

Half made by mist from the north,  
 When bends the lifeless mariner  
 A look of woe on the summit of the waves.  
 Nor slept thy hand by the side,  
 Chief of the isle of gentle showers ;  
 Thy brand was in the path of spoils,  
 As lightning flashing thick,  
 When the people fall in the glen,  
 And the face of the mountain, as in a blaze,  
 [Or is seething white with torrents,]  
 Du-sron-geal snorted over brave men,  
 Sith-fadda wash'd his hoof in blood,  
 Behind him lay full many a hero,  
 As a wood on Cromla of the floods,  
 When moves the blast through the heath,  
 With the airy ghosts of night.

Weep on the sounding rock,  
 Noble daughter of the isle of ships ;  
 Bend thy splendid countenance over the sea,  
 Thou lovelier than a spirit in the woods,  
 Rising up soft and slow  
 As a sunbeam in the silence of the hills.  
 He fell, soon he fell in the battle,  
 The youth of thy love is pale,  
 'Neath the sword of great Cuchullin.  
 What has made thee so wan and cold ?  
 He will move no more to hardy deeds,  
 He will not strike the high blood of heroes ;  
 Trenar, youthful Trena has fallen in death ;  
 Maid, thou shalt see thy love no more for ever.  
 His hounds howl piteously  
 At home, as they see his ghost,  
 His bow is unstrung and bare ;  
 His death-sound is on the knoll, [*i.e.*, on the knoll he  
 utters his death-groan.]  
 As roll a thousand waves to the shore,  
 So under Swaran advanced the foe :