

V.

AUTUMN is dark on the mountains ;
 grey mist rests on the hills. The
 whirlwind is heard on the heath. Dark
 rolls the river through the narrow plain.
 A tree stands alone on the hill, and
 marks the grave of Connal. The leaves
 whirl round with the wind, and strew
 the grave of the dead. At times are
 seen here the ghosts of the deceased,
 when the musing hunter alone stalks
 slowly over the heath.

Who can reach the source of thy
 race, O Connal? and who recount thy
 Fathers? Thy family grew like an oak
 on the mountain, which meeteth the
 wind with its lofty head. But now it
 is torn from the earth. Who shall sup-
 ply the place of Connal?

HERE

HERE was the din of arms; and here the groans of the dying. Mournful are the wars of Fingal! O Connal! it was here thou didst fall. Thine arm was like a storm; thy sword, a beam of the sky; thy height, a rock on the plain; thine eyes, a furnace of fire. Louder than a storm was thy voice, when thou confoundedst the field. Warriors fell by thy sword, as the thistle by the staff of a boy.

DARGO the mighty came on, like a cloud of thunder. His brows were contracted and dark. His eyes like two caves in a rock. Bright rose their swords on each side; dire was the clang of their steel.

THE daughter of Rinval was near; Crimora, bright in the armour of man; her hair loose behind, her bow in her hand. She followed the youth to the
war,

war, Connal her much beloved. She drew the string on Dargo; but erring pierced her Connal. He falls like an oak on the plain; like a rock from the shaggy hill. What shall she do, hapless maid!—He bleeds; her Connal dies. All the night long she cries, and all the day, O Connal, my love, and my friend! With grief the sad mourner died.

EARTH here incloseth the loveliest pair on the hill. The grass grows between the stones of their tomb; I sit in the mournful shade. The wind sighs through the grass; and their memory rushes on my mind. Undisturbed you now sleep together; in the tomb of the mountain you rest alone.