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**Fingal, An Ancient Epic Poem, In Six Books**

**Macpherson, James**

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Fingal An Ancient Epic Poem. In Six Books.

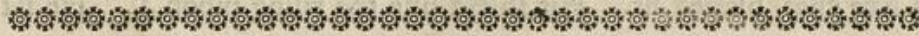
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F I N G A L,

AN ANCIENT

E P I C P O E M.

In SIX BOOKS.



B O O K I,



CUCHULLIN \* sat by Tura's wall; by the tree of the rustling leaf.—His spear leaned against the mossy rock. His shield lay by him on the grass. As he thought of mighty Car-

\* Cuchullin the son of Semo and grandson to Caithbat a druid celebrated in tradition for his wisdom and valour. 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 of Cuchullin." They shew the remains of his palace at Dunscach in the Isle of Skye; and a stone to which he bound his dog Luath, goes still by his name.

B

bar,



bar \*, a hero whom he slew in war ; the scout † of the ocean came, Moran ‡ 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 || of the lonely hills coming to aid me on green Ullin's plains.

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 : like a cloud of mist on the silent hill.— Many, chief of men ! I said, many are our hands of war.—Well

\* Cairbar or Cairbre signifies a strong man.

† Cuchullin having previous intelligence of the invasion intended by Swaran, sent scouts all over the coast of Ullin or Ulster, to give early notice of the first appearance of the enemy, at the same time that he sent Munan the son of Stirmal to implore the assistance of Fingal. He himself collected the flower of the Irish youth to Turra, a castle on the coast, to stop the progress of the enemy till Fingal should arrive from Scotland. 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.

‡ Moran signifies many ; and Fithil, or rather Fili, *an inferior bard*.

|| Fingal the son of Comhal and Morna the daughter of Thaddu. His grandfather was Trathal, and great grandfather Tremmor, both of whom are often mentioned in the poem.

† ———His ponderous shield  
Behind him cast ; the broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon.

MILTON.

art

art thou named, the Mighty Man, but many mighty men are seen from Tura's walls of wind.—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\*, 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, 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 †. 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 ‡ leapt from the sounding rock; and Connal of the bloody spear. Crugal's || 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

\* Meal-mór—a great hill.

of his own shield in the 4th book.—A horn

† 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

was the most common instrument to call the army together before the invention of bagpipes.

‡ Cu-raoch signifies the madness of battle.

|| Cruth-geal—fair-complexioned.



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 descend from the streams of Lena.—Ca-olt 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\*.

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 the 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 gray dogs howl between.—Unequally bursts the  
song of battle; and rocking Cromla † echoes round. On Lena's  
dusky heath they stood, like mist ‡ that shades the hills of autumn:  
when broken and dark it settles high, and lifts its head to heaven.

# 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. Or shall we fight, ye sons of

\* Cu-thón—the mournful found of waves.

So when th' embattled clouds in dark  
array,

† 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.

Along the skies their gloomy lines display;  
The low-hung vapours motionless and still

‡ ———νεφέλησιν ἰοικότες ἄσε Κρονίων

Rest on the summits of the shaded hill.

Νημεμίας, ἔστηεν ἐπ' ἀκροπόλοισιν ὄρεσιν  
Ατρέμας. HOM. II. 5. v. 522.

POPE.

war!



war! or yield green Innisfail\* to Lochlin! O Connal † speak, thou first of men! thou breaker of the shields! thou hast often fought with Lochlin; shalt thou lift up 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, my heart is for the peace of Erin ‡. 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 || the son of Matha; fly, Connal, to thy silent hills, where the spear of battle never shone;

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

† Connal, the friend of Cuchullin, was the son of Cathbait prince of the 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-connel, *i. e.* the land of Connal.

‡ 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.

|| Cálmar, *a strong man.*

purfue



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 \*, and roar thro' the ranks of their pride. Let no vessel of the kingdom of Snow bound on the dark-rolling waves of Inis-tore †.

O YE dark winds of Erin rise! and 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.

\* The Galic name of Scandinavia in general; in a more confined sense that of the peninsula of Jutland. † Inis-tore, *the island of whales*, the ancient name of the Orkney islands.

BUT



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\*: and hast thou left me, O Fergus †! 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 ‡ from Malmor. Like a hart from the ecchoing hills?—Hail thou son of Rossa! what shades the soul of war?

FOUR stones ||, 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; when it sails 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 †?

\* Dubhchomar, *a black well-shaped man.*  
† Fear-guth,—*the man of the word*; or a commander of an army.

‡ Be thou like a roe or young hart on the mountains of Bether.

SOLOMON'S SONG.

|| 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.

† The grave.—The house appointed for all living.

JOB.

CATHBAT,





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 \*, fairest among women, lovely daughter of Cormac-cairbar. Why in the circle of stones; in the cave of the rock alone? The stream murmurs hoarsely. 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 it shines to the beam of the west.—Thy breasts are like two smooth rocks seen 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 †, thou art the love of Morna.

\* Muirne or Morna, a woman beloved by all.

† Torman, thunder. This is the true origin of the Jupiter Taramis of the ancients.



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.

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 hill; 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\* 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 † 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.

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 sighs.—

\* She alludes to his name—the dark man. † Moina, soft in temper and perfect.



PEACE, said Cuchullin, to the souls of the heroes; their deeds were great in danger. Let them ride around \* 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; and rejoice in the noise of my course.—Place three spears by my side; and 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 † of foam from the dark shady steep of Cromla; when the thunder is rolling above, and dark-brown night on half the hill. So fierce, so vast, and 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?

\* 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.

† Ως δ' ὅτε χεῖμαρροι ποταμοί, κατ'  
ὄρεσφι ρέοντες

Ες μισγάγκειαν συμβάλλετον ὄβριμον  
ὕδαρ,

Κρεβῶν ἐκ μεγάλου κοίλης ἔντοσθε χα-  
ράδρης. HOM.

As torrents roll increas'd by numerous  
rills

With rage impetuous down the echoing  
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 alis,  
Dant sonitum spumosi amnes, & in æquora  
currunt,*

*Quisque suum populatus iter.* VIRG.

The



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-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 the 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 foot-stool 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 Sulin-Sifadda.

BEFORE the left side of the car is seen the snorting horse. The thin-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

‡ As when the hollow rocks retain  
The sound of blustering wind. MILTON.



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.

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 storm 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\* dark storms pour from two 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

\* The reader may compare this passage with a similar one in Homer. Iliad. 4. v. 446. To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,  
Host against host, with shadowy squadrons  
drew,

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet  
met clos'd, The founding darts in iron tempests flew;

With

on steel, helmets are cleft on high. Blood bursts and smoaks around.—Strings murmur on the polished yews. Darts rush along the sky. Spears fall like the circles of light that gild the stormy face of the 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 fend the deaths to future times. For many were the falls of the heroes ; and wide poured the blood of the valiant.

MOURN, ye sons of the song, the death of the noble Sithallin\*.  
—Let the sighs of Fïona 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 † ; many were the deaths of thine arm, Cuchullin, thou son of Semo. His sword was like the beam of heaven when it pierces the fons of the vale ; when the people are blasted and fall, and all the hills are

With streaming blood the slip'ry fields  
are dy'd,

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.

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

† 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.



burning around.—Dufronnal \* snorted over the bodies of heroes; and Sifadda † 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 the spirits of night.

WEEP on the rocks of roaring winds, O maid of Inistore ‡, bend thy fair head over the waves, thou fairer than the ghost 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 Trenar 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 Inisfail 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. Who are these on Lena's heath that are so gloomy and dark? Who are these

\* One of Cuchullin's horses. Dubh-nar are sensible at home of the death of their master, the very instant he is killed.

† Sith-fadda, *i. e.* a long stride.

‡ The maid of Inistore was the daughter of Gorlo king of Inistore or Orkney islands. Trenar was brother to the king of Inifcon, 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 Tre-

—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.

like



like two clouds \* 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 †; 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 polish'd stones. The feast is smoaking wide.

CUCHULLIN, chief of Erin's war, resumed 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 Kinfena ‡. 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 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.

\* As when two black clouds  
With heaven's artillery fraught, come  
rattling on  
Over the Caspian. MILTON.

† 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.

‡ Cean-seana, *i. e.* the head of the people.

OLD





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 Cromla before a storm. Though all thy daughters, Inisfail! 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 east, shall light me to the death of 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 sounds 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 Inis-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 Offian\*.

\* Offian 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 Scornafena, or the hill of Fingal's people.

IN



IN other days \*, Carril replies, came the fons of Ocean to Erin. A thousand vefiels bounded over the waves to Ullin's lovely plains. The fons of Inisfail arofe to meet the race of dark-brown fhields. Cairbar, firft of men, was there, and Grudar, ftately youth. Long had they ftrove for the spotted bull, that lowed on Golbun's † ecchoing heath. Each claimed him as their own; and death was often at the point of their fteel.

SIDE by fide the heroes fought, and the ftangers of Ocean fled. Whofe name was fairer on the hill than the name of Cairbar and Grudar!— But ah! why ever lowed the bull on Golbun's ecchoing heath; they faw him leaping like the fnow. The wrath of the chiefs returned.

ON Lubar's ‡ graffy banks they fought, and Grudar like a fun-beam, fell. Fierce Cairbar came to the vale of the ecchoing Tura, where Braffolis ||, faireft of his fifters, all alone, raifed the fong of grief. She fung of the actions of Grudar, the youth of her fecret foul. —She mourned him in the field of blood; but ftill fhe hoped for his return. Her white bofom is feen from her robe, as the moon from the clouds of night. Her voice was fofter than the harp to raife the fong of grief. Her foul was fixed on Grudar; the fecret look of her eye was his.—When fhalt thou come in thine arms, thou mighty in the war?—

\* This epifode is introduced with propriety. Calmar and Connal, two of the Irish heroes, had difputed warmly before the battle about engaging the enemy. Carril endeavours to reconcile them with the ftory of Cairbar and Grudar; who, tho' enemies before, fought *fide by fide* in the war. The poet obtained his aim, for we find Calmar and Connal perfectly reconciled in the third book.

† Golb-bhean, as well as Cromleach, fignifies a *crooked hill*.

‡ Lubar—a river in Ulfter. *Labhar*, loud, noify.

|| Braffolis fignifies a *woman with a white breaft*.

D

TAKE,



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, and 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 shower\* 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 Duncaich. Strike the harp in the praise of Bragéla; she 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.

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.

\* Homer compares soft piercing words to the fall of snow.

—επεα νιφιδεσσιν ἰσικότεν χειμερίσιν.

But when he speaks, what elocution flows!  
Like the soft fleeces of descending snows.

POPE.

THE



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\* 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.

\* 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.

D 2

FINGAL,



They here knew the field of his dream—the warriors of the  
night moved on. The rest lay in the grasp of the deer, and they  
amidst the dusky wind.—The ghosts of the lately dead were  
near, and swam on gloomy clouds. And far distant in the dark  
distance of years, the feeble voices of death were heard.

It was long the opinion of the ancient  
poets, that a ghost was heard sliding  
near the place where a death was to hap-  
pen soon after. The account gives, to  
tell, thinking at intervals, at last, the  
ghost, among the night, of this extraor-  
dinary matter, the very peculiar. The  
ghost comes mounted on a meteor, and

D 2 FINGAL

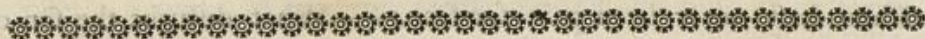
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F I N G A L,

A N A N C I E N T

E P I C P O E M.



B O O K II.



CONNAL \* lay by the found of the mountain stream, beneath the aged tree. 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 he lay, for the son of the sword feared no foe.

My

\* 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.

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.

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

POPE.

Ἦλθη δ' ἐπὶ ψυχὴν Πάτροκλῆος δειλοῖο  
Παντ' αὐτῷ μέγθος τε καὶ ὄματα κατ'  
εἰκυῖα  
Καὶ φωνὴν, &c.      HOM. II. 23.

*In somnis ecce ante oculos mæstissimus Hector  
Visus adesse mihi, largosque effundere fletus,  
Raptatus bigis, aut quondam, aterque cruento  
Pulvere perque pedes trajectus lora tumentis.*

Hsi



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

*Hei mihi qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo* Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs  
*Hectore, qui redit exuviiis indutus Achilli,* were thrust  
*Vel Danaüm Phrygios jaculatus puppibus ignis;* Through the bor'd holes, his body black  
*Squalentem barbam & concretos sanguine crinis* with dust.  
*Vulneraque illa gerens quæ circum plurima* Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils  
*muros* Of war triumphant, in Æacian spoils:  
*Acepit patrios. Æn. lib. 2.* Or him, who made the fainting Greeks  
 retire,

When Hector's ghost before my fight And launch'd against their navy Phrygian  
 appears: fire.  
 A bloody shrowd he seem'd, and bath'd His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his  
 in tears. gore;  
 Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain, And all the wounds he for his country bore.  
 Theffalian coursers drag'd him o'er the plain.

DRYDEN.

steps

steps in the heath. I am light as the blast of Cromla, and I move like the shadow of mist. Connal, son of Colgar, I see the dark 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 \* 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 defart.

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

WHY, said the ruler of the car, comes Connal through my 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 sun of heaven.

SON of Semo, replied the chief, the ghost of 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 Dunscach; 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

\* Ψυχή δὲ κατα χθονός, ἥτε καπνός  
ἦχετο τετριγυία

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

Hom. Il. 23. v. 100.

POPE.

in





in the caves of Lena.—Or if it was the form \* of Crugal, why didst thou not force him to my fight. 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 who could tell him there of our death?

GHOSTS fly on clouds and ride 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 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 high-bosomed 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 I will 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

\* 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 Cu-chullin's reply, we may gather that they both thought the soul was material; something like the *εἰδωλον* of the ancient Greeks.



their branches round them \*; when they eccho 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 Inis-fail.

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 grafs; so gloo-  
my, dark, successive came the chiefs of Lochlin's ecchoing woods.  
Tall as the stag of Morven moved on the king of groves. His shin-  
ing 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 sport-  
ing in the beam.

A BLAST from the trouble of ocean removed the settled mist.  
The sons of Inisfail appear like a ridge of rocks on the shore.

\* ——— As when heaven's fire      With singed tops, their stately growth  
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain      tho' bare  
pines      Stand on the blasted heath.      MILTON.

E

Ge,



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 high-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. But never shall a stranger have the lovely sun-beam of Dunscach; or ever deer fly on Lochlin's hills before the nimble-footed Luäth.

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? Thy narrow house shall receive me in the midst of the  
light



light of renown.—Exalt, ye sons of Inisfail, 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 \* 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 † is silent.—Sad is the spouse of Crugal, for she is a stranger ‡ in the hall of her sorrow. But who is she, that, like a sun-beam, flies before the ranks of the foe? It is Degrena ||, 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

\* ——— As evening mist  
Ris'n from a river o'er the marsh glides  
And gathers round fast at the lab'ers  
heel

Homeward returning MILTON.

† The ancient Scots, at 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*.

‡ 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.

|| Deo-ghréna signifies a sun-beam.



midst of thousands \*. 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 Cair-bar of the bossy shield. Morglan lies in lasting rest; and Ca-olt trembles as he dies. His white breast is stained with his blood; and his yellow hair stretched in the dust of his 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 chace 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 †, 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 like the fount of a rock, from panting heroes

\* *Medisque in millibus ardet.* VIRG.

† 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 Eryx, aut ipse  
coruscis,  
Cum fremit illicibus, quantus gaudetque rivali  
Vertice se attollens pater Appeninus ad auras.*

Like Eryx 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.

around



around him. But Erin falls on either wing like snow in the day of the sun.

O SONS of Inisfail, 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 Stronnal 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



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\* 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.

\* An academy in Ulster for teaching the use of arms.



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 on the hill. His breast is the seat of justice. Depart, thou light of beauty. I went and divided the herd. One bull of snow 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 steel.—Yield to the son of Semo. He is like the rock of Malmor.

THE





THE tear is in the eye of youth. He faltering 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 chace. 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 Ardven. He watched her lone steps in the heath; the foe of unhappy Comal.

ONE



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\*. 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 steel.

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 Grumal my foe; he 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 are thou, O my love! He saw, at length, her heaving heart beating around the arrow he threw. 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

\* 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.

F

his



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 ferge. Their green tombs are seen by the mariner, when he bounds on the waves of the north.

FINGAL,



F I N G A L,

AN ANCIENT

E P I C P O E M.



B O O K III\*.



**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, 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 second night, since the opening 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.



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\*.

HE sat in the hall of his shells in Lochlin's woody land. He called the gray-haired Snivan, that often sung round the circle † 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 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.

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

† 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.



THE king of snow\* 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 daughter of the snow; and Morven's † high-descended chief.—The daughter of the snow overheard, 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 chase; and the spear of Fingal was red in the blood of Gormal.

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

\* Starno is here poetically called the king of snow, from the great quantities of snow that fall in his dominions.

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



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 blessed 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\* of heaven

\* 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 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.



fits 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.

CORMAR was the first of my race. He sported through the  
storms of the waves. His black skiff bounded on ocean, and travel-  
led 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 fa-  
thers. Danger flies from the uplifted sword. They best succeed  
who dare.

BUT





BUT now, ye sons of green-valleyed 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 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: and my soul increaseth 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 corpses 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 intralled, and bid the king of Morven hasten. O let him come like the sun in a storm, when he shines on the hills of grafs.

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 spear. 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 \* in a

\* ——— ἥντε πέτρῃ      So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,  
 Ηλίβατος, μεγάλη, πολιῆς ἀλός ἐργός      By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain,  
 εὔσα, &c.      Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempests blow,  
 HOM. II. 15.      And sees the watry mountains break below.

POPE.  
 fandy



fandy vale. The sea comes with its waves, and roars on its hardened sides. Its head is covered with foam, and the hills are ecchoing around.—Now from the gray mist of the ocean, the white-ailed 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 Inisfail! 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 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.

G

THE



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, found 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-



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 Tren-  
mor; when, in a whirlwind, he comes to Morven to see the chil-  
dren 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 \*, 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 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 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 arm: but spare the feeble hand. Be thou a stream of many tides against the foes of thy people; but

\* Here the poet celebrates his own actions, but he does it in such a manner that we are not displeas'd. The mention of the great actions of his youth immediately suggests to him the helpless situation of his age. We do not despise him for selfish praise, but feel his misfortunes.

like



like the gale that moves the grafs to thofe who afk thine aid.—  
So Trenmor lived; fuch Trathal was; and fuch has Fingal been.  
My arm was the fupport of the injured; and the weak refted behind  
the lightning of my fteel.

OSCAR! I was young like thee, when lovely Fainafóllis came:  
that fun-beam! that mild light of love! the daughter of Craca's\*  
king! I then returned from Cona's heath, and few were in my  
train. A white-failed boat appeared far off; we faw it like a mift  
that rode on ocean's blaft. It foon approached; we faw the fair.  
Her white breaft heaved with fighs. The wind was in her loofe  
dark hair: her rofy cheek had tears.

DAUGHTER of beauty, calm I faid, what figh is in that breaft?  
Can I, young as I am, defend thee, daughter of the fea? My fword  
is not unmatched in war, but dauntlefs is my heart.

To thee I fly, with fighs ſhe replied, O prince of mighty men!  
To thee I fly, chief of the generous ſhells, fupporter of the feeble  
hand! The king of Craca's ecchoing ifle owned me the fun-beam  
of his race. And often did the hills of Cromala reply to the fighs of  
love for the unhappy Fainafóllis. Sora's chief beheld me fair; and  
loved the daughter of Craca. His fword is like a beam of light  
upon the warrior's fide. But dark is his brow; and tempefts are in  
his foul. I ſhun him on the rolling fea; but Sora's chief purfues.

Reft thou, I faid, behind my ſhield; reft in peace, thou beam of  
light! The gloomy chief of Sora will fly, if Fingal's arm is like his

\* What the Craca here mentioned was, that it was one of the Shetland ifles.—  
is not, at this diftance of time, eafy to de- There is a ftory concerning a daughter of  
termine. The moft probable opinion is, the king of Craca in the fixth book.

foul.



foul. 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 cheek. I pitied Craca's fair.

Now, like a dreadful wave afar, appeared 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 hapless lo-  
vers of youth.

SUCH have I been in my youth, O Oscar; be thou like the  
age of Fingal. Never search for the battle, nor shun it when it  
comes.

FILLAN 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  
ecchoing 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 ecchoing 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 \*, 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 amidst the wind of night.—And if thou, Agandecca, art near, among the children of thy land; if thou fittest on a blast of wind among the high-shrowded masts of Lochlin; come to my dreams †, my fair one, and shew thy bright face to my soul.

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

† The poet prepares us for the dream of Fingal in the next book.

MANY





MANY a voice and many a harp in tuneful sounds arose. Of Fin-  
gal'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 spear. But  
blind, and tearful, and forlorn I now walk with little men. O Fin-  
gal, 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!

F I N G A L,



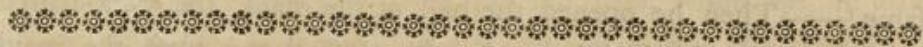
F I N G A L,

A N A N C I E N T

E P I C P O E M.



B O O K I V \*.



W H O comes with her songs from the mountain, like the  
bow of the showery Lena? 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 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 Everallin loved me.

\* Fingal being asleep, and the action suspended by night, the poet introduces the story of his courtship of Evirallin 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

H

Everallin



Everallin with the dark-brown hair, the white-bosomed love of Cormac. A thousand heroes fought the maid, she denied her love to a thousand; the sons of the sword were despised; for graceful in her eyes was Offian.

I WENT in suit of the maid to Lego's fable 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 Everallin. 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 Offian; 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 waves.

The



The dagger is remembered by Ogar; the weapon which he loved; nine times he drowned it in Dela's side. The stormy battle turned. Three times I broke on 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, when then I strove in battle; that blind, forsaken, and forlorn I now should pass the night; firm ought his mail to have been, and unmatched his arm in battle.

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 Everallin were my thoughts, when she, in all the light of beauty, and her blue eyes rolling in tears, stood on a cloud before my fight, and spoke with feeble voice.

O OSSIAN, rise and save my son; save Oscar prince of men, near the red oak of Lubar's stream, he fights with ochlin'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 † Lochlin heard; they fled; my son pursued.

\* 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.

† Ossian gives the reader a high idea of himself. His very song frightens the ene-

my. This passage resembles one in the eighteenth Iliad, where the voice of Achilles frightens the Trojans from the body of Patroclus.

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.

H 2

I CALLED



I CALLED him like a distant stream. My son return over Lena. No further pursue the foe, though Offian 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 sun 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.

MY hero had seen in his rest the mournful form 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



THE hero started from rest, and still beheld her in his soul.—  
The sound of Oscar's steps approached. The king saw the gray  
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 reared his ter-  
rible 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: for 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



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 will 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. Oscar, 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 waved 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 found, men fall. As a hundred hammers on the son of the furnace, so rose, so rung their swords.

GAUL rushed on like a whirlwind in Ardven. The destruction of heroes is on his sword. Swaran was like the fire of the desert 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 \* and mine.

\* 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.

BUT





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 song; for song enlivens war. Tall Ullin went, with steps of age, and spoke to the king of swords.

SON\* of the chief of generous steeds! 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 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

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



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 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 \* 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 blades of Sora; Dermid of the dark-brown hair, and Offian king of many songs, be near your father's arm.

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

\* Th' imperial ensign, which full high  
advanc'd,  
Shone like a meteor streaming to the  
wind.

MILTON.

† 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*.

I

of



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 Offian'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 flow the sails the lake, and sidelong winds are blowing.—Thou hast seen the sun\* retire red and slow behind his cloud; night gathering

<p>* <i>Sol quoque &amp; exoriens &amp; cum se condit in undas</i> <i>Signa dabit. Solem certissima signa sequuntur, Ut quæ mane refert, &amp; quæ surgentibus astris. Ille ubi nascentem maculis variaverit ortum Conditus in nubem, medioque refugerit orbe; Suspecti tibi sunt imbres.</i></p>	<p>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 fullen beams, Frugal of light, in loose and straggling streams, Suspect a drizzling day.</p>
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VIRG.

DRYDEN.

round



round on the mountain, while the unfrequent blast \* roared in narrow 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 † 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 were the blue blades 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! I have seen thy tears for the maid of my love in the halls of the bloody Starvo. 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 Mathon; 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.

<p>* <i>Continuo ventis surgentibus aut freta ponti In:ipiunt agitata tumescere; &amp; aridus altis Montibus audiri fragor, aut resonantia longe Littora misceri, &amp; nemorum increbescere murmur.</i></p>	<p>Soft whispers run along the leafy wood, And mountains whistle to the murm'ring flood. DRYDEN. † — <i>ruunt de montibus amnes.</i> VIRG. The rapid rains, descending from the hills, To rolling torrents swell the creeping rills. DRYDEN.</p>
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For ere the rising winds begin to roar,  
The working seas advance to wash the shore;



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 darkness 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 the storm.

THEN, Carril, go, replied the chief, and greet the king of Morven. When Lochlin 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.

FINGAL,



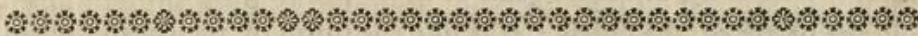
F I N G A L,

A N A N C I E N T

E P I C P O E M.



B O O K V\*.



NOW 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 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.

\* 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.

BUT



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 ecchoing 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 Ardven'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 \* to his hero's grasp. Their sinewy arms bend round each other : they turn from side to side, and strain and stretch their large spread-

\* 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 tumours riſe.

POPE.

ing

ing 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 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, and 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





I AM a son of Lochlin, he cries, and strong is my arm in war.  
My spouse is weeping at home, but Orla \* 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 chuse thy foe. Many are my heroes.

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

\* 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.

useless

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, perhaps, 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.

K

The



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\* 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, Gelchossá, 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 Gelchossá, 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.—Bran † does not shake his chains at the gate, glad

\* Lamh-dhearg signifies *bloody hand*. north of Scotland, to give the names of Gelchossá, *white legged*. Tuathal, *furly*. the heroes mentioned in this poem, to Ulfadda, *long-beard*. Ferchios, *the conquerer of men*. their dogs; a proof that they are familiar to the ear, and their fame generally

† Bran is a common name of gray-hounds to this day. It is a custom in the



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\* 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 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 Ulfada mighty chief. He is not here, thou first of men. But Lamderg never yielded. He will fight the son of Cairbar.

\* 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.

LOVELY



LOVELY art thou, said terrible Ullin, daughter of the generous Tuathal. I carry thee to Cairbar's halls. The valiant shall have Gelchoffa. Three days I remain on Cromla, to wait that son of battle, Lamderg. On the fourth Gelchoffa is mine, if the mighty Lamderg 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\*, like a roaring storm, ascended the hill from Selma. He hummed 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.

GELCHOSSA 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 hasted up the hill. In vain! the gloomy heroes fought.—Why should I tell the king of Morven how wrathful heroes fight!

\* 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 favours least of bombast.



—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 will 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\* 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

\* —ὡς ὅτε τις δρῦς ἤριπεν— HOM. II. 16. —What mean those colour'd streaks in  
—as the mountain oak heav'n,

Nods to the ax, till with a groaning sound Distended as the brow of God appears'd,  
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind  
ground. POPE. The fluid skirts of that same watry cloud?

† —a bow MILTON.  
Conspicuous with three list'd colours gay.

distant



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. 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 Dunscach, the son of generous Semo. His thoughts are on the battles 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





WHO comes with the locks of age? It is the son of the songs. 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.

\* ———Others more mild  
Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
With notes angelical. ———  
———The harmony,

What could it less when spirits immortal  
sing?  
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment  
The thronging audience. MILTON.

F I N G A L,



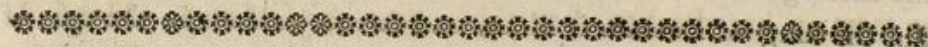
F I N G A L,

A N A N C I E N T

E P I C P O E M.



B O O K V I \*.



**T**HE clouds of night came 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 his voice. The ghosts of those he sung came in their rustling blasts. They were seen to bend with joy towards the sound of their praise.

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

L

BE



BE thy soul blest, O Carril, in the midst of thy eddy winds.  
O that thou wouldst 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 Offian.

NOW on the side of Mora the heroes gathered to the feast. A  
thousand aged oaks are burning to the wind.—The strength\* of  
the shells goes round. And the souls of warriors brighten with joy.  
But the king of Lochlin is 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 hun-  
dred harps be near to gladden the king of Lochlin. He must depart  
from us with joy.—None ever went sad from Fingal. Oscar! the

\* 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 waxlights 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.

lightning



lightning of my sword is against the strong in battle; but peaceful it lies by my side when warriors yield in war.

TRENMOR \*, 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.

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.

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



STAY, Trenmor, stay thou first of men, thou hast not conquered Lonval's son. My sword has often met the brave. And the wife 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



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 the 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 Trenmor, 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 descended. He feasted on the 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 harp. 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 as the beam of noon she comes on my mournful soul. I have seen 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



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 have seen thee in the halls of Starvo, and few were thy years beyond my own.—When shall I, I said 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 the 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 battles 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:





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 sounding Craca ; and Craca's king met him from his grove ; for then within the circle of Brumo \* 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.

\* This passage alludes to the religion of the king of Craca. See a note on a similar subject in the third book.

RAISE,



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 rustle over the  
heroes.—A hundred voices at once arose, a hundred harps were  
strung ; they sung of other times, and the mighty chiefs of for-  
mer 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 heathy  
Cromla arise.—A thousand dogs fly off at once, gray-bounding  
M through



through the divided 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 lie there.

OSSIAN and Fillan, fons of my strength, and Gaul king of the blue blades 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 fons 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



tween 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, returning from the wars of the desert; when the kings of the world \* had fled, and joy returned to the hill of hinds.

MANY are thy words, Cuchullin, said Connan † of the 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.

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 Inisfail. 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

\* 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 composition by the title of *king of the world*.

† Connan was of the family of Morni. He is mentioned in several other poems, and always appears with the same character. The poet passed him over in silence till now, and his behaviour here deserves no better usage.



the voice of thy rowers \*; 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, 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.

\* The practice of singing when they row northwest coast of Scotland and the isles. It deceives time, and inspirits the rowers.

SPREAD



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\*.

\* 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 untimely death of a hero; and a third in the solitary scenes of an unpeopled world.

Ως οὐγ' ἀμφίεπον ταφον Ἑκτόρος ἱππο-  
δαμοιο. 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 slow,

Through Eden took their solitary way.

MILTON.

COMALA:



...and the light of day, and catch the wind  
that blows from the East.—We rode on the wave with range, and  
O wind, who, through the foam of the ocean,  
A: I M I T

...it is the voice of the soft breeze that  
it has come to me, and I am  
...to its soft, constant murmur, as  
observed by the same most delicately  
Vivian

...the wind is my friend, and I  
...the wind is my friend, and I  
...the wind is my friend, and I  
...the wind is my friend, and I

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