

XVI.

Stranger ! I fled the home of grief,
 At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall ;
 I found the helmet of my chief,
 His bow still hanging on our wall,
 And took it down, and vow'd to rove
 This desert place a huntress bold ;
 Nor would I change my buried love
 For any heart of living mould.
 No ! for I am a hero's child ;
 I'll hunt my quarry in the wild ;
 And still my home this mansion make,
 Of all unheeded and unheeding,
 And cherish, for my warrior's sake—
 'The flower of love lies bleeding.' ”

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel ! beware of the day
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in
 battle array !
 For a field of the dead rushes red on
 my sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight.
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and
 crown ;
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
 But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of
 war,

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XIV.

They would have cross'd themselves, all mute ;
They would have pray'd to burst the spell ;
But at the stamping of my foot
Each hand down powerless fell !
And go to Athunree ! (I cried)
High lift the banner of your pride !
But know that where its sheet unrolls,
The weight of blood is on your souls !
Go where the havoc of your kerne
Shall float as high as mountain fern !
Men shall no more your mansion know ;
The nettles on your hearth shall grow !
Dead, as the green oblivious flood
That 'mantles by your walls, shall be
The glory of O'Connor's blood !
Away ! away to Athunree !
Where, downward when the sun shall fall,
The raven's wing shall be your pall !
And not a vassal shall unlace
The vizor from your dying face !

XV.

A bolt that overhung our dome
Suspended till my curse was given,
Soon as it pass'd these lips of foam,
Peal'd in the blood-red heaven.
Dire was the look that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw :
But now, behold ! like cataracts,
Come down the hills in view
O'Connor's plumed partisans ;
Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
Were marching to their doom :
A sudden storm their plumage toss'd,
A flash of lightning o'er them cross'd,
And all again was gloom !

What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
 'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
 A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
 Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
 Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
 Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be
 torn!
 Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
 From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the
 north?
 Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
 Ah! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh!
 Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the
 blast
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
 From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
 Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
 Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!

For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it
stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshall'd my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
They are true to the last of their blood and their
breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the
rock !
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

WIZARD.

—Lochiel, Lochiel ! beware of the day :
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal ;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive
king.
Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my
sight ;
Rise, rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !
'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the
moors ;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?

For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and
 torn ?

Ah no ! for a darker departure is near ;
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;
 His death-bell is tolling : oh ! mercy, dispel
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
 Accursed be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to
 beat,

With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL.

—Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale :
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
 Tho' my perishing ranks should be strew'd in
 their gore,
 Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of
 fame.

