed, and darkness dimmed his eyes. He drew the bow. The arrow flew. Galvina fell in blood. He run with wildness in his steps and called the daughter of Conloch. No answer in the lonely rock. Where art thou, O my love ! He saw, at length, her heaving heart beating around the feathered dart. O Conloch's daughter, is it thou ? He sunk upon her breast.

The hunters found the hapless pair; he afterwards walked the hill. But many and silent were his steps round the dark dwelling of his love. The fleet of the ocean came. He fought ; the strangers fled. He searched for his death over the field. But who could kill the mighty Comal ! He threw away his dark-brown shield. An arrow found his manly breast. He sleeps with his loved Galvina at the noise of the sounding surge. Their green tombs are seen by the mariner, when he bounds on the waves of the north.

F I N G A L,

A N A N C I E N T

E P I C P O E M,

B O O K I I I.



## A R G U M E N T to Book III.

*Cuchullin, pleased with the story of Carril, insists with that bard for more of his songs. He relates the actions of Fingal in Lochlin, and death of Agandecca the beautiful sister of Swaran. He had scarce finished, when Calmar the son of Matha, who had advised the first battle, came wounded from the field, and told them of Swaran's design to surprise the remains of the Irish army. He himself proposes to withstand singly the whole force of the enemy, in a narrow pass, till the Irish should make good their retreat. Cuchullin, touched with the gallant proposal of Calmar, resolves to accompany him, and orders Carril to carry off the few that remained of the Irish. Morning comes, Calmar dies of his wounds; and, the ships of the Caledonians appearing, Swaran gives over the pursuit of the Irish, and returns to oppose Fingal's landing. Cuchullin ashamed, after his defeat to appear before Fingal, retires to the cave of Tura. Fingal engages the enemy, puts them to flight; but the coming on of night makes the victory not decisive. The king, who had observed the gallant behaviour of his grandson Oscar, gives him advices concerning his conduct in peace and war. He recommends to him to place the example of his fathers before his eyes, as the best model for his conduct; which*

## ARGUMENT to Book III.

*introduces the episode concerning Fainasollis, the daughter of the king of Craca, whom Fingal had taken under his protection, in his youth. Fillan and Oscar are dispatched to observe the motions of the enemy by night; Gaul the son of Morni desires the command of the army, in the next battle; which Fingal promises to give him. Some general reflections of the poet close the third day.*



# F I N G A L ,

A N A N C I E N T

E P I C P O E M.

In S I X B O O K S.

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## B O O K I I I. ( *a* )

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**P**LEASANT are the words of the song, said Cuchullin, and lovely are the tales of other times. They are like the calm dew of the morning on the hill of roes, when the sun is faint on its side, and the lake is settled and blue in the vale. O Carril, raise again thy voice, and let me hear the song of Tura, which was sung in my halls of joy, when Fingal king of shields was there, and glowed at the deeds of his fathers.

Fingal ! thou man of battle, said Carril,

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

early were thy deeds in arms. Lochlin was consumed in thy wrath, when thy youth strove with the beauty of maids. They smiled at the fair-blooming face of the hero; but death was in his hands. He was strong as the waters of Lora. His followers were like the roar of a thousand streams. They took the king of Lochlin in battle, but restored him to his ships. His big heart swelled with pride; and the death of the youth was dark in his soul. — For none ever, but Fingal, overcame the strength of the mighty Starno (1).

He sat in the halls of his shells in Lochlin's woody land. He called the grey-haired Snivan, that often sung round the circle (2) of Loda: when the stone of power heard his cry, and the battle turned in the field of the valiant.

Go; gray-haired Snivan, Starno said, to Ardven's sea-surrounded rocks. Tell to Fingal king of the desert; he that is the fairest among his thousands, tell him I give him

(1) Starno was the father of Swaran as well as Agandecca.—His fierce and cruel character is well marked in other poems concerning the times.

(2) This passage most certainly alludes to the religion of Lochlin, and the *stone of power* here mentioned is the image of one of the deities of Scandanavia.

my daughter, the loveliest maid that ever heaved a breast of snow. Her arms are white as the foam of my waves. Her soul is generous and mild. Let him come with his bravest heroes to the daughter of the secret hall.

Snivan came to Albion's windy hills : and fair-haired Fingal went. His kindled soul flew before him, as he bounded on the waves of the north.

Welcome, said the dark-brown Starno, welcome, king of rocky Morven ; and ye, his heroes of might, sons of the lonely isle ! Three days within my halls shall ye feast ; and three days pursue my boars, that your fame may reach the maid that dwells in the secret hall.

The king of snow (1) designed their death, and gave the feast of shells. Fingal, who doubted the foe, kept on his arms of steel. The sons of death were afraid, and fled from the eyes of the hero. The voice of sprightly mirth arose. The trembling harps of joy are strung. Bards sing the battle of heroes ; or the heaving breast of love.—Ullin, Fingal's bard, was there ; the sweet voice of the hill of Cona. He praised the

(1) Starno is here poetically called the king of snow from the great quantities of snow that fall in his dominions.

daughter of snow ; and Morven's (1) high-descended chief. — The daughter of snow over-heard, and left the hall of her secret sigh. She came in all her beauty, like the moon from the cloud of the east. — Loveliness was around her as light. Her steps were like the music of songs. She saw the youth and loved him. He was the stolen sigh of her soul. Her blue eye rolled on him in secret : and she blest the chief of Morven.

The third day, with all its beams, shone bright on the wood of boars. Forth moved the dark-browed Starno, and Fingal, king of shields. Half the day they spent in the chace ; and the spear of Fingal was red in the blood of Gormal (2).

It was then the daughter of Starno, with blue eyes rolling in tears, came with her voice of love, and spoke to the king of Morven.

Fingal, high-descended chief, trust not Starno's heart of pride. Within that wood he has placed his chiefs ; beware of the wood

(1) All the North-west coast of Scotland probably went of old under the name of Morven, which signifies a ridge of very high hills.

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

of death. But, remember, son of the hill, remember Agandecca : save me from the wrath of my father, king of the windy Morven !

The youth, with unconcern, went on ; his heroes by his side. The sons of death fell by his hand ; and Gormal echoed around.

Before the halls of Starno the sons of the chase convened. The king's dark brows were like clouds. His eyes like meteors of night. Bring hither, he cries, Agandecca to her lovely king of Morven. His hand is stained with the blood of my people ; and her words have not been in vain. —

She came with the red eye of tears. She came with her loose raven locks. Her white breast heaved with sighs, like the foam of the streamy Lubar. Starno pierced her side with steel. She fell like a wreath of snow that slides from the rocks of Ronan, when the woods are still, and the echo deepens in the vale.

Then Fingal eyed his valiant chiefs, his valiant chiefs took arms. The gloom of the battle roared, and Lochlin fled or died. — Pale, in his bounding ship he closed the maid of the raven hair. Her tomb ascends on Ardven, and the sea roars round the dark dwelling of Agandecca.

Blessed be her soul, said Cuchullin, and

blest be the mouth of the song.—Strong was the youth of Fingal, and strong is his arm of age. Lochlin shall fall again before the king of echoing Morven. Shew thy face from a cloud, O moon; light his white sails on the wave of the night. And if any strong spirit (1) of heaven sits on that low-hung cloud; turn his dark ships from the rock, thou rider of the storm!

Such were the words of Cuchullin at the fount of the mountain-stream, when Calmar ascended the hill, the wounded son of Matha. From the field he came in his blood. He leaned on his bending spear. Feeble is the arm of battle! but strong the soul of the hero!

Welcome! O son of Matha, said Connal, welcome art thou to thy friends! Why bursts that broken sigh from the breast of him that never feared before?

And never, Connal, will he fear, chief of the pointed steel. My soul brightens in danger, and exults in the noise of battle. I am of the race of steel; my fathers never feared.

(1) This is the only passage in the poem that has the appearance of religion.—But Cuchullin's apostrophe to this spirit is accompanied with a doubt; so that it is not easy to determine whether the hero meant a superior being, or the ghosts of deceased warriors, who were supposed in those times to rule the storms, and to transport themselves in a gust of wind from one country to another.

Cormar was the first of my race. He sported through the storms of the waves. His black skiff bounded on ocean, and travelled on the wings of the blast. A spirit once embroiled the night. Seas swell, and rocks resound. Winds drive along the clouds. The lightning flies on wings of fire. He feared and came to land : then blushed that he feared at all. He rushed again among the waves to find the son of the wind. Three youths guide the bounding bark ; he stood with the sword unsheathed. When the low-hung vapour passed, he took it by the curling head, and searched its dark womb with his steel. The son of the wind forsook the air. The moon and stars returned.

Such was the boldness of my race; and Calmar is like his fathers. Danger flies from the uplifted sword. They best succeed who dare.

But now, ye sons of green vallyed Erin, retire from Lena's bloody heath. Collect the sad remnant of our friends, and join the sword of Fingal. I heard the sound of Lochlin's advancing arms ; but Calmar will remain and fight. My voice shall be such, my friends , as if thousands were behind me. But, son of Semo , remember me. Remember Calmar's lifeless corse. After Fingal has wasted the field , place me by some stone of remembrance , that future times may hear

my fame ; and the mother (1) of Calmar rejoice over the stone of my renown.

No : son of Matha , said Cuchullin , I will never leave thee. My joy is in the unequal field : my soul increases in danger. Connal , and Carril of other times , carry off the sad sons of Erin ; and when the battle is over , search for our pale corse in this narrow way. For near this oak we shall stand in the stream of the battle of thousands.—O Fithil's son , with feet of wind , fly over the heath of Lena. Tell to Fingal that Erin is intralld , and bid the king of Morven hasten. O let him come like the sun in a storm , when he shines on the hills of grass.

Morning is gray on Cromla ; the sons of the sea ascend. Calmar stood forth to meet them in the pride of his kindling soul. But pale was the face of the warrior ; he leaned on his father's spears ; that spear which he brought from Lara's hall , when the soul of his mother was sad — But slowly now the hero falls like a tree on the plains of Cona. Dark Cuchullin stands alone like a rock (2) in a sandy vale. The sea comes with

(1) Alclétha , her lamentation over her son is introduced in the poem concerning the death of Cuchullin , printed in this collection.

(2)

—ὅτε πέτρῃ

Ἠλέσματος μετ' ἄλῃ , πολέως αἰλὸς ἐσγυρὲς ἔσχα , &c.

HOM. IL. 15.



its waves , and roars on its hardened sides. Its head is covered with foam , and the hills are echoing around. — Now from the gray mist of the ocean, the white-sailed ships of Fingal appear. High is the grove of their masts as they nod , by turns , on the rolling wave.

Swaran saw them from the hill , and returned from the sons of Erin. As ebbs the resounding sea through the hundred isles of Inistore ; so loud , so vast , so immense returned the sons of Lochlin against the king of the desert hill. But bending , weeping , sad , and slow , and dragging his long spear behind , Cuchullin sunk in Cromla's wood , and mourned his fallen friends. He feared the face of Fingal , who was wont to greet him from the fields of renown.

How many lie there of my heroes ! the chiefs of Innis-tail ! they that were chearful in the hall when the sound of the shells arose. No more shall I find their steps in the heath , or hear their voice in the chace of the hinds. Pale , silent , low on bloody beds are they who were my friends ! O spirits

So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main ,  
By winds assail'd , by billows beat in vain ,  
Unmov'd it hears , above , the tempests blow ,  
And sees the watry mountains break below, POPE.

of the lately-dead, meet Cuchullin on his heath. Converse with him on the wind, when the rustling tree of Tura's cave resounds. There, far remote, I shall lie unknown. No bard shall hear of me. No gray stone shall rise to my renown. Mourn me with the dead, O Bragela ! departed is my fame.

Such were the words of Cuchullin when he sunk in the woods of Cromla.

Fingal, tall in his ship, stretched his bright lance before him. Terrible was the gleam of the steel : it was like the green meteor of death, setting in the heath of Malmor, when the traveller is alone, and the broad moon is darkened in heaven.

The battle is over, said the king, and I behold the blood of my friends. Sad is the heath of Lena ; and mournful the oaks of Cromla : the hunters have fallen there in their strength ; and the son of Semo is no more. — Ryno and Fillan, my sons, sound the horn of Fingal's war. Ascend that hill on the shore, and call the children of the foe. Call them from the grave of Lamdarg, the chief of other times. — Be your voice like that of your father, when he enters the battles of his strength. I wait for the dark mighty man ; I wait on Lena's shore for Swaran. And let him come with all his race ; for strong in battle are the friends of the dead.

Fair Ryno flew like lightning ; dark Fillan as the shade of autumn. On Lena's heath their voice is heard ; the sons of ocean heard the horn of Fingal's war. As the roaring eddy of ocean returning from the kingdom of snows ; so strong , so dark , so sudden came down the sons of Lochlin. The king in their front appears in the dismal pride of his arms. Wrath burns in his dark-brown face : and his eyes roll in the fire of his valour.

Fingal beheld the son of Starno ; and he remembered Agandecca, — For Swaran with the tears of youth had mourned his white-bosomed sister. He sent Ullin of the songs to bid him to the feast of shells. For pleasant on Fingal's soul returned the remembrance of the first of his loves.

Ullin came with aged steps , and spoke to Starno's son. O thou that dwellest afar , surrounded , like a rock , with thy waves , come to the feast of the king , and pass the day in rest. To-morrow let us fight , O Swaran , and break the echoing shields.

To-day , said Starno's wrathful son , we break the echoing shields : to-morrow my feast will be spread ; and Fingal lie on earth.

And to-morrow let his feast be spread , said Fingal with a smile ; for to-day , O

my sons, we shall break the echoing shields.—Ossian, stand thou near my arm. Gaul, lift thy terrible sword. Fergus bend thy crooked yew. Throw, Fillan, thy lance through heaven.—Lift your shields like the darkened moon. Be your spears the meteors of death. Follow me in the path of my fame; and equal my deeds in battle.

As a hundred winds on Morven; as the streams of a hundred hills; as clouds fly successive over heaven; or, as the dark ocean assaults the shore of the desert: so roaring, so vast, so terrible the armies mixed on Lena's echoing heath.—The groan of the people spread over the hills; it was like the thunder of night, when the cloud bursts on Cona; and a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the hollow wind.

Fingal rushed on in his strength, terrible as the spirit of Trenmor; when, in a whirlwind, he comes to Morven to see the children of his pride. The oaks resound on their hills, and the rocks fall down before him.—Bloody was the hand of my father, when he whirled the lightning of his sword. He remembers the battles of his youth, and the field is wasted in his course.

Ryno went on like a pillar of fire—Dark is the brow of Gaul. Fergus rushed forward

with feet of wind ; and Fillan like the mist of the hill.—Myself (1) , like a rock , came down , I exulted in the strength of the king. Many were the deaths of my arm ; and dismal was the gleam of my sword. My locks were not then so gray ; nor trembled my hands of age. My eyes were not closed in darkness ; nor failed my feet in the race.

Who can relate the deaths of the people ; or the deeds of mighty heroes ; when Fingal , burning in his wrath , consumed the sons of the Lochlin ? Groans swelled on groans from hill to hill , till night had covered all. Pale , staring like a herd of deer , the sons of Lochlin convene on Lena.

We sat and heard the sprightly harp at Lubar's gentle stream. Fingal himself was next to the foe ; and listened to the tales of bards. His godlike race were in the song , the chiefs of other times. Attentive , leaning on his shield , the king of Morven sat. The wind whistled through his aged locks , and his thoughts are of the days of other years. Near him on his bending spear , my young , my lovely Oscar stood. He admired the king

(1) Here the poet celebrates his own actions , but he does it in such a manner that we are not displeased. The mention of the great actions of his youth immediately suggests to him the helpless situation of his age. We do not despise him for selfish praise , but feel his misfortune.

of Morven : and his actions were swelling in his soul.

Son of my son , begun the king , O Oscar , pride of youth , I saw the shining of thy sword and gloried in my race. Pursue the glory of our fathers , and be what they have been ; when Trenmor lived , the first of men , and Trathal the father of heroes. They fought the battle in their youth , and are the song of bards.— O Oscar ! bend the strong in arms : but spare the feeble hand. Be thou a stream of many tides against the foes of thy people ; but like the gale that moves the grass to those who ask thine aid.— So Trenmor lived ; such Trathal was ; and such has Fingal been. My arm was the support of the injured and the weak rested behind the lightning of my steel.

Oscar ! I was young like thee , when lovely Fainasollis came , that sun-beam ! that mild light of love ! the daughter of Craca's (1) king ! I then returned from Coña's heath , and few were in my train. A white-sailed boat appeared far off ; we saw it like a mist that rode on ocean's blast. It soon ap-

(1) What the Craca here mentioned was , is not , at this distance of time , easy to determine. The most probable opinion is , that it was one of the Shetland isles. — There is a story concerning a daughter of the King of Craca in the sixth book.

proached ; we saw the fair. Her white breast heaved with sighs. The wind was in her loose dark hair ; her rosy cheek had tears. — Daughter of beauty , calm I said , what sigh is in that breast ? Can I , young as I am , defend thee , daughter of the sea ? My sword is not unmatched in war , but dauntless is my heart.

To thee I fly , with sighs she replied , O chief of mighty men ! To thee I fly , chief of shells , supporter of the feeble hand ! The king of Craca's echoing isle owned me the sun-beam of his race. And often did the hills of Cromala reply to the sighs of love for the unhappy Fainasollis. Sora's chief beheld me fair ; and loved the daughter of Craca. His sword is like a beam of light upon the warrior's side. But dark is his brow ; and tempests are in his soul. I shun him on the rolling sea ; but Sora's chief pursues.

Rest thou , I said , behind my shield ; rest in peace , thou beam of light ! The gloomy chief of Sora will fly , if Fingal's arm is like his soul. In some lone cave I might conceal thee , daughter of the sea ! But Fingal never flies ; for where the danger threatens , I rejoice in the storm of spears. — I saw the tears upon her cheeks. I pitied Craca's fair.

Now , like a dreadful wave afar , appea-

red the ship of stormy Borbar. His masts high-bended over the sea behind their sheets of snow. White roll the waters on either side. The strength of ocean sounds. Come thou , I said , from the roar of ocean , thou rider of the storm. Partake the feast within my hall. It is the house of strangers.—The maid stood trembling by my side ; he drew the bow : she fell. Unerring is thy hand , I said , but feeble was the foe. — We fought , nor weak was the strife of death : He sunk beneath my sword. We laid them in two tombs of stones ; the unhappy children of youth.

Such have I been in my youth , O Oscar ; be thou like the age of Fingal. Never seek the battle , nor shun it when it comes.—Fíllan and Oscar of the dark-brown hair , ye children of the race ; fly over the heath of roaring winds ; and view the sons of Lochlin. Far off I hear the noise of their fear , like the storms of echoing Cona. Go : that they may not fly my sword along the waves of the north.—For many chiefs of Erin's race lie here on the dark bed of death. The children of the storm are low ; the sons of echoing Cromla.

The heroes flew like two dark clouds ; two dark clouds that are the chariots of ghosts ; when air's dark children come to frighten hapless men.



It was then that Gaul (1), the son of Morni, stood like a rock in the night. His spear is glittering to the stars; his voice like many streams.— Son of battle, cried the chief, O Fingal, king of shells! let the bards of many songs sooth Erin's friends to rest. And, Fingal, sheath thy sword of death; and let thy people fight. We wither away without our fame; for our king is the only breaker of shields. When morning rises on our hills, behold at a distance our deeds. Let Lochlin feel the sword of Morni's son, that bards may sing of me. Such was the custom heretofore of Fingal's noble race. Such was thine own, thou king of swords, in battles of the spear.

O son of Morni, Fingal replied, I glory in thy fame.—Fight; but my spear shall be near to aid thee in the midst of danger. Raise, raise the voice, sons of the song, and lull me into rest. Here will Fingal lie

(1) Gaul the son of Morni, was chief of a tribe that disputed long the pre-eminence, with Fingal himself. They were reduced at last to obedience, and Gaul, from an enemy, turned Fingal's best friend and greatest hero. His character is something like that of Ajax in the Iliad; a hero of more strength than conduct in battle. He was very fond of military fame, and here he demands the next battle to himself. — The poet, by an artifice, removes Fingal, that his return may be the more magnificent.

amidst the wind of night.—And if thou, Agandecca, art near, among the children of thy land; if thou sittest on a blast of wind among the high-shrowded masts of Lochlin, come to my dreams (1), my fair one, and shew thy bright face to my soul.

Many a voice and many a harp in tuneful sounds arose. Of Fingal's noble deeds they sung, and of the noble race of the hero. And sometimes on the lovely sound was heard the name of the now mournful Ossian.

Often have I fought, and often won in battles of the speear. But blind, and tearful, and forlorn I now walk with little men. O Fingal, with thy race of battle I now behold thee not. The wild roes feed upon the green tomb of the mighty king of Morven.—Blest be thy soul, thou king of swords, thou most renowned on the hills of Cona!

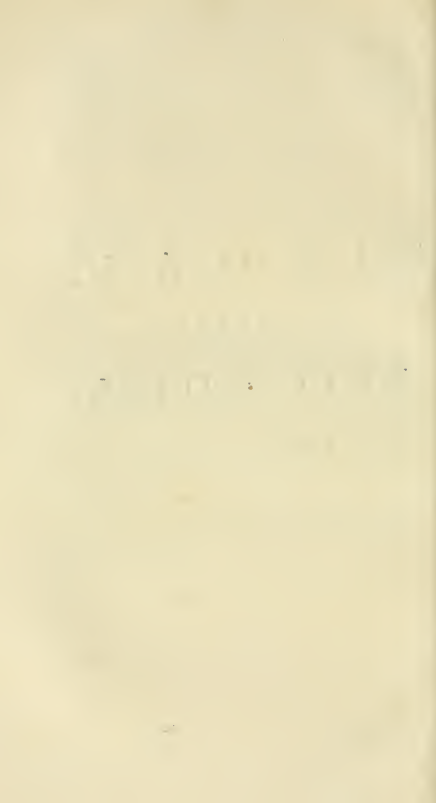
(1) The poet prepares us for the dream of Fingal in the next book.

F I N G A L,

A N A N C I E N T

E P I C P O E M.

B O O K I V.



## ARGUMENT to BOOK IV.

*The action of the poem being suspended by night, Ossian takes that opportunity to relate his own actions at the lake of Lego, and his courtship of Evirallin, who was the mother of Oscar, and had died some time before the expedition of Fingal into Ireland. Her ghost appears to him, and tells him that Oscar, who had been sent, at the beginning of the night, to observe the enemy, was engaged with an advanced party, and almost overpowered. Ossian relieves his son; and an alarm is given to Fingal of the approach of Swaran. The king rises, calls his army together, and, as he had promised the preceding night, devolves the command on Gaul the son of Morni, while he himself, after charging his sons to behave gallantly, and defend his people, retires to a hill, from whence he could have a view of the battle. The battle joins; the poet relates Oscar's great actions. But when Oscar, in conjunction with his father, conquered in one wing, Gaul, who was attacked by Swaran in person, was on the point of retreating in the other. Fingal sends Ullin his bard to encourage him with a war song; but notwithstanding Swaran prevails; and Gaul and his army are obliged to give way. Fingal, descending from the hill, rallies them again: Swaran desists from the pur-*

## ARGUMENT to BOOK IV.

*suit, possesses himself of a rising ground, restores the ranks, and waits the approach of Fingal. The king, having encouraged his men, gives the necessary orders, and renews the battle. Cuchullin, who, with his friend Connal, and Carril his bard, had retired to the cave of Tura, hearing the noise, came to the brow of the hill, which overlooked the field of battle, where he saw Fingal engaged with the enemy. He, being hindered by Connal from joining Fingal, who was himself upon the point of obtaining a complete victory, sends Carril to congratulate that hero on his success.*

# F I N G A L,

A N A N C I E N T

E P I C P O E M.

In S I X B O O K S.

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B O O K I V. (1)

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**W**H O comes with her songs from the mountain , like the bow of the showery Iena ? It is the maid of the voice of love. The white-armed daughter of Toscar. Often hast thou heard my song , and given the tear of beauty. Dost thou come to the battles

(1) Fingal being asleep, and the action suspended by night, the poet introduces the story of his courtship of Eirallin, the daughter of Branno. The episode is necessary to clear up several passages that follow in the poem; at the same time that it naturally brings on the action of the book, which may be supposed to begin about the middle of the third night from the opening of the poem.—This book, as many of Ossian's other compositions, is addressed to the beautiful Malvina, the daughter of Toscar. She appears to have been in love with Oscar, and to have affected the company of the father, after the death of the son.

of thy people, and to hear the actions of Oscar? When shall I cease to mourn by the streams of the echoing Cona? My years have passed away in battle, and my age is darkened with sorrow.

Daughter of the hand of snow! I was not so mournful and blind; I was not so dark and forlorn, when Evirallin loved me, Evirallin with the dark-brown hair, the white bosomed love of Cormac. A thousand heroes sought the maid, she denied her love to a thousand; the sons of the sword were despised; for graceful in her eyes was Ossian.

I went in suit of the maid to Lego's sable surge; twelve of my people were there, the sons of the streamy Morven. We came to Branno friend of strangers: Branno of the sounding mail.—From whence, he said, are the arms of steel? Not easy to win is the maid that has denied the blue-eyed sons of Erin. But blest be thou, O son of Fingal, happy is the maid that waits thee. Tho' twelve daughters of beauty were mine, thine were the choice, thou son of fame! —Then he opened the hall of the maid, the dark-haired Evirallin. Joy kindled in our breasts of steel, and blest the maid of Branno.

Above us on the hill appeared the people of stately Cormac. Eight were the heroes of the



chief ; and the heath flamed with their arms. There Colla , Durra of the wounds , there mighty Toscar , and Tago , there Frestal , the victorious , stood ; Dairo of the happy deeds , and Dala , the battle's bulwark in the narrow way.—The sword flamed in the hand of Cormac , and graceful was the look of the hero.

Eight were the heroes of Ossian ; Ullin stormy son of war ; Mullo of the generous deeds ; the noble , the graceful Scelacha ; Oglan , and Cerdal the wrathful , and Dumariccan's brows of death. And why should Ogar be the last ; so wide renowned on the hills of Ardven ?

Ogar met Dala the strong , face to face , on the field of heroes. The battle of the chiefs was like the wind on ocean's foamy wave. The dagger is remembered by Ogar ; the weapon which he loved ; nine times he drowned it in Dala's side. The stormy battle turned. Three times I pierced Cormac's shield : three times he broke his spear. But , unhappy youth of love ! I cut his head away.—Five times I shook it by the lock. The friends of Cormac fled.

Whoever would have told me , lovely maid (1) , when then I strove in battle ; that

(1) The poet addresses himself to Malvina , the daughter of Toscar.

blind, forsaken, and forlorn I now should pass the night; firm ought his mail to have been, and unmatched his arm in battle.

(1) Now on Lena's gloomy heath the voice of music died away. The unconstant blast blew hard, and the high oak shook its leaves around me; of Evirallin were my thoughts, when she, in all the light of beauty, and her blue eyes rolling in tears, stood on a cloud before my sight, and spoke with feeble voice.

O Ossian, rise and save my son; save Oscar chief of men: near the red oak of Lubar's stream, he fights with Lochlin's sons. — She sunk into her cloud again. I clothed me with my steel. My spear supported my steps, and my rattling armour rung. I hummed, as I was wont in danger, the songs of heroes of old. Like distant thunder (2)

(1) The poet returns to his subject. If one could fix the time of the year in which the action of the poem happened, from the scene described here, I should be tempted to place it in autumn. — The trees shed their leaves, and the winds are variable, both which circumstances agree with that season of the year.

(2) Ossian gives the reader a high idea of himself. His very song frightens the enemy. This passage resembles one in the eighteenth Iliad, where the voice of Achilles frightens the Trojans from the body of Patroclus.

Lochlin heard; they fled ; my son pursued.

I called him like a distant stream : My son return over Lena. No further pursue the foe , though Ossian is behind thee. — He came ; and lovely in my ear was Oscar's sounding steel. Why didst thou stop my hand, he said , till death had covered all ? For dark and dreadful , by the stream, they met thy son and Fillan. They watched the terrors of the night. Our swords have conquered some. But as the winds of night pour the ocean over the white sands of Mora , so dark advance the sons of Lochlin over Lena's rustling heath. The ghosts of night shriek afar ; and I have seen the meteors of death. Let me awake the king of Morven , he that smiles in danger ; for he is like the son of heaven that rises in a storm.

Fingal had started from a dream , and leaned on Trenmor's shield ; the dark-brown shield of his fathers ; which they had lifted of old in the battles of their race. — The hero had seen in his rest the mournful form :

Forth-march'd the chief, and distant from the crowd,  
High on the rampart, rais'd his voice aloud.  
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd ,  
Hosts drop their arms and trembled as they fear'd ;

POPE.

of Agandecca; she came from the way of the ocean, and slowly, lonely, moved over Lena. Her face was pale like the mist of Cromla; and dark were the tears of her cheek. She often raised her dim hand from her robe, her robe which was of the clouds of the desert: she raised her dim hand over Fingal, and turned away her silent eyes.

Why weeps the daughter of Starno, said Fingal, with a sigh? Why is thy face so pale, thou daughter of the clouds? — She departed on the wind of Lena; and left him in the midst of the night.—She mourned the sons of her people that were to fall by Fingal's hand.

The hero started from rest, and still beheld her in his soul.—The sound of Oscar's steps approached. The king saw the grey shield on his side. For the faint beam of the morning came over the waters of Ullin.

What do the foes in their fear? said the rising king of Morven. Or fly they through ocean's foam, or wait they the battle of steel? But why should Fingal ask? I hear their voice on the early wind.—Fly over Lena's heath, O Oscar, and awake our friends to battle.

The king stood by the stone of Lubar and thrice raised his terrible voice. The deer started from the fountains of Cromla; and

all the rocks shook on their hills. Like the noise of a hundred mountain-streams, that burst, and roar, and foam : like the clouds that gather to a tempest on the blue face of the sky ; so met the sons of the desert, round the terrible voice of Fingal. For pleasant was the voice of the king of Morven to the warriors of his land : often had he led them to battle, and returned with the spoils of the foe.

Come to battle ; said the king, ye children of the storm. Come to the death of thousands. Comhal's son will see the fight. — My sword shall wave on that hill, and be the shield of my people. But never may you need it, warriors ; while the son of Morni fights, the chief of mighty men. — He shall lead my battle ; that his fame may rise in the song. — O ye ghosts of heroes dead ! ye riders of the storm of Cromla ! receive my falling people with joy, and bring them to your hills. — And may the blast of Lena carry them over my seas, that they may come to my silent dreams, and delight my soul in rest.

Fillan and Oscar, of the dark-brown hair ! fair Ryno, with the pointed steel ! advance with valour to the fight ; and behold the son of Morni. Let your swords be like his in the strife : and behold the deeds of his hands. Protect the friends of your father :

and remember the chiefs of old. My children, I shall see you yet, though here ye should fall in Erin. Soon shall our cold, pale ghosts meet in a cloud, and fly over the hills of Cona.

Now like a dark and stormy cloud, edged round with the red lightning of heaven, and flying westward from the morning's beam, the king of hills removed. Terrible is the light of his armour, and two spears are in his hand.—His gray hair falls on the wind.—He often looks back on the war. Three bards attend the son of fame, to carry his words to the heroes.—High on Cromla's side he sat, waving the lightning of his sword, and as he waved, we moved.

Joy rose in Oscar's face. His cheek is red. His eye sheds tears. The sword is a beam of fire in his hand. He came, and smiling, spoke to Ossian.—O ruler of the fight of steel! my father, hear thy son. Retire with Morven's mighty chief; and give me Ossian's fame. And if here I fall; my king, remember that breast of snow, that lonely sun-beam of my love, the white-handed daughter of Toscar. For with red cheek from the rock, and bending over the stream, her soft hair flies about her bosom, as she pours the sigh for Oscar. Tell her I am on my hills a lightly-bounding son of

the wind ; that hereafter , in a cloud , I  
may meet the lovely maid of Toscar.

Raise , Oscar , rather raise my tomb. I  
will not yield the fight to thee. For first  
and bloodiest in the war my arm shall teach  
thee how to fight. But , remember , my son,  
to place this sword , this bow , and the horn  
of my deer , within that dark and narrow  
house , whose mark is one gray stone. Os-  
car , I have no love to leave to the care of  
my son ; for graceful Evirallin is no more ,  
the lovely daughter of Branno.

Such were our words , when Gaul's loud  
voice came growing on the wind. He wa-  
ved on high the sword of his father , and  
rushed to death and wounds.

As waves white-bubbling over the deep  
come swelling , roaring on ; as rocks of ooze  
meet roaring waves : so foes attacked and  
fought. Man met with man , and steel with  
steel. Shields sound ; men fall. As a hundred  
hammers on the son of the furnace , so rose ,  
o rung their swords.

Gaul rushed on like a whirlwind in Ard-  
ven. The destruction of heroes is on his  
sword. Swaran was like the fire of the de-  
sart in the echoing heath of Gormal. How  
can I give to the song the death of many  
spears ? My sword rose high , and flamed in

the strife of blood. And, Oscar, terrible wert thou, my best, my greatest son ! I rejoiced in my secret soul, when his sword flamed over the slain. They fled amain through Lena's heath : and we pursued and slew : As stones that bound from rock to rock ; as axes in echoing woods ; as thunder rolls from hill to hill in dismal broken peals ; so blow succeeded to blow, and death to death, from the hand of Oscar (1) and mine.

But Swaran closed round Morni's son, as the strength of the tide of Inistore. The king half-rose from his hill at the sight, and half-assumed the spear. Go, Ullin, go, my aged bard, begun the king of Morven. Remind the mighty Gaul of battle ; remind him of his fathers. Support the yielding fight with steps of age, and spoke to the king of swords.

Son (2) of the chief of generous steeds !

(1) Ossian never fails to give a fine character of his beloved son. His speech to his father is that of a hero ; it contains the submission due to a parent, and the warmth that becomes a young warrior. There is a propriety in dwelling here on the actions of Oscar, as the beautiful Malvina, to whom the book is addressed, was in love with that hero.

(2) The war-song of Ullin varies from the rest of the poem in the versification. It runs down like a torrent ; and consists almost intirely of epithets. The custom of encouraging men in battle with extempore rhymes, has been carried down almost to our own times.



high-bounding king of spears. Strong arm in every perilous toil. Hard heart that never yields. Chief of the pointed arms of death. Cut down the foe ; let no white sail bound round dark in Inistore. Be thine arm like thunder. Thine eyes like fire, thy heart of solid rock. Whirl round thy sword as a meteor at night, and lift thy shield like the flame of death. Son of the chief of generous steeds, cut down the foe ; destroy.—The hero's heart beat high. But Swaran came with battle. He cleft the shield of Gaul in twain ; and the sons of the desert fled.

Now Fingal arose in his might, and thrice he reared his voice. Cromla answered around, and the sons of the desert stood still. — They bent their red faces to earth, ashamed at the presence of Fingal. He came like a cloud of rain in the days of the sun, when slow it rolls on the hill, and fields expect the shower. Swaran beheld the terrible king of Morven, and stopped in the midst of his course. Dark he leaned on his spear, rolling his red eyes around. Silent and tall he seemed as an oak on the banks of Lubar, which had its branches blasted of old by the lightning of heaven. It bends over the stream, and the gray moss whistles in the wind : so

Several of these war-songs are extant, but the most of them are only a group of epithets, without beauty or harmony, utterly destitute of poetical merit.

stood the king. Then slowly he retired to the rising heath of Lena. His thousands pour around the hero, and the darkness of battle gathers on the hill.

Fingal, like a beam from heaven, shone in the midst of his people. His heroes gather around him, and he sends forth the voice of his power. Raise my standards (1) on high,—spread them on Lena's wind, like the flames of an hundred hills. Let them sound on the winds of Erin, and remind us of the fight. Ye sons of the roaring streams, that pour from a thousand hills, be near the king of Morven : attend to the words of his power. Gaul strongest arm of death ! O Oſcar, of the future fights ! Connal, son of the blue steel of Sora ! Dermid, of the dark-brown hair ! and Oſſian king of many songs, be near your father's arm.

We reared the sun-beam (1) of battle ; the standard of the king. Each hero's soul exulted with joy, as, waving, it flew on the

(1) Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc'd,  
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.

MILTON.

\* (2) Fingal's standard was distinguished by the name of *sun-beam* ; probably on account of its bright colour, and its being studded with gold. To begin a battle is expressed, in old composition, by *lifting of the sun-beam*.

wind. It was studded with gold above, as the blue wide shell of the nightly sky. Each hero had his standard too; and each his gloomy men.

Behold, said the king of generous shells; how Lochlin divides on Lena. — They stand like broken clouds on the hill, or an half consumed grove of oaks; when we see the sky through its branches, and the meteor passing behind. Let every chief among the friends of Fingal, take a dark troop of those that frown so high; nor let a son of the echoing groves bound on the waves of Inistore.

Mine, said Gaul, be the seven chiefs that came from Lano's lake. — Let Inistore's dark king, said Oscar, come to the sword of Ossian's son. — To mine the king of Iniscon, said Connal, heart of steel! — Or Mudan's chief or I, said brown-haired Dermid, shall sleep on clay cold earth. — My choice, though now so weak and dark, was Terman's battling king; I promised with my hand to win the hero's dark-brown shield. — Blest and victorious be my chiefs, said Fingal of the mildest look; Swaran, king of roaring waves, thou art the choice of Fingal.

Now, like an hundred different winds that pour through many vales; divided, dark, the sons of the hill advanced, and Cromla echoed around.

How can I relate the deaths, when we closed in the strife of our steel? O daughter of Toscar! bloody were our hands! The gloomy ranks of Lochlin fell like the banks of the roaring Cona.—Our arms were victorious on Lena; each chief fulfilled his promise. Beside the murmur of Branno thou didst often sit, O maid! when thy white bosom rose frequent, like the down of the swan, when slow she sails the lake, and sidelong winds are blowing. Thou hast seen the sun (1) retire red and slow behind his cloud; night gathering round on the mountain, while the unfrequent blast (2) roared in narrow

(1) *Sol quoque & exoriens & cum se condit in undas,  
Signa dabit. Solem certissima signa sequuntur,  
Ut quæ mane refert, & quæ surgentibus astris.  
Ille ubi nascentem maculis variaverit ortum  
Conditus in nubem, medioque refugerit orbe;  
Suspecti tibi sint imbres.* VIRG.

Above the rest the sun, who never lies,  
Foretels the change of weather in the skies.  
For if he rise, unwilling to his race,  
Clouds on his brow and spots upon his face;  
Or if thro' mists he shoots his sullen beams,  
Frugal of light, in loose, and straggling streams,  
Suspect a drizzling day. DRYDEN.

(1) *Continuo ventis surgentibus aut freta ponti  
Incipiunt agitata tumescere; & aridus altis*

vales. At length the rain beats hard ; and thunder rolls in peals. Lightning glances on the rocks. Spirits ride on beams of fire. And the strength of the mountain - streams ( 1 ) comes roaring down the hills. Such was the noise of battle , maid of the arms of snow. Why , daughter of the hill , that tear ? the maids of Lochlin have cause to weep. The people of their country fell , for bloody was the blue steel of the race of my heroes. But I am sad , forlorn , and blind ; and no more the companion of heroes. Give , lovely maid , to me thy tears , for I have seen the tombs of all my friends.

It was then by Fingal's hand a hero fell ; to his grief.—Gray-haired he rolled in the dust , and lifted his faint eyes to the king. And is it by me thou hast fallen , said the son of Comhal , thou friend of Agandecca !

*Montibus audiri fragor , aut resonantia longe  
Littera misceri , & nemorum increbescere murmur.*  
VIRG.

For ere the rising winds begin to roar ,  
The working seas advance to wash the shore ;  
Soft whispers run along the leafy wood ,  
And mountains whistle to the murm'ring flood.

DRYDEN.

( 1 )——*Ruunt de montibus amnes.* VIRG.

The rapid rains , descending from the hills ,  
To rolling torrents swell the creeping rills ,

DRYDEN.

I saw thy tears for the maid of my love  
in the halls of the bloody Starno. Thou  
hast been the foe of the foes of my love,  
and hast thou fallen by my hand? Raise,  
Ullin, raise the grave of the son of Ma-  
rthon; and give his name to the song of  
Agandecca; for dear to my soul hast thou  
been, thou darkly-dwelling maid of Ardven.

Cuchullin, from the cave of Cromla, heard  
the noise of the troubled war. He called to  
Connal chief of swords, and Carril of other  
times. The gray-haired heroes heard his  
voice, and took their aspen spears. They  
came, and saw the tide of battle, like the  
crowded waves of the ocean; when the  
dark wind blows from the deep; and rolls  
the billows through the sandy vale.

Cuchullin kindled at the sight, and dark-  
ness gathered on his brow. His hand is on  
the sword of his fathers: his red-rolling eyes  
on the foe. He thrice attempted to rush to  
battle, and thrice did Connal stop him. Chief  
of the isle of mist, he said, Fingal subdues  
the foe. Seek not a part of the fame of the  
king; himself is like a storm.

Then, Carril, go, replied the chief,  
and greet the king of Morven. When Lo-  
chlin falls away like a stream after rain, and  
the noise of the battle is over, then be thy  
voice sweet in his ear to praise the king of

swords. Give him the sword of Caithbat ; for Cuchullin is worthy no more to lift the arms of his fathers.

But, O ye ghosts of the lonely Cromla ! ye souls of chiefs that are no more ! be ye the companions of Cuchullin , and talk to him in the cave of his sorrow. For never more shall I be renowned among the mighty in the land. I am like a beam that has shone ; like a mist that fled away , when the blast of the morning came , and brightened the shaggy side of the hill. Connal , talk of arms no more : departed is my fame.—My sighs shall be on Cromla's wind , till my footsteps cease to be seen.—And thou , white-bosom'd Bragela , mourn over the fall of my fame ; for , vanquished , I will never return to thee , thou sun-beam of Dunscaich.





F I N G A L ,

A N A N C I E N T

E P I C P O E M.

B O O K V.

## A R G U M E N T to B O O K V.

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

FINGAL

# F I N G A L,

A N A N C I E N T

E P I C P O E M.

I n S I X B O O K S.

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B O O K V. (1)

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**N**OW Connal, on Cromla's windy side;  
spoke to the chief of the noble car. Why  
that gloom, son of Semo? Our friends are  
the mighty in battle. And renowned art  
thou, O warrior! many were the deaths of

(1) The fourth day still continues. The poet, by putting the narration in the mouth of Connal, who still remained with Cuchullin on the side of Cromla, gives propriety to the praises of Fingal. The beginning of this book, in the original, is one of the most beautiful parts of the poem. The versification is regular and full, and agrees very well with the sedate character of Connal.—No poet has adapted the cadence of his verse more to the temper of the speaker, than Ossian has done. It is more than probable, that the whole poem was originally designed to be sung to the harp, as the versification is so various, and so much suited to the different passions of the human mind.

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thy steel. Often has Bragela met with blue-rolling eyes of joy, often has she met her hero, returning in the midst of the valiant; when his sword was red with slaughter, and his foes silent in the fields of the tomb. Pleasant to her ears were thy bards, when thine actions rose in the song.

But behold the king of Morven; he moves below like a pillar of fire. His strength is like the stream of Lubar, or the wind of the echoing Cromla; when the branchy forests of night are overturned.

Happy are thy people, O Fingal! thine arm shall fight their battles: thou art the first in their dangers; the wisest in the days of their peace. Thou speakest, and thy thousands obey; and armies tremble at the sound of thy steel. Happy are thy people, Fingal, chief of the lonely hills.

Who is that so dark and terrible, coming in the thunder of his course? who is it but Starno's son to meet the king of Morven? Behold the battle of the chiefs: it is like the storm of the ocean, when two spirits meet far distant, and contend for the rolling of the wave. The hunter hears the noise on his hill; and sees the high billows advancing to Ardden's shore.

Such were the words of Connal, when the

heroes met in the midst of their falling people. There was the clang of arms ! there every blow , like the hundred hammers of the furnace ! Terrible is the battle of the kings , and horrid the look of their eyes. Their dark-brown shields are cleft in twain ; and their steel flies , broken , from their helmets. They fling their weapons down. Each rushes (1) to the grasp of his foe. Their sinewy arms bend round each other : they turn from side to side , and strain and stretch their large spreading limbs below. But when the pride of their strength arose , they shook the hill with their heels ; rocks tumble from their places on high ; the green-headed bushes are overturned. At length the strength of Swaran fell ; and the king of the groves is bound.

Thus have I seen on Cona ; ( but Cona I behold no more ) thus have I seen two

(1) This passage resembles one in the twenty-third Iliad.

Close lock'd above their heads and arms are mixt ;  
 Below their planted feet at distance fixt ;  
 Now to the grasp each manly body bends ;  
 The humid sweat from ev'ry pore descends ;  
 Their bones resound with blows ; sides , shoulders ,  
                   thighs ,  
 Swell to each gripe , and bloody turnours rise.

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

Sons of the king of Morven, said the noble Fingal, guard the king of Lochlin; for he is strong, as his thousand waves. His hand is taught to the battle, and his race of the times of old. Gaul, thou first of my heroes, and Ossian king of songs, attend the friend of Agandecca; and raise to joy his grief.—But, Oscar, Fillan, Ryno, ye children of the race! pursue the rest of Lochlin over the heath of Lena; that no vessel may hereafter bound on the dark-rolling waves of Inistore.

They flew like lightning over the heath. He slowly moved as a cloud of thunder, when the sultry plain of summer is silent. His sword is before him as a sun-beam, terrible as the streaming meteor of night. He came toward a chief of Lochlin, and spoke to the son of the wave.

Who is that like a cloud at the rock of the roaring stream? He cannot bound over its course; yet stately is the chief! his bossy shield is on his side; and his spear like the

tree of the desert. Youth of the dark-brown hair, art thou of Fingal's foes?

I am a son of Lóchlin, he cries, and strong is my arm in war. My spouse is weeping at home, but Orla (1) will never return.

Or fights or yields the hero, said Fingal of the noble deeds? foes do not conquer in my presence: but my friends are renowned in the hall. Son of the wave, follow me, partake the feast of my shells, and pursue the deer of my desert.

No: said the hero, I assist the feeble: my strength shall remain with the weak in arms. My sword has been always unmatched, O warrior: let the king of Morven yield.

I never yielded, Orla, Fingal never yielded to man. Draw thy sword and chase thy foe. Many are my heroes.

And does the king refuse the combat, said Orla of the dark-brown hair? Fingal is a

(1) The story of Orla is so beautiful and affecting in the original, that many are in possession of it, in the north of Scotland, who never heard a syllable more of the poem. It varies the action, and awakes the attention of the reader, when he expected nothing but languor in the conduct of the poem, as the great action was over in the conquest of Swaran.

match for Orla : and he alone of all his race. —But, king of Morven, if I shall fall, ( as one time the warrior must die ; ) raise my tomb in the midst, and let it be the greatest on Lena. And send, over the dark-blue wave, the sword of Orla to the spouse of his love ; that she may shew it to her son, with tears, to kindle his soul to war.

Son of the mournful tale, said Fingal, why dost thou awaken my tears ? One day the warriors must die, and the children see their useless arms in the hall. But, Orla, thy tomb shall rise, and thy white-bosomed spouse weep over thy sword.

They fought on the heath of Lena, but feeble was the arm of Orla. The sword of Fingal descended, and cleft his shield in twain. It fell, and glittered on the ground, as the moon on the stream of night.

King of Morven, said the hero, lift thy sword, and pierce my breast. Wounded and faint from battle, my friends have left me here. The mournful tale shall come to my love on the banks of the streamy Loda ; when she is alone in the wood, and the rustling blast in the leaves.

No ; said the king of Morven, I will never wound thee, Orla. On the banks of Loda let her see thee escaped from the hands of war. Let thy gray-haired father, who, per-



haps, is blind with age, hear the sound of thy voice in his hall.—With joy let the hero rise, and search for his son with his hands.

But never will he find him, Fingal, said the youth of the streamy Loda.—On Lena's heath I shall die; and foreign bards will talk of me. My broad belt covers my wound of death. And now I give it to the wind.

The dark blood poured from his side, he fell pale on the heath of Lena. Fingal bends over him as he dies, and calls his younger heroes.

Oscar and Fillan, my sons, raise high the memory of Orla. Here let the dark-haired hero rest far from the spouse of his love. Here let him rest in his narrow house far from the sound of Loda. The sons of the feeble will find his bow at home, but will not be able to bend it. His faithful dogs howl on his hills, and his boars, which he used to pursue, rejoice. Fallen is the arm of battle; the mighty among the valiant is low!

Exalt the voice, and blow the horn, ye sons of the king of Morven: let us go back to Swaran, and send the night away on song. Fillan, Oscar, and Ryno, fly over the heath of Lena. Where, Ryno, art thou, young son of fame? Thou art not wont to be the last to answer thy father.

Ryno, said Ullin first of bards, is with the

awful forms of his fathers. With Trathal king of shields, and Trenmor of the mighty deeds. The youth is low, —the youth is pale,—he lies on Lena's heath.

And fell the swiftest in the race, said the king, the first to bend the bow? Thou scarce hast been known to me: why did young Ryno fall? But sleep thou softly on Lena, Fingal shall soon behold thee. Soon shall my voice be heard no more, and my footsteps cease to be seen. The bards will tell of Fingal's name; the stones will talk of me. But, Ryno, thou art low indeed,—thou hast not received thy fame. Ullin, strike the harp for Ryno; tell what the chief would have been. Farewel, thou first in every field. No more shall I direct thy dart. Thou that hast been so fair; I behold thee not—Farewel.

The tear is on the cheek of the king; for terrible was his son in war. His son! that was like a beam of fire by night on the hill; when the forests sink down in its course, and the traveller trembles at the sound.

Whose fame is in that dark-green tomb; begun the king of generous shells? four stones with their heads of moss stand there; and mark the narrow house of death. Near it let my Ryno rest, and be the neighbour of the valiant. Perhaps some chief of fame is here to fly with my son on clouds. O Ullin,

raise the songs of other times. Bring to memory the dark dwellers of the tomb. If in the field of the valiant they never fled from danger, my son shall rest with them, far from his friends, on the heath of Lena.

Here, said the mouth of the song, here rest the first of heroes. Silent is Lamderg (1) in this tomb, and Ullin king of swords. And who, soft smiling from her cloud, shews me her face of love? Why, daughter, why so pale art thou, first of the maids of Cromla? Dost thou sleep with the foes in battle, Gelchoffa, white-bosomed daughter of Tuathal?—Thou hast been the love of thousands, but Lamderg was thy love. He came to Selma's mossy towers, and, striking his dark buckler, spoke:

Where is Gelchoffa, my love, the daughter of the noble Tuathal? I left her in the hall of Selma, when I fought with the gloomy Ulfadda. Return soon, O Lamderg, she said, for here I am in the midst of sorrow. Her white breast rose with sighs. Her cheek was wet with tears. But I see her not coming to meet me; and to sooth my soul after battle. Silent is the hall of my joy; I hear not the voice of the bard.

(1) Lamh-dhearg signifies *bloody hand*. Gelchoffa, *white-legged*. Tuathal, *surly*. Ulfadda, *long-beard*. Erchios, *the conqueror of men*.

—Bran ( 1 ) does not shake his chains at the gate , glad at the coming of Lamderg. Where is Gelchoffa , my love , the mild daughter of the generous Tuathal ?

Lamderg ! says Ferchios the son of Aidon , Gelchoffa may be on Cromla ; she and the maids of the bow pursuing the flying deer.

Ferchios ? replied the chief of Cromla , no noise meets the ear of Lamderg. No sound is in the woods of Lena. No deer fly in my sight. No panting dog pursues. I see not Gelchoffa my love , fair as the full moon setting on the hills of Cromla. Go , Ferchios , go to Allad ( 2 ) the gray-haired son of the rock. His dwelling is in the circle of stones. He may know of Gelchoffa.

The son of Aidon went ; and spoke to the ear of age. Allad ! thou that dwellest in the

( 1 ) Bran is a common name of gray-hounds to this day. It is a custom, in the north of Scotland, to give the names of the heroes mentioned in this poem, to their dogs ; a proof that they are familiar to the ear, and their fame generally known.

( 2 ) Allad is plainly a druid : he is called the son of the rock , from his dwelling in a cave ; and the circle of stones here mentioned is the pale of the druidical temple. He is here consulted, as one who had a supernatural knowledge of things ; from the druids , no doubt , came the ridiculous notion of the second sight , which prevailed in the highlands and isles.

rock, thou that tremblest alone, what saw  
thine eyes of age?

I saw, answered Allad the old, Ullin the  
son of Cairbar. He came like a cloud from  
Cromla; and he hummed a surly song like  
a blast in a leafless wood. He entered the  
hall of Selma.—Lamderg, he said, most  
dreadful of men, fight or yield to Ullin.  
Lamderg, replied Gelchoffa, the son of  
battle, is not here. He fights Ulfadda mighty  
chief. He is not here, thou first of men.  
But Lamderg never yielded. He will fight the  
son of Cairbar.

Lovely art thou, said terrible Ullin, daugh-  
ter of the generous Tuathal. I carry thee to  
Cairbar's halls. The valiant shall have Gel-  
choffa. Three days I remain on Cromla, to  
wait that son of battle, Lamderg. On the  
fourth Gelchoffa is mine, if the mighty Lam-  
derg flies.

Allad! said the chief of Cromla, peace to  
thy dreams in the cave. Ferchios, found the  
horn of Lamderg, that Ullin may hear on  
Cromla. Lamderg (1), like a roaring storm,  
ascended the hill from Selma. He hummed

(1) The reader will find this passage altered from  
what it was in the fragments of ancient poetry. —  
It is delivered down very differently by tradition,  
and the translator has chosen that reading which sa-  
vours least of bombast.

a furly song as he went, like the noise of a falling stream. He stood like a cloud on the hill, that varies its form to the wind. He rolled a stone, the sign of war. Ullin heard in Cairbar's hall. The hero heard, with joy, his foe, and took his father's spear. A smile brightens his dark-brown cheek, as he places his sword by his side. The dagger glittered in his hand. He whistled as he went.

Gelchoffa saw the silent chief, as a wreath of mist ascending the hill.—She struck her white and heaving breast; and silent, tearful, feared for Lamderg.

Cairbar, hoary chief of shells, said the maid of the tender hand, I must bend the bow on Cromla; for I see the dark-brown hinds.

She hastened up the hill. In vain! the gloomy heroes fought.—Why should I tell the king of Morven how wrathful heroes fight!—Fierce Ullin fell. Young Lamderg came all pale to the daughter of generous Tuathal.

What blood, my love, the soft-haired woman said, what blood runs down my warrior's side?—It is Ullin's blood, the chief replied, thou fairer than the snow of Cromla! Gelchoffa, let me rest here a little while. The mighty Lamderg died.

And sleepest thou so soon on earth, O

chief of shady Cromla: three days she mourned beside her love. — The hunters found her dead. They raised this tomb above the three. Thy son, O king of Morven, may rest here with heroes.

And here my son shall rest, said Fingal, the noise of their fame has reached my ears. Fillan and Fergus ! bring hither Orla ; the pale youth of the stream of Loda. Not unequalled shall Ryno lie in earth, when Orla is by his side. Weep, ye daughters of Morven, and ye maids of the streamy Loda. Like a tree they grew on the hills ; and they have fallen like the oak (1) of the desert ; when it lies across a stream, and withers in the wind of the mountain.

Oscar ! chief of every youth ! thou seest how they have fallen. Be thou, like them, on earth renowned. Like them the song of bards. Terrible were their forms in battle ; but calm was Ryno in the days of peace. He was like the bow of the shower seen far distant on the stream ; when the sun is setting on Mora, and silence on the hill of deer. Rest, youngest of my sons, rest, O Ryno, on Lena.

(1) — *ὡς ὅτε τις δρῦς ἤριπεν* — HOM. II. 16.

— as the mountain oak

Nods to the ax, till, with a groaning sound,

It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground.

POPE.

We too shall be no more; for the warrior one day must fall.

Such was thy grief, thou king of hills, when Ryno lay on earth. What must the grief of Ossian be, for thou thyself art gone. I hear not thy distant voice on Cona. My eyes perceive thee not. Often forlorn and dark I sit at thy tomb; and feel it with my hands. When I think I hear thy voice; it is but the blast of the desert. — Fingal has long since fallen asleep, the ruler of the war.

Then Gaul and Ossian sat with Swaran on the soft green banks of Lubar. I touched the harp to please the king. But gloomy was his brow. He rolled his red eyes towards Lena. The hero mourned his people.

I lifted my eyes to Cromla, and I saw the son of generous Semo. — Sad and slow he retired from his hill towards the lonely cave of Tura. He saw Fingal victorious, and mixed his joy with grief. The sun is bright on his armour, and Connal slowly followed. They sunk behind the hill, like two pillars of the fire of night; when winds pursue them over the mountain, and the flaming heath resounds. Beside a stream of roaring foam his cave is in a rock. One tree bends above it; and the rushing winds echo against its sides. Here rests the chief of Dunscath, the son of generous Semo. His thoughts are on the battle he lost; and the



tear is on his cheek. He mourned the departure of his fame that fled like the mist of Cona. O Bragela, thou art too far remote to cheer the soul of the hero. But let him see thy bright form in his soul; that his thoughts may return to the lonely sun-beam of Dunscach.

Who comes with the locks of age? It is the son of song. Hail, Carril of other times, thy voice is like the harp in the halls of Tura. Thy words are pleasant as the shower that falls on the fields of the sun. Carril of the times of old, why comest thou from the son of the generous Semo?

Ossian king of swords, replied the bard, thou best raisest the song. Long hast thou been known to Carril, thou ruler of battles. Often have I touched the harp to lovely Evirallin. Thou too hast often accompanied my voice in Branno's hall of generous shells. And often, amidst our voices, was heard the mildest Evirallin. One day she sung of Cormac's fall, the youth that died for her love. I saw the tears on her cheek, and on thine, thou chief of men. Her soul was touched for the unhappy, though she loved him not. How fair among a thousand maids was the daughter of the generous Branno!

Bring not, Carril, I replied, bring not her memory to my mind. My soul must melt at

the remembrance. My eyes must have their tears. Pale in the earth is she, the softly-blushing fair of my love. But sit thou on the heath, O Bard, and let us hear thy voice. It is pleasant as the gale of spring that sighs on the hunter's ear; when he wakens from dreams of joy, and has heard the music of the spirits of the hill.

F I N G A L,

A N A N C I E N T

E P I C P O E M.

B O O K V I.

## ARGUMENT to Book VI.

*Night comes on. Fingal gives a feast to his army, at which Swaran is present. The king commands Ullin his bard to give the song of peace; a custom always observed at the end of a war. Ullin relates the actions of Trenmor, great grand-father to Fingal, in Scandinavia, and his marriage with Inibaca, the daughter of a king of Lochlin who was ancestor to Swaran; which consideration, together with his being brother to Agandecca, with whom Fingal was in love in his youth, induced the king to release him, and permit him to return, with the remains of his army, into Lochlin, upon his promise of never returning to Ireland, in a hostile manner. The night is spent in settling Swaran's departure, in songs of bards, and in a conversation in which the story of Grumal is introduced by Fingal. Morning comes. Swaran departs; Fingal goes on a hunting party, and finding Cuchullin in the cave of Tura, comforts him, and sets sail, the next day, for Scotland; which concludes the poem.*

# F I N G A L,

A N A N C I E N T

E P I C P O E M.

I n S I X B O O K S.

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B O O K V I. ( 1 )

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**T**H E clouds of night come rolling down and rest on Cromla's dark-brown steep. The stars of the north arise over the rolling of the waves of Ullin; they shew their heads of fire through the flying mist of heaven. A distant wind roars in the wood; but silent and dark is the plain of death.

Still on the darkening Lena arose in my ears the tuneful voice of Carril. He sung of the companions of our youth, and the days of former years; when we met on the banks of Lego, and sent round the joy of the shell. Cromla, with its cloudy steeps, answered to

(1) This book opens with the fourth night, and ends on the morning of the sixth day. The time of five days, five nights, and a part of the sixth day, is taken up in the poem. The scene lies in the heath of Lena, and the mountain Cromla, on the coast of Ulster.

his voice. The ghosts of those he sung came in their rustling blast. They were seen to bend with joy towards the sound of their praise.

Be thy soul blest. O Carril, in the midst of thy eddying winds. O that thou would come to my hall, when I am alone by night!—And thou dost come, my friend, I hear often thy light hand on my harp; when it hangs on the distant wall, and the feeble sound touches my ear. Why dost thou not speak to me in my grief, and tell when I shall behold my friends? But thou passest away in thy murmuring blast; and thy wind whistles through the gray hair of Ossian.

Now on the side of Mora the heroes gathered to the feast. A thousand aged oaks are burning to the wind. — The strength (1) of the shells goes round. And the souls of warriors brighten with joy. But the king of Lochlin is

(1) By the strength of the shell, is meant the liquor the heroes drunk: of what kind it was, cannot be ascertained at this distance of time. The translator has met with several ancient poems, that mention wax-lights and wine, as common in the halls of Fingal. The names of both are borrowed from the Latin, which plainly shews that our ancestors had them from the Romans, if they had them at all. The Caledonians in their frequent incursions to the province, might become acquainted with those conveniencies of life, and introduce them into their own country, among the booty which they carried from South Britain.

silent, and sorrow reddens in the eyes of his pride. He often turned toward Lena and remembered that he fell.

Fingal leaned on the shield of his fathers. His gray locks slowly waved on the wind, and glittered to the beam of night. He saw the grief of Swaran, and spoke to the first of Bards.

Raise, Ullin, raise the song of peace, and sooth my soul after battle, that my ear may forget the noise of arms. And let a hundred harps be near to gladden the king of Lochlin. He must depart from us with joy.—None ever went sad from Fingal. Oscar! the lightning of my sword is against the strong in battle; but peaceful it lies by my side, when warriors yield in war.

Trenmor (1), said the mouth of the songs, lived in the days of other years. He bounded over the waves of the north, companion of the storm. The high rocks of the land of Lochlin, and its groves of murmuring sounds appeared to the hero through the mist;—he bound his white-bosomed sails.—Trenmor pursued the boar that roared along the woods of Gormal. Many had fled from its presence; but the spear of Trenmor slew it.

(1) Trenmor was great grandfather to Fingal. The story is introduced to facilitate the dismissal of Swaran.

Three chiefs, that beheld the deed, told of the mighty stranger. They told that he stood like a pillar of fire in the bright arms of his valour. The king of Lochlin prepared the feast, and called the blooming Trenmor. Three days he feasted at Gormal's windy towers; and got his choice in the combat.

The land of Lochlin had no hero that yielded not to Trenmor. The shell of joy went round with songs in praise of the king of Morven; he that came over the waves, the first of mighty men.

Now, when the fourth gray morn arose, the hero launched his ship; and, walking along the silent shore, waited for the rushing wind. For loud and distant he heard the blast murmuring in the grove.

Covered over with arms of steel, a son of the woody Gormal appeared. Red was his cheek and fair his hair. His skin like the snow of Morven. Mild rolled his blue and smiling eye, when he spoke to the king of swords.

Stay, Trenmor, stay thou first of men, thou hast not conquered Lonval's son. My sword has often met the brave. And the wise shun the strength of my bow.

Thou fair-haired youth, Trenmor replied, I will not fight with Lonval's son. Thine arm



is feeble, sun-beam of beauty. Retire to Gormal's dark-brown hinds.

But I will retire replied the youth, with the sword of Trenmor; and exult in the sound of my fame. The virgins shall gather with smiles around him who conquered Trenmor. They shall sigh with the sighs of love, and admire the length of thy spear; when I shall carry it among thousands, and lift the glittering point to the sun.

Thou shalt never carry my spear, said the angry king of Morven. — Thy mother shall find thee pale on the shore of the echoing Gormal; and, looking over the dark-blue deep, see the sails of him that slew her son.

I will not lift the spear, replied the youth; my arm is not strong with years. But with the feathered dart I have learned to pierce a distant foe. Throw down that heavy mail of steel; for Trenmor is covered all over. — I first will lay my mail on earth. — Throw now thy dart, thou king of Morven.

He saw the heaving of her breast. It was the sister of the king. — She had seen him in the halls of Gormal; and loved his face of youth. — The spear dropt from the hand of Trenmor; he bent his red cheek to the ground; for he had seen her like a beam of light, that meets the sons of the cave, when they revisit

the fields of the sun, and bend their aching eyes.

Chief of the windy Morven, begun the  
maid of the arms of snow, let me rest in thy  
bounding ship, far from the love of Corlo.  
For he, like thunder of the desert, is terrible  
to Inibaca. He loves me in the gloom of his  
pride, and shakes ten thousand spears.

Rest thou in peace, said the mighty Tren-  
mor, behind the shield of my fathers. I will  
not fly from the chief, though he shakes ten  
thousand spears.

Three days he waited on the shore; and  
sent his horn abroad. He called Corlo to  
battle from all his echoing hills. But Corlo  
came not to battle. The king of Lochlin de-  
scended. He feasted on roaring shore, and  
gave the maid to Trenmor.

King of Lochlin, said Fingal, thy blood  
flows in the veins of thy foe. Our families  
met in battle, because they loved the strife  
of spears. But often did they feast in the  
hall; and send round the joy of the  
shell.—Let thy face brighten with gladness,  
and thine ear delight in the bard. Dreadful as  
the storm of thine ocean, thou hast poured  
thy valour forth; thy voice has been like  
the voice of thousands, when they engage  
in battle. Raise, to morrow, thy white sails  
to the wind, thou brother of Agandecca.  
Bright

Bright as the beam of noon, she comes on my mournful soul. I saw thy tears for the fair one, and spared thee in the halls of Starno; when my sword was red with slaughter, and my eye full of tears for the maid.— Or dost thou chuse the fight? The combat which thy fathers gave to Trenmor is thine: that thou mayest depart renowned, like the sun setting in the west.

King of the race of Morven, said the chief of the waves of Lochlin, never will Swaran fight with thee, first of a thousand heroes. I saw thee in the halls of Starno, and few were thy years beyond my own.— When shall I, said I to my soul, lift the spear like the noble Fingal? We have fought heretofore, O warrior, on the side of the shaggy Malmor; after my waves had carried me to thy halls, and the feast of a thousand shells was spread. Let the bards send him who overcame to future years, for noble was the strife of heathy Malmor.

But many of the ships of Lochlin have lost their youths on Lena. Take these, thou king of Morven, and be the friend of Swaran. And when thy sons shall come to the mossy towers of Gormal, the feast of shells shall be spread, and the combat offered on the vale.

Nor ship, replied the king, shall Fingal take, nor land of many hills. The desert is

enough to me with all its deer and woods. Rise on thy waves again, thou noble friend of Agandecca. Spread thy white sails to the beam of the morning, and return to the echoing hills of Gormal.

Blest be thy soul, thou king of shells, said Swaran of the dark-brown shield. In peace, thou art the gale of spring, in war, the mountain-storm. Take now my hand in friendship, thou noble king of Morven. Let thy bards mourn those who fell. Let Erin give the sons of Lochlin to earth; and raise the mossy stones of their fame. That the children of the north hereafter may behold the place where their fathers fought; and some hunter may say, when he leans on a mossy tomb, here Fingal and Swaran fought, the heroes of other years. Thus hereafter shall he say, and our fame shall last for ever.

Swaran, said the king of the hills, to-day our fame is greatest. We shall pass away like a dream. No sound will be in the fields of our battles. Our tombs will be lost in the heath. The hunter shall not know the place of our rest. Our names may be heard in song, but the strength of our arms will cease. O Ossian, Carril, and Ullin, you know of heroes that are no more. Give us the song of other years. Let the night pass away on the sound, and morning return with joy.

We gave the song to the kings, and a hundred harps accompanied our voice. The face of Swaran brightened like the full moon of heaven, when the clouds vanish away, and leave her calm and broad in the midst of the sky.

It was then that Fingal spoke to Carril, the chief of other times. Where is the son of Semo, the king of the isle of mist? has he retired, like the meteor of death, to the dreary cave of Tura?

Cuchullin, said Carril of other times, lies in the dreary cave of Tura. His hand is on the sword of his strength, his thoughts on the battle which he lost. Mournful is the king of spears; for he has often been victorious. He sends the sword of his war to rest on the side of Fingal. For, like the storm of the desert, thou hast scattered all his foes. Take, O Fingal, the sword of the hero; for his fame is departed like mist, when it flies before the rustling wind of the vale.

No: replied the king, Fingal shall never take his sword. His arm is mighty in war; and tell him his fame shall never fail. Many have been overcome in battle, that have shone afterwards like the sun of heaven.

O Swaran, king of the resounding woods

give all thy grief away.—The vanquished, if brave, are renowned. They are like the sun in a cloud, when he hides his face in the south, but looks again on the hills of grass.

Grumal was a chief of Cona. He fought the battle on every coast. His soul rejoiced in blood, his ear in the din of arms. He poured his warriors on the founding Craca; and Craca's king met him from his grove; for then, within the circle of Brumo (1), he spoke to the stone of power.

Fierce was the battle of the heroes, for the maid of the breast of snow. The fame of the daughter of Craca had reached Grumal at the streams of Cona; he vowed to have the white-bosomed maid, or die on the echoing Craca. Three days they strove together, and Grumal, on the fourth, was bound.

Far from his friends, they placed him in the horrid circle of Brumo; where often, they said, the ghosts of the dead howled round the stone of their fear. But afterwards he shone like a pillar of the light of heaven. They fell by his mighty hand, and Grumal had his fame.

(1) This passage alludes to the religion of the king of Craca. See a note on a similar subject, in the third book,

Raise, ye bards of other times, raise high the praise of heroes; that my soul may settle on their fame; and the mind of Swaran cease to be sad.

They lay in the heath of Mora; the dark winds rustled over the heroes.—A hundred voices at once arose, a hundred harps were strung; they sung of other times, and the mighty chiefs of former years.

When now shall I hear the bard; or rejoice at the fame of my fathers? The harp is not strung on Morven; nor the voice of music raised on Cona. Dead with the mighty is the bard; and fame is in the desert no more.

Morning trembles with the beam of the east, and glimmers on gray-headed Cromla. Over Lena is heard the horn of Swaran, and the sons of the ocean gather around.—Silent and sad, they mount the wave, and the blast of Ullin is behind their sails. White, as the mist of Morven, they float along the sea.

Call, said Fingal, call my dogs, the long-bounding sons of the chace. Call white-breasted Bran; and the surly strength of Luath.—Fillan, and Ryno—but he is not here; my son rests on the bed of death. Fillan and Fergus, blow my horn, that the joy of the chace may arise; that the deer of Cromla may hear, and start at the lake of roes.

The shrill sound spreads along the wood.  
The sons of beathy Cromla arise.—A thousand dogs fly off at once, gray-bounding through the heath. A deer fell by every dog, and three by the white-breasted Bran. He brought them, in their flight, to Fingal, that the joy of the king might be great.

One deer fell at the tomb of Ryno; and the grief of Fingal returned. He saw how peaceful lay the stone of him who was the first at the chace.—No more shalt thou rise, O my son, to partake of the feast of Cromla. Soon will thy tomb be hid, and the grass grow rank on thy grave. The sons of the feeble shall pass over it, and shall not know that the mighty lies there.

Ossian and Fillan, sons of my strength; and Gaul king of the blue swords of war, let us ascend the hill, to the cave of Tura, and find the chief of the battles of Erin.—Are these the walls of Tura? gray and lonely they rise on the heath. The king of shells is sad, and the halls are desolate. Come, let us find the king of swords, and give him all our joy.—But is that Cuchullin, O Fillan, or a pillar of smoke on the heath? The wind of Cromla is on my eyes, and I distinguish not my friend.

Fingal, replied the youth, it is the son of Semo. Gloomy and sad is the hero; his hand



is on his sword. Hail to the son of battle,  
breaker of the shields!

Hail to thee; replied Cuchullin, hail to  
all the sons of Morven. Delightful is thy  
presence, O Fingal. It is like the sun on  
Cromla; when the hunter mourns his absence  
for a season, and sees him between the  
clouds. Thy sons are like stars that attend  
thy course, and give light in the night. It is  
not thus thou hast seen me, O Fingal, re-  
turning from the wars of the desert; when  
the kings of the world (1) had fled, and  
joy returned to the hill of hinds.

Many are thy words, Cuchullin, said  
Connan (2) of small renown. Thy words  
are many, son of Semo, but where are  
thy deeds in arms? Why did we come over  
the ocean to aid thy feeble sword? Thou  
flyest to thy cave of sorrow, and Connan  
fights thy battles. Resign to me these arms  
of light; yield them, thou son of Erin.

(1) This is the only passage in the poem, wherein  
the wars of Fingal against the Romans are alluded  
to. — The Roman emperor is distinguished in  
old compositions by the title of *king of the world*.

(2) Connan was of the family of Morny. He is  
mentioned in several other poems, and always ap-  
pears with the same character. The poet passed him  
over in silence till now, and his behaviour here de-  
serves no better usage.

No hero, replied the chief, ever fought the arms of Cuchullin; and had a thousand heroes fought them, it were in vain, thou gloomy youth. I fled not to the cave of sorrow, as long as Erin's warriors lived.

Youth of the feeble arm, said Fingal, Connan, say no more. Cuchullin is renowned in battle, and terrible over the desert. Often have I heard thy fame, thou stormy chief of Innisfail. Spread now thy white sails for the isle of mist, and see Bragela leaning on her rock. Her tender eye is in tears, and the winds lift her long hair from her heaving breast. She listens to the winds of night, to hear the voice of thy rowers (1); to hear the song of the sea, and the sound of thy distant harp.

And long shall she listen in vain; Cuchullin shall never return. How can I behold Bragela to raise the sigh of her breast? Fingal, I was always victorious in the battles of other spears.

And hereafter thou shalt be victorious, said Fingal king of shells. The fame of Cuchullin shall grow like the branchy tree of Cromla. Many battles await thee, O chief,

(1) The practice of singing, when they row, is universal among the inhabitants of the north-west coast of Scotland and the isles. It deceives time, and inspires the rowers.

and many shall be the wounds of thy hand. Bring hither, Oscar, the deer, and prepare the feast of shells; that our souls may rejoice after danger, and our friends delight in our presence.

We sat, we feasted, and we sung. The soul of Cuchullin rose. The strength of his arm returned; and gladness brightened on his face. Ullin gave the song, and Carril raised the voice. I, often, joined the bards, and sung of battles of the spear.—Battles! where I often fought; but now I fight no more. The fame of my former actions is ceased, and I sit forlorn at the tombs of my friends;

Thus they passed the night in the song; and brought back the morning with joy. Fingal arose on the heath, and shook his glittering spear in his hand.—He moved first toward the plains of Lena, and we followed like a ridge of fire. Spread the sail, said the king of Morven, and catch the winds that pour from Lena.—We rose on the wave with songs, and rushed, with joy, through the foam of the ocean (1).

(1) It is allowed by the best critics that an epic poem ought to end happily. This rule, in its most material circumstances, is observed by the three most deservedly celebrated poets, Homer, Virgil, and Milton; yet, I know not how it happens, the conclusions of their poems throw a melancholy damp on the mind. One leaves his reader at a funeral; another at the un-

timely death of a hero ; and the third in the solitary scenes of an unpeopled world.

Ὡς οἷγ' ἀμείβοντα φονὶ Ἑκτορος ἱπποδάμῳ.

HOMER.

Such honours Ilion to her hero paid ,  
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

POPE.

—*Ferrum adverso sub pectore condit  
Fervidus. Ast illi solvuntur frigore membra ,  
Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.*

VIRGIL.

He rais'd his arm aloft ; and , at the word ,  
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword.  
The streaming blood distain'd his arms around ,  
And the disdainful soul came rushing thro' the  
wound.

DRYDEN.

They , hand in hand , with wand'ring steps , and  
flow ,  
Through Eden took their solitary way.

MILTON.

C O M A L A :

A

DRAMATIC POEM.



# COMALA:

A

## DRAMATIC POEM. (1)

### The PERSONS.

FINGAL.	MELILCOMA,	} daughters of Morni.
HIDALLAN.	DERSAGRENA,	
COMALA.	BARDS.	

### DERSAGRENA.

THE chase is over.—No noise on Ardven;  
but the torrent's roar! — Daughter of Morni,

(1) This poem is valuable on account of the light it throws on the antiquity of Ossian's compositions. The Caracul mentioned here is the same with Caracalla, the son of Severus, who in the year 211 commanded an expedition against the Caledonians. — The variety of the measure shews that the poem was originally set to music, and perhaps presented be-

come from Crona's banks. Lay down the bow, and take the harp. Let the night come on with songs, and our joy be great on Ardyen.

### MELILCOMA (1).

And night comes on, thou blue-eyed maid,  
gray night grows dim along the plain. I  
saw a deer at Crona's stream; a mossy bank  
he seemed through the gloom, but soon he  
bounded away. A meteor played round his

fore the chiefs upon solemn occasions.——Tradition has handed down the story more complete, than it is in the poem. —— Comala, the daughter of Sarno king of Inistore or Orkney islands, fell in love with Fingal the son of Comhal at a feast, to which her father had invited him, [ Fingal, B. III. ] upon his return from Lochlin, after the death of Agandecca. Her passion was so violent, that she followed him, disguised like a youth, who wanted to be employed in his wars. She was soon discovered by Hidallan the son of Lamor, one of Fingal's heroes, whose love she had slighted some time before.——Her romantic passion and beauty recommended her so much to the king, that he had resolved to make her his wife; when news was brought him of Caracul's expedition. He marched to stop the progress of the enemy, and Comala attended him.——He left her on a hill, within sight of Caracul's army, when he himself went to battle, having previously promised, if he survived, to return that night. The sequel of the story may be gathered from the poem itself,

(1) Melilcoma, *soft-rolling eye*.



branchy horns ; and the awful faces ( 1 ) of other times looked from the clouds of Crona.

### DER S A G R E N A ( 2 ).

These are the signs of Fingal's death.—The king of shields is fallen !—and Caracul prevails. Rise, Comala ( 3 ), from thy rocks ; daughter of Sarno , rise in tears. The youth of thy love is low , and his ghost is already on our hills.

### M E L I L C O M A .

There Comala sits forlorn. Two gray dogs near shake their rough ears , and catch the flying breeze. Her red cheek rests on her arm , and the mountain-wind is in her hair. She turns her blue-rolling eyes towards the fields of his promise.—Where art thou , O Fingal , for the night is gathering around ?

( 1 ) *Apparent diræ facies , inimicaque Trojæ  
Numina magna Desum.* VIRG.

—dreadful sounds I hear ,  
And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.  
DRYDEN.

( 2 ) *Der sagrena , the brightness of a sun-beam.*

( 3 ) *Comala , the maid of the pleasant brow.*

## COMALA.

O Carun (1) of the streams! why do I behold thy waters rolling in blood? Has the noise of the battle been heard on thy banks; and sleeps the king of Morven?—Rise, moon, thou daughter of the sky! look from between thy clouds, that I may behold the light of his steel, on the field of his promise.—Or rather let the meteor, that lights our departed fathers through the night, come, with its red light, to shew me the way to my fallen hero. Who will defend me from sorrow? Who from the love of Hidallan? Long shall Comala look, before she can behold Fingal in the midst of his host, bright as the beam of the morning in the cloud of an early shower.

(1) Carun or Cara'on, *a winding river*.—This river retains still the name of Carron, and falls into the Forth, some miles to the North of Falkirk.

—*Gentesque alias cum pelleret armis  
Sedibus, aut victas vilem servaret in usum  
Servitii, hic contenta suos defendere fines  
Roma securigeris prætendit mœnia Scotis:  
Hic spe progressus posita, Caronis ad undam  
Terminus Ausonii signat divortia regni.*

BUCHANAN.

## HIDALLAN (I).

Roll, thou mist of gloomy Crona, roll  
on the path of the hunter. Hide his steps  
from mine eyes, and let me remember my  
friend no more. The bands of battle are  
scattered, and no crowding steps are round  
the noise of his steel. O Carun, roll thy  
streams of blood, for the chief of the people  
fell.

## COMALA.

Who fell on Carun's grassy banks, son  
of the cloudy night? Was he white as the  
snow of Ardven, blooming as the bow of  
the shower? Was his hair like the mist of  
the hill, soft and curling in the day of the  
sun? Was he like the thunder of heaven in  
battle; fleet as the roe of the desert?

## HIDALLAN.

O that I might behold his love, fair-  
leaning from her rock! Her red eye dim

(1) Hidallan was sent by Fingal, to give notice to Comala of his return. He to revenge himself on her, for slighting his love some time before, told her, that the king was killed in battle. He even pretended that he carried his body from the field, to be buried in her presence; and this circumstance makes it probable, that the poem was presented of old.

in tears, and her blushing cheek half hid in her locks! Blow, thou gentle breeze, and lift the heavy locks of the maid, that I may behold her white arm, and the lovely cheek of her sorrow!

## C O M A L A.

And is the son of Comhal fallen, chief of the mournful tale? The thunder rolls on the hill! — The lightning flies on wings of fire! But they frighten not Comala; for her Fingal fell. Say, chief of the mournful tale, fell the breaker of shields?

## H I D A L L A N.

The nations are scattered on their hills; for they shall hear the voice of the chief no more.

## C O M A L A.

Confusion pursue thee over thy plains; and destruction overtake thee, thou king of the world. Few be thy steps to thy grave; and let one virgin mourn thee. Let her be, like Comala, tearful in the days of her youth. — Why hast thou told me, Hidallan, that my hero fell? I might have hoped a little while his return, and have thought I saw him on the distant rock. A tree might have deceived me with his appearance; and the

wind of the hill been the sound of his horn in mine ear. O that I were on the banks of Carun! that my tears might be warm on his cheek!

## H I D A L L A N.

He lies not on the banks of Carun : on Ardven heroes raise his tomb. Look on<sup>3</sup> them, O moon, from thy clouds! Be thy beam bright on his breast, that Comala may behold him in the light of his armour.

## C O M A L A.

Stop, ye sons of the grave, till I behold my love. He left me at the chace, alone. I knew not that he went to war. He said he would return with the night; and the king of Morven is returned. Why didst thou not tell me that he would fall, O trembling son of the rock (1)! Thou hast seen him in the blood of his youth, but thou didst not tell Comala.

## M E L I L C O M A.

What sound is that on Ardven? Who is

(1) By *the son of the rock* she means a druid. It is probable that some of the order of the druids remained as late as the beginning of the reign of Fingal; and that Comala had consulted one of them, concerning the event of the war with Caracul.

that bright in the vale? Who comes like the strength of rivers, when their crowded waters glitter to the moon?

## COMALA.

Who is it, but the foe of Comala, the son of the king of the world? Ghost of Fingal! do thou, from thy cloud, direct Comala's bow. Let him fall, like the hart of the desert.—It is Fingal in the crowd of his ghosts.—Why dost thou come, my love, to frighten, and please my soul?

## FINGAL.

Raise, ye bards of the song, the wars of the streamy Carun. Caracul has fled from my arms along the fields of his pride. He sets far distant, like a meteor that incloses a spirit of night, when the winds drive it over the heath, and the dark woods are gleaming around.

I heard a voice like the breeze of my hills. Is it the huntress of Galmal, the white-handed daughter of Sarno? Look from thy rocks (1), my love; and let me hear the voice of Comala.

(1) O my dove *that art* in the clefts of the rock, in the secret *places* of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice.

SOLOMON'S SONG.

## COMALA.

Take me to the cave of thy rest, O  
lovely son of death!—

## FINGAL.

Come to the cave of my rest.—The storm  
is over (1), and the sun is on our fields.  
Come to the cave of my rest, huntress of  
echoing Cona.

## COMALA.

He is returned with his fame. I feel the  
right hand of his battles.—But I must rest  
beside the rock, till my soul settle from fear.  
—Let the harp be near; and raise the song,  
ye daughters of Morni.

## DERSAGRENA.

Comala has slain three deer on Ardven;  
and the fire ascends on the rock. Go to the  
feast of Comala, king of the woody Morven!

## FINGAL.

Raise, ye sons of song, the wars of the

(1) The winter is past, the rain is over, and gone.  
SOLOMON'S Song.

streamy Carun ; that my white-handed maid may rejoice , while I behold the feast of my love.

#### B A R D S.

Roll, streamy Carun, roll in joy, the sons of battle fled. The steed is not seen on our fields; and the wings (1) of their pride spread in other lands. The sun will now rise in peace, and the shadows descend in joy. The voice of the chase will be heard ; and the shields hang in the hall. Our delight will be in the war of the ocean, and our hands be red in the blood of Lochlin. Roll, streamy Carun, roll in joy, the sons of battle fled.

#### M E L I L C O M A.

Descend, ye light mists, from high ; ye moon-beams, lift her soul.—Pale lies the maid at the rock ! Comala is no more !

#### F I N G A L.

Is the daughter of Sarno dead, the white-bosomed maid of my love ? Meet me, Comala, on my heaths, when I sit alone at the streams of my hills.

#### H I D A L L A N.

Ceased the voice of the huntress of Galmal ?

(1) Perhaps the poet alludes to the Roman eagle.



Why did I trouble the soul of the maid ?  
When shall I see thee, with joy, in the chace  
of the dark-brown hinds ?

## F I N G A L.

Youth of the gloomy brow ! no more shalt  
thou feast in my halls. Thou shalt not pursue  
my chace, and my foes shall not fall by thy  
sword ( 1 ).—Lead me to the place of her rest  
that I may behold her beauty.—Pale she lies at  
the rock, and the cold winds lift her hair. Her  
bow-string sounds in the blast, and her arrow  
was broken in her fall. Raise the praise of  
the daughter of Sarno, and give her name to  
the wind of the hills.

## B A R D S.

See ! meteors roll around the maid ; and  
moon-beams lift her soul ! Around her, from  
their clouds, bend the awful faces of her  
fathers ; Sarno ( 2 ) of the gloomy brow,  
and the red-rolling eyes of Fidallan. When  
shall thy white hand arise, and thy voice be

( 1 ) The sequel of the story of Hidallan is introduced, as an episode, in the poem which immediately follows in this collection.

( 1 ) Sarno the father of Comala died soon after the flight of his daughter.—Fidallan was the first king that reigned in Inistore.

heard on our rocks? The maids shall seek thee on the heath, but they will not find thee. Thou shalt come, at times, to their dreams, and settle peace in their soul. Thy voice shall remain in their ears ( 1 ), and they shall think with joy on the dreams of their rest. Meteors roll around the maid, and moon-beams lift her soul.

(1) The angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice, that he a while  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.

MILTON.

THE  
WAR of CAROS:  
A POEM.

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M 3 0 1 8

# T H E

## W A R of C A R O S (1):

### A P O E M.

**B**RING, daughter of Toscar, bring the harp; the light of the song rises in Ossian's soul. It is like the field, when darkness covers the hills around, and the shadow grows slowly on the plain of the sun.

I behold my son, O Malvina, near the mossy rock of Crona (2); but it is the mist (3)

(1) Caros is probably the noted usurper Carausius, by birth a Menapian, who assumed the purple in the year 284; and, seizing on Britain, defeated the emperor Maximian Herculus in several naval engagements, which gives propriety to his being called in this poem *the king of ships*. — He repaired Agricola's wall, in order to obstruct the incursions of the Caledonians; and when he was employed in that work, it appears he was attacked by a party under the command of Oscar the son of Ossian. This battle is the foundation of the present poem, which is addressed to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar.

(2) Crona is the name of a small stream, which runs into the Carron. On its banks is the scene of the preceding dramatic poem.

(3) Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke?

SOLOMON'S Song.

G ij

of the desert tinged with the beam of the west. Lovely is the mist that assumes the form of Oscar ! turn from it , ye winds , when ye roar on the side of Ardden.

Who comes towards my son, with the murmur of a song ? His staff is in his hand , his gray hair loose on the wind. Surly joy lightens his face ; and he often looks back to Caros. It is Ryno (1) of the song, he that went to view the foe.

What does Caros king of ships , said the son of the now mournful Ossian ? spreads he the wings (2) of his pride , bard of the times of old ?

He spreads them , Oscar , replied the bard , but it is behind his gathered heap (3). He looks over his stones with fear , and beholds thee terrible , as the ghost of night that rolls the wave to his ships.

Go , thou first of my bards , says Oscar , and take the spear of Fingal. Fix a flame on its point, and shake it to the winds of heaven. Bid him , in songs , to advance , and leave the rolling of his wave. Tell to Caros that

(1) Ryno is often mentioned in the ancient poetry. — He seems to have been a bard of the first rank , in the days of Fingal.

(2) The Roman eagle.

(3) Agricola's wall , which Carausius repaired.

I long for battle ; and that my bow is weary  
of the chace of Cona. Tell him the mighty  
are not here ; and that my arm is young.

He went with the sound of his song. Oscar  
reared his voice on high. It reached his he-  
roes on Ardven , like the noise of a cave (1) ;  
when the sea of Togorma rolls before it ; and  
its trees meet the roaring winds.—They ga-  
ther round my son, like the streams of the hill ;  
when, after rain, they roll in the pride of their  
course.

Ryno came to the mighty Caros, and struck  
his flaming spear. Come to the battle of Oscar,  
O thou that sittest on the rolling of waters.  
Fingal is distant far ; he hears the songs of  
his bards in Morven ; and the wind of his  
hall is in his hair. His terrible spear is at his  
side ; and his shield that is like that darkened  
moon. Come to the battle of Oscar ; the hero  
is alone.

He came not over the streamy Carun (2) ;  
the bard returned with his song. Gray night  
grows dim on Crona. The feast of shells is  
spread. A hundred oaks burn to the wind,  
and faint light gleams over the heath. The  
ghosts of Ardven pass through the beam,

(1) — As when the hollow rocks retain  
The sound of blustering winds.— MILTON.

(2) The river Carron.

and shew their dim and distant forms. Comala (1) is half-unseen on her meteor; and Hidallan is sullen and dim, like the darkened moon behind the mist of night.

Why art thou sad ? said Ryno ; for he alone beheld the chief. Why art thou sad , Hidallan , hast thou not received thy fame ? The songs of Ossian have been heard , and thy ghost has brightened in the wind , when thou didst bend from thy cloud , to hear the song of Morven's bard.

And do thine eyes behold the hero , said Oscar , like the dim meteor of night ? Say , Ryno , say , how fell the chief that was so renowned in the days of our fathers ?—His name remains on the rocks of Cona ; and I have often seen the streams of his hills.

Fingal , replied the bard , had driven Hidallan from his wars. The king's soul was sad for Comala , and his eyes could not behold Hidallan.

Lonely , sad , along the heath , he slowly moved with silent steps. His arms hang disordered on his side. His hair flies loose from his

(1) This is the scene of Comala's death , which is the subject of the dramatic poem. The poet mentions her in this place , in order to introduce the sequel of Hidallan's story , who , on account of her death , had been expelled from the wars of Fingal.



helmet. The tear is in his down-cast eyes ;  
and the sigh half-silent in his breast.

Three days he strayed unseen , alone , before he came to Lamor's halls : the mossy halls of his fathers , at the stream of Balva (1). — There Lamor sat alone beneath a tree ; for he had sent his people with Hidallan to war. The stream ran at his feet , and his gray head rested on his staff. Sightless are his aged eyes. He hums the song of other times. — The noise of Hidallan's feet came to his ear : he knew the tread of his son.

Is the son of Lamor returned ; or is it the sound of his ghost ? Hast thou fallen on the banks of Carun , son of the aged Lamor ? Or , If I hear the sound of Hidallan's feet , where are the mighty in war ? where are my people , Hidallan , that were wont to return with their echoing shields ? — Have they fallen on the banks of Carun ?

No : replied the sighing youth , the people of Lamor live. They are renowned in battle , my father ; but Hidallan is renowned no more. I must sit alone on the banks of Balva , when the roar of the battle grows.

(1) This is perhaps that small stream , still retaining the name of Balva , which runs through the romantic valley of Glentivar in Stirlingshire. Balva signifies a *silent stream* ; and Glentivar , *the sequestered vale*.

But thy fathers never sat alone, replied the rising pride of Lamor; they never sat alone on the banks of Balva, when the roar of battle rose.—Dost thou not behold that tomb? Mine eyes discern it not. There rests the noble Garmallon who never fled from war.—Come, thou renowned in battle, he says, come to thy father's tomb.—How am I renowned, Garmallon, for my son has fled from war?

King of the streamy Balva! said Hidallan with a sigh, why dost thou torment my soul? Lamor, I never feared.—Fingal was sad for Comala, and denied his wars to Hidallan. Go to the gray streams of thy land, he said, and moulder like a leafless oak, which the winds have bent over Balva, never more to grow.

And must I hear, Lamor replied, the lonely tread of Hidallan's feet? When thousands are renowned in battle, shall he bend over my gray streams? Spirit of the noble Garmallon! carry Lamor to his place; his eyes are dark; his soul is sad: and his son has lost his fame.

Where, said the youth, shall I search for fame, to gladden the soul of Lamor? From whence shall I return with renown, that the sound of my arms may be pleasant in his ear?—If I go to the chace of hinds, my

name will not be heard.—Lamor will not feel my dogs, with his hands, glad at my arrival from the hill. He will not enquire of his mountains, or of the dark-brown deer of his desarts.

I must fall, said Lamor, like a leafless oak : it grew on a rock, but the winds have overturned it. — My ghost will be seen on my hills, mournful for my young Hidallan. Will not ye, ye mists, as ye rise, hide him from my sight?—My son!—go to Lamor's hall : there the arms of our fathers hang. — Bring the sword of Garmallon ; he took it from a foe.

He went, and brought the sword with all its studded thongs.—He gave it to his father. The gray-haired hero felt the point with his hand.—

My son! — lead me to Garmallon's tomb : it rises beside that rustling tree. The long grass is withered ; I heard the breeze whistling there.—A little fountain murmurs near, and sends its water to Balva. There let me rest ; it is noon : and the sun is on our fields.

He led him to Garmallon's tomb. Lamor pierced the side of his son.—They sleep together ; and their ancient halls moulder on Balva's banks. — Ghosts are seen there at noon :

the valley is silent, and the people shun the place of Lamor.

Mournful is thy tale, said Oscar, son of the times of old!—My soul sighs for Hidallan, he fell in the days of his youth. He flies on the blast of the desert, and his wandering is in a foreign land.—

Sons of the echoing Morven! draw near to the foes of Fingal. Send the night away in songs; and watch the strength of Caros. Oscar goes to the people of other times; to the shades of silent Ardven; where his fathers sit dim in their clouds, and behold the future war.—And art thou there, Hidallan, like a half-extinguished meteor? Come to my sight, in thy sorrow, chief of the roaring Balva!

The heroes move with their songs.—Oscar slowly ascends the hill.—The meteors of night are setting on the heath before him. A distant torrent faintly roars.—Unfrequent blasts rush through aged oaks. The half-enlightened moon sinks dim and red behind her hill.—Feeble voices are heard on the heath.—Oscar drew his sword.

Come, said the hero, O ye ghosts of my fathers! ye that fought against the kings of the world!—Tell me the deeds of future

times, and your discourse in your caves ;  
when you talk together, and behold your  
sons in the fields of the valiant.

Trenmor came, from his hill, at the  
voice of his mighty son.—A cloud, like  
the steed of the stranger, supported his airy  
limbs. His robe is of the mist of Lano,  
that brings death to the people. His sword  
is a meteor half-extinguished. His face is  
without form, and dark. He sighed thrice  
over the hero : and thrice the winds of the  
night roared around. Many were his words  
to Oscar : but they only came by halves to  
our ears : they were dark as the tales of  
other times, before the light of the song  
arose. He slowly vanished, like a mist that  
melts on the sunny hill.

It was then, O daughter of Toscar, my  
son begun first to be sad. He foresaw the  
fall of his race ; and, at times, he was  
thoughtful and dark ; like the sun ( 1 ) when  
he carries a cloud on his face ; but he looks  
afterwards on the hills of Cona.

Oscar passed the night among his fathers ;  
gray morning met him on the banks of  
Carun.

( 1 ) — *caput obscura nixidum ferrugine texit.*

A green vale surrounded a tomb which arose in the times of old. Little hills lift their head at a distance; and stretch their old trees to the wind. The warriors of Caros set there, for they had passed the stream by night. They appeared, like the trunks of aged pines, to the pale light of the morning.

Oscar stood at the tomb, and raised thrice his terrible voice. The rocking hills echoed around: the starting roes bounded away; and the trembling ghosts of the dead fled, shrieking on their clouds. So terrible was the voice of my son, when he called his friends.

A thousand spears rose around; the people of Caros rose.—Why, daughter of Toscar, why that tear? My son, though alone, is brave. Oscar is like a beam of the sky; he turns around, and the people fall. His hand is like the arm of a ghost, when he stretches it from a cloud: the rest of his thin form is unseen: but the people die in the vale.

My son beheld the approach of the foe; and he stood in the silent darkness of his strength.—Am I alone, said Oscar, in the midst of a thousand foes?—Many a spear is there!—many a darkly-rolling eye!—Shall I fly to Ardven?—But did my fathers ever

fly!—The mark of their arm is in a thousand battles.—Oscar too will be renowned.—Come, ye dim ghosts of my fathers, and behold my deeds in war!—I may fall; but I will be renowned like the race of the echoing Morven (1).

He stood dilated in his place, like a flood swelling in a narrow vale. The battle came, but they fell: bloody was the sword of Oscar.—The noise reached his people at Crona; they came like a hundred streams. The warriors of Caros fled, and Oscar remained like a rock left by the ebbing sea.

(1) This passage is very like the soliloquy of Ulysses upon a similar occasion.

Ωἷμαι ἐγὼ, τί πάθω; μέγα μὲν κακὸν, αἶκε ζέεωμαι,  
Πληθὺν παρῆσας· τὸ δὲ ῥιγίον αἶκεν ἀλλέω  
Μῆνος· &c. HOM. II. 11.

What farther subterfuge, what hopes remain?  
What shame, inglorious if I quit the plain?  
What danger, singly if I stand the ground,  
My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around?  
Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth suffice;  
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:  
To die or conquer proves a hero's heart,  
And knowing this, I know a soldier's part.

POPE.

Now dark and deep, with all his steeds,  
 Caros rolled his might along: the little streams  
 are lost in his course; and the earth is rock-  
 ing round. — Battle spreads from wing to  
 wing: ten thousand swords gleam at once in  
 the sky. — But why should Ossian sing of  
 battles? — For never more shall my steel shine  
 in war. I remember the days of my youth with  
 sorrow; when I feel the weakness of my  
 arm. Happy are they who fell in their youth,  
 in the midst of their renown! — They have not  
 beheld the tombs of their friends; or failed  
 to bend the bow of their strength. — Happy  
 art thou, O Oscar, in the midst of thy rushing  
 blast. Thou often goest to the fields of thy  
 fame, where Caros fled from thy lifted sword.

Darkness comes on my soul, O fair daugh-  
 ter of Toscar; I behold not the form of my  
 son at Carun; nor the figure of Oscar on  
 Crona. The rustling winds have carried him  
 far away; and the heart of his father is sad.

But lead me, O Malvina, to the sound of  
 my woods, and the roar of my mountain-  
 streams. Let the chace be heard on Cona;  
 that I may think on the days of other years. —  
 And bring me the harp, O maid, that I may  
 touch it, when the light of my soul shall arise.  
 — Be thou near, to learn the song; and future  
 times shall hear of Ossian.



The sons of the feeble hereafter will lift the voice on Cona; and, looking up to the rocks, say, «Here Ossian dwelt.» They shall admire the chiefs of old, and the race that are no more: while we ride on our clouds, Malvina, on the wings of the roaring winds. Our voices shall be heard, at times, in the desert; and we shall sing on the winds of the rock.



T H E

WAR of INIS-THONA :

A P O E M.



T H E

# WAR of INIS-THONA\*:

## A P O E M.

**O**UR youth is like the dream of the hunter on the hill of heath. He sleeps in the mild beams of the sun ; but he awakes amidst a storm : the red lightning flies around ; and the trees shake their heads to the wind. He looks back with joy on the day of the sun, and the pleasant dreams of his rest !

When shall Ossian's youth return , or his ear delight in the sound of arms ? When shall I , like Oscar , travel ( 1 ) in the light of my steel ?—Come , with your streams ,

( 1 ) Inis-thona , *i. e.* the island of waves , was a country of Scandinavia subject to its own king , but depending upon the kingdom of Lochlin.—This poem is an episod introduced in a great work composed by Ossian , in which the actions of his friends , and his beloved son Oscar , were interwoven.—The work itself is lost , but some episodes , and the story of the poem , are handed down by tradition. There are some now living , who , in their youth , have heard the whole repeated.

( 2 ) Travelling in the greatness of his strength.

ISAIAH , lxiii. 1.

ye hills of Cona, and listen to the voice of Ossian! The song rises, like the sun, in my soul; and my heart feels the joys of other times.

I behold my towers, O Selma! and the oaks of thy shaded wall:—thy streams sound in my ear; thy heroes gather round. Fingal sits in the midst; and leans on the shield of Trenmor:—his spear stands against the wall; he listens to the song of his bards.—The deeds of his arm are heard; and the actions of the king in his youth.

Oscar had returned from the chase, and heard the hero's praise.—He took the shield of Branno (2) from the wall; his eyes were filled with tears. Red was the cheek of youth. His voice was trembling, low. My spear shook its bright head in his hand: he spoke to Morven's king.

Fingal! thou king of heroes! Ossian, next to him in war! ye have fought the battle in your youth; your names are renowned in song.—Oscar is like the mist of Cona: I

(1) This is Branno, the father of Evirallin, and grandfather to Oscar. He was of Irish extraction, and lord of the country round the lake of Lego.—His great actions are handed down by tradition, and his hospitality has passed into a proverb.

appear and vanish.—The bard will not know my name.—The hunter will not search in the heath for my tomb. Let me fight, O heroes, in the battles of Inis-thona. Distant is the land of my war!—ye shall not hear of Oscar's fall.—Some bard may find me there, and give my name to the song. —The daughter of the stranger shall see my tomb, and weep over the youth that came from afar. The bard shall say, at the feast, hear the song of Oscar from the distant land.

Oscar, replied the king of Morven, thou shalt fight, son of my fame!—Prepare my dark-bosomed ship to carry my hero to Inis-thona. Son of my son, regard our fame;—for thou art of the race of renown. Let not the children of strangers say, feeble are the sons of Morven!—Be thou, in battle, like the roaring storm: mild as the evening sun, in peace.—Tell, Oscar, to Inis-thona's king, that Fingal remembers his youth; when we strove in the combat together, in the days of Agandecca.

They lifted up the sounding sail; the wind whistled through the thongs (1) of their masts. Waves lashed the oozy rocks: the

(1) Leather thongs were used in Ossian's time, instead of ropes.

strength of ocean roared.—My son beheld, from the wave, the land of groves. He rushed into the echoing bay of Runa ; and sent his sword to Annir king of spears.

The gray-haired hero rose, when he saw the sword of Fingal. His eyes were full of tears, and he remembered the battles of their youth. Twice they lifted the spear before the lovely Agandecca : heroes stood far distant, as if two ghosts contended.

But now, begun the king, I am old ; the sword lies useless in my hall. Thou who art of Morven's race ! Annir has been in the strife of spears ; but he is pale, and withered now, like the oak of Lano. I have no son to meet thee with joy, or to carry thee to the halls of his fathers. Argon is pale in the tomb, and Ruro is no more.—My daughter is in the hall of strangers, and longs to behold my tomb.—Her spouse shakes ten thousand spears ; and comes (1) like a cloud of death

(1) Cormalo had resolved on a war against his father-in-law, Annir, king of Inis-thona, in order to deprive him of his kingdom. The injustice of his designs was so much resented by Fingal, that he sent his grandson, Oscar, to the assistance of Annir. Both armies came soon to a battle, in which the conduct and valour of Oscar obtained a complete victory. An end was put to the war by the death of Cormalo, who fell in a single combat,



from Lano—Come thou, to share the feast  
of Annir, son of echoing Morven.

Three days they feasted together ; on the  
fourth , Annir heard the name of Oscar (1).  
—They rejoiced in the shell (2) ; and pur-  
sued the boars of Runa.

Beside the fount of mossy stones , the wea-  
ry heroes rest. The tear steals in secret from  
Annir : and he broke the rising sigh.—Here  
darkly rest, the hero said , the children of  
my youth.—This stone is the tomb of Ruro :  
that tree sounds over the grave of Argon.  
Do ye hear my voice, O my sons, within  
your narrow house ? Or do ye speak in

by Oscar's hand.— This is the story delivered  
down by tradition ; though the poet , to raise the  
character of his son , makes Oscar himself propose  
the expedition.

(1) It was thought , in those days of heroism ,  
an infringement upon the laws of hospitality , to  
ask the name of a stranger , before he had feast-  
ed three days in the great hall of the family. *He  
that asks the name of the stranger* , is , to this day ,  
an opprobrious term applied , in the north , to the  
inhospitable.

(2) *To rejoice in the shell* is a phrase for feast-  
ing sumptuously , and drinking freely. I have ob-  
served in a preceding note , that the ancient Scots  
drunk in shells.

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these rustling leaves, when the winds of the  
desart rise?

King of Inis-thona, said Oscar, how fell  
the children of youth? The wild boar often  
rushes over their tombs, but he does not  
disturb the hunters. They pursue deer (1)

(3) The notion of Ossian concerning the state of  
the deceased, was the same with that of the an-  
cient Greeks and Romans. They imagined that the  
souls pursued, in their separate state, the employ-  
ments and pleasures of their former life.

*Arma procul, currusque virum miratur inanes.  
Stant terra defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti  
Per campum pascuntur equi: quæ gratia currum  
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes  
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.*

VIRG.

The chief beheld their charriots from afar;  
Their shining arms and coursers train'd to war:  
Their lances fix'd in earth, their steeds around,  
Free from the harness, graze the flow'ry ground.  
The love of horses which they had, alive,  
And care of charriots, after death survive.

DRYDEN.

Τὸν δὲ μετ' εἰσενόησα βῆιν Ἡρακλειῆην,  
Εἶδωλον.——

——ὁ δ', ἐρευνῇ νυκτὶ εἰκαῶς

Τυμνὸν τόξον ἔχων, καὶ ἐπὶ νευρῆφιν οἷσόν,  
▲ειγὸν παπλαίαν, αἰεὶ βαλέοντι εἰκαῶς, &c.

formed

formed of clouds , and bend their airy bow.  
They still love the sport of their youth ; and  
mount the wind with joy.

Cormalo , replied the king , is chief of ten  
thousand spears ; he dwells at the dark-rolling  
waters of Lano (1) which send forth the cloud  
of death. He came to Runa's echoing halls , and  
sought the honour of the spear (2). The youth

Now I the strength of Hercules behold ,  
A row'ring spectre of gigantic mold ;  
Gloomy as night he stands in act to throw  
Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow.  
Around his breast a wond'rous zone is roll'd  
Where woodland monsters grin in fretted gold ;  
There sullen lions sternly seem to roar ,  
The bear to growl , to foam the tusky boar ,  
There war and havock and destruction stood ,  
And vengeful murder red with human blood.

POPE.

(1) Lano was a lake of Scandinavia , remarkable ,  
in the days of Ossian , for emitting a pestilential va-  
pour in autumn. *And thou , O valiant Duchomar ,  
like the mist of marshy Lano ; when it sails over the  
plains of autumn , and brings death to the people.*  
FINGAL , B. I.

(2) By *the honour of the spear* is meant a kind  
of tournament practised among the ancient northern  
nations.

was lovely as the first beam of the sun ; and few were they who could meet him in fight. — My heroes yielded to Cormalo : and my daughter loved the son of Lano.

Argon and Ruro returned from the chace ; the tears of their pride descended : — They rolled their silent eyes on Runa's heroes , because they yielded to a stranger : three days they feasted with Cormalo : on the fourth my Argon fought. — But who could fight with Argon ! — Lano's chief was overcome. His heart swelled with the grief of pride , and he resolved , in secret , to behold the death of my sons.

They went to the hills of Runa , and pursued the dark-brown hinds. The arrow of Cormalo flew in secret ; and my children fell. He came to the maid of his love ; to Inis-thona's dark-haired maid. — They fled over the desert — and Annir remained alone.

Night came on , and day appeared ; nor Argon's voice, nor Ruro's came. At length their much-loved dog is seen ; the fleet and bounding Runar. He came into the hall and howled ; and seemed to look towards the place of their fall. — We followed him : we found them here : and laid them by this mossy stream. This is the haunt of Annir , when the chace of the hinds is over. I bend like the trunk of an aged oak above them : and my tears for ever flow.

O Ronnan ! said the rising Oscar , Ogar king of spears ! call my heroes to my side , the sons of streamy Morven. To-day we go to Lano's water , that sends forth the cloud of death. Cormalo will not long rejoice : death is often at the point of our swords.

They came over the desert like stormy clouds , when the winds roll them over the heath : their edges are tinged with lightning : and the echoing groves foresee the storm. The horn of Oscar's battle was heard : and Lano shook in all its waves. The children of the lake convened around the sounding shield of Cormalo.

Oscar fought , as he was wont in battle. Cormalo fell beneath his sword : and the sons of the dismal Lano fled to their secret vales.—Oscar brought the daughter of Inisthona to Annir's echoing halls. The face of age was bright with joy ; he blest the king of swords.

How great was the joy of Ossian , when he beheld the distant sail of his son ! It was like a cloud of light that rises in the east , when the traveller is sad in a land unknown ; and dismal night , with her ghosts , is sitting around him.

We brought him , with song , to Selma's halls. Fingal ordered the feast of shells to be

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spread. A thousand bards raised the name of Oscar : and Morven answered to the noise. The daughter of Toscar was there , and her voice was like the harp ; when the distant sound comes , in the evening , on the soft-rustling breeze of the vale.

O lay me , ye that see the light , near some rock of my hills : let the thick hazels be around , let the rustling oak be near. Green be the place of my rest ; and let the sound of the distant torrent be heard. Daughter of Toscar , take the harp , and raise the lovely song of Selma ; that sleep may overtake my soul in the midst of joy ; that the dreams of my youth may return , and the days of the mighty Fingal.

Selma ! I behold thy towers , thy trees , and shaded wall. I see the heroes of Morven ; and hear the song of bards. Oscar lifts the sword of Cormalo ; and a thousand youths admire its studded thongs. They look with wonder on my son ; and admire the strength of his arm. They mark the joy of his father's eyes ; they long for an equal fame.

And ye shall have your fame , O sons of streamy Morven.—My soul is often brightened with the song ; and I remember the companions of my youth. — But sleep descends

with the sound of the harp; and pleasant dreams begin to rise. Ye sons of the chase, stand far distant, nor disturb my rest. The bard of other times converses now with his fathers, the chiefs of the days of old.— Sons of the chase, stand far distant; disturb not the dreams of Ollian.





THE  
BATTLE of LORA:  
A P O E M.



T H E

# BATTLE of LORA:

A P O E M. (1)

SON of the distant land, who dwellest  
in the secret cell! do I hear the sounds of

(1) This poem is compleat; nor does it appear from tradition, that it was introduced, as an episode, into any of Ossian's great works. — It is called, in the original, *Duan a Chuldich*, or the *Culdee's poem*, because it was adressed to one of the first Christian missionaries, who were called, from their retired life, Culdees, or *sequestered persons*. — The story bears a near resemblance to that which was the foundation of the Iliad. Fingal, on his return from Ireland, after he had expelled Swaran from that kingdom, made a feast to all his heroes: he forgot to invite Ma-ronnan and Aldo, two chiefs, who had not been along with him on his expedition. They resented his neglect; and went over to Erragon king of Sora, a country of Scandinavia, the declared enemy of Fingal. The valour of Aldo soon gained him a great reputation in Sora: and Lornia the beautiful wife of Erragon fell in love with him. — He found means to escape with her, and to come to Fingal, who resided then in Selma on the western coast. — Erragon invaded Scotland, and was slain in battle by Gaul the son of Morni, after he had rejected terms of peace offered him by Fingal. — In this war

H v

thy grove? or is it the voice of thy songs? The torrent was loud in my ear, but I heard a tuneful voice; dost thou praise the chiefs of thy land; or the spirits (1) of the wind?—But, lonely dweller of the rock! look over that heathy plain: thou seest green tombs, with their rank, whistling grass; with their stones of mossy heads: thou seest them, son of the rock, but Ossian's eyes have failed.

A mountain-stream comes roaring down, and sends its waters round a green hill: four mossy stones, in the midst of withered grass, rear their heads on the top: two trees, which the storms have bent, spread their whistling branches around.—This is thy dwelling, Erragon (2); this thy narrow house: the sound of thy shells has been long forgot in Sora: and thy shield is become dark in thy hall.—Erragon, king of ships! chief of distant Sora! how hast thou fallen on our mountains (3)! How is the mighty low!

Aldo fell, in a single combat, by the hands of his rival Erragon; and the unfortunate Lorma afterwards died of grief.

(1) The poet alludes to the religious hymns of the Culdees.

(2) Erragon, or Ferg-thonn, signifies *the rage of the waves*; probably a poetical name given him by Ossian himself; for he goes by the name of An-nir in tradition.

(3) The beauty of Israel is slain on thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!      2 SAM. ii. 19.

Son of the secret cell ! dost thou delight in songs ? Hear the battle of Lora ; the sound of its steel is long since past. So thunder on the darkened hill roars, and is no more. The sun returns with his silent beams : the glittering rocks, and green heads of the mountains smile.

The bay of Cona received our ships ( 1 ) ; from Ullin's rolling waves : our white sheets hung loose to the masts : and the boisterous winds roared behind the groves of Morven. — The horn of the king is sounded, and the deer start from their rocks. Our arrows flew in the woods ; the feast of the hill was spread. Our joy was great on our rocks, for the fall of the terrible Swaran.

Two heroes were forgot at our feast ; and the rage of their bosoms burned. They rolled their red eyes in secret : the sigh burst from their breasts. They were seen to talk together, and to throw their spears on earth. They were two dark clouds, in the midst of our joy ; like pillars of mist on the settled sea : it glitters to the sun, but the mariners fear a storm.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle ! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places.

2 SAM. ii. 25.

( 1 ) This was at Fingal's return from his war against Swaran.

Raise my white sails, said Ma-ronnan, raise them to the winds of the west; let us rush, O Aldo, through the foam of the northern wave. We are forgot at the feast: but our arms have been red in blood. Let us leave the hills of Fingal, and serve the king of Sora.—His countenance is fierce, and the war darkens round his spear. Let us be renowned, O Aldo, in the battles of echoing Sora.

They took their swords and shields of thongs; and rushed to Lumar's sounding bay. They came to Sora's haughty king, the chief of bounding steeds.—Erragon had returned from the chace: his spear was red in blood. He bent his dark face to the ground: and whistled as he went.—He took the strangers to his feasts: they fought and conquered in his wars.

Aldo returned with his fame towards Sora's lofty walls.—From her tower looked the spouse of Erragon, the humid, rolling eyes of Lorma.—Her dark-brown hair flies on the wind of ocean: her white breast heaves, like snow on the heath; when the gentle winds arise, and slowly move it in the light. She saw young Aldo, like the beam of Sora's setting sun. Her soft heart sighed: tears filled her eyes; and her white arm supported her head.

Three days she sat within the hall, and

covered grief with joy.—On the fourth she fled with the hero, along the rolling sea.—They came to Cona's mossy towers, to Fingal king of spears.

Aldo of the heart of pride ! said the rising king of Morven, shall I defend thee from the wrath of Sora's injured king? who will now receive my people into their halls, or give the feast of strangers, since Aldo, of the little soul, has carried away the fair of Sora? Go to thy hills, thou feeble hand, and hide thee in thy caves; mournful is the battle we must fight, with Sora's gloomy king.—Spirit of the noble Trenmor! when will Fingal cease to fight? I was born in the midst of battles (2), and my steps must move in blood to my tomb. But my hand did not injure the weak, my steel did not touch the feeble in arms.—I behold thy tempests, O Morven, which will overturn my halls; when my children are dead in battle, and none remains to dwell in Selma. Then will the feeble come, but they will not know my tomb: my renown is in the song: and my actions shall be as a dream to future times.

His people gathered around Erragon, as

(1) Comhal the Father of Fingal was slain in battle against the tribe of Morni, the very day that Fingal was born; so that he may, with propriety, be said to have been *born in the midst of battles*.

the storms round the ghost of night; when he calls them from the top of Morven, and prepares to pour them on the land of the stranger.—He came to the shore of Cona, and sent his bard to the king, to demand the combat of thousands; or the land of many hills.

Fingal sat in his hall with the companions of his youth around him. The young heroes were at the chace, and far distant in the desert. The gray-haired chiefs talked of other times, and of the actions of their youth; when the aged Nartimor (1) came, the king of streamy Lora.

This is no time, begun the chief, to hear the songs of other years: Erragon frowns on the coast, and lifts ten thousand swords. Gloomy is the king among his chiefs; he is like the darkened moon, amidst the meteors of night.

Come, said Fingal, from thy hall, thou daughter of my love; come from thy hall, Bosmina (2), maid of streamy Morven! Nartimor, take the steeds (3) of the strangers,

(1) Neart-mór, *great strength*. Lora, *noisy*.

(2) Bos-mhina, *soft and tender hand*. She was the youngest of Fingal's children.

(3) These were probably horses taken in the incursions of the Caledonians into the Roman province, which seems to be intimated in the phrase of the *steeds of strangers*.



and attend the daughter of Fingal : let her bid the king of Sora to our feast, to Selma's shaded wall.—Offer him, O Bosmina, the peace of heroes, and the wealth of generous Aldo : our youths are far distant, and age is on our trembling hands.

She came to the host of Erragon, like a beam of light to a clond.—In her right hand shone an arrow of gold ; and in her left a sparkling shell, the sign of Morven's peace.—Erragon brightened in her presence, as a rock before the sudden beams of the sun ; when they issue from a broken cloud, divided by the roaring wind.

Son of the distant Sora, begun the mildly blushing maid, come to the feast of Morven's king, to Selma's shaded walls. Take the peace of heroes, O warrior, and let the dark sword rest by thy side.—And if thou chusest the wealth of kings, hear the words of the generous Aldo.—He gives to Erragon an hundred steeds, the children of the rein ; an hundred maids from distant lands ; an hundred hawks with fluttering wing, that fly across the sky. An hundred girdles (1) shall also be thine,

(1) Sanctified girdles, till very lately, were kept in many families in the north of Scotland ; they were bound about women in labour, and were supposed to alleviate their pains, and to accelerate the birth. They were impressed with several mystical figures, and the ceremony of binding them

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to bind high-bosomed women ; the friends of the births of heroes , and the cure of the sons of toil.—Ten shells studded with gems shall shine in Sora's towers : the blue water trembles on their stars, and seems to be sparkling wine.—They gladdened once the kings of the world (3), in the midst of their echoing halls. These, O hero, shall be thine ; or thy white-bosomed spouse.—Lorma shall roll her bright eyes in thy halls ; though Fingal loves the generous Aldo :—Fingal !—who never injured a hero , though his arm is strong.

Soft voice of Cona! replied the king, tell him, that he spreads his feast in vain.—Let Fingal pour his spoils around me ; and bend beneath my power. Let him give me the swords of his fathers , and the shields of other times ; that my children may behold them in my halls, and say, « These are the « arms of Fingal. »

Never shall they behold them in thy halls ; said the rising pride of the maid ; they are in the mighty hands of heroes who never yielded in war.—King of the echoing Sora! the storm is gathering on our hills. Dost thou not foresee

about the woman's waist , was accompanied with words and gestures which shewed the custom to have come originally from the druids.

(1) The Roman emperors. These shells were some of the spoils of the province.

the fall of thy people , son of the distant land?

She came to Selma's silent halls ; the king beheld her down-cast eyes. He rose from his place , in his strength , and shook his aged locks.—He took the sounding mail of Tremmor , and the dark-brown shield of his fathers. Darkness filled Selma's hall , when he stretched his hand to his spear :—the ghosts of thousands were near , and foresaw the death of the people. Terrible joy rose in the face of the aged heroes : they rushed to meet the foe ; their thoughts are on the actions of other years : and on the fame of the tomb.

Now the dogs of the chace appeared at Tra-thal's tomb : Fingal knew that his young heroes followed them , and he stopt in the midst of his course.—Oscar appeared the first ;—then Morni's son , and Nemi's race :—Fear-cuth [ 1 ] shewed his gloomy form : Dermid spread his dark hair on the wind. Ossian came the last. O son of the rock [ 2 ] , I hummed the song of other times : my spear supported my steps over the little streams , and my thoughts were of mighty men. Fingal struck his bossy shield ; and gave the dismal sign of war ; a thousand swords , at once

(1) Fear-cuth , the same with Fergus , *the man of the word* , or a commander of an army.

(2) The poet addresses himself to the Culdee.

unsheathed , (1) gleam on the waving heath :  
 Three gray-haired sons of song raise the  
 tuneful , mournful voice.—Deep and dark  
 with sounding steps, we rush , a gloomy ridge,  
 along : like the shower of a storm when it  
 pours on the narrow vale.

The king of Morven sat on his hill : the  
 sun-beam (2) of battle flew on the wind : the  
 companions of his youth are near , with all  
 their waving locks of age.—Joy rose in the  
 hero's eyes when he beheld his sons in war ;  
 when he saw them amidst the lightning of  
 swords , and mindful of the deeds of their  
 fathers.—Erragon came on , in his strength ,  
 like the roar of a winter stream : the battle  
 falls in his course , and death is at his side.

Who comes , said Fingal , like the bound-  
 ing roe , like the hart of echoing Cona ?  
 His shield glitters on his side ; and the clang  
 of his armour is mournful.—He meets with  
 Erragon in the strife ! — Behold the battle of  
 the chiefs ! — it is like the contending of ghosts  
 in a gloomy storm. — But fallest thou , son

(1) He spake ; and to confirm his words out-flew  
 Millions of flaming swords , drawn from the thighs  
 Of mighty Cherubim ; the sudden blaze  
 Far round illumin'd hell. MILTON.

(2) I have observed in a former note , that the  
 standard of Fingal was called the sun-beam from  
 its being studded with stones and gold.

of the hill , and is thy white bosom stained with blood ? Weep , unhappy Lorma , Aldo is no more.

The king took the spear of his strength ; for he was sad for the fall of Aldo : he bent his deathful eyes on the foe ; but Gaul met the king of Sora.—Who can relate the fight of the chiefs ?—The mighty stranger fell.

Sons of Cona ! Fingal cried aloud , stop the hand of death.—Mighty was he that is now so low ! and much is he mourned in Sora ! The stranger will come towards his hall , and wonder why it is silent. The king is fallen , O stranger , and the joy of his house is ceased.—Listen to the sound of his woods : perhaps his ghost is there ; but he is far distant , on Morven , beneath the sword of a foreign foe.

Such were the words of Fingal , when the bard raised the song of peace. We stopped our uplifted swords , and spared the feeble foe. We laid Erragon in that tomb ; and I raised the voice of grief : the clouds of night came rolling down , and the ghost of Erragon appeared to some. — His face was cloudy and dark ; and an half-formed sigh is in his breast. Blest be thy soul , O king of Sora ! thine arm was terrible in war !

Lorma sat , in Aldo's hall , at the light of

a flaming oak : the night came , but he did not return ; and the soul of Lorma is sad.—What detains thee , hunter of Cona ? for thou didst promise to return.—Has the deer been distant far ; and do the dark winds sigh , round thee , on the heath ? I am in the land of strangers , where is my friend , but Aldo ? Come from thy echoing hills , O my best beloved !

Her eyes are turned toward the gate , and she listens to the rustling blast. She thinks it is Aldo's tread , and joy rises in her face :—but sorrow returns again , like a thin cloud on the moon.—And thou wilt not return , my love ? Let me behold the face of the hill. The moon is in the east. Calm and bright is the breast of the lake ! When shall I behold his dogs returning from the chase ? When shall I hear his voice , loud and distant on the wind ? Come from thy echoing hills , hunter of woody Cona !

His thin ghost appeared , on a rock , like the watry beam of the moon , when it rushes from between two clouds , and the midnight shower is on the field. — She followed the empty form over the heath , for she knew that her hero fell.—I heard her approaching cries on the wind , like the mournful voice of the breeze , when it sighs on the grass of the cave.

She came , she found her hero : her voice

was heard no more : silent she rolled her sad eyes ; she was pale as a watry cloud , that rises from the lake , to the beam of the moon.

Few were her days on Cona : she sunk into the tomb : Fingal commanded his bards ; and they sung over the death of Lorma. The daughters (1) of Morven mourned her for one day in the year , when the dark winds of autumn returned.

Son of the distant land (2) , thou dwellest in the field of fame : O let thy song rise , at times , in the praise of those that fell : that their thin ghosts may rejoice around thee ; and the soul of Lorma come on a moon-beam (1) , when thou liest down to rest , and the moon looks into thy cave. Then shalt thou see her lovely ; but the tear is still on her cheek.

(1) The daughters of Israel went yearly to lament the daughter of Jephthah the Gileadite four days in a year.

JUDGES xi. 40.

(1) The poet addresses himself to the Culdee.

(1) Be thou on a moon-beam , O Morna , near the window of my rest ; when my thoughts are of peace ; and the din of arms is over.

FINGAL, B. I.

*The end of the first Volume.*

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