

**THE POEMS OF
OSSIAN. [1885]**

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The Poems of Ossian. [1885] by Ossian & James Macpherson

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OSSIAN & JAMES MACPHERSON

**THE POEMS OF
OSSIAN. [1885]**



JAMES MACMILLAN.

THE
POEMS OF OSSIAN

TRANSLATED

By JAMES MACPHERSON



In this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian, in the Narrow Glen.
WORDSWORTH

EDINBURGH: A. & C. BLACK

1885

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Fingal.

—♦—
BOOK I.

CUTHULLIN.

CUTHULLIN sat by Tura's wall : by the tree of the rustling sound. His spear leaned against a rock. His shield lay on grass, by his side. Amid his thoughts of mighty Cairbar, a hero slain by the chief in war ; the scout of ocean comes, Moran, the son of Fithil !

" Arise," says the youth, " Cuthullin, arise. I see the ships of the north ! Many, chief of men, are the foe. Many the heroes of the sea-borne Swaran !"
" Moran !" replied the blue-eyed chief, " thou ever tremblest, son of Fithil ! thy fears have increased the foe. It is Fingal, king of deserts, with aid to green Erin of streams." " I beheld their chief," said Moran, " tall as a glittering rock. His spear is a blasted pine. His shield the rising moon ! He sat on the shore ! like a cloud of mist on the silent hill. Many, chief of heroes ! I said, many are our hands

of war. Well art thou named, the Mighty Man: but many mighty men are seen from Tura's windy walls."

"He spoke, like a wave on a rock, who in this land appears like me? Heroes stand not in my presence: they fall to earth from my hand. Who can meet Swaran in fight? Who but Fingal, king of Selma of storms? Once we wrestled on Malmor;¹ our heels overturned the woods. Rocks fell from their place; rivulets, changing their course, fled murmuring from our side. Three days we renewed the strife; heroes stood at a distance and trembled. On the fourth, Fingal says, that the king of the ocean fell! but Swaran says, he stood! Let dark Cuthullin yield to him, that is strong as the storms of his land!"

"No!" replied the blue-eyed chief, "I never yield to mortal man! Dark Cuthullin shall be great or dead! Go, son of Fithil, take my spear. Strike the sounding shield of Semo,² It hangs at Tura's rustling gate. The sound of peace is not its voice! My heroes shall hear and obey." He went. He struck the bossy shield. The hills, the rocks reply. The sound spreads along the wood: deer start by the lake of roes. Curach leaps from the sounding rock; and Connal of the bloody spear! Crugal's³ breast of snow beats high. The son of Favi leaves the dark-brown hind. It is the shield of war, said Konnar! the spear

¹ Meal-mor, a great hill.

² Grandfather of Fingal, who was so remarkable for his valour that his shield was used as an incitement to arms by his descendants. A horn was the common instrument of call.

³ Cruth-geal, fair-complexioned.