XV.

* WHERE is Gealchossa 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 finger. Brann does not shake his chains at the gate, glad at the coming of his master. Where is Gealchossa my love, the daughter of Tuathal-Teachvar?

I 2 LAMDERG!

^{*}The fignification of the names in this fragment are; Gealchossack, white-legged. Tuathal-Teachtmhar, the surly, but fortunate man. Lambhdearg, bloody-hand. Ulfadha, long-beard. Firchios, the conqueror of men.

LAMDERG! fays Firchios son of Aydon, Gealchossa may be on the hill; she and her chosen maids pursuing the slying deer.

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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 Gealchossa 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 Gealchossa.

ALLAD! faith 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 occa-

lin the son of Carbre: He came like a cloud from the hill; he hummed a furly fong as he came, like a storm in leastless wood. He entered the hall of the plain. Lamderg, he cried, most dreadful of men! fight, or yield to Ullin. Lamderg, replied Gealchossa, 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 Gealchossa. 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!—
found the horn, Firchios!— Ullin may
hear, and meet me on the top of Cromleach.

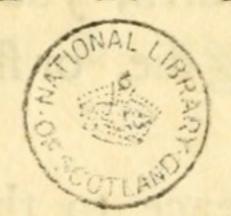
LAMDERG

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

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