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PIND. PYTH. 6.

B Y

T H O M A S J A M E S M A T H I A S.

L O N D O N,

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MDCCLXXXI.

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S O N N E T.

PARDON me, MIGHTY POET, that I turn
My daring steps to thy supreme abode ;
And tread with awe the solitary road,
To deck with fancied wreaths thy hallow'd urn.

Yet, as I wander thro' this dark sojourn,
Think not I mean, with low-engender'd praise
Thy name to fully, or profane thy lays ;
I have no *thoughts that breathe*, no *words that burn*.

But hark, what voice in heav'nly accents clear,
Bursts from yon cloud, that glows with temp'rate fire :

“ Cease, cease fond youth, to drop the fruitless tear,
“ Mute tho' the raptures of his full-strung lyre ;
“ E'en his own *warblings*, *lessen'd on his ear*
“ Loft in seraphic harmony expire.

S O N N E T

THESE are the days of our life,
Which but our youth and beauty give;
And that our youth and beauty give,
Which but our youth and beauty give;

These are the days of our life,
Which but our youth and beauty give;
And that our youth and beauty give,
Which but our youth and beauty give;

These are the days of our life,
Which but our youth and beauty give;
And that our youth and beauty give,
Which but our youth and beauty give;

R U N I C O D E S.

O D E I.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS;

OR, THE

DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD*.

The Twilight of the Gods, in the Northern Mythology, is that Period when Lok the Evil Being shall break his Confinement; the Human Race, the Stars, and the Sun shall disappear; the Earth sink in the Seas, and Fire consume the Skies: even Odin himself and all his Kindred Gods shall perish.—For a farther Account of this wild and curious

* See Bartholinus *de Causis contemptæ mortis apud Danos*. Lib. 2. C. 14.

System of Mythology, see Mr. Mallet's Introduction à l'Histoire de Dannemarc, or rather the Translation of it, entitled Northern Antiquities, in 2 Volumes 8vo. with the Illustrations of the learned and ingenious Editor.

FROM the chambers of the East,
 In robes of terror grimly drest,
 Ymir * hath his course begun,
 Rival of th' unwearied Sun.
 Now, in many a glitt'ring wreath,
 Above, around, and underneath,
 The serpent dread, † of dateless birth,
 Girds the devoted globe of earth;
 And, as charm'd by pow'rful spell,
 Ocean heaves with furious swell.
 The plumed Monarch whets his beak,
 Seeking where his wrath to wreak;
 Till on the plain, with corsees strew'd,
 He fates his maw with bleeding food :

* From Ymir were descended all the families of the giants. Edda.

† In the Edda, a serpent is supposed to surround the earth.

While

While the vessel's * floating pride,
Stems duration's rounding tide.

Trace again the solemn rhyme ;
From Orient's ever-teeming clime
I see them come, † an evil race,
Bold in heart, and stern in face :
In turbulent array they sweep,
Beneath them groans the burthen'd deep ;
Fierce they rush, yet all obey
Monarch Lok's resistless sway.
Gaunt and wild with savage howl,
Mark the wolfish Fenris prow ;
With him stalks a furious train,
Panting for th' ensanguin'd plain :
Is Beliep's brother left behind ?
No : he flies on wings of wind.

* In the poetry of the north, the earth is stiled, " The vessel that
" floats on ages." I have made use of this paraphrase for the *Nagel fara*,
or ship of the gods here mentioned.

† The Muspelli, a sort of Genii.

Know'st

Know'st thou what is done above?
 No more in halls of joy and love,
 The favour'd guests, profuse of soul,
 Drain the skull or nectar'd bowl :
 What Genii shake that nodding frame?
 These are deeds without a name.
 Struck with elemental jar,
 Gods themselves come forth to war :
 From the many-mansion'd dome,
 Giant-tenants loosen'd roam ;
 The dwarfish guardians of each cell
 Shriek around with fearful yell :
 These no acts of joy and love——
 Know'st thou now what's done above?

From the regions of the South
 Surtur * bursts with fiery mouth :
 High o'er yonder black'ning shade
 Gleams the hallow'd sun-bright blade,

* The Prince of the Genii of fire.

Which, in star-bespangled field,
 Warrior Gods encount'ring wield.
 From vengeance' red celestial store,
 Ministers of ruin pour ;
 Caverns yawning, mountains rending :
 Conscious of the fate impending,
 Ydrasils prophetic ash
 Nods to the air with sudden crash :
 Monstrous female forms advance,
 Stride the steed, and couch the lance ;
 Armed heroes throng the road,
 All from Hela's * dark abode ;
 And see, from either verge of Heav'n,
 That concave vast asunder riv'n.

Why does beauteous Lina weep ?
 Whence those lorn notes in accent deep ?
 For battle Odin 'gins prepare ;
 Aloft in distant realms of air,

* The Goddess of death.

Mark the murd'rous monster * stalk,
 In printless majesty of walk.
 Odin kens his well-known tread;
 The fatal sisters clip the thread :
 To the mansion cold he creeps—
 In vain the beauteous Lina weeps.

Glowing with paternal fire,
 Generous rage and fierce desire,
 See Odin's offspring, Vidar bold,
 His sanguine course unfault'ring hold.
 Nought he fears the wolfish grin,
 Tho' slaughter's minions round him din ;
 In vain 'gainst him, in fell accord,
 Giant forms uplift the sword ;
 He locks his foe in iron sleep,
 And stamps the filial vengeance deep.

Think not yet the measure full,
 Or the blade with carnage dull ;

* The wolf Fenris, by whom Odin was slain.

Lodina's glory, heart and hand,
 Joins the fight, and takes his stand.
 Lo ! in many a horrid turn,
 Crest that glistens, eyes that burn,
 The lordly serpent rolls along,
 Nor fears the brave, nor heeds the strong :
 But hark, 'twas fate in thunder spoke ;
 Vidar deals the forceful stroke,
 Lays the death-doom'd monster low,
 And triumphs o'er his burnish'd foe.

From the cavern deep and dank,
 Bonds that burst, and chains that clank,
 Proclaim the griesly form canine,
 Loosen'd from his long confine :
 Garmar * foams with rage and shame ;
 Garmar, to gods no fearless name.

* Immediately previous to the destruction of the world, the Edda sup-
 poses, that the Stygian dog, named Garmar, will be unbound.

Signs abroad portentous low'r ;
 'Tis desolation's fated hour :
 Fiery shapes the æther wing ;
 Surtur calls, they know their King.
 Dark encircling clouds absorb
 The lustre of light's central orb ;
 Conscious stars no more dispense
 Their gently beaming influence ;
 But bursting from their shaken sphere,
 Unsubstantial disappear.
 No more this penfile mundane ball
 Rolls thro' the wide aerial hall ;
 Ingulphed sinks the vast machine.
 Who shall say, the things have been ?
 For lo! the curtain close and murk
 Veils creation's ruin'd work.

O D E II.

THE RENOVATION OF THE WORLD,

A N D

FUTURE RETRIBUTION *.

*The Gods (or Dæmones) meet on the Top of Mount Inda, and
sing the following prophetic Song of Triumph.*

NOW the spirit's plastic might,
Brooding o'er the formless deep,
O'er the dusk abyss of night,
Bids creation cease to sleep !

Instant from the riven main
Starts the renovated earth ;
Pine-clad mountain, shaded plain ;
See, 'tis nature's second birth.

* See Bartholinus, *ut sup.*

D

Now

Now the waters glide along,
 Murm'ring fountain, rapid flood;
 Eagles soar on pinion strong,
 Tyrants of the finny * brood.

Gods on Inda spread the board;
 Such was the supreme decree:
 Swell the strains in full accord,
 Strains of holiest harmony!

“ Pour the sparkling beverage high;
 “ Be the song with horror fraught:
 “ Lab'ring † earth, and ruin'd sky,
 “ Fill the soul and fix the thought.

“ Odin next inspire the verse,
 “ Gor'd by the relentless fang ‡;

* In Norway, and on the coasts of the Baltic, the birds of prey subsist principally on fish. One of the Norway Eagles is stiled, the sea or fish-eagle.

† Alluding to the preceding Ode.

‡ Fenris, by whom Odin was slain.

“ Æther

- “ Æther felt the conflict fierce,
 “ Dying groan, and parting pang,

 “ Where is now his vaunted might?
 “ Where the terror of his eye?
 “ Fled for aye from scenes of light:
 “ Pour the sparkling beverage high.

 “ Lo! they fleet in radiant round,
 “ Years of plenty, years of joy:
 “ Sorrow’s place no more is found,
 “ Cares that vex, or sweets that cloy.

 “ From the kindly teeming foil,
 “ Ripen’d harvests wave unfown;
 “ Wherefore need the peasant’s toil?
 “ Nature works, and works alone.

 “ Ask you whose the scepter’d sway?
 “ ’Tis to lordly Balder giv’n:

“ Mark him there in bright array,
 “ Stalking thro’ the halls of heav’n.

“ Hoder holds united reign ;
 “ Latest times their strength shall prove ;
 “ Monarchs of the bleak domain *.
 “ Know’st thou now what’s done above ?

“ Is it blest delusion’s hour ?
 “ Rolls mine eye in frenzied trance ?
 “ Beams of glory round me show’r ;
 “ Troops of radiant forms advance.

“ Founded on that firm-set rock,
 “ Rising view the dome of gold †,
 “ Fix’d secure from wintry shock :
 “ There the good, and there the bold.

* *Amplum ventosum mundum.* Barthol.

† *Gimli*, the palace of the blest ; called otherwise *Vingolf*, the palace of friendship.

“ High

“ High in tracts of troubled air,
 “ Justice waves her awful sword :
 “ Vice appall’d, with hideous stare,
 “ Shrinks ere spoke the dooming word.

“ Conscience comes, a tort’ring fiend,
 “ Bids his minions round him roll ;
 “ Fell remorse, the breast to rend,
 “ Agony, to storm the soul.

“ In Nastronda’s northern * plain,
 “ Hark, th’ invenom’d portals ope :
 “ Respite there is none of pain,
 “ Ray of Sun, or beam of hope.

“ Dog-ey’d lust, adult’ry foul,
 “ Murder red with many a stain,
 “ At the fatal entrance scowl,
 “ Bound in adamantine chain.

* The place of punishment for the wicked.

“ Mark the house ; if right we deem,
 “ ’Tis of scales serpentine built ;
 “ Round it brawls a turbid stream :
 “ Mortal, such th’ abode of guilt.

“ Know’st thou now what’s done above ?
 “ Know’st thou now the deeds of night ?”
 They spoke : the feast of joy and love
 Glow’d on Inda’s glitt’ring height.

O D E III.

D I A L O G U E

A T T H E

TOMB OF ARGANTYR*.

Hervor repairs to the Tomb of her Father Argantyr, at the dead of Night, and invokes his Spirit to deliver up the Magical Sword Trifingus, which was buried with him.

H E R V O R.

THY daughter calls ; Argantyr, break
 The bonds of death ; she calls, awake :
 Reach me forth the temper'd blade,
 Beneath thy dusty pillow laid ;
 Which once a scepter'd warrior bore,
 Forg'd by dwarfs † in years of yore.

* See Hickee's Thesaurus, Septentrional. Vol. I.

† Dwarfs or *Nani*, in the northern sense, answer to Cyclops. *Hickee's Thes.*

Where

Where are the sons of Angrim fled?
 Mingled with the valiant dead.
 From under twisted roots of oak
 Blasted by the thunder's stroke,
 Arise, arise, ye men of blood,
 Ye who prepar'd the Vulture's food;
 Give me the sword, and studded * belt;
 Armies whole their force have felt:
 Or grant my pray'r, or mould'ring rot,
 Your name, your deeds alike forgot.
 Argantyr, rouse thee from thy rest;
 'Tis an only child's request.

A R G A N T Y R.

Daughter, I hear the magic sound,
 That wakes the tenants of the ground:
 Why call'st thou thus? What dire intent
 Is within thy bosom pent?
 No friendly hand, no parent, gave
 My bones to rest in hallow'd grave;

* ——— *Apparuit ingens**Baltens, et notis fulserunt circula bullis:*

VIRG.

To me no sacred rite was paid ;
 Here by barb'rous hands convey'd,
 In this mansion cold, forlorn,
 My gloomy ghost shall ever mourn.
 Think not by unceasing pray'r,
 Hence the charmed sword to bear ;
 For know, above in realms of light,
 Trifingus is another's right.

H E I R V O R.

Ha ! my fire, what words accurst
 Have from the lip of falsehood burst
 Thou know'st, with thee in darkness laid,
 Sleeps the consecrated blade :
 Yield it, 'tis th' appointed hour,
 Or dread avenging Odin's pow'r :
 Canst thou thus, with tongue unblest,
 Deny an only child's request ?

M A R G A N T Y R A.

With awe my words prophetic hear ;
 Hervor, 'tis for thee I fear :

F

The

The fates have seal'd thy offspring's doom;
 Trifingus brings them to the tomb.

H E R V O R

Talk not to me of future times;
 I swear, by force of magic rhymes,
 Repose the dead shall know no more,
 Till thou the gifted sword restore.

A R G A N T Y R

Maid, thy warlike soul I bless,
 Who roav'st by night in armed dress,
 With spell-wrought helmet, iron proof,
 And garments wove in mystic woof;
 Who dar'st in thrilling accents call
 The dead from their sepulchral hall.

H E R V O R

No more this idle converse hold:
 Once I thought thy spirit bold:
 Give me forth the radiant brand *;
 Hear, and grant my just demand.

Let

* Wav'd over by that flaming brand. MILT. P. L. v. 12.

Let it's strength again be try'd,
 'Twas not made below to bide.
 Yield it, 'tis th' appointed hour,
 Or dread avenging Odin's pow'r.

A R G A N T Y R.

Here within the fated sheath,
 Hialmar's ruin lies beneath,
 Wrapt in its own terrific flame;
 What maid but trembles at the name?

H E R V O R.

I tremble not : the flame tho' bright,
 Is but ineffectual light,
 That plays around the buried corse,
 With meteor glare devoid of force;
 I'll grasp the sword in terror drest;
 Grant an only child's request.

A R G A N T Y R.

Rash Virgin, to thy pray'r I yield :
 Lo! Trifingus stands reveal'd * !
 Blazing like the noon-day sun—

* Here the sword is delivered to Hervor from the tomb.

H E R V O R.

H E R V O R.

King of men, 'tis nobly done :
This blade with rapt'rous joy I own,
A greater gift than Norway's throne.

A R G A N T Y R.

Fond, exulting daughter, know,
These transports work thee lasting woe ;
By the keen edge ('tis thus decreed)
Thy sons, e'en Hydreks self, shall bleed.

H E R V O R.

I must to my ships repair ;
'Tis nought to me : be that their care ;
If in the purple fount of life,
They steep the steel in mortal strife ;
By no ignoble stroke they fall,
And sink with joy to Hela's hall.

A R G A N T Y R.

A R G A N T Y R.

Hie thee hence from death's domain,
With rev'rence keep Hialmar's bane ;

Touch

Touch but the blade, a warrior dies,
 On either edge quick poison lies :
 Thou art of a race divine,
 Take the gift the gods assign.

H E R V O R.

Never shall Trifingus sleep,
 But move with desolating sweep ;
 Never fear invade my breast,
 Nor dying sons my peace molest ;
 If by Trifingus' stroke they fall,
 They sink with joy to Hela's hall.

A R G A N T Y R.

Hark, e'en now with fullen moan,
 Victims twelve beneath thee groan :
 Armed in paternal might,
 Go forth, my child, and dare the fight :
 Angrim's portion'd wealth is thine ;
 Take the gift the gods assign.

H E R V O R.

Now, in the silence of the tomb,
 Dwell undisturb'd 'till final doom :
 I must tread my destin'd road,
 And speed me from this drear abode ;
 For here, as still my steps I turn,
 Flaky fires around me burn.

O D E IV.

B A T T L E.

The Images selected from the Works attributed to Ossian.

W H O the deeds of war shall tell?---
Fingal struck the chorded shell,

Valour's noblest, best reward ;
Fingal chief, and Fingal bard.
Leaning on the craggy rock,
He kenn'd afar the battle's shock ;
Forth tumultuous numbers roll,
Bursting from his lab'ring soul.

Mark exulting heroes throng,
Starno bold, and Trenmor strong ;
See the force of Gaul advance ;
Fergus lifts the glitt'ring lance ;
Lowering there each warrior shield,
Like darken'd moon in starry field.
Hark! they join ('twas Swaran's word)
Man to man, and sword to sword ;

Thick

Thick they fall, of armour reft,
 Hauberks riven, helmets cleft;
 Groans of dying armies fill
 The deepen'd vale, the lofty hill;
 As the whirlwind's rapid might
 Breaks the silence of the night:
 While pouring o'er the stained ground,
 Sanguine torrents smoke around.

What Spirit that, which mounts the blast?
 His form with sorrow's clouds o'ercaft,
 His faded hue, and fullen ftate,
 Speak the meffenger of fate.

As the Ocean's troubled roar,
 When furies fweep the whitening fhore;
 As on Morven's ftormy brow,
 Thoufand blafts in conflict blow;
 As the thunder's rattling march,
 Rending Heav'n's affrighted arch;
 O'er th' embattled crimson heath,
 Hurtles fo the voice of death.

O D E V.

T U D O R*.

FILL the horn of glossy blue,
 Ocean's bright cærulean hue ;
 Briskly quaff the flav'rous mead,
 'Tis a day to joy decreed.
 Strike the harp's symphonious string,
 Tudor none refuse to sing ;
 Ne'er shall he belie his birth,
 Valour his, and conscious worth.

Have you seen the virgin snow,
 That tops old Aran's peering brow ;
 Or lucid web, by insect spun,
 Purpleal gleam in summer Sun ?
 With such, yet far diviner light,
 Malvina hits the dazzled sight ;
 The guerdon such, can Tudor's breast
 Dare to court ignoble rest ?

* See Mr. Evans's specimens of the Welsh Bards.

From the cliff sublime and hoary
 See descending martial glory ;
 Armed bands aloft uprear'
 Crimson banner, crimson spear ;
 Venodotia's ancient boast,
 Meets the pride of London's host ;
 On they move with step serene,
 And form a dreadly pleasing scene.

Heard you that terrific clang ?
 Thro' the pathless void it rang :
 Th' expecting raven screams afar,
 And snuffs the reeking spoils of war.
 Have you e'er on barren strand
 Ta'en your solitary stand,
 And seen the whirlwind's spirit sped
 O'er the dark-green billowy bed ?
 Glowing in the thickest fight,
 Such resistless Tudor's might.

O D E VI.

A N I N C A N T A T I O N .

FOUNDED ON THE

N O R T H E R N M Y T H O L O G Y .

HE A R, ye Rulers of the North,
Spirits of exalted worth ;

By the silence of the night,

By subtle magic's secret rite ;

By Peolphán, murky King,

Master of th' enchanted ring ;

By all and each of hell's grim host,

Howling demon, tortur'd ghost ;

By each spell and potent word,

Burst from lips of Glauron's Lord ;

By

By Coronzon's awful power ;
 By the dread and solemn hour,
 When Gual fierce, and Damael strong,
 Stride the blast that roars along ;
 Or in fell descending swoop,
 Bid the furious spirit stoop
 O'er desolation's gloomy plain,
 Haunt of warriors, battle-flain.
 Now the world in sleep is laid,
 Thorbiorga * calls your aid.

Mark the fable feline coat,
 Spotted girdle, velvet-wrought ;
 Mark the skin of glistening snake,
 Sleeping seiz'd in forest brake ;
 Mark the radiant chrystal stone,
 On which day's Sovereign never shone,
 From the cavern dark and deep,
 Digg'd i'th' hour of mortal sleep ;

* The name of an enchantress in Bartholinus.

Mark the cross, in mystic round,
 Meetly o'er the fandal bound,
 And the symbols grav'd thereon,
 Holiest Tetragrammaton !
 While the midnight torches gleam,
 Rivals of pale Cynthia's beam,
 On ocean's unfrequented shore
 Some moss-grown ruin silv'ring o'er.
 While the flame of resinous fire
 Mounts aloft in curling spire ;
 I scatter round this charmed room,
 The fragrance of the myrrh's perfume ;
 And bending o'er this consecrated sword,
 Confirm each murmur'd spell, each inly-thrilling
 word.

T H E E N D.

It was thought proper to subjoin the literal Translations of the Originals of the three first Odes, as the Books whence they are taken are rather scarce.

O D E I.

CREPUSCULUM DEORUM,

SEU

INTERITUS MUNDI.

Barthol. L. 2. C. 14.

Hymn ækr austau, &c.

HRYMUS (gigas quidam) ab ortu
aurigat;
Intumescit mare:
Volutat se Iormungandus (anguis terram
ambire creditus)
Furore giganteo.
Anguis maria movet;
Aquila vero clangit,
Dilaniat cadavera lurido rostro.
Nafglar (navis) solvitur.

Navis ab ortu venit;
Aderunt Muspelli,
Per mare incolæ;
Lokus vero gubernat.
Incedunt furentes populi,
Cum lupo omnes.
Illiscum frater,
Beleipi prodit.

Quid novi apud Deos geritur?
Quid apud Genios?
Fragore personat totus gigantum mundus.
Dii in foro versantur:
Gemunt nani
Ante lapidearum habitationum ostia,
Lapideorum meatuum gnari;
Nostrin' adhuc quid rei geritur?

Surtur ab Austro prodit,
Igne comitante;
Radiat Solis instar, ensis
Deorum bellacium.
Saxa ruinam minantur:
Fœminæ giganteæ vagantur;
Calcant viam Helæ:
Diffunditur Cælum.

Tunc evenit Hlinæ
Dolor secundus;
Quando Odinus prodit
Ad dimicandum cum lupo;
Occisorque Belæ,
Candidus cum furto:
Tum Friggæ
Cadet maritus.

Tum prodit magnus
Filius Odini,
Vidarus, ut pugnet
Cum fragis animali (lupo.)
Curat sobolis giganteæ
Insistere
Gladium cordi:
Tum patris mortem ulciscitur.

Tum prodit magnus
Filius Lodinæ;
Incedit Odini filius
Ut cum lupo (seu fratre lupi Iormungando)
dimicet;
Magnâ audaciâ
Occidit midgardicum anguem.
Viri omnes
E mundo evacuabuntur.

Latrat Garmus valde
Ante Guipense antrum;

Rumpentur

Rumpentur Catenaë,
Et prouet lupus.
Progreditur passus novem
Fyorgin e proles,
Tristis ab angue
Mala facere non timido.

Nigrescit Sol:
Immergitur mari Tellus:
Disparefcunt e Cœlo
Serenaë Stella:
Sævit ignis
Sub sæculi extremitatem;
Lambit ascendens flamma
Ipsum Cœlum.

O D E II.

NOVI MUNDI EXORTUS.
Bartholinus *ut sup.*

Ser hon uppkoma, &c.

VIDET illa emergere
Alterâ vice
Terram e mari
Vald. viridem;
Labuntur aquæ;
Superrolat aquila,
Quæ in montibus
Pisces capit.

Conveniunt Dii
In Idæ * campo;
Et de dirutis habitaculis
Validis loquuntur:
Ibique mentionem faciunt
Magnorum colloquiorum,
Et Odini
Antiquorum sermonum.

" Ibi deinde
" Mirabiles orbes
" Deaurati alcatorii
" In gramine inveniuntur,

* Indæ V. Lect.

† The Gothic Hell is termed Nifheim. In Goranson's Latin version of the Edda, *Hift. ma*, is the following passage. " In medio Nifhemii est fons nomine Hvergelmer. Hinc profluunt amnes hifce celebrati nominibus: Angor, Gaudii Remora, Mortis Habitatio, Celerissima Perditio et Vetus, Vagina, Procella Sæva, Vorago, Stridor et Ululatus, Late Emanans, Vehementer Fremens, portas inferni alluit.—This is evidently the Platonic Inferno in Virgil.

" Quos olim possederant
" Rector deorum,
" Et Odini progenies."

Ferent non sati
Agri fructum:
Adversa quævis cessent;
Aderit Balderus.
Incolent Balderus et Hodus
Odini dirutas ædes,
Bene bellaces Dii.
Nostin' adhuc quid rei geritur?

Domum stare videt
Sole clariorem,
Auro testam
In Gimli;
Ibi probi
Populi habitabunt,
Et per sæcula
Gaudio fruentur.

Tum prodit potens ille,
Instante divino iudicio,
Validus e supernis
Qui omnia regit;
Hic sententiam fert,
Et causas dirimit,
Sacra fata statuit,
Quæ durabunt.

" Advenit fuscus
" Draco volans,
" Anguis asper, ab imis
" Nidensibus montibus;
" Pennis suis fertur;
" Pervolat campum
" Nidhoggus mortuorum.
" Nunc illa terra absorbetur."

Domum stare videt
A sole remotam
In Nastronda †;
Fores boream spectant;

Distillant

Diffillant veneni guttæ
Intro per fenestras :
Hæc contexta est domus
Spinis serpentinis.

Ibi vadare videt
Rapida stuenta
Viros perjuros,
Et nefarios,
Et qui alterius vellicant
Aurem conjugis.
“ Rodebat ibi Nidhoggus cadavera ;
“ Laniavit lupus viros.
Nostin’ adhuc quid rei geritur ?

N. B. The lines marked thus “ are omitted in the imitation.

O D E III.

Metro haud multum dissimili carmina sua
scripsit Scaldus ille, auctor libri, cui ti-
tulus HERVARER SAGA, (quem edi-
dit cl. Olaus Verelius) ut constat ex dia-
logo illo inter Hervaram et Argantyr, pa-
tris sui manes, à quo ad tumulum stans,
ut Tirsingum gladium cum eo sepultum
daret, rogat.

HERVOR.
WAFNADU ARGANTYR, &c.

HERVOR.

AWAKE, Argantyr, Hervor, the only
daughter of thee and Suafu doth awa-
ken thee. Give me out of the tomb, the
hardned sword, which the dwarfs made for
Suafurlama. Hervardur, Hiorvardur, Hra-
ni, and Argantyr, with helmet and coat of
mail, and a sharp sword : with shield and
accoutrements, and bloody spear, I wake you
all, under the roots of trees. Are the sons
of Andgrym, who delighted in mischief, now
become dust and ashes ? Can none of Eyvor’s
sons now speak with me, out of the habita-
tions of the dead ! Harvardur, Hiorvardur !
So may you all be within your ribs, as a thing
that is hanged up to putrify among insects,
unless you deliver me the sword which the
dwarfs made, and the glorious belt.

ARGANTYR.

Daughter Hervor, full of spells to raise the
dead, why dost thou call so ? Wilt thou run
on to thy own mischief ? Thou art mad, and
out of thy senses, who art desperately resolv-
ed to waken dead men I was not buried
either by father, or other friends. Two
which lived after me, got Tirsing, one of
whom is now possessor thereof.

HERVOR.

Thou dost not tell the truth : So let Odín
hide thee in the tomb, as thou hast Tirsing
by thee. Art thou unwilling, Argantyr, to
give an inheritance to thy only child ?

ARGANTYR.

I will tell thee, Hervor, what will come
to pass : this Tirsing, will, if thou dost be-
lieve me, destroy almost all thy offspring.
Thou shalt have a son, who afterwards must
possess Tirsing, and many think that he will
be called Heidrek by the people.

HERVOR.

I do by enchantments make, that the dead
shall never enjoy rest. unless Argantyr deli-
ver me Tirsing.

ARGANTYR.

Young maid, I say thou art of manlike
courage, who dost rove about by night to
tombs, with spear engraven with magical
spells, with helmet, and coat of mail, before
the door of our hall.

HERVOR.

I took thee for a brave man, before I found
out your hall. Give me out of the tomb the
workmanship of the dwarfs, which hates all
coats of mail ; it is not good for thee to hide
it.

ARGANTYR.

The death of Hialmar lies under my shoul-
ders ; it is all wrapt up in fire : I know no
maid

maid in any country, that dares this sword
take in hand.

HERVOR.

I shall keep, and take in my hand the sharp
sword, if I may obtain it. I do not think
that fire will burn, which plays about the
fight of deccafed men.

ARGANTYR.

O conceited Hervor, thou art mad. Ra-
ther than thou in a moment shouldest fall into
the fire, I will give thee the sword out of the
tomb, young maid, and not hide it from
thee,

HERVOR.

Thou dost well, thou offspring of Heroes,
that thou didst send me the sword out of the
tomb. I am now better pleased, O Prince!
to have it, than if I had got all Norway.

ARGANTYR.

False woman, thou dost not understand,
that thou speakest foolishly of that in which
thou dost rejoice. For Tirfing shall, if thou
wilt believe me, maid, destroy all thy off-
spring.

HERVOR.

I must go to my seamen. Here I have no
mind to stay longer. Little do I care, O
Royal Friend! what my sons hereafter quar-
rel about.

ARGANTYR.

Take and keep Hialmar's bane, which
thou shalt long have and enjoy. Touch but
the edges of it, there is poison in both of
them: it is a most cruel devourer of men.

HERVOR.

I shall keep, and take in hand, the sharp
sword which thou hast let me have: I do not
fear, O slain Father! what my sons hereafter
may quarrel about.

ARGANTYR.

Farewel, daughter! I do quickly give thee
twelve men's death; if thou canst believe with
might and courage: even all the goods that
Andgrym's sons left behind them.

HERVOR.

Dwell all of you safe in the tomb. I must
be gone and hasten hence, for I seem to be in
the midst of a place where fire burns round
about me.

Hickes's Thesaurus Septentrionalis, Vol. I.
page 193.

ODE V.

This is not a regular Imitation of any par-
ticular Poem in Mr. Evans's Specimens;
but the following Passages, in different
Parts of them, struck me, and occasioned
my composing this short Monostrophic Ode.

“O CUP-BEARER! fetch the horn
that we may drink together, whose
gloss is like the wave of the sea: bring the
best meath.——

“I have composed with great study and
pains, thy praise, O thou, that shinnest like
the new-fallen snow of the brow of Aran:—
Thou that shinnest like the fine spider's webs
on the grass in a Summer's day.——

“The army at Offa's dike panted for glo-
ry, the troops of Venodotia, and the men of
London.——

“He puts numerous troops of his enemies
to flight like a mighty wind.”——

F I N I S.

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