

IV.

CONNAL, CRIMORA,

CRIMORA.

WHO cometh from the hill, like
 a cloud tinged with the beam
 of the west? Whose voice is that, loud
 as the wind, but pleasant as the harp of
 Carryl? It is my love in the light of
 steel; but sad is his darkened brow.
 Live the mighty race of Fingal? or
 what disturbs my Connal?

CONNAL.

THEY live. I saw them return from
 the chace, like a stream of light. The
 sun was on their shields: In a line they
 descended the hill. Loud is the voice of

the youth; the war, my love, is near.
 To-morrow the enormous Dargo comes
 to try the force of our race. The race of
 Fingal he defies; the race of battle and
 wounds.

CRIMORA.

CONNAL, I saw his sails like grey mist
 on the fable wave. They came to land.
 Connal, many are the warriors of
 Dargo!

CONNAL.

BRING me thy father's shield; the iron
 shield of Rinval; that shield like the
 full moon when it is darkened in the
 sky.

CRIMORA.

CRIMORA.

THAT shield I bring, O Connal; but
it did not defend my father. By the
spear of Gauror he fell. Thou mayst
fall, O Connal!

CONNAL.

FALL indeed I may: But raise my
tomb, Crimora. Some stones, a mound
of earth, shall keep my memory.
Though fair thou art, my love, as the
light; more pleasant than the gale of
the hill; yet I will not stay. Raise my
tomb, Crimora.

CRIMORA.

THEN give me those arms of light;
that sword, and that spear of steel. I
shall meet Dargo with thee, and aid my
lovely

lovely Connal. Farewell, ye rocks of
 Ardven! ye deer! and ye streams of
 the hill!—We shall return no more.
 Our tombs are distant far.