

“ Lord of the moor and the mountain !
 Chief of O'Connor's clan !
 Wilt thou not listen to Seumas ?
 Hate is an ill flame to fan.”

Cold was the heart of the chieftain,
 And fierce was his storm of rage,
 As, deaf to the twice given warning,
 He turned from his faithful page.

“ Blind of soul ! Son of O'Connor !
 This is the night of doom !
 A bolt in the sure hand of Justice,
 Lurks in the lowering gloom.”

So spake the low voice of conscience,
 In the heart of the chieftain proud,
 While o'erhead in the murky blackness,
 Hung the waiting thunder-cloud.

But Phelim strode through the tempest,
 Deaf to the warnings three ;—
 And he fell in the pass of Glencullen,
 Fell, like a blasted tree.

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Now from the doon of Ardmenagh,
 Phelim the blind and the old,
 Ruleth the clan in his darkness,
 Dreeth the weird as foretold.