

## DERMID\* : A POEM. (Vol. II. p. 14.)

## THE ARGUMENT.

This poem opens with an address to the valley of Cona, in which its present silence is contrasted with its former busy scenes. Of these the story of Dermid's killing a wild boar of an enormous size, is singled out. After Dermid had killed this boar, he is desired by Connan, who bore him a grudge which the poem accounts for, to measure his length, with his bare soles, against the direction of the bristles on his back. Dermid, it seems, thought it might be a reflection upon his valour to decline the request. He complied; but the consequence proved fatal.

Graina, Dermid's wife, having been alarmed by the story of an old man whom she had met, after parting with Dermid, ran to his assistance with a spear, and arrived just as that which he had was broken in his encounter with the boar: but she herself being wounded by a random shot in the course of the chase, sits down near enough to be witness of the death of her beloved Dermid. Both are interred in the same place, and their elegy sung by the bards.

How peaceful, this night, art thou, O vale of Cona! No voice of thy hounds, no sound of thy harps is heard. The sons of the chase are gone to their rest, and the bed has been made for the bards. The murmur of thy stream, O Cona, is scarce perceived: the breeze shakes not the dew off thy bended grass. The grey thistle hangs over thy bank its sleepy head; its hairs are heavy with the drops of night. The roe sleeps, fearless, in the booth of the hunter; his voice hath ceased to disturb her.

\* Dermid, the son of Duino, is frequently mentioned in other poems of Ossian, and much celebrated in the tales of later times. These, mixing their marvellous with the original poem, have rendered it in a great measure absurd and extravagant. But they are for the most part of so heterogeneous a nature as to be easily separated.

She sees his tomb, amidst green ferns, before her. Light-leaps over its mound her little kid. He rubs with his horn the moss from its gray stone; and on the soft heap, when tired of play, he lays himself down to rest.

Vale of Cona\*, how art thou changed! And thou, hill of Golbun, how quiet is now thy heath! Thou coverest thy head with thy dark veil of mist; and slumberest in the noon of day. No voice of the hunter, no cry of the hound, travels along thy dark-brown side to awake thee. I move forth when all is calm; I lean my gray head on my spear, and listen if I may hear the echo of thy rocks. But thou art silent, O Golbun, in thy bed of clouds: no voice of thine is heard; save when thou repliest to the sportive cry of the deer, when evening has half hid the sun in the wave of the west. Then, thou dost reply; but thy words are few: thou soon composest thyself again to thy slumber.

Thou wert not thus quiet, O Cona, when the king pursued thy deer, and made thy stream shake between its woody locks; nor was thy silence such, O Golbun, when the son of Duino pursued thy boar, foaming like Lora in his winding course.

Listen, son of Alpin, to the tale; thou wilt pour its light on the dark stream of future years.

The morning was calm on Cona. Mountains saw in Ocean

\* "Cia tiamhaidh thu nochd a *Ghleann-caothan!*  
Gun ghuth gaohair thu, 's gun cheol, &c."

The *Gleann-caothan*, or *Cona*, of Ossian has been supposed by some to be Glenco in Argyleshire; and by others, Stratheonan in Murray. Both seem to be at too great a distance from the scene of this poem, if we may rely on tradition, which places it in *Sli' gaoil* near Kintyre. What appears most probable is, that Fingal often shifted his habitation for the convenience of hunting, and might give several other places the same name with that of his principal residence,

"parvam Trojam, simulataque magnis,  
Pergama."

their gilden heads. The son of the deer beheld his young branches in the stream, when the sound of Fingal's horn is heard. Starting, he asks his mother what it means. She, trembling, bids him fly to the desert.

"This day," said the king, "we pursue the boar, the deadly boar of Golbun."\*

\* \* \* \* \*

We sent the sons of the chase to the hill. Their cries, as they climb, are deep and loud. Golbun with all its woods resounds.

The sound rose on Dermid's ear, as he lay in the cave of his rest. As a mountain-stream in the midst of rain, so leapt his soul with joy at the voice of the chase. "My red spear, where art thou? and where art thou, my dark bow?"

Not so glad was Grainia in her cave, to which she had retired with her love from Connan's hate. The dark soul of Connan had loved Grainia; but Grainia gave her heart to Dermid. "Heed not," she said, "the cry of the hounds; the chase of heroes is not awake on the hill."

"Fair is thy form, my love; and like the bloom of trees in spring is thy beauty; yet this day I must leave thee, with thy child, in the cave. I must mix with heroes on Golbun."

\* Some repeat here a small fragment called *Nòs Seilge*, or "The manner of hunting." As this poem is only a hunting adventure, it is probable these verses ought to have a place in it, if their incorrectness did not forbid it. The most accurate of them are the following, which denote their armour to have been nearly the same as in going down to battle.

"Gun ar n eide' 's gun ar n airm  
 Cha rachamaid a sheilg nan cnoc;  
 Bhiodh luireach oirn' s ceann-bheairt chorr,  
 'S da shleagh mhor ann dorn gach fir.  
 Bhiodh sgia uain' air a gheibhe' buaidh,  
 'S cloidhe cruaidh gus golta cheann,  
 Bogha cruadhach agus iughair  
 'S caogad guineach ann am bolg."

“And wilt thou leave me,” said Grainia, “loveliest of men; wilt thou leave me, thou light of my soul in darkness? Where is my joy but in the face of Dermid? where is my safety but in thy shield of brass? Wilt thou leave me, thou fairer than the sun when he smiles, after the shower, on the leaf of the birch; thou milder than his evening beams, when they play on the down of the mountain? Thy son and I will be sad, if thou art absent, Dermid.”

“Grainia, dost thou not remember the moans of the crane, as we wandered early on the hill of our love? \* With pity, thou didst ask the aged son of the rock, Why so sad was the voice of the crane? ‘Too long,’ he replied, ‘he hath stood in the fen; and the ice hath bound his lazy foot. Let the idle remember the crane, lest one day they mourn like him.’ Grainia, I will not rest longer here. Fingal might say, with a sigh, ‘One of my heroes is become feeble.’ No, king of Morven, the soul of Dermid is not a stream that will fail; the joyful murmur of its course shall always attend thy steps. Rest thou in thy cave, my love; with night I will return with the spoil of roes.”

He went, swift as the path of an arrow, when it whistles thro’ the yielding air on its two gray wings. Grainia climbs, pensive and slow, the hill, to view the chase of roes from her rock. The light of her countenance is mild, but dim; like the moon in the night of calm, when it moves in silence through the clouds, and seems the darkened shield of a ghost, hung on high in his own airy hall! † She meets a son of age in the woods. Bending, he weeps over a gray stone. “Here,” he said, “sleeps the

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“‘S moch a ghoireas a chorr  
Air an lon ata ’n *Slia’gaoil*.”

*Slia’gaoil*, “the hill of love,” is still the proper name of a mountain near Kintyre, said to have been the residence of these lovers, and to have received from them its name.

† The original word (*Ealachainn taibhse*) signifies properly “the

spouse of my love; here, I reared over her the green turf. Many were our days on the heath. We have seen one race, like the leaf of autumn, pass: we have seen another lift in its place its green head, and grow old. We have turned away our foot from trees, lest we might crush them in youth; and we have seen them again decay with years. We have seen streams changing their course; and nettles growing where feasted kings. All this while our joy remained; our days were glad. The winter with all its snow was warm, and the night with all its clouds was bright. The face of Minalla was a light that never knew a wane; an undecaying beam around my steps. But now she shines in other lands; when, my love, shall I be with thee?

“ There too, fair maid, thou beholdest another tomb. Under it is the cold bed of the son of Colla. It was made by the trembling hand of his father. By the boar of the woods my son was slain. He fell near the cave of his dwelling. His spouse was preparing the feast for his return; ‘ I go,’ I said, ‘ to look for his coming.’ I went; I heard his cry; I ran with the short steps of age to assist him. Hanging by my robe, his son attends. We find his father dead. The boar had broke his spear in twain; and the sword in his cave was left. His child takes him by the hand, and bids him rise. ‘ Why,’ he said, ‘ shouldst thou sleep without?’ Alas! he hears thee not; for the tusk of the boar hath torn him, and his sleep is heavy. This morning sounds Fingal’s horn to pursue the fatal boar. But its voice reaches not the ear of Tuthal; the morning that shall rouse my son

armoury of a ghost.” The whole comparison, which is exceedingly beautiful, as well as fanciful, is subjoined:—

“ Bha a braghad gu seimh a ’soillse,  
 Mar ghealach ri oidhche shaimhe;  
 Si gluasad ro na neula balbha,  
 Mar sgia air *calachamn* taibhse.”

is distant. O Tuthal, why hadst not thou thy father's spear?"

"Mournful," said Grainia, "is the tale of Colla. My tears in a stream could flow on the tombs of thy spouse and son. My tears could flow; but I must fly with speed. My Dermid pursues the fatal boar; who knoweth, my love, but thou mayst need a spear? Colla, keep thou this child till I return. I fly to my love with a stronger spear."

Dermid had come to the vale of Cona, like a fair light that grows in darkness. We rejoiced in his presence, as the mariners when the star, that long concealed itself in its cloud, looks again on their dark course, and spreads its beam around. The voice of songs is on the deep; and seals lift up, through trembling waves, their heads to listen to the music.

We climb Golbun of green hills, where the branchy horns of deer are seen in mist, and where lie thick the mossy beds of roes. From echoing rocks we start the boar, the red deadly boar of Golbun. We pursue him with all our dogs; but he leaves them weltering in blood behind.

Who, said the king, shall kill the boar of Golbun; the boar that is red with the blood of heroes; that hath slain so many of our hounds? His shall be a spear, the gift of a king, a shield with all its studs; and the herbs of the secret stream, to heal the hero's wounds.

Mine, replied Dermid, shall be the gift of the king; or I fall by the bristly foe, and lose the fame of the song.

He spoke, and flew over the heath in the gleam of steel. His course was like the red cloud that bears the thunder on its wing when the fields of Fingal are silent and dark. Quaking heroes lift from Morven their eye, and behold in sky the fight of ghosts. It is Trenmor hurling his wrath against Lochlin's sons, when they come to pursue his airy deer.

Already the roar of Dermid is on Benala. From Benala he flies to Benlora. Now the hill of Ledroma shakes under his feet; and now the hill of Elda.

The boar flies before him, but not so fast. His path is marked with wreaths of foam. His noise is like the white tumbling of waves on the isle of storms; like the falling of rocks amidst the groves of the desert.—See! they ascend Drimruath; the spear of Dermid almost reaches the foe. It falls heavy on its sides; it marks them with red streams. It sounds like the fall of trees, with all their aged branches, on a rock. The vales along their winding banks resound. But see! with fury red-glaring in his eye, he turns, as the stream of flames on a hill when the dark winds have changed. As it were a bulrush or slender reed of Lego, he grinds the hard, tough, spear of Dermid.\*

“O that thou wert near me, Grainia! that my love would come from her cave, and bring me the spear of battle!”

“Bring it I do, my Dermid. From my cave I saw thy distress. Thither again I return. There look for me, my love, when the strife on the hill is over.”

And what though he find thee too, hapless maid! Alas! the days of the years are run. An arrow in its wandering flight had met the fair in the course of the chase. In her breast of snow it is lodged; but she conceals it with her robe from Dermid. Dear hast thou paid, O Dermid, for that weapon in thy hand; who shall tell thee what it cost thee?

With all his terrible might the chief lifts his spear. Like

\* The original of these two lines is a most remarkable *echo to the sense*. The one line is full of that harsh, grinding sound which it describes, and the other as smooth as the bulrush or reed of Lego of which it speaks. The contrast between them has also a fine effect.

“Chagnadh e a shleaghan readh ruadh’  
Mar chuile na Leige, no mar luachair.”

a meteor of death, red-issuing from Lano's cloud, a flood of light, it quick descends. The head is lodged in the rough breast of the boar: the shaft flies, over trees, through air. His sword is in the hero's hand; the old companion of his deeds in the hour of danger. Its cold point pierces the heart of the foe:—The boar, with all his blood and foam, is stretched on earth.\*

We rejoiced to see Dermid safe; we rejoiced all, but Connan. Measure, said that little soul, the boar which thou hast slain. Measure him with thy foot bare; a larger hath not been seen.

The foot of Dermid flies softly along the grain; no harm hath the hero suffered.

Measure, said Connan, the boar against the grain; and thine, chief of spears, shall be the boon thou wilt ask.

The soul of Dermid was a stranger to fear; he obeyed again the voice of Connan.—But the bristly back of Golbun's boar, sharp as his arrows and strong as his spear, pierces with a thousand wounds his feet. His blood dyes the ground; it flows in wandering rills through the grass. The herbs of the mountain are applied; but their virtue fails.—Dermid falls, like a tall pine, on the heath.†

Ah! how quick the colour forsakes his cheek. It was red

\* It is from this event that the clan of the Campbells, who derive their pedigree from this Dermid, have assumed the boar's head for the crest of their arms. In the compositions of the later bards they are often called *Sliochd Dhiarmid an Tuire*, or, "The race of Dermid who slew the boar."

† The death of Dermid, in the manner it is here told, will appear somewhat odd. It is probable he had received some other wound in a more mortal part; and that some of the poem, where his death may have been better accounted for, is lost. The current tradition with regard to this passage is, that Dermid was vulnerable in no part but in the sole of his foot, and that the great art of Connan was to get him



as the fruit that bends the mountain tree \*; but now it grows pale as the withered grass. A dark cloud spreads over his countenance, as thick mists that veil the face of the wintry sun, when the evening comes before its time.

“The shades of night gather on my eyes. I feel the decay of my strength. The tide that flowed in my heart hath ebbed away. Behind it I remain a cold, unmoving rock. Thou shalt know it, Grainia, and be sad; ah! the pain of death is to part with my love. But the shades of the night are gathering over my soul. Let Dermid sleep; his eyes are heavy.”

Who shall tell it to Grainia?—But Grainia is nigh. She leans beneath the shade of a tree. She hears the moans of her love: they awake her slumbering soul. Hark! she pours her faint song on the calm breath of the breeze. See! her blood and her tears wander on her white breasts, like dark streams on the mountains of snow.

“My love is fallen! O place me in his bed of earth; at the foot of that rock, which lifts, through aged trees, its ivy head.

wounded there. Whether this account of the matter, though common, be very old or very satisfactory, is a point in which the translator is not concerned.

\* In poems chiefly depending on tradition, there must be in different editions a considerable variation. Their comparisons frequently differ; but they are always beautiful, and have the same scope. Thus, for instance, instead of the above simile, many have here another of the same nature, taken from the strawberry:

“Ged’ bu deirge do ghruaidh nan t subh  
Bhiodh air uilin enuic ’s an sheur;  
Dh’ fhas i nois dui’-neulach uaine,  
Mar neul fuar air neart na grein.”

Such as may here miss the dialogue concerning *Cuach Fhinn*, or the medicinal cup of Fingal, will remember that it is of so different a complexion from the rest of the poem, that no apology needs be made for rejecting it as the interpolation of some later bard.

The sheeted stream, with murmuring grief, shall throw its waters over our tomb; but oh! let it not wet the dark-brown hair of my love. — The stream still murmurs by; some day its course may wash away the mound. The hunter, as whistling he goes careless by, will perceive the bow of Dermid, and say, ‘This is Dermid’s grave.’ His spouse, perhaps, may be with him. Near the bow, she will observe this arrow in my breast; and say, as she wipes her eye, ‘Here was Grainia laid beside her love.’ — Musing, they move silently along; their thoughts are of the narrow house. They look on each other, through glistening eyes. ‘The fondest lovers,’ they say, ‘must part at last.’

“But stop, hunters of the mountain, and give the mighty his praise. No mean hunter of a little vale was he, whom you have passed so careless by. His fame was great among the heroes of Morven; his arm was strong in their battles. And why should I speak of his beauty; shall his comeliness remain with him in the tomb! — His breast was as the down of the mountain, or the snow on the tree of the vale, when it waves its head in the sun. — Red was the cheek, and blue the eye, of my love. Like the grass of the rock, slow-bending in the breeze, were his brows; and sweeter than the music of harps or the songs of groves, was thy voice to virgins, O Dermid! — But the music of thy voice is ceased, and my spirits can no more be cheered. The burden of my grief is heavy: the songs of Morven’s bards cannot remove it. It will not listen to all the larks that soar in the lowly vale, when the dewy plains rejoice in the morning sun of summer. But what hath Grainia to do with the sun of the morning; or what hath Dermid to do with summer? When shall the sun rise in the tomb? When shall it be summer in the grave, or morning in the narrow house? Never shall

that morning shine, that shall dispel our slumber, O Dermid? ” \*

We laid the lovely pair in their bed of earth. The spear of his strength, with his bow, is beside Dermid; and with Grainia is laid the arrow that was cold in her breast. Fingal

\* “ Cha dealruich a mhaidin gu *La bhrath*  
A dh’fhogras do phramb, a Shuinn !”

The word *la bhrath*, in its literal and primary sense, signifies “ the day of burning,” which was the druidical term for the dissolution of the world *by fire*, as *gu dilinn* was their name for the alternate revolution which they supposed it should undergo *by water*. In a metaphorical sense both words came to denote *never*, or “ till the end of the world,” which for many ages back has been their only acceptation. Hence, a translator is naturally led to render these and the like words by their present meaning, without adverting to their etymology or ancient signification. This is one reason why more religious ideas do not appear in the works of Ossian, which, if examined in the original, will be found to contain many allusions to the Druidical tenets. The word under our present consideration, though it is now universally understood to signify *never*, was used, long after the introduction of Christianity, to denote the dissolution of the world by fire, as among the Druids from whom it was borrowed. In that famous prophecy of St. Columba, to which his monastery owed so much of its repute, it has this meaning, *Seachd la’ ro an bhrath*, &c. “ Seven days before the dissolution of the world, a flood shall cover the other kingdoms, but Iona shall swim above it.” Ossian, who uses the word frequently in his poems, probably affixed to it this idea, much oftener than that of *never*, as we do at present. In the original the word is always more emphatical than can easily be expressed in a translation. An instance or two will make this obvious to such as understand both languages. One occurs in the battle of Lora, where Bosmina says to Erragon,

“ ’S nim faicear a d’ thalla *gu brath*  
Airm agh’or mo dheagh Ri’.”

“ *Never* shall they behold in thy halls the victorious arms of the king.”

In the first book of Temora, Fingal mourning over the fallen Oscar, says

“ *Gu la bhrath* chon eirich Oscar !”

“ *Never more* shall Oscar rise,” is scarce so emphatical. .

bended on his spear over their grave. A dark stream descended on his cheek. His bards saw his grief. Each assumed his harp, and gave the name of the dead to the song.—Heroes, mournful, stood around. Tears flowed from the eye of hounds, as they rested on dark-brown shields at their feet.

“Peaceful, O Dermid, be thy rest; calm, son of Duino, be thy repose, in thy dark and lowly dwelling! The din of arms is over; the chase of the boar is ceased; the toil of the day is ended; and thou, heedless of the return of the morning, art retired to thy slumbering rest. The clang of the shield, the noise of the chase shall not awake thee. No; Dermid, thy sleep is heavy!

“But who can give thy fame to the song, thou mighty chief! Thy strength was like the strength of streams in their foam: thy speed like the eagle of Atha, darting on the dun trembling fawn of the desert. In battle, thy path was like the rapid fall of a mountain stream \*, when it pours its white torrent over the rock, and sends abroad its gray mists upon the wing of winds. The roar of its stream is loud through Mora's rocks. Mountain-trees, with all their moss and earth, are swept along between its arms. But when it reaches the calm sea of the vale, its strength is lost, and the noise of its course is silent. It moves not the withered leaf if the eddying wind doth not aid it. On eddying winds let thy

\* The following lines, although defective, being only one of the editions from which this passage is made up, are so beautiful as to deserve their room:

“Bha do neart mar thuilteach uisge,  
Dol asios a chlaoidh do namh;  
Ann cabhaig mar iolair nan speur,  
No stend eisg a' ruith air sail'.  
A thriath threun a b' aille leadan  
Na aon fhleasgach tha 'san Fheinn,  
Gu ma samhach a raibh t or-chul,  
Fui' chudrom na foide re!”

spirit be borne, son of Duino, to thy fathers; but light let the turf lie over thy beauteous form, and calm in the grave be thy slumber!

“A vessel rides the surgy deep.\* It bounds from ridge to ridge. Its white sails are spread to the wind. It braves the fury of the storm.—‘It is the son of Duino’s!’—Yes, stranger, it was the son of Duino’s; but now the son of Duino is no more. There he hovers, a faint form, above; and the boar is half-viewless beside him.

“The horn sounds on the mountain. The deer start from the moss of rocks; from the banks of their secret streams. The unerring dart of the hunter pursues them on the heath. One of them is arrested in the midst of his course. Panting he tastes the cooling fount. His knees shake, like the reedy grass in the stream of winds. He falls as he climbs the bank. His companions attempt with their head to raise him, but in vain; they are forced to forsake him and fly.—They fly, but the hunter pursues them. ‘His speed is like the speed of Dermid!’—Alas! stranger, it is not he. The son of Duino sleeps in his lowly dwelling, and the hunter’s horn cannot awake him.

“The foes come on with their gathered host. A mighty stream meets them in their course. Its torrent sweeps them back, and overturns their grove of spears.—‘It is,’ saith the son of the stranger, ‘one of the warriors of Morven; it is the strength of Dermid!’—The strength of Dermid, replies his companion, hath failed. At the foot of that ivy rock I saw, as I passed, his tomb. The green fern had half hid the gray stone at his head. I pulled its rank growth away: Why shouldst thou, vile weed, I said, obscure the name of the hero?

\* In this elegy of the bards over Dermid, the various accomplishments of that hero are remarked; and appear the more striking from their being put, for the most part, in the mouth of strangers.

“A youth comes, whistling, across the plain. His arms glitter to the sun as it sets. His beauty is like that sinking beam, that spreads around him its rays; and his strength is like his beauty;—The virgins are on the green hill above; their robes are like the bow of the shower; their hair like the tresses of the sun, when they float on the western wave in the season of calm. They admire the stately beauty of the warrior, as lightly he moves along.—‘The youth,’ they say with a sigh, ‘is like Dermid.’—The memory of the son of Duino rises on their soul, as a beam that breaks on blasted Mora, through the torn edge of a dusky cloud. In sorrow they bend their heads. The tears shine through their spreading locks, like stars through the wandering hair of the moon. They fall like the tears of Ossian when they flow for Oscar of Lego.

“The children of youth are tossing their little spears. They see the hero on the plain. ‘There comes Dermid!’ Their reedy spears are thrown away, and they forsake the shield of willow. Their steps of joy are quick to meet the maker of their bows. But they see it is not he, and in mid-way they stop. Slow, they return to their play; but the noise of their harmless battle is not heard, for their little souls are sad for Dermid.

“The voice of music and the sound of the harp are heard in Fingal’s hall. The benighted traveller is charmed as he approaches. A moment he leans his breast upon his staff, and, sidelong, bends his listening ear.—‘It is Dermid!’ he says; and hastens to overtake the song.—A beam of light, clear but terrible, comes across his soul. He makes two unequal strides; in the midst of the third he stops. ‘Dermid is no more!’—He wipes with the skirt of his robe his eye; and, sighing, slowly walks along. It is the voice of the bards thou dost hear, O stranger; they are pouring the fame of Dermid on future times; clothing his name with the nightly song. The chief

himself, in Selma thou shalt find no more. He sleeps with Grainia in the cold and narrow house. On Golbun's heath thou wilt find it, at the side of the stream of roes.—A rock, dark-bending with its ivy mantle above, shelters from storms the place. A mountain-stream leaps over it, white, and murmuring travels on. A yew spreads its dark-green branches nigh: the deer rests undisturbed at noon beneath its shade. The mariner leaning to his mast, as he passes on the darkly-rolling wave, points out the place, and tells his mates the woful tale. The tear bedims their eye. They cannot mark the spot: they heave the deep note of grief, and sail to the land of strangers. There, they tell the tale to listening crowds around the flame of night. The virgins weep, and the children of youth are mournful. All day they remember Dermid and Grainia; and in the dreams of their rest they are not forgotten."

And often you descend to the dreams of Ossian too, children of beauty. Often you possess his thoughts, when he sits, alone, at your tomb, and listens if he may hear the song of ghosts. At times, I hear your faint voice in the sigh of the breeze, when I rest beneath your green tree, and hang my harp on its low-bending branch.—But Ossian is a tree that is withered.\* Its branches are blasted and bare; no green leaf

\* No image could better represent the forlorn condition of the poet than this which he has chosen. The words, too, in which he describes it, are full of that soft and mournful sound which is expressed in the Gaelic by the diphthong *ao*, and the triphthong *aoi*; sounds which, so far as I know, are peculiar to the Gaelic language, and highly congenial to the more soft and mournful feelings.

“Tha mise mar gheig na h aonar,  
 Si gu mosgain maol gun duileach,  
 Gun mhaothan ri taobh, no ogan,  
 Ach osna bhroin a' caoi' na mullach.  
 'S fogus an doinion, a sgaoileas  
 A crionach aost' air feadh a ghlinne.  
 Mu leabaidd Dhiairmaid s nan laoch lughar  
 Aig Caothan nan luban uaine.”

covers its boughs. From its trunk no young shoot is seen to spring. The breeze whistles in its gray moss: the blast shakes its head of age.—The storm will soon overturn it, and strew all its dry branches with thee, O Dermid! and with all the rest of the mighty dead, in the green winding vale of Cona.

How peaceful art thou, O Vale of Cona! Thy warriors and thy hunters are all gone to rest. Let the bed be also made for the bard; for the shades of night thicken around him, and his eyes are heavy.