

High he lifted his dark spear,
 Fiercely he bent his lofty head.
 Against him Fingal advanced amain, [a-fire,]
 His bright-blue sword in hand,
 Son of Loon—the swartest cheek'd.
 The light of the steel passed through the Spirit,
 The gloomy and feeble spirit of death.
 Shapeless he fell, yonder [opposite]
 On the wind of the black cairns, as smoke
 Which a young one breaks, rod in hand,
 At the hearth of smoke and struggle,
 The Form of Lodin shriek'd in the hill,
 Gathering himself in the wind,
 Innis-Torc heard the sound,
 The waves with terror stay their courses:
 Up rose the braves of Cumal's son.
 Each hand grasp'd a spear on the hill,
 "Where is he?" they cried with frowning rage,
 Each armour sounding on its lord.

 EXTRACTS FROM FINGAL.

Cuchullin sat by the wall of Tura,
 In the shade of the tree of sounding leaf;
 His spear leant against the cave-pierced rock,
 His great shield by his side on the grass.
 The thoughts of the chief were on Cairber.
 A hero he had slain in battle fierce,
 When the watcher of the ocean came,
 The swift son of Fili with the bounding step.
 "Arise, Cuchullin, arise,
 I see a gallant flect from the north,
 Swift bestir thee, chief of the banquet,
 Great is Swaran, numerous is his host!"