

XI.

SAD! I am sad indeed: nor small my
 cause of woe! — Kirmor, thou hast
 lost no son; thou hast lost no daughter
 of beauty. Connar the valiant lives;
 and Annir the fairest of maids. The
 boughs of thy family flourish, O Kirmor!
 but Armyn is the last of his
 race.

RISE, winds of autumn, rise; blow
 upon the dark heath! streams of the
 mountains, roar! howl, ye tempests,
 in the trees! walk through broken
 clouds, O moon! show by intervals thy
 pale face! bring to my mind that sad
 night, when all my children fell; when
 Arindel the mighty fell; when Daura
 the lovely died.

DAURA, my daughter! thou wert
 fair;

fair; fair as the moon on the hills of Jura; white as the driven snow; sweet as the breathing gale. Armor renowned in war came, and fought Daura's love; he was not long denied; fair was the hope of their friends.

EARCH son of Odgal repined; for his brother was slain by Armor. He came disguised like a son of the sea: fair was his skiff on the wave; white his locks of age; calm his serious brow. Fairest of women, he said, lovely daughter of Armyn! a rock not distant in the sea, bears a tree on its side; red shines the fruit afar. There Armor waiteth for Daura. I came to fetch his love. Come, fair daughter of Armyn!

SHE went; and she called on Armor. Nought answered, but the son of the rock. Armor, my love! my love!

why tormentest thou me with fear?
 come, graceful son of Ardnart, come;
 it is Daura who calleth thee! — Earch
 the traitor fled laughing to the land.
 She lifted up her voice, and cried for
 her brother and her father. Arindel!
 Armyn! none to relieve your Daura?

HER voice came over the sea. Arin-
 del my son descended from the hill;
 rough in the spoils of the chace. His
 arrows rattled by his side; his bow was
 in his hand; five grey dogs attended
 his steps. He saw fierce Earch on the
 shore; he seized and bound him to an
 oak. Thick fly the thongs of the hide
 around his limbs; he loads the wind
 with his groans.

ARINDEL ascends the surgy deep in
 his boat, to bring Daura to the land.
 Armor came in his wrath, and let fly
 the grey-feathered shaft. It sung; it
 sunk

sunk in thy heart, O Arindel my son!
 for Earch the traitor thou diedst. What
 is thy grief, O Daura, when round
 thy feet is poured thy brother's blood!

THE boat is broken in twain by the
 waves. Armor plunges into the sea, to
 rescue his Daura or die. Sudden a blast
 from the hill comes over the waves.
 He sunk, and he rose no more.

ALONE, on the sea-beat rock, my
 daughter was heard to complain. Fre-
 quent and loud were her cries; nor
 could her father relieve her. All
 night I stood on the shore. All night I
 heard her cries. Loud was the wind;
 and the rain beat hard on the side of the
 mountain. Before morning appeared,
 her voice was weak. It died away, like
 the evening-breeze among the grass of
 the rocks. Spent with grief she expired.
 O lay me soon by her side.

WHEN

WHEN the storms of the mountain
come ; when the north lifts the waves
on high ; I sit by the sounding shore,
and look on the fatal rock. Often by
the setting moon I see the ghosts of
my children. Indistinct, they walk in
mournful conference together. Will
none of you speak to me ? — But they
do not regard their father.