

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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