

MARCH OF THE ULTONIANS

With eagle eye; — and soon there came a noise
Like falling of the skies upon the land,
Or roaring of the ocean bursting bounds,
Or myriad mighty trees that crashing down
In wintry tempest make the forests shake!
Then back he went to Ailell and to Mave,
Telling his story, and they quick enquired: —
“What else hast seen? And answer made Mac-
Roth: —

“I saw a gray mist far across the plain,
And a white flurry like the falling snow,
And through the mist what looked like sparks of
fire,
Or the cold stars upon a frosty night.”

Then Ailell unto Fergus -- “Famed MacRoy,
Unfold to us the meaning of those signs.”
And Fergus said: “The mist was rolling dust
Before the march of Ulster; — what seemed snow
Was foam flakes from their champing horses’ bits,
Tossed by the breeze of motion; and the stars
Fierce gleaming of ten thousand angry eyes
’Neath brazen helmets.”

Then spoke Connacht Mave: —
“Light do we reckon them, for we have here
Strong fighting-men to stem that raging tide!
Let them come on, Cuchulain at their head!
Their charge shall crumble on our Connacht line
Like the hoarse seas upon our Western shore; —
Form ranks, and let a thousand warpipes play
The ‘Graves of Inver,’ Ulster’s funeral march!”