

## IV.

## CONNAL, CRIMORA,

## CRIMORA.

**W**H O cometh from the hill, like  
 a cloud tinged with the beam  
 of the west? Whose voice is that, loud  
 as the wind, but pleasant as the harp of  
 Carryl? It is my love in the light of  
 steel; but sad is his darkened brow.  
 Live the mighty race of Fingal? or  
 what disturbs my Connal?

## CONNAL.

**T**HEY live. I saw them return from  
 the chace, like a stream of light. The  
 sun was on their shields: In a line they  
 descended the hill. Loud is the voice of

the youth; the war, my love, is near.  
 To-morrow the enormous Dargo comes  
 to try the force of our race. The race of  
 Fingal he defies; the race of battle and  
 wounds.

CRIMORA.

CONNAL, I saw his sails like grey mist  
 on the fable wave. They came to land.  
 Connal, many are the warriors of  
 Dargo!

CONNAL.

BRING me thy father's shield; the iron  
 shield of Rinval; that shield like the  
 full moon when it is darkened in the  
 sky.

CRIMORA.

## CRIMORA.

THAT shield I bring, O Connal; but  
it did not defend my father. By the  
spear of Gauror he fell. Thou mayst  
fall, O Connal!

## CONNAL.

FALL indeed I may: But raise my  
tomb, Crimora. Some stones, a mound  
of earth, shall keep my memory.  
Though fair thou art, my love, as the  
light; more pleasant than the gale of  
the hill; yet I will not stay. Raise my  
tomb, Crimora.

## CRIMORA.

THEN give me those arms of light;  
that sword, and that spear of steel. I  
shall meet Dargo with thee, and aid my  
lovely

lovely Connal. Farewell, ye rocks of  
 Ardven! ye deer! and ye streams of  
 the hill!—We shall return no more.  
 Our tombs are distant far.