

The tender son of Murrough. How the boy
Loved me and my old harp, and sat for hours
Listening to ranns about the Finians
And the Red Branch, and all the ancient
tales !

How his blue eyes would blaze to emulate
The deeds of Erin's champions, or again
The tears came welling softly when I sang
Of Naesi's death and Deirdre's sad lament !

Donough :—

Yet there were deeds performè at Clontarf
Which well deserve a harper's triumph song ;
And think of that great wonder at Ath-Ae
When all the wounded of the Dalagais
Entreated, and were tied to upright stakes,
With weapons in their hands to fight the foe !
No nobler heroes ever lived of old.

[MacLiag strikes the harp, and sings :—]

I cannot sing your hymns of victory ;
There comes a flood of sorrow to mine eyes,
Mine ears are stunned with Viking battle cries,
And by the margin of a blood-red sea
King Brian martyred lies.

I see a strand with warrior corpses strewn,
The salt waves washing in among the slain :
Murrough is there, and Teig and Flann have lain
With Conhor and with Donald since the moon
When Brian died in pain.

I hear the sea-wolves yelp in baffled rage,
The shouts of "Odin" linger on the air ;
On Tolka's wave young Turlough's yellow hair
Floats where the boy a fatal fight did wage
'Neath Brian's dead cold stare.

Sweet Christ in Heaven, oh, aid me or I fall
In the red depths of madness and despair !
How can I live, and Murrough mouldering there,
While hid forever under Death's dark pall
Lies Brian, loved of all ?