

XII.

R Y N O, A L P I N.

R Y N O.

THE wind and the rain are over:
 calm is the noon of day. The
 clouds are divided in heaven. Over
 the green hills flies the inconstant sun.
 Red through the stony vale comes
 down the stream of the hill. Sweet are
 thy murmurs, O stream! but more
 sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice
 of Alpin the son of the song, mourning
 for the dead. Bent is his head of age,
 and red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou
 son of the song, why alone on the si-
 lent hill? why complaineſt thou, as a
 blaſt in the wood; as a wave on the
 lonely ſhore?

ALPIN.

A L P I N.

My tears, O Ryno ! are for the dead ;
my voice, for the inhabitants of the
grave. Tall thou art on the hill ; fair
among the fons of the plain. But thou
shalt fall like Morar ; and the mourner
shalt sit on thy tomb. The hills shall
know thee no more ; thy bow shall lie in
the hall, unstrung.

THOU wert swift, O Morar ! as a
roe on the hill ; terrible as a meteor of
fire. Thy wrath was as the storm of
December. Thy sword in battle, as
lightning in the field. Thy voice was
like a stream after rain ; like thunder
on distant hills. Many fell by thy
arm ; they were consumed in the flames
of thy wrath.

BUT when thou returnedst from war,
how

how peaceful was thy brow ! Thy face was like the sun after rain ; like the moon in the silence of night ; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

NARROW is thy dwelling now ; dark the place of thine abode. With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before ! Four stones with their heads of moss are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar ! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee ; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this ? who is this, whose head is white with age, whose

H

eyes

eyes are red with tears, who quakes at every step? — It is thy father, O Morar! the father of none but thee. He heard of thy fame in battle; he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's fame; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more shall he awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake?

FAREWELL, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendor of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. But the song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar.