

Reinall :—

It is my wedding day, and soon he comes
To lead me to the Altar. May sweet Christ
Make me all worthy of Prince Thorstein's love,
And Mary bless our union, that we live
All sinlessly and holy in His sight.
Dear Nuala, shall we not have a song
To while away the hour?

Nuala :—

I know a lay

That sings the requiem of the ancient gods.

[Nuala takes up the harp and sings.]

The pagan gods are doomed—in Erin now
Reigns the sweet, gentle Son, Who died for man ;

The old war-burdened lays

Give place to hymns of praise,

The psaltery of Christ drowns out the Druid rann.

Midhir and Lugh are shadows of the hills ;

Grey Mananan has stalled his demon steeds ;

Young Angus and Etain,

Long in the mould have lain,

And Aoivell in his shroud no mortal whisper heeds.

Deep in their caves of gold the Fairy Race,

The Sons of Dana, wait the Judgment Day ;

Then shall they call on Him

Who made their glories dim,

That He restore their heaven, for pride long
snatched away.

Balor and Bres are doomed—they walk no more
On Almhuin or on purple Sliabh-na-mban.

The Viking hosts are flown

From Toomhoon and Idrone,

For Odin follows fast where all the gods have gone.

Reinall :—

'Tis beautifully sung, sweet Nuala

Now talk to me of Thorstein, son of Hall !

Nuala :—

Ah, there's a subject on which I can say