

Thomas Campbell (1777-1844)

4 *Glenara*

O heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'T is the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire, and the people, are called to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud; 5
Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud;
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
They marched all in silence, — they looked on the ground.

In silence they reached over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar. 10
“Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn:
Why speak ye no word?” — said Glenara the stern.

“And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?”
So spake the rude chieftain: — no answer is made, 15
But each mantle, unfolding, a dagger displayed.

“I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,”
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud:
“And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem:
Glenara, Glenara! now read me my dream!” 20

O! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed, and no lady was seen;
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn, —
'T was the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn:

“I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief, 25
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief:
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!”

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert revealed where his lady was found; 30
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne —
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

1802

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