

XV.

* **W**HERE is Gealchoffa my love, the daughter of Tuathal-Teachvar? I left her in the hall of the plain, when I fought with the hairy Ulfadha. Return soon, she said, O Lamderg! for here I wait in sorrow. Her white breast rose with sighs; her cheek was wet with tears. But she cometh not to meet Lamderg; or sooth his soul after battle. Silent is the hall of joy; I hear not the voice of the fínger. Brann does not shake his chains at the gate, glad at the coming of his master. Where is Gealchoffa my love, the daughter of Tuathal-Teachvar?

* The signification of the names in this fragment are; Gealchoffack, white-legged. Tuathal-Teachtmhar, the surly, but fortunate man. Lambhdearg, bloody-hand. Ulfadha, long-beard. Fírchios, the conqueror of men.

LAMDERG ! says Firchios son of Aydon, Gealchoffa may be on the hill ; she and her chosen maids pursuing the flying deer.

FIRCHIOS ! no noise I hear. No sound in the wood of the hill. No deer fly in my sight ; no panting dog pursueth. I see not Gealchoffa my love ; fair as the full moon setting on the hills of Cromleach. Go, Firchios ! go to Allad *, the grey-haired son of the rock. He liveth in the circle of stones ; he may tell of Gealchoffa.

ALLAD ! saith Firchios, thou who dwellest in the rock ; thou who tremblest alone ; what saw thine eyes of age ?

I saw, answered Allad the old, Ul-

* Allad is plainly a Druid consulted on this occasion.

Ullin the son of Carbre : He came like a cloud from the hill ; he hummed a furly song as he came, like a storm in leafless wood. He entered the hall of the plain. Lamderg, he cried, most dreadful of men ! fight, or yield to Ullin. Lamderg, replied Gealchoffa, Lamderg is not here : he fights the hairy Ulfadha ; mighty man, he is not here. But Lamderg never yields ; he will fight the son of Carbre. Lovely art thou, O daughter of Tuathal-Teachvar ! said Ullin. I carry thee to the house of Carbre ; the valiant shall have Gealchoffa. Three days from the top of Cromleach will I call Lamderg to fight. The fourth, you belong to Ullin, if Lamderg die, or fly my sword.

ALLAD ! peace to thy dreams ! — sound the horn, Firchios ! — Ullin may hear, and meet me on the top of Cromleach.

LAMDERG

LAMDERG rushed on like a storm.
 On his spear he leaped over rivers. Few
 were his strides up the hill. The rocks
 fly back from his heels; loud crashing
 they bound to the plain. His armour,
 his buckler rung. He hummed a furly
 song, like the noise of the falling
 stream. Dark as a cloud he stood a-
 bove; his arms, like meteors, shone.
 From the summit of the hill, he rolled
 a rock. Ullin heard in the hall of
 Carbre. —

F I N I S.

