

# **GLANLUA AND OTHER POEMS**

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Glanlua and Other Poems by William Larminie

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**WILLIAM LARMINIE**

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By

WILLIAM LARMINIE

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## GLANLUA.

### PROLOGUE.

WITH drooping head, in lingering dream, round the  
shadowy world,

Dawn's light steps awake her not, Night lay dimly curl'd.  
Timidly the Dawn looked back and whispered to the  
Day,

"See who lingers past her hour, hasten thy bright ray,  
Earth is longing for thy light." Day with sudden eyes  
Came and looked upon the Night, who seized with swift  
surprise,

Over land and ocean breathed a vapour white,  
Hidden in the coils whercof safe she made her flight.

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Sunrise and a summer morning—gleams of glassy sea,  
Jagged cliffs and crystal waters, mists that rise and flee !  
Wider grow the opening spaces as the silent tide of light  
Winds in golden flood triumphant thro' the silver wreck  
of night.

And, behold, emerging slowly from the whiteness one by  
one,

On the ocean many a galley hails the rising sun.



Still half buried in the vapour, from the pearly verge  
Crimson-spotted, dewy-laden shining sails emerge ;  
Idle, unimpulsive, with no power their ships to stir,  
Since across their path the night-time trailed its chain of  
gossamer.

And the oarsmen still their labour linger to resume,  
Though the golden waves of morning melt the banks of  
milky gloom.

Wider grow the opening spaces, floats the veil away ;  
Broader gleams the sunny silver to the breaking blue of  
day ;  
And a vast cragged coast its forehead pushes thro' the  
yielding mist,  
From the gloom of flying darkness into sudden brightness  
kissed.

Peak there is and pinnacle, brow and rounded dome ;  
Craggs that in arrested ruin midway poise above the foam.  
Long for many a mile they tower massive from the lucid  
wave,  
Feet sheer plunged in beryl water, hiding clear in many a  
cave.

Snowy-breasted on the ledges rest the sea-birds, and on high  
Soars the mountain-eyried eagle easy to the morning sky.  
Like as when the sculptor pauses, having well the marble  
wrought,  
In the passionate inspiration that to shape hath shapeless  
brought ;

So the deep sea, hardly heaving, gazed in rest on each  
wild form,  
From the mountain's heart majestic carved in many a  
stroke of storm.

And this scene, so fair and lonely, 'tis the coast of North  
Mayo ;

And that morn on cliff and water dawned two thousand  
years ago.

And those mist-entangled galleys lingered on the sea,  
'T'wixt the stacks of Broadhaven and the cliffs of Benwee.  
Other names are on these regions than the names that  
day they bore :

Then Mayo was Irros Downan, and Broadhaven Inver-  
more :

And the land was still the Firbolg's, race whose mortal line  
Had not ceased to mate and mingle with De Danann  
gods divine.

Now to boundless northward open clear the cool blue  
ocean lies,

Glittering in the heaving water seven the sharp-peaked  
stacks arise,

And the nearer sea gleams brighter, broken now by  
many an oar,

Speeding with strong strokes the galleys past the moun-  
tain massive shore,

Past the headland and the island to the haven of  
Invermore.

## THE BATTLE.

Alarm in Doon Dohnal ! Cheeks pale as death  
Has the messenger panting with failing breath  
To the doon's lord, Dohnal, "The foe is at hand,  
His ships high ranged upon Kirtan's strand ;  
Doon Kirtan is taken ; the ebbing tide  
Goes red to the ocean with slaughter dyed :  
Over the hills with wild feet fly  
Who have scaped from the battle, and swiftest I  
Death-wounded bring thee the tale and die."

Ere a man had the fingers of one hand reckoned,  
On the dead youth's message there came a second ;—  
" Doon Kean is taken ; its lord is fire,  
Its warriors trampled to gory mire."  
Scarce had he uttered the woeful word,  
Ere pale and gasping there entered a third :  
" I have seen the gape-throated dragon of war  
Take flight flame-winged from the northern shore,  
With boast that Doon Dohnal one morsel the more  
Will he make—ere the noon of this day be o'er."