



The poems of Ossian

in two volumes ; to which are prefixed dissertations on the æra and
poems of Ossian

Macpherson, James

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Temora, Book VI.

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TEMORA:

AN EPIC POEM.

BOOK VI.

A R G U M E N T

TO BOOK VI.

THIS book opens with a speech of Fingal, who sees Cathmor descending to the assistance of his flying army. The king dispatches Ossian to the relief of Fillan. He himself retires behind the rock of Cormul, to avoid the sight of the engagement between his son and Cathmor. Ossian advances. The descent of Cathmor described. He rallies the army, renews the battle, and, before Ossian could arrive, engages Fillan himself. Upon the approach of Ossian, the combat between the two heroes ceases. Ossian and Cathmor prepare to fight, but, night coming on, prevents them. Ossian returns to the place where Cathmor and Fillan fought. He finds Fillan mortally wounded, and leaning against a rock. Their discourse. Fillan dies: his body is laid, by Ossian, in a neighbouring cave. The Caledonian army return to Fingal. He questions them about his son, and, understanding that he was killed, retires, in silence, to the rock of Cormul. Upon the retreat of the army of Fingal, the Fir-bolg advance. Cathmor finds Bran, one of the dogs of Fingal, lying on the shield of Fillan, before the entrance of the cave, where the body of that hero lay. His reflections thereupon. He returns, in a melancholy mood, to his army. Malthos endeavours to comfort him, by the example of his father Borbar-duthul. Cathmor retires to rest. The song of Sulmalla concludes the book, which ends about the middle of the third night from the opening of the poem.

TEMORA:

AN EPIC POEM.

BOOK VI.

"CATHMOR¹ rises on his hill! Shall Fingal take the sword of Luno? But what should become of thy fame, son of white-bosomed Clatho? Turn not thine eyes from Fingal, fair daughter of Inistore. I shall not quench thy early beam. It shines along my soul. Rise, wood-skirted Mora, rise between the war and me! Why should Fingal behold the strife, lest his dark-haired warrior should fall! Amidst the song, O Carril, pour the sound of the trembling harp! Here are the voices of rocks! and there the bright tumbling of waters. Father of Oscar, lift the spear! Defend the young in arms. Conceal thy steps from Fillan. He must not know that I doubt his steel. No cloud of mine shall rise, my son, upon thy soul of fire!"

He sunk behind his rock, amid the sound of

¹ Fingal speaks.

Carril's song. Brightening, in my growing soul, I took the spear of Temora.^m I saw, along Moi-lena, the wild tumbling of battle; the strife of death, in gleaming rows, disjoined and broken round. Fillan is a beam of fire. From wing to wing is his wasteful course. The ridges of war melt before him. They are rolled, in smoke, from the fields!

Now is the coming forth of Cathmor, in the armour of kings! Dark waves the eagle's wing, above his helmet of fire. Unconcerned are his steps, as if they were to the chase of Erin. He raises, at times, his terrible voice. Erin, abashed, gathers round. Their souls return back, like a stream. They wonder at the steps of their fear. He rose, like the beam of the morning, on a haunted heath: the traveller looks back, with bending eye, on the field of dreadful forms! Sudden, from the rock of Moi-lena, are Sulmalla's trembling steps. An oak takes the spear from her hand. Half-bent she loses the lance. But then are her eyes on the king, from amid her wandering locks. No friendly strife is before thee! No light contending of bows, as

^m The *spear of Temora* was that which Oscar had received, in a present, from Cormac, the son of Artho, king of Ireland. It was of it that Cairbar made the pretext for quarrelling with Oscar, at the feast, in the first book.

when the youth of Inis-hunaⁿ come forth beneath the eye of Connor!

As the rock of Runo, which takes the passing clouds as they fly, seems growing, in gathered darkness, over the streamy heath; so seems the chief of Atha taller, as gather his people around. As different blasts fly over the sea, each behind its dark-blue wave; so Cathmor's words, on every side, pour his warriors forth. Nor silent on his hill is Fillan. He mixes his words with his echoing shield. An eagle he seemed, with sounding wings, calling the wind to his rock, when he sees the coming forth of the roes, on Lutha's^o rushy field!

Now they bend forward in battle. Death's hundred voices arise. The kings, on either side, were like fires on the souls of the hosts. Ossian bounded along. High rocks and trees rush tall

ⁿ Cluba, *winding bay*; an arm of the sea in Inis-huna, or the western coast of South Britain. It was in this bay that Cathmor was wind-bound when Sulmalla came, in the disguise of a young warrior, to accompany him in his voyage to Ireland. Connor, the father of Sulmalla, as is insinuated at the close of the fourth book, was dead before the departure of his daughter.

^o Lutha was the name of a valley in Morven. There dwelt Toscar, the son of Conloch, the father of Malvina, who, upon that account, is often called the *maid of Lutha*. Lutha signifies *swift stream*.

between the war and me. But I hear the noise of steel, between my clanging arms. Rising, gleaming, on the hill, I behold the backward steps of hosts: their backward steps, on either side, and wildly-looking eyes. The chiefs were met in dreadful fight! The two blue-shielded kings! Tall and dark, through gleams of steel, are seen the striving heroes! I rush. My fears for Fillan fly, burning, across my soul!

I come. Nor Cathmor flies; nor yet comes on: he sidelong stalks along. An icy rock, cold, tall, he seems. I call forth all my steel. Silent awhile we stride, on either side of a rushing stream: then, sudden turning, all at once, we raise our pointed spears! We raise our spears, but night comes down. It is dark and silent round; but where the distant steps of hosts are sounding over the heath!

I come to the place where Fillan fought. Nor voice nor sound is there. A broken helmet lies on earth, a buckler cleft in twain. Where, Fillan, where art thou, young chief of echoing Morven? He hears me, leaning on a rock, which bends its grey head over the stream. He hears; but sullen, dark he stands. At length I saw the hero!

“Why standest thou, robed in darkness, son of woody Selma? Bright is thy path, my brother, in this dark-brown field! Long has been

thy strife in battle! Now the horn of Fingal is heard. Ascend to the cloud of thy father; to his hill of feasts. In the evening mist he sits, and hears the sound of Carril's harp. Carry joy to the aged, young breakers of the shields!"

"Can the vanquished carry joy? Ossian, no shield is mine! It lies broken on the field. The eagle-wing of my helmet is torn. It is when foes fly before them, that fathers delight in their sons. But their sighs burst forth, in secret, when their young warriors yield. No: Fillan shall not behold the king! Why should the hero mourn?"

"Son of blue-eyed Clatho! O Fillan! awake not my soul. Wert thou not a burning fire before him? Shall he not rejoice? Such fame belongs not to Ossian; yet is the king still a sun to me. He looks on my steps with joy. Shadows never rise on his face. Ascend, O Fillan, to Mora! His feast is spread in the folds of mist."

"Ossian! give me that broken shield: these feathers that are rolled in the wind. Place them near to Fillan, that less of his fame may fall. Ossian, I begin to fail. Lay me in that hollow rock. Raise no stone above, lest one should ask about my fame. I am fallen in the first of my fields; fallen without renown. Let thy voice ALONE send joy to my flying soul.

Why should the bard know where dwells the
lost beam of Clatho!"^p

"Is thy spirit on the eddying winds, O Fillan, young breaker of shields? Joy pursue my

^p A dialogue between Clatho, the mother, and Bos-mina, the sister, of Fillan.

CLATHO.

Daughter of Fingal, arise! thou light between thy locks. Lift thy fair head from rest, soft-gliding sun-beam of Selma! I beheld thy arms on thy breast, white-tossed amidst thy wandering locks; when the rustling breeze of the morning came from the desert of streams. Hast thou seen thy fathers, Bos-mina, descending in thy dreams? Arise, daughter of Clatho; dwells there aught of grief in thy soul?

BOS-MINA.

A thin form passed before me, fading as it flew: like the darkening wave of a breeze, along a field of grass. Descend from thy wall, O harp, and call back the soul of Bos-mina! it has rolled away, like a stream. I hear thy pleasant sound. I hear thee, O harp, and my voice shall rise.

How often shall ye rush to war, ye dwellers of my soul? Your paths are distant, kings of men, in Erin of blue streams. Lift thy wing, thou southern breeze, from Clono's darkening heath: spread the sails of Fingal towards the bays of his land.

But who is that, in his strength, darkening in the presence of war? His arm stretches to the foe, like the beam of the sickly sun: when his side is crusted with darkness; and he rolls his dismal course through the sky. Who is it, but the father of Bos-mina? Shall he return till danger is past!

Fillan, thou art a beam by his side; beautiful, but terrible, is thy light. Thy sword is before thee, a blue fire of night.

hero, through his folded clouds! The forms of thy fathers, O Fillan! bend to receive their son. I behold the spreading of their fire on Mora: the blue-rolling of their misty wreaths. Joy meet thee, my brother! But we are dark and sad! I behold the foe round the aged. I behold the wasting away of his fame. Thou art left alone in the field, O grey-haired king of Selma!"

I laid him in the hollow rock, at the roar of the nightly stream. One red star looked in on the hero. Winds lift, at times, his locks. I listen. No sound is heard. The warrior slept! As lightning on a cloud, a thought came rushing along my soul. My eyes roll in fire: my stride was in the clang of steel. "I will find thee, king of Erin! in the gathering of thy thousands find thee. Why should that cloud

When shalt thou return to thy roes; to the streams of thy rushy fields? When shall I behold thee from Mora, while winds strew my long locks on their blasts? But shall a young eagle return from the field where the heroes fall!

CLATHO.

Soft, as the song of Loda, is the voice of Selma's maid. Pleasant to the ear of Clatho is the name of the breaker of shields. Behold, the king comes from ocean; the shield of Morven is borne by bards. The foe has fled before him, like the departure of mist. I hear not the sounding wings of my eagle; the rushing forth of the son of Clatho. Thou art dark, O Fingal! shall the warrior never return?" * * * * *

escape, that quenched our early beam? Kindle your meteors on your hills, my fathers. Light my daring steps. I will consume in ^awrath. But should not I return! The king is without a son, grey-haired among his foes! His arm is not as in the days of old. His fame grows dim in Erin. Let me not behold him, laid low in his latter field. But can I return to the king? Will he not ask about his son? "Thou oughtest to defend young Fillan." Ossian will meet the foe. Green Erin, thy sounding tread is pleasant to my ear. I rush on thy ridgy host, to shun the

^a Here the sentence is designedly left unfinished. The sense is, that he was resolved, like a destroying fire, to consume Cathmor, who had killed his brother. In the midst of this resolution, the situation of Fingal suggests itself to him, in a very strong light. He resolves to return, to assist the king in prosecuting the war. But then his shame for not defending his brother, recurs to him. He is determined again to go and find out Cathmor. We may consider him as in the act of advancing towards the enemy, when the horn of Fingal sounded on Mora, and called back his people to his presence. This soliloquy is natural: the resolutions which so suddenly follow one another, are expressive of a mind extremely agitated with sorrow and conscious shame; yet the behaviour of Ossian, in his execution of the commands of Fingal, is so irreprehensible, that it is not easy to determine where he failed in his duty. The truth is, that when men fail in designs which they ardently wish to accomplish, they naturally blame themselves, as the chief cause of their disappointment.

eyes of Fingal. I hear the voice of the king, on Mora's misty top! He calls his two sons! I come, my father, in my grief. I come like an eagle, which the flame of night met in the desert, and spoiled of half his wings!"

Distant, round the king, on Mora, the broken ridges of Morven are rolled. They turned their eyes: each darkly bends, on his own ashen spear. Silent stood the king in the midst. Thought on thought rolled over his soul. As waves on a secret mountain-lake, each with its back of foam. He looked; no son appeared, with his long-beaming spear. The sighs rose, crowding, from his soul; but he concealed his grief. At length I stood beneath an oak. No voice of mine was heard. What could I say to Fingal, in his hour of woe? His words rose, at

"This scene," says an ingenious writer, and a good judge, "is solemn. The poet always places his chief character amidst objects which favour the sublime. The face of the country, the night, the broken remains of a defeated army, and, above all, the attitude and silence of Fingal himself, are circumstances calculated to impress an awful idea on the mind. Ossian is most successful in his night descriptions. Dark images suited the melancholy temper of his mind. His poems were all composed after the active part of his life was over, when he was blind, and had survived all the companions of his youth: we therefore find a veil of melancholy thrown over the whole."

length, in the midst: the people shrunk backward as he spoke.*

“Where is the son of Selma, he who led in war? I behold not his steps, among my people,

* I owe the first paragraph of the following note to the same pen.

“The abashed behaviour of the army of Fingal proceeds rather from shame than fear. The king was not of a tyrannical disposition: *He, as he professeth himself in the fifth book, never was a dreadful form, in their presence, darkened into wrath. His voice was no thunder to their ears: his eyes sent forth no death.* The first ages of society are not the times of arbitrary power. As the wants of mankind are few, they retain their independence. It is an advanced state of civilization, that moulds the mind to that submission to government, of which ambitious magistrates take advantage, and raise themselves into absolute power.”

It is a vulgar error, that the common Highlanders lived in abject slavery under their chiefs. Their high ideas of, and attachment to, the heads of their families, probably, led the unintelligent into this mistake. When the honour of the tribe was concerned, the commands of the chief were obeyed without restriction: but, if individuals were oppressed, they threw themselves into the arms of a neighbouring clan, assumed a new name, and were encouraged and protected. The fear of this desertion, no doubt, made the chiefs cautious in their government. As their consequence, in the eyes of others, was in proportion to the number of their people, they took care to avoid every thing that tended to diminish it.

It was but very lately that the authority of the laws extended to the Highlands. Before that time the clans were governed, in civil affairs, not by the verbal commands of the chief, but by what they called *Clechda*, or the traditional pre-

returning from the field. Fell the young bounding roe, who was so stately on my hills? He fell; for ye are silent. The shield of war is cleft in twain. Let his armour be near to Fingal; and the sword of dark-brown Luno. I am waked on my hills; with morning I descend to war."

High^t on Cormul's rock, an oak is flaming to the wind. The grey skirts of mist are rolled

cedents of their ancestors. When differences happened between individuals, some of the oldest men in the tribe were chosen umpires between the parties, to decide according to the *Clechda*. The chief interposed his authority, and invariably enforced the decision. In their wars, which were frequent, on account of family feuds, the chief was less reserved in the execution of his authority; and even then he seldom extended it to the taking the life of any of his tribe. No crime was capital, except murder; and that was very unfrequent in the Highlands. No corporal punishment of any kind was inflicted. The memory of an affront of this sort would remain for ages in a family, and they would seize every opportunity to be revenged, unless it came immediately from the hands of the chief himself; in that case it was taken, rather as a fatherly correction, than a legal punishment for offences.

^t This rock of Cormul is often mentioned in the preceding part of the poem. It was on it Fingal and Ossian stood to view the battle. The custom of retiring from the army, on the night prior to their engaging in battle, was universal among the kings of the Caledonians. Trenmor, the most renowned of the ancestors of Fingal, is mentioned as the first who instituted this custom. Succeeding bards attributed it to a hero of

around; thither strode the king in his wrath. Distant from the host he always lay, when battle burnt within his soul. On two spears hung his shield on high; the gleaming sign of death; that shield, which he was wont to strike, by night, before he rushed to war. It was then his warriors knew, when the king was to lead in strife; for never was this buckler heard, till the wrath of Fingal arose. Unequal were his steps on high, as he shone in the beam of the oak; he was dreadful as the form of the spirit of night, when he clothes, on hills, his wild gestures with mist, and, issuing forth, on the troubled ocean, mounts the car of winds.

Nor settled, from the storm, is Erin's sea of war! they glitter, beneath the moon, and, low-humming, still roll on the field. Alone are the steps of Cathmor, before them on the heath; he

a later period. In an old poem, which begins with *Mac-Arcath na ceud sról*, this custom of retiring from the army before an engagement, is numbered among the wise institutions of Fergus, the son of Arc or Arcath, the first king of Scots. I shall here translate the passage; in some other note I may, probably, give all that remains of the poem. *Fergus of the hundred streams, son of Arcath who fought of old: thou diast first retire at night, when the foe rolled before thee, in echoing fields. Nor bending in rest is the king: he gathers battles in his soul. Fly, son of the stranger! with morn he shall rush abroad.* When, or by whom, this poem was written, is uncertain.

hangs forward, with all his arms, on Morven's flying host. Now had he come to the mossy cave, where Fillan lay in night. One tree was bent above the stream, which glittered over the rock. There shone to the moon the broken shield of Clatho's son; and, near it, on grass, lay hairy-footed Bran." He had missed the chief on Mora, and searched him along the wind. He thought that the blue-eyed hunter slept; he lay upon his shield. No blast came over the heath, unknown to bounding Bran.

^v I remember to have met with an old poem, wherein a story of this sort is very happily introduced. In one of the invasions of the Danes, Ullin-clundu, a considerable chief on the western coast of Scotland, was killed in a rencounter with a flying party of the enemy, who had landed at no great distance from the place of his residence. The few followers who attended him were also slain. The young wife of Ullin-clundu, who had not heard of his fall, fearing the worst, on account of his long delay, alarmed the rest of his tribe, who went in search of him along the shore. They did not find him; and the beautiful widow became disconsolate. At length he was discovered, by means of his dog, who sat on a rock beside the body, for some days. The stanza concerning the dog, whose name was Du-chos, or *Blackfoot*, is descriptive.

"Dark-sided Duchos! feet of wind! cold is thy seat on rocks. He (the dog) sees the roe: his ears are high; and half he bounds away. He looks around; but Ullin sleeps: he droops again his head. The winds come past; dark Duchos thinks that Ullin's voice is there. But still he beholds him silent; laid amidst the waving heath. Dark-sided Duchos, his voice no more shall send thee over the heath!"

Cathmor saw the white-breasted dog; he saw the broken shield. Darkness is blown back on his soul; he remembers the falling away of the people. They come, a stream; are rolled away; another race succeeds. "But some mark the fields, as they pass, with their own mighty names. The heath, through dark-brown years, is theirs; some blue stream winds to their fame. Of these be the chief of Atha, when he lays him down on earth. Often may the voice of future times meet Cathmor in the air: when he strides from wind to wind, or folds himself in the wing of a storm."

Green Erin gathered round the king, to hear the voice of his power. Their joyful faces bend, unequal, forward, in the light of the oak. They who were terrible were removed: * Lubar

* In order to illustrate this passage, it is proper to lay before the reader the scene of the two preceding battles. Between the hills of Mora and Lona lay the plain of Moi-jena, through which ran the river Lubar. The first battle, wherein Gaul, the son of Morni, commanded on the Caledonian side, was fought on the banks of Lubar. As there was little advantage obtained on either side, the armies, after the battle, retained their former positions.

In the second battle, wherein Fillan commanded, the Irish, after the fall of Foldath, were driven up the hill of Lona; but, upon the coming of Cathmor to their aid, they regained their former situation, and drove back the Caledonians in their turn: so that *Lubar winded again in their host.*

winds again in their host. Cathmor was that beam from heaven which shone when his people were dark. He was honoured in the midst. Their souls rose with ardour around. The king alone no gladness shewed; no stranger he to war!

“Why is the king so sad?” said Malthos, eagle-eyed. “Remains there a foe at Lubar? Lives there among them who can lift the spear? Not so peaceful was thy father, ^y Borbar-duthul, king of spears. His rage was a fire that always burned: his joy over fallen foes was great.

^y Borbar-duthul, the father of Cathmor, was the brother of that Cole-ulla, who is said, in the beginning of the fourth book, to have rebelled against Cormac, king of Ireland. Borbar-duthul seems to have retained all the prejudice of his family against the succession of the posterity of Conar, on the Irish throne. From this short episode we learn some facts which tend to throw light on the history of the times. It appears, that, when Swaran invaded Ireland, he was only opposed by the Caël, who possessed Ulster, and the north of that island. Calmar, the son of Matha, whose gallant behaviour and death are related in the third book of Fingal, was the only chief of the race of the Fir-bolg, that joined the Caël, or Irish Caledonians, during the invasion of Swaran. The indecent joy which Borbar-duthul expressed upon the death of Calmar, is well suited with that spirit of revenge, which subsisted, universally, in every country where the feudal system was established. It would appear that some person had carried to Borbar-duthul that weapon, with which, it was pretended, Calmar had been killed.

Three days feasted the grey-haired hero, when he heard that Calmar fell: Calmar, who aided the race of Ullin, from Lara of the streams. Often did he feel, with his hands, the steel which, they said, had pierced his foe. He felt it, with his hands, for Borbar-duthul's eyes had failed. Yet was the king a sun to his friends; a gale to lift their branches round. Joy was around him in his halls: he loved the sons of Bolga. His name remains in Atha, like the awful memory of ghosts, whose presence was terrible, but they blew the storm away. Now let the voices^z of Erin raise the soul of the king; he that shone when war was dark, and laid the mighty low. Fonar, from that grey-browed rock, pour the tale of other times: pour it on wide-skirted Erin, as it settles round."

"To me," said Cathmor, "no song shall rise; nor Fonar sit on the rock of Lubar. The mighty there are laid low. Disturb not their rushing ghosts. Far, Malthos, far remove the sound of Erin's song. I rejoice not over the foe, when he ceases to lift the spear. With morning we pour our strength abroad. Fingal is wakened on his echoing hill."

Like waves, blown back by sudden winds,

^z *The voices of Erin*, a poetical expression for the bards of Ireland.

Erin retired at the voice of the king. Deep-rolled into the field of night, they spread their humming tribes. Beneath his own tree, at intervals, each bard^a sat down with his harp. They raised the song, and touched the string; each to the chief he loved. Before a burning

^a Not only the kings, but every petty chief, had anciently their bards attending them in the field; and those bards, in proportion to the power of the chiefs who retained them, had a number of inferior bards in their train. Upon solemn occasions, all the bards in the army would join in one chorus; either when they celebrated their victories, or lamented the death of a person worthy and renowned, slain in the war. The words were of the composition of the arch-bard, retained by the king himself, who generally attained to that high office on account of his superior genius for poetry. As the persons of the bards were sacred, and the emoluments of their office considerable, the order, in succeeding times, became very numerous and insolent. It would appear, that, after the introduction of Christianity, some served in the double capacity of bards and clergymen. It was from this circumstance that they had the name of *Chlère*, which is, probably, derived from the Latin Clericus. The *Chlère*, be their name derived from what it will, became at last a public nuisance; for, taking advantage of their sacred character, they went about, in great bodies, and lived at discretion in the houses of their chiefs, till another party of the same order, drove them away by mere dint of satire. Some of the indelicate disputes of these worthy poetical combatants, are handed down by tradition, and shew how much the bards, at last, abused the privileges which the admiration of their countrymen had conferred on the order. It was this insolent behaviour that induced the chiefs to re-

oak Sulmalla touched, at times, the harp. She touched the harp, and heard, between, the breezes in her hair. In darkness near, lay the king of Atha, beneath an aged tree. The beam of the oak was turned from him; he saw the maid, but was not seen. His soul poured forth, in secret, when he beheld her fearful eye. "But battle is before thee, son of Borbar-duthul."

Amidst the harp, at intervals, she listened whether the warrior slept. Her soul was up; she longed, in secret, to pour her own sad song. The field is silent. On their wings the blasts of night retire. The bards had ceased; and meteors came, red-winding with their ghosts. The sky drew dark: the forms of the dead were blended with the clouds. But heedless bends the daughter of Conmor, over the decaying flame. Thou wert alone in her soul, car-borne chief of Atha. She raised the voice of the song, and touched the harp between.

"Clun-galo^b came; she missed the maid.

trench their number, and to take away those privileges which they were no longer worthy to enjoy. Their indolence, and disposition to lampoon, extinguished all the poetical fervour which distinguished their predecessors, and makes us the less regret the extinction of the order.

^b Clun-galo, the wife of Conmor, king of Inis-huna, and the mother of Sulmalla. She is here represented as missing her daughter, after she had fled with Cathmor.

Where art thou, beam of light? Hunters, from the mossy rock, saw ye the blue-eyed fair? Are her steps on grassy Lumon; near the bed of roes? Ah, me! I behold her bow in the hall. Where art thou, beam of light?"

"Cease, ^c love of Conmor, cease; I hear thee not on the ridgy heath. My eye is turned to the king, whose path is terrible in war. He for whom my soul is up, in the season of my rest. Deep-bosomed in war he stands, he beholds me not from his cloud. Why, sun of Sulmalla, dost thou not look forth? I dwell in darkness here; wide over me flies the shadowy mist. Filled with dew are my locks: look thou from thy cloud, O sun of Sulmalla's soul!"

* * * * *

^c Sulmalla replies to the supposed questions of her mother. Towards the middle of this paragraph she calls Cathmor *the sun of her soul*, and continues the metaphor throughout. This book ends, we may suppose, about the middle of the third night, from the opening of the poem.

Where art thou beam of light? Hysteria thou
 the miser's task, see to the blue-eyed thief? Art
 the steps on grassy ground, near the bed of
 love, the maid I beheld far bow in the hall
 Where art thou beam of light?

I was a love of Consonance; I hear
 thee not on the river's bank, thy eye is turned
 to the king, whose path is terrible in war. In
 for whom my soul is up, in the season of my
 not. Disappointed my eye stands in the
 look me not from the boat. What, say of old
 shall do, then not look forth, I will in that
 was here; while over me lies the shadowy mist
 tilled with dew, my thoughts: look, then, that
 the sound, O man, or Cynthia's soul!

Cynthia's name to the world's glory
 in a world of the past, the time of
 and the time and name of the world's glory
 the world's glory, the world's glory
 the world's glory, the world's glory