

X.

IT is night ; and I am alone, forlorn
 on the hill of storms. The wind is
 heard in the mountain. The torrent
 shrieks down the rock. No hut receives
 me from the rain ; forlorn, on the hill of
 winds.

RISE, moon ! from behind thy
 clouds ; stars of the night, appear !
 Lead me, some light, to the place where
 my love rests from the toil of the chase !
 his bow near him, unstrung ; his dogs
 panting around him. But here I must
 sit alone, by the rock of the mossy
 stream. The stream and the wind
 roar ; nor can I hear the voice of my
 love.

WHY delayeth my Shalgar, why the
 son of the hill, his promise ? Here is
 the

the rock ; and the tree ; and here the roaring stream. Thou promisedst with night to be here. Ah ! whither is my Shalgar gone ? With thee I would fly my father ; with thee, my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes ; but we are not foes, O Shalgar !

CEASE a little while, O wind ! stream, be thou silent a while ! let my voice be heard over the heath ; let my wanderer hear me. Shalgar ! it is I who call. Here is the tree, and the rock. Shalgar, my love ! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming ? Alas ! no answer.

Lo ! the moon appeareth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are grey on the face of the hill. But I see him not on the brow ; his dogs before him tell not that he is coming. Here I must sit alone.

BUT

BUT who are these that lie beyond me on the heath? Are they my love and my brother? — Speak to me, O my friends! they answer not. My soul is tormented with fears.—Ah! they are dead. Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Shalgar? why, O Shalgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! speak to me; hear my voice, sons of my love! But alas! they are silent; silent for ever! Cold are their breasts of clay!

OH! from the rock of the hill; from the top of the mountain of winds, speak ye ghosts of the dead! speak, and I will not be afraid.—Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find you?

I sit in my grief. I wait for morning in my tears. Rear the tomb, ye friends

friends of the dead ; but close it not till I come. My life flieth away like a dream : why should I stay behind ? Here shall I rest with my friends by the stream of the founding rock. When night comes on the hill ; when the wind is up on the heath ; my ghost shall stand in the wind, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth. He shall fear, but love my voice. For sweet shall my voice be for my friends ; for pleasant were they both to me.