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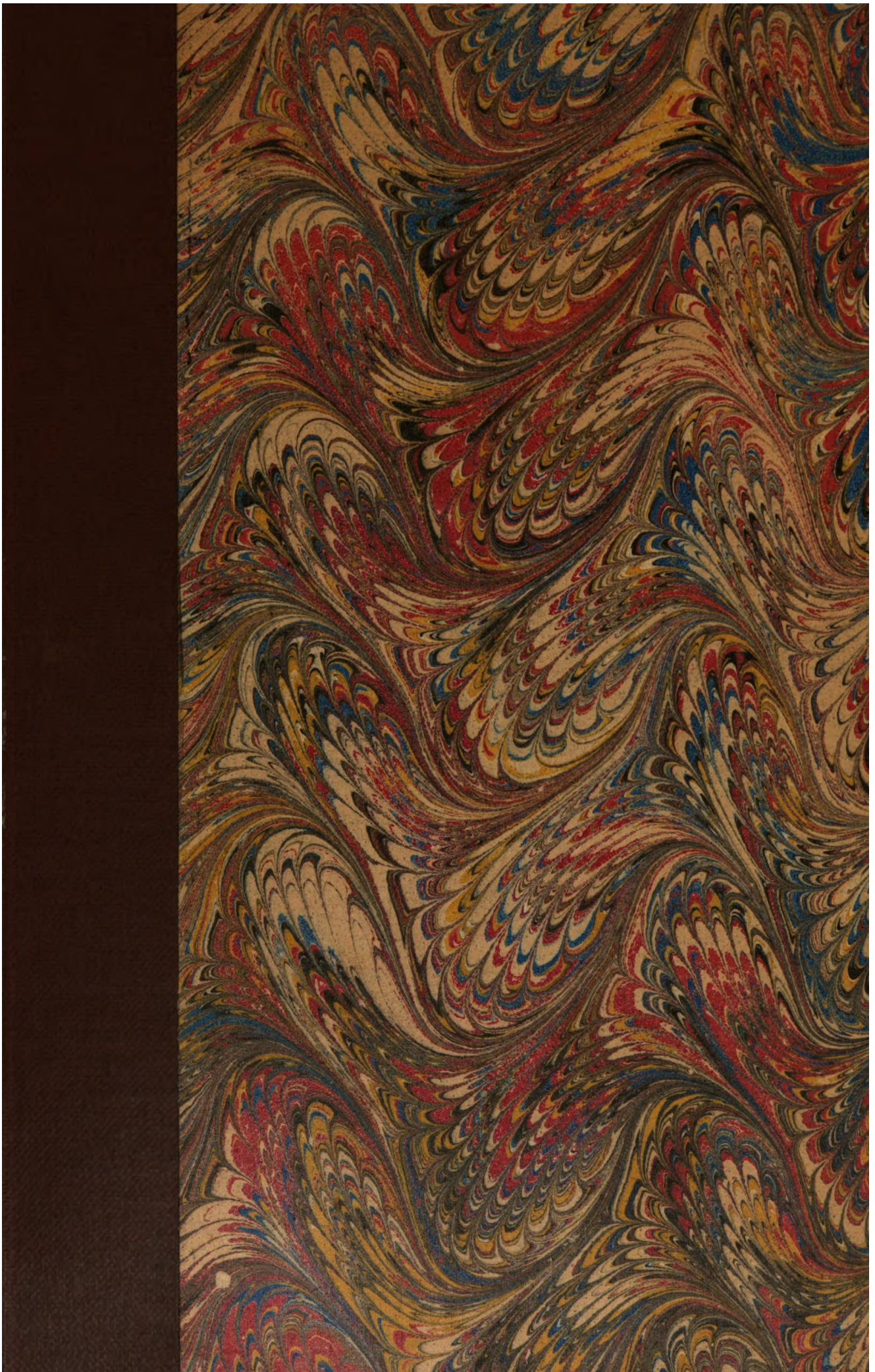
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Fiedler M. 1000





Handwritten signature or scribble, possibly reading "Wm. G. L. 1859"

FRITHIOF'S SAGA,

OR

THE LEGEND OF FRITHIOF.

1899 *Robertson*

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FRITHIOF'S SAGA,
OR
THE LEGEND OF FRITHIOF.

BY ESAIAS TEGNER.

Translated from the Swedish.

LONDON:
A. H. BAILY AND Co., 85, CORNHILL.
—
1835.



THIS TRANSLATION

OF

FRITHIOF'S SAGA

IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO

TEGNER.

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

TEGNER

PREFACE.



FRITHIOF'S SAGA, which now for the first time appears in an English dress, is the production of Esaias Tegner, one of the most distinguished poets of Sweden. It was published at Stockholm in 1825, and so rapid was its success, that in 1831, it had already gone through as many as five editions. Its celebrity was not long confined to Sweden. Shortly after its appearance, Miller gave an elegant and faithful Danish version of it: and in Germany it received the unusual honor of being translated by three different persons; viz.—the Baroness de Helwig, Dr. Mohnike, and M. Rudolph Schley. Each of these versions is executed with the conscientious

fidelity peculiar to German translators; each enjoys a high reputation, and has passed through three or four editions.

It seems high time, therefore, that a poem so popular, and admired in the countries where its merits could be best appreciated, should receive the homage of the English reader; and it is presumed that the partiality for the literature of the North, which both in France and England, is daily increasing, cannot be more happily gratified than by thus presenting it with a poem, that, independent of all other excellence, must be interesting by being so conspicuously marked by the favour and applause of northern taste. The legend on which the poem is founded, and to which the author has adhered pretty closely, is of great antiquity. Frithiof, the Viking, must have flourished in the eighth or ninth century, a considerable time before the introduction of Christianity into Scandinavia. The author has taken this occasion to interweave various interesting allusions to the Gothic mythology, and to introduce many striking examples of its operation and influence. Of supernatural agency he has, with great good taste, been sparing. The 24th canto contains a short but clear analysis

of the Edda doctrine; there is also a touching allusion to the future appearance of the Christian religion in Scandinavia, in a prophetic strain, and in a style worthy of Virgil. The monotony incident to most poems has been ingeniously avoided, by each canto being written in a different metre, the result of which is an uninterrupted freshness, variety, and spirit.

The aim of the translators has been to render the original with as much exactness, and as little paraphrase as possible: how far, in this attempt, they may have missed the grace and ease which are the essentials of good composition, it will be for the English critic to decide. The singular resemblance between the two languages renders it very practicable to be literal without being dull; to copy very closely the form without sacrificing the spirit; and, above all, to dispense with the enfeebling aid of expletives and epithets.

W. E. F.

FRITHIOF'S SAGA.

Names of the Personages who figure in this Poem.

- BELE, King of Sogn.
- HELGE, }
HALFDAN, } his sons.
- INGEBORG, daughter of Bele, educated with Frithiof, under the care of Hilding.
- THORSTEN, a rich bonde (cultivator), friend and brother in arms of King Bele.
- FRITHIOF, son of Thorsten, lover of Ingeborg, and the hero of the poem.
- HILDING, an old peasant, foster father to Frithiof and Ingeborg.
- BIORN, son of Hilding, friend and brother in arms of Frithiof.
- RING, King of a part of Norway.
- ANGANTYR, Jarl, or reigning Count of the Orkney Islands.

CANTO I.

FRITHIOF AND INGEBORG.

THERE grew, in Hilding's garden fair,
Two plants beneath his fostering care ;
Such plants the North had never seen ;
How gloriously they deck the green !

One like the oak-tree soars on high,
Whose trunk all proudly greets the sky ;
While bending still, by winds caress'd
Its branches wave like warrior's crest.

The other blossoms like the rose,
Ere yet the vernal suns disclose
The charms that in the chalice dawn,
Though winter hath its breath withdrawn.

But storms arise and shake the earth ;
 The oak must struggle from its birth ;
 And the bright sun, with rays of gold,
 The rose's bud will soon unfold.

In peace and joy, 'neath Hilding's view,
 These lovely plants together grew :
 And Frithiof (1) was the oak-tree hight ;
 The rose was Ingeborga bright.

Didst thou behold them during day,—
 In Freya's palace, thou wouldst say,
 Are only found such beings fair,
 With rosy wings and golden hair.

But when they dance in hour of night,
 Beneath the moon's transparent light,—
 Sure 'tis the Elfin king and queen,
 Thus dancing on the meadow green !

He cons his task with eager joy,—
 For he can now—that smiling boy—
 To Ingeborg (2) the runes impart,
 And lessons that he learnt by heart.

She loves to skim the dark blue sea
 In Frithiof's bark ; and oft as he
 Or reefs the sail, or now expands,
 She claps with joy her small white hands. (3)

(1) Frithiof, this word is either of two or three syllables.

(2) Ingeborg—the final *g* is not pronounced.

(3) Original—smaa hvita hœnder.

No tree too high, no rock too bold,
When she a bird's nest would behold :
The eagle's eggs and young he laid,
With joyful pride, before the maid.

No torrent could his path arrest ;
How sweet to be more closely prest
By the fair maiden in his arms,
When foaming waters rous'd alarms !

The first bright rose that spring unfolds,
The first red cherry he beholds,
The first ripe ear that autumn yields,
For her he gathers from the fields.

But hours of childhood quickly fly ;
A blooming youth, with flashing eye,
Now gazes on the maiden bright,
Whose charms full blossom to the sight.

He seeks no longer childish sports ;
Unarmed the hardy youth resorts
To the dark forest, where the bear
Lies growling in his gloomy lair :

And breast oppos'd to breast they fight ;
And Frithiof conquers ; with delight
To Ingeborg he bears the spoil ;
Forgotten are his wounds and toil ;—

For woman loveth danger's task ;
As plumes hang fondly o'er the casque,
When no light zephyrs rouse their pride,
Thus beauty clings to valor's side.

When during the long winter's night,
In the vast hall, while flames shine bright,
He sings a lay, or reads a story
Of Asas' and Valhalla's glory.

“Of gold,” he says, “is Freya's hair,—
It waves like wheat-sheaf in the air :
But I know locks of brighter gold
That a more polish'd brow enfold.

“Iduna's breast is soft and fair ;
It pants beneath a tissue rare :
I know a verdant silken vest
That covers a far whiter breast.

“And Frigga's eyes are deepest blue ;
Like heaven their soft and brilliant hue :
But I know eyes whose dazzling ray
Rivals the brightest vernal day.

“A sun-beam on new-fallen snow
Is Gerda's cheek : a maid I know,
And she, though but a mortal meek,
Can boast a far more glowing cheek.

“I know a heart as pure as thine,
Fair Nanna! poet's bliss assign
To thee, oh Balder! 'twas thy pride
That tender Nanna was thy bride.

“And if belov'd in death like thee,
One faithful maiden, true to me,
Would weep like Nanna o'er my grave,
Stern Hela's terrors I would brave.”

But Ingeborg, the child of kings,
Sitting alone a ditty sings,
Or weaves a woof of warlike scene,
Of ocean's waves, and arbours green.

On wool as white as drifted snow,
Woven in gold, the bucklers glow;
While red as blood the lances stream,
The coats of mail in silver gleam.

The tales oft change at her command;
But, as they grow beneath her hand,
Her heroes all bear Frithiof's mien;
She blushes, but is pleased, I ween.

And Frithiof in the forest roves,
And carves the name of her he loves
On many a tree; those runes proclaim
Their plighted troth and mutual flame.

When nature stirs, and men arise,—
When day first treads the azure skies,—
(The world's bright king with hair of gold,)
They still in thought communion hold.

When night rides o'er the fields of air,—
(Earth's mother with her ebon hair,)
And stars shine bright, and planets rove,—
They sleep, but dream of nought but love.

“Oh Earth! in spring 'tis thy delight
To deck thy locks with flow'rets bright;
Oh give me those that bloom most fair,
To twine a wreath for Frithiof's hair!”

“Ocean! beneath thy waves profound,
In thy vast halls rich pearls are found;
Give me the fairest now to deck
My Ingeborg's still fairer neck.”

“Oh sun! first gem of Odin's throne!
Eye of the world! wert thou mine own,
Thy golden disk should proudly rest,
As buckler on my Frithiof's breast.”

“Oh moon! with chaste and silver light!
Lamp in Alfader's mansion bright!
I'd give thine orb, wert thou mine own,
As clasp for Ingeborga's zone.”

But Hilding says; "Beware, my son :
 In its own sphere each orb must run ;
 Love's hopes are sweet, but often wild,—
 Fair Ingeborg is Bele's (1) child.

"Her race ascends to Odin's throne,
 While thou art but a bonde's (2) son :
 Vain and presumptuous, then, thy aim
 A royal maiden's hand to claim."

But Frithiof laugh'd : "I count my race
 From foes I conquer'd in the chase :
 I slew the forest monarch grim ;
 My glories all descend from him.

"A free-born man should ne'er despair :
 He may the wrongs of fate repair :
 No emprise is for him too bold ;
 And Hope still wears her crown of gold.

"All force is great, and kindred well
 May claim with Thor,—that God doth dwell
 In Trudvang, and he loves the brave ;
 A puissant pleader is the glaive.

"For my young bride, I would defy
 The mighty thunderer of the sky ;
 Woe to the hand, whose wanton power
 Would rob me of my darling flower !"

H. G.

(1) Bele is of two syllables.

(2) Bonde is of two syllables, and means "cultivator."

CANTO II.

KING BELE AND THORSTEN VIKINGSON.

King Bele, leaning on his sword, i' th' hall of
council stood ;
And near him Thorsten Vikingson, that bonde
brave and good ;
His age was full an hundred years ; snow-white
his hair and beard ;
And, like an ancient runic stone, his brow with
scars was sear'd.

And like two temples they appear, placed on a
mountain high,
Which, destin'd once to Pagan Gods, in ruin'd
masses lie :
Full many *runes* are graven there upon the an-
cient wall,
That speak of times long since gone by, and
brighter days recall.

King Bele said : " See night approach, and close
my weary task ;
The hydromel I taste no more, and heavy weighs
my casque :
The brightest day can scarcely now illumine my
fading eye ;
I hear Valhalla's summons plain ; and death, I
feel, is nigh.

" And now I've bid my sons attend, and, Thorsten,
also thine ;
Our children should be friends, old man, as thou
wert ever mine.
On those proud eaglets I would fain some sage
advice bestow,
While these pale lips may utter yet a murmur
faint and low."

And even as king Bele spoke, the hall doors
wide unfold ;
First Helge comes ; how dark his eye,—his bear-
ing fierce and bold !
His joy was priestly craft alone ; he lov'd the
victim's cries,
And lo ! upon his hand still reeks the blood of
sacrifice.

Next Halfdan comes, a blooming boy, with skin
so dazzling fair ;
But too effeminate his form, too curl'd his golden
hair :

His sword in a rich girdle hung, as if alone for
play,
And like a youthful maid he seem'd, so smiling,
soft, and gay.

Last of the three, young Frithiof came, wrapp'd
in his mantle blue;
His height the other two surpass'd; more firm
his step and true.
Between the brothers there he stood, with proud
majestic mien,
As still, between the morn and eve, the brighter
day is seen.

“My children,” said the aged king, “I feel
th' approach of death;
In concord govern ye the land, when I'm de-
prived of breath:
For, e'en as rings support the lance, concord
upholds the throne;
If from the lance you take the rings, its strength
at once is gone.

“Let force remain as sentinel to watch the coun-
try's door,
But to fair peace an altar raise, and still her
smile adore:
For to defend, not injure man, should be the
weapon's lot;
And let your shield be ever placed before the
peasant's cot.

“’Tis but the man insane that seeks t’ oppress
his native land ;
What can a monarch e’er achieve without his
people’s hand ?
The foliage of the glorious oak must wither and
decay,
If the bold trunk no life receives from hard and
barren clay.

“Behold, on four proud columns raised, how firm
yon vaulted sky !
E’en so should every monarch’s throne on law’s
firm basis lie :
To the remorseless tyrant’s path, doubt, fear,
and danger cling ;
Justice alone can render blest the country and
the king.

“ Helge, I grant, in Disarsal the mighty Asas
dwell,—
But think not they are snails, my son, that never
quit their shell :
Where’er a sound the ear can reach, or rays
illumine the air,
Wherever thought extends its flight, the Asas’
power is there.

“ The falcon’s entrails may deceive,—such signs
are often vain ;
And on yon deeply sculptured stone, say will
those *tunes* remain ?

“ But on a heart sincere and pure, great Odin’s
 hand doth trace
 Far deeper *runes*, which time itself can never
 thence efface.

“ Be firm, but never harsh, oh king ! inflict not
 useless pains ;
 The steel that strikes the surest blow still flexible
 remains :
 Compassion suits a monarch’s heart, as flowers
 adorn the shield ;
 Say, is it spring, or winter’s cold that fructifies
 the field ?

“ The friendless man, whate’er his rank, is
 wretched and forlorn ;
 He’s like the pine-tree in the waste, from which
 the bark is torn :
 But like a tree within a grove the man befriended
 stands ;
 It’s root the purling streamlets feed ; all tempests
 it withstands.

“ Boast not thy lineage proud and high ; on thy
 own worth depend ;
 Say, wouldst thou call that bow thine own which
 thou canst never bend ?
 What profit then the noble deeds that sepulchres
 inclose ?
 By its own force the river glides, and to yon
 ocean flows.

“Halfdan, a cheerful, gentle mind the Gods themselves approve;
But all the actions of a prince his purpose firm should prove;
The bitter mingles with the sweet the hydromel to form;
Put steel into thy sword, young man,—that laughing brow reform.

“The wisest man, I freely own, can know but little here;
Yet he, alas! who nothing knows, may well derision fear;
A fool, high placed on chair of state, receives not homage true;
But the sage man, whate'er his place, all men with honor view.

“To seek a friend, like him I see, thy foster brother dear,
No road should ever long, my son, nor difficult appear:
But if to seek thy foe's abode the path thou shouldst pursue,
A dangerous labyrinth 'twill prove, however straight to view.

“Chuse not the first man for thy friend, give not to all thine hand;
The palace, not the poor man's hut, doth most a key demand;

“ And to one faithful friend alone thy bosom's
thoughts unfold,
For the whole world, oh, Halfdan, knows what
to a third is told.”

Then Thorsten Vikingson arose, his purpose to
declare :

“ Oh, think not, sire, thou shalt alone to Odin's
hall repair.

King Bele, we have ever shared each change of
mortal fate ;

And we must e'en together still our future doom
await.

“ Frithiof, I now would fain to thee my latest
thoughts impart ;

Oh, listen to my dying words and grave them in
thy heart !

As Odin's birds, in northern lands, on sepulchres
descend,

So wisdom to the aged man her accent loves to
lend.

“ My son, revere the mighty Gods,—for good as
well as ill,

The tempest and the rosy light obey their
sovereign will :

And in our bosom can they not each secret
motive trace ?

Ah! many years it may require one error to
efface.

“Honor the king—for on this earth one man
should reign alone :
The sable night hath many eyes ; the brighter
day but one :
And noble men we ever see achieve the noblest
deeds ;
Let but the sword be firm enough, it seldom
sharpness needs.

“Force is a goodly gift, I grant,—yet, Frithiof,
oh ! reflect
That force can only serve the man whose sense
commands respect :
Is he not stronger far than us, the bear we kill
in fight ?
The shield is meant t’arrest the sword, and law
to conquer might.

“The proud man is not always fear’d, but all
oppose his will ;
Presumption is the parent oft of bitter grief and
ill :
I’ve seen those soar with haughty wings, who
totter now with pain,—
For like the wind is fortune’s smile, so fickle,
false, and vain.

“And never, Frithiof, bless the day until the
set of sun ;
Praise not the beer, till thou hast drank, nor
deed, till it be done :

Too confident, alas, is youth! too high its
hopes ascend:
The weapon is by battle tried;—misfortunes
try a friend.

“ Trust not the ice one night hath form’d, nor
spring’s fast melting snow;
Trust not the wily serpent’s sleep, nor fragile
woman’s vow:
For woman’s breast is like the stone that rolls
from mountains high,
Oft changing in its rapid course,—then trust not
woman’s sigh.

“ And ne’er forget that thou thyself, and all
thou hast, must die;
But one thing will survive the tomb, where thy
remains must lie,—
’Tis the renown thou’lt leave behind on this
vast peopled earth:
Oh! may no deed of thine, my son, disgrace thy
noble birth.”

Thus Thorsten his last counsel gave in Bele’s
lofty hall,
And oft the scalds his sage advice repeat in
th’Havamal:
From race to race, hath been retold each wise
and prudent word,
Which, from the bottom of the tomb, can even
yet be heard.

The two old men then kindly spoke of each long
vanish'd time,
And of their friendship, far renown'd in every
northern clime :
They said, like hands together join'd, 'twould be
their glory still,
Unchang'd in life, unchang'd in death, to share
all good or ill.

“ For back to back we ever stood, while raged
the battle's heat ;
A buckler thus from either side could each fierce
blow defeat :
Now we shall reach Valhalla first : oh children
all, farewell !
But may our spirits from above amongst ye ever
dwell !”

The monarch much of Frithiof spoke, and loudly
praised his worth,
And said, a brave heroic soul was nobler far than
birth.
And Thorsten dwelt upon the crown, and more
illustrious fame
Of mighty northern kings, who bear of Asas'
sons the name.

“ And if, oh three beloved youths, united firm
ye be,
Your conqueror, on northern ground, no man
shall ever see.

Whenever force doth lend it's hand the royal
 power to wield,
 'Tis like the band of polish'd steel around the
 golden shield.

“And now salute my daughter fair, that rose
 that blooms so sweet,—
 Her days have in retirement past, as for her sex
 is meet :
 Oh ! watch the maid with deepest care, and let
 no storm, I pray,
 Destroy this tender, blushing flower, just open-
 ing to the day.

“Helge,—a father's sacred right I trust to thee
 alone ;
 Oh ! cherish my lov'd Ingeborg, as if she were
 thine own :
 For harshness ever must revolt a noble, generous
 mind,
 And nought to honor's path can lead but counsels
 sage and kind.

“Now, children, place our mortal spoils in
 tombs exposed to view :
 And let us there together lie beside yon wave so
 blue :
 For even ghosts behold with joy their monu-
 mental ground,
 And like a drapa (1) still from thence will echo's
 voice rebound.

(1) Funeral dirge.

“ And when the moon her pale light sheds on
 mountain, wood, and fen,
And when the dews of night descend upon our
 bautastén (1),
Oh ! then upon our tombs we'll sit, and on the
 ocean gaze,
And listen to the foaming surge, and talk of other
 days.

“ And now, farewell, beloved youths ! for we
 must now depart ;
'Tis to Alfader we repair ; this thought consoles
 my heart :
For we are like the weary streams that speed to
 ocean's wave :—
Frey, Thor, and Odin bless our sons, and smile
 upon our grave !

H. G.

(1) A sepulchral monument.

CANTO III.

FRITHIOF INHERITS HIS FATHER'S PROPERTY.

King Bele and his vassal true, now breathe, alas!
no more,
And in their tombs they both were placed be-
side the sea-beat shore :
According to their own request, each rite was
strict fulfill'd,
And, at the heroes' funeral dirge, all eyes with
tears were fill'd.
Helge and Halfdan share the throne, for all the
nation's voice
Had sanctified with loud acclaim their dying
monarch's choice.
But Thorsten's treasures now belong to Frithiof
alone ;
An only son, with none he shares, and all is now
his own.

Of Framnæs he possession took, a vast and rich
domain;
Vallies and mountains three sides bound, the
fourth the wat'ry main.
There woods of lofty birch-trees rise, to crown
each sloping height,
And the rich waving fields of corn, like gold
shine ever bright :
And many a spacious lake reflects the mountain,
wood, and vale,
While in their mirror every tint is softer if more
pale.
There, in the forest's deepest shade, high antler'd
stags are found,
Who snuff the air, or drink the stream, or
through the vallies bound.
See, in that peaceful lovely vale, where lows the
mighty bull,
Large herds of beeves with shining skins, and
cows with udder full—
Crop the high grass, or range along the thyme
with keen delight ;
And many flocks of sheep there stray with wool
so soft and white :
So thou may'st sometimes see the clouds, in sum-
mer's brightest day,
Spread o'er the azure vault of heav'n when
western breezes play.

There in the stable, steeds twice twelve (1)
 impatient paw the ground,
 Fiery and wild, like fetter'd winds that strive to
 break their bound :
 Their hoofs are steel—red ribbands deck their
 manes—how shrill they neigh !
 While from the lofty rack they tear and champ
 the fragrant hay.

A palace in itself appears the sumptuous banquet
 hall :
 Of strongest fir was form'd the roof, of firmest
 oak the wall :
 This hall five hundred guests at least could easily
 contain,
 And the Jul feast to celebrate oft came a numer-
 ous train.
 The whole length nearly of the hall extends the
 festive board,
 Which, made of polish'd oak, shines bright, e'en
 like a hero's sword.
 The throne of honor at one end, between two
 columns grand,
 Was fixed, where sat the chief himself; and on
 the columns stand
 The statues of two Gods,—the one great Odin's
 likeness shows,—
 The other, Frey, who bears the sun upon his
 radiant brows.

(1) Original—twá ganger tolv.

And lately, on a skin so black, the spoils of van-
quish'd bear,
(Red was the throat, with silver shod the paws)
sat Thorsten there :
He quaff'd the mead ; his jocund face beam'd
welcome on each guest,
Like hospitality herself with joy - dilated
breast.

And when, at night, the silver moon sail'd thro'
the placid air,
The old man lov'd to dwell upon th' adventures
wild and rare
Achiev'd, during his Viking's life, now on the
Baltic shore,
Now at the western isles, where oft his con-
quering flag he bore.
The guests in silence watch his lips, while his
clear accent flows ;
The bee thus ever fondly clings to the soft fra-
grant rose.
But to the scalds his noble voice does Braga's
harp recall,
When, from his honied lips, the runes of arms
and glory fall—
As he beneath an arbour sits, and chaunts the
deeds of fame,
Himself a legend, near the wave which murmurs
Mimer's name.

Straight from the centre of the hall the kindling
flames ascend,
And warmth and cheerfulness around to ev'ry
guest they lend :
But though with straw the hall itself is thickly
cover'd o'er,
There, where the fire so fiercely burns, of stone
is form'd the floor.
Around the wall, on nails of steel, the casques
and corslets bright
Are plac'd, with swords that ever gleam like
shooting stars at night :
But, more than all, the bucklers shine, like the
moon's silver ray,
Or the sun's disk of gold : and when a maiden
moves that way,
To offer cups of hydromel to all the guests
around,
She blushes, and her laughing eyes she fixes on
the ground,
For ev'ry shield reflects her form : this makes the
champions laugh,
And many a wanton jest goes round, while they
their nectar quaff.
The house was amply furnish'd too with all
things rich and fair ;
The larders were with viands fill'd ; the caves
held liquors rare :

The granaries were piled with corn ; and stoncs
of countless price,
In battle gain'd, were treasured there, and gold,
that might suffice
To purchase palaces and lands, so plenteous was
the store :
And many curious foreign coins, which strange
inscriptions bore.

More precious than these treasures all, three
objects there were found,
And justly did their great renown in northern
climes resound.

The first a sword of matchless force, and of im-
mortal fame,

The " lightning's brother" often call'd,—and
well applied the name
To Angurvadel, blade so true : it came from dis-
tant lands

In the far east, so legends tell ; and by the skilful
hands

Of Gnomes 'twas form'd, and prov'd in fire ; so
firm and sharp the steel,

They, whom it strikes, ne'er linger long to tell
the pain they feel.

Biorn *Blue Tooth* was the first, 'tis said, who gain'd
this matchless sword ;

One fatal day the sword was lost, and with it fell
its lord ;

(1) Biorn, is of one syllable.

'Twas in the bay of Groninga, when he with
Vifell strove ;
And Viking, who was Vifell's son, did thus his
valor prove.
In Ulleroker reign'd a King, who had a daughter
fair ;
All men admired this gentle maid, her beauty
was so rare.
Lo ! from a forest deep and dark a hideous giant
came,
Far taller than the race of men,—and what is
now his aim ?
Alas ! he comes to claim that maid, so beautiful
and mild ;
To single combat each defies, and threatens loud
and wild
The Prince himself, should he refuse the bride
he now demands :
None dare accept th' unequal strife, for what can
mortal hands
Against a scull so thick and tough as that the
giant bore ?
Thence Iron-head he still was term'd, in those
fam'd days of yore.
Viking alone, who scarcely then had fifteen
winters seen,
The combat fearlessly accepts : he trembles not,
I ween,

But strikes with Angurvadel once,—and even
now, behold!

The giant falls! the Princess, free'd, thanks her
deliverer bold.

Frithiof inherited this sword; whene'er the
blade he drew,

The lofty hall was quite illum'd, so dazzling was
it's hue.

In darkest night thus flashes oft the lightning's
dart on high,

And thus the meteors in the north shoot thro'
the evening sky.

The handle was of well wrought gold; the
blade of steel most bright;

Thereon were graven many runes, which star-
tled human sight;

And no man in the north could well those letters
understand.

But, at the portal of the sun, there is a lofty
land,

Where once our fathers dwelt, before the Asas
led them forth

To subjugate and occupy the regions of the
north,

Oh! there are magic runes well known; all re-
cognise their might;

We view them here with awe profound, but read
them not aright.

No lustre e'er those letters gave, while peace
 reign'd in the land ;
 But when, to loose the dogs of war, stern Hildur
 waves her wand,
 So red and flaming they become, men tremble at
 their view ;
 E'en thus the crest of angry cock assumes a
 deeper hue.
 Woe to the wretch who meets this sword, in
 battle's fearful night !
 All know it straight, for all can see the runes
 that glare so bright.
 Its fame was spread the world around ; none
 could dispute its worth ;
 'Twas ever deem'd, beyond compare, the best
 sword in the north.

A bracelet was the next thing found of greatest
 value there,
 And lame Vaulunder wrought the same of chis-
 sell'd gold most rare :
 Three marks it weigh'd ; and grav'd thereon the
 heavens you might descry ;
 With the twelve stations, where the Gods in
 glory dwell on high,—
 Type of the course which all the months in due
 succession run,
 But ever, by the poets term'd, the palace of the
 sun.

Alfhem, the residence of Frey, you there dis-
 tinctly trace ;
 That is the sun when first he wakes, and eager
 in the race,
 Ascends the cold, blue vault of heav'n, in winter's
 shortest day.
 And Soquaback is also there, and Odin sheds his
 ray,
 Presiding in his banquet hall, with Saga by his
 side ;
 His wine he quaffs from cup of gold, in true im-
 mortal pride :
 That cup the boundless sea denotes, tinged with
 morn's rosy smile ;
 And Saga is the rosy spring, who, blushing all
 the while,
 Instead of runes, with fairest flowers writes on
 the verdent plain :
 And Balder, seated on his throne, there holds
 his glorious reign.
 That is the sun at midsummer, whose smiles of
 magic fill
 All nature with content and joy, of Good the
 emblem still :
 For Good is typified by light ; darkness de-
 noteth Ill.
 The sun at length becomes fatigued ; no farther
 he ascends ;
 And Good becomes e'en dizzy thus, whene'er his
 sight he bends

From the great height, which he hath climb'd
 with weary steps and slow :
 Then sighing, both descend, alas ! to deepest
 shades below,
 Where Hela dwells : there Balder lies upon the
 funeral pile.
 The mansion, Glitner, too is seen, where truth
 and concord smile ;
 Forsete, (1) arbiter of Heav'n, there holds su-
 preme command,—
 As judge, in autumn, he presides, with balance
 in his hand.
 And many other vivid forms were traced upon
 the gold ;
 Between the powers of light and gloom, the
 struggle there was told :
 And even as that strife takes place in man's still
 changing mind,
 It there was painted to the life, each feeling well
 defin'd.
 Ah ! who could e'er those figures view, and not
 their import feel,
 And 'gainst all evil thoughts resolve his bosom
 firm to steel ?
 A brilliant ruby form'd its clasp,—thus in yon
 vaulted sky,
 Still crowning all, the sun gives light from his
 bright throne on high.

(1) Forsete is of three syllables.

For many years had Viking's house possess'd this
bracelet rare ;
From the maternal side it came : with more
than wonted care
Vaulunder each bold figure traced, and wrought
himself the gold ;
And man must ever with delight the work of
Gods behold.
Sote (1), the well known robber chief, once stole
this jewel bright,
The same who through the western seas spread
terror and affright.
None knew where he had bent his steps ; none
his career could trace ;
The ocean's billows n'er betray the bark's swift
noiseless pace ;
At length the welcome news arriv'd, that, on fair
Albion's shore,
With all the ill-got piles of wealth his pirate
vessel bore,
Fell Sote was himself confin'd in a deep rocky
cave.
Thorsten to Bele then proposed to cross the
bounding wave,
And seek the treasures on the spot where Sote
was confin'd.
The bark they mount, and hoist the sail, and
soon the cavern find :

(1) Sote is of two syllables.



A vaulted grotto in the rock was form'd with
wondrous care,
As palace, or as temple vast : Sote keeps vigil
there,
In penance dire ; the warriors strain their keen
and eager sight
Through a wide crevice in the rock ; and by a
faint blue light,
The pitch-black Viking ship is seen, her masts,
sails, cordage all,
And anchor huge ; upon the deck, a spectre grim
and tall
Sits in a mantle wrapp'd of flame : he rubs his
sword, a stain
As if t'efface, but vain his toil ; the blood drops
still remain.
Rich piles of gold, his ill-got wealth, were strew'd
around the floor,
But on his arm, his nobler prize, the bracelet still
he bore.
"Oh, let us in that cavern dark, brave Thorsten,
now descend,
And with the hideous spectre fight," said Bele
to his friend ;
"Two mortals 'gainst a fiend of fire ; our steel
with flames may vie."
But Thorsten to his royal friend thus sternly
made reply :

“Bele! our fathers ever fought, one man oppos’d
to one;
That custom I will ne’er infringe, and here I’ll
fight alone.”
They long disputed on this point, with firm and
earnest will,
For neither would precedence yield, this mis-
sion to fulfil.
At length King Bele takes his casque of steel so
dazzling bright;
Two lots he throws, while twinkling stars give
pale and chequer’d light;
’Tis Thorsten draws the winning lot; no man
can fate oppose;
And he with joyful haste prepares with that
dread fiend to close.
He strikes the gate; his lance is true; the locks
and bolts give way:
He plunges in the cavern straight, which now
wide open lay.
That combat he would ne’er describe, nor that
fell demon’s might:
And if his friends e’er sought to know what there
appear’d in sight,
He trembled, and no answer gave: but Bele from
the rock
First heard a wild demoniac song; and next the
sudden shock

Of bucklers that together clash, and arms that
fierce resound ;
Next a loud, fearful shriek arose ; and silence
then profound.
Then Thorsten rushing from the cave, all pale
and haggard came,
For he had struggled with the dead,—the spectre
dire of flame !
In his left hand the bracelet bright in triumph
he display'd ;
“ Ah ! dearly hath it been redeem'd,” the hero
often said ;
“ But once my heart knew mortal fear, but once
my color fled—
Once in my life ; 'twas in that cave, when fight-
ing with the dead.”
This splendid ornament had great and well de-
served renown,
And was the highest valued gem in northern
regions known.
The third thing of esteem and price Frithiof at
Framnæs found,
Was the good ship, Ellida hight ; the bark the
most renown'd
That ever plough'd the stormy seas : thus was
the story told
Of her appearance on the coast. Viking, that
hero bold

Returning from a warlike course, spied, from
his vessel's deck,
A stranger calmly seated on the fragment of a
wreck.

The billows rose, and heav'd the plank; no ter-
ror chang'd his eye,
Nor blanch'd his cheek of ruddy hue; can he
thus death defy,
And fearlessly with danger play, as if the boil-
ing wave

His accents knew, and must obey each mandate
that he gave?

Tall and majestic was his form, and, though he
smiled, his brow

Chang'd, like the tints the sun at noon sheds on
the wave below:

His scarf and mantle were with gold and coral
studded o'er;

Azure his vest; and white his beard, like waves
when tempests roar.

And green as sea-weed were the locks, that in
profusion clung

To his commanding, ample front, and o'er his
shoulders hung.

Viking his bark directed straight to where that
stranger bold,

Perch'd on a fragile plank, thus brav'd the
ocean's billows cold.

He found him more than half congeal'd ; he
placed him by the fire ;
But when night came, and he propos'd that
they should both retire
To their warm couch, and sleep in peace until
the dawn of day,
His guest survey'd him with surprise, and smil-
ing thus did say :
“ The wind blows fresh ; and thou hast seen my
bark may storms defy :
This night an hundred leagues, at least, with her
I hope to fly :
I thank thee, Viking, for thy care ; and I would
fain reward
Thy kindness in my hour of need, and thy free
offer'd board,
By some most rare and precious gift, that shall
for ever prove
The friendship and the grateful thoughts that
now my bosom move :
My kingdom on the ocean lies ; on land I nought
possess :
Thou mayst perchance to-morrow find that I thy
wishes guess.”
The next day Viking look'd around, and saw,
upon the bay,
A vessel, like the eagle swift, when rushing on
his prey,

That now into the harbor sail'd : no man was
there insight,
But still the self-directed helm guided the bark
aright.
Was it a spirit of the deep who drove the ship so
fast ?
It nears the port ; the sails are lower'd ; the an-
chor now is cast :
No mortal hand was there engag'd : " can this
enchantment be ?"
Quoth Viking, in amazement : hark ! a voice
comes from the sea !
" Accept this bark ! 'tis Agir's gift of gratitude
to thee !"
Of one vast trunk the hull was formed, nor nail
nor seam in view ;
Like dragon of the sea in length, it's color green
and blue ;
The prow, high rais'd above the wave, was gold
and red so bright ;
The poop was like a serpent's tail with scales of
silv'ry white.
The sails were black, with scarlet bound, and
when they were unfurl'd,
No eagle ever flew so fast ; no tempest ever
hurl'd
The thunderbolt with half such speed in the
rough tempest's night.
And when, with all her warriors fill'd, she
tow'ed upon the sight,

A floating fortress she appear'd, or palace of the
sea ;

No, never yet was vessel seen, Ellida, like to
thee :

And well deserv'd was thy renown on every
northern shore,

Thou wert indeed the noblest bark the ocean
ever bore.

And Frithiof too became possess'd of many other
things ;

In riches none with him could vie, except the
northern kings ;

For they all other men in wealth and grandeur
leave behind ;

But though no monarch's son was he, yet royal
was his mind.

Twelve aged men were ever found by the young
hero's side ;

Their silver locks command respect, and who
would not confide

In their sage mien, their princely air, their
stately martial tread ?

Yes ! they have noble warriors been ; and plainly
may be read

The story of their battles fierce, on each deep
furrow'd brow.

Why are their breasts incas'd in steel ? they
cannot combat now :

Oh! it was thus on battle field, by Thorsteu's
 side they mov'd,
 They will not cast away the arms their honor'd
 chieftain lov'd.
 Close to these aged warriors sat a gallant, bloom-
 ing youth,
 "Biorn"⁽¹⁾ was his name, of Frithiof's age; and
 there he shone, in truth,
 Like the fresh rose 'midst faded leaves, in au-
 tumn's stormy time;
 Gay as a boy, yet firm and bold, as suiteth man-
 hood's prime,
 And sage as he whose thoughtful eye hath
 many winters seen.
 Frithiof had lov'd him from a child; like bro-
 thers they had been;
 The cup of blood they freely drink, and truest
 friendship swear,—
 (That surest pledge of northern faith) and pro-
 mise then to share
 All good or ill, all joy and woe; and if, depriv'd
 of breath,
 Either should sink by treacherous blow, t'avenge
 each other's death.

In midst of all the warriors there, and many
 other guests,
 Who met to mourn the honor'd chief, who in
 the tomb now rests,

(1) Biora is of one syllable.

Young Frithiof sat, a mourning host, the tear-
drop in his eye,
And often from his lab'ring breast escapes a
stifled sigh.
Then, as the ancient rite ordain'd, he pledg'd
his father's name ;
The scalds a glorious drapa chaunt, in honor of
the same.
He then assumes his father's seat, for that is now
his own,
'Tween Frey and Odin there he sits, in highest
state alone :
That is the place of Thor above, the god with
martial brow,
When in Valhalla's banquet hall, the brimming
mead-cups flow.

H. G.

CANTO IV.

FRITHIOF'S COURTSHIP.

The songs resound in Frithiof's hall,
The minstrels celebrate their lord ;
Those songs now unregarded fall,
He smiles not at the banquet board.

The earth resumes her robe of green,
The vessels on the ocean fly ;
Those charms by him are all unseen,
The moon alone attracts his eye.

The pensive youth is happy now,
For they, the brothers, Helge dark,
And Halfdan, with his smiling brow,
Invite him to the royal park.

He sits by Ingeborg the while ;
Her hand he takes—his own all burning ;
Why does he with such transport smile ?
That pressure she is now returning.

On her is ever fix'd his sight :
Well may the youth with rapture view
Her slender form, and tresses bright,
And beaming eyes of azure hue.

And, smiling now, their lips repeat
The vanish'd scenes of early youth ;
For still the thoughts are ever sweet
Of childhood's joys, and childhood's truth.

And of the vale she whispers now,
Where oft to meet his step she came :
He speaks of the steep mountain's brow,
And lofty trees that bear her name.

She is less happy now she owns,
But must, alas ! her grief repress ;
Halfdan is weak, and Helge's frowns
Too oft his sterner thoughts express.

But why those blushes and those sighs ?
She longs, but almost fears to tell
The thoughts that in her bosom rise ;
Oh might she still with Hilding dwell !

The doves they fed with fondest care,
Scar'd by a hawk, had left her now :
There still remains one faithful pair ;
On Frithiof why that bird bestow ?

“ This dove will surely hither fly ;
Will he not wish his mate to see ?
Beneath his wing then gently tie,
Unseen by all, a rune for me.”

Thus held they converse during day ;
The evening came, but still they cling
To these fond thoughts, as breezes play
Around the lime trees in the spring.

But Ingeborg must leave him now,
And as she slowly turns to part,
His glowing cheek and throbbing brow,
Betray the feelings of his heart.

He ties the rune-line to his dove :
How swift he plies his snowy wings !
But ah ! he stays beside his love ;
No answer he to Frithiof brings.

This life displeas'd his comrade Biorn :
“ Why doth our eaglet idly rest ?
Are his proud wings and talons torn ?
What wounds now rankle in his breast ?

“ Say, what canst thou, my friend, desire ?
 Hast thou not viands—mead at will ?
 And scalds enow, who never tire
 Thy praise to sing with accents shrill ?

“ Thy eager courser neighs in vain ;
 Thy falcons now impatient rise :
 Will Frithiof never hunt again ?
 What mean those stifled, deep-drawn sighs ?

“ Ellida sleeps not on the wave ;
 She heaves incessant on her side :
 Oh noble bark ! why vainly rave ?
 Quench'd is the gallant Frithiof's pride !

“ On straw I will not basely die ;
 To Odin I my blood can drain,—
 And thus avoid stern Hela's eye,
 Her pale, blue cheek, and icy reign.”

The anchor raise ! the sail spread wide !
 Rejoice, Ellida, thou art free !
 Across the bay now swiftly glide !
 Thy lord-king Bele's sons would see.

He finds them on the council ground,
 By Bele's tomb, that honor'd spot :
 The people stand in groups around ;
 Not one the summons had forgot.

The hero speaks ; all men attend :
His manly voice was full and sweet ;
And well her aid may echo lend
His noble accents to repeat.

“ Oh kings ! fair Ingeborg I love,
And would obtain her for my bride ;
This union I can clearly prove
Your father Bele did decide.

“ By his desire, on Hilding's ground,
Together, like young plants we grew ;
And Freya on our temples bound
Her holy band of golden hue.

“ Nor king nor jarl was he my sire,
But the scalds often sing his fame ;
And many rock-carved runes aspire
To spread the glories of his name.

“ And I could win both crown and land,—
But I prefer my native soil :
No man, while I have sword in hand,
Shall ever hut or palace spoil.

“ And now by Bele's tomb we stand ;
He listens to each word we say :
Oh ! he approves my just demand,
And with my lips his accents pray.”

Proud Helge sternly rose to speak.

“ Thy bride, our sister shall not be :
Monarchs alone her hand may seek ;
From Odin springs her ancestry.

“ To other shores thy weapons bear,
Where thou mayst power by force obtain,
Or maids beguile with accents fair :
Valhalla's child thou shalt not gain.

“ Thy aid I need not ; I am lord :
But if thou still wouldst here remain,
I will, bold youth, to thee award
A vassal's place amongst my train.”

“ This pride, oh monarch ! thou mayst rue :
A free man I ; no slave my sire.
Fly, Angurvadel, weapon true,
Out of thy sheath, with blade of fire !”

How flash'd the steel ! each warrior there
The mystic runes could clearly trace :
“ Of Angurvadel, king, beware !
The sword's at least of noble race.

“ And thou shouldst now my anger feel,
Base king, but for this hallow'd spot :
I warn thee to avoid my steel ;
Nor shall this lesson be forgot.”

He cleft in twain, with one fierce blow,
King Helge's shield of burnish'd gold;
From a high tree it fell below,
And on the ground it's fragments roll'd.

“’Tis well, good sword! repose thee now!
Thy dreams of future glory be:
Thy blade need not at present glow;
Now let us bound across the sea.”

H. G.

CANTO V.

KING RING.

Now, pushing back his chair, king Ring doth rise!
And scalds and warriors all
Stand up to hear his speech; they highly prize
Each word his lips let fall:
As Balder he was good, and eke as Mimer wise.
So fair his realm, the gods therein might dwell;
For ne'er the din of arms
Affrights the forest, glade, or grassy dell;
And all her blooming charms
There Industry displays, nor fears the spoiler fell.
See Justice, with her brow so stern yet fair,
Firmly the balance hold!
And grateful Peace brings annual tribute there;
And crops of wheaten gold,
Abounding on the plains, reward the plough-
man's care.

Along the shore how swift the vessels ply !
 How white their outspread wings !
 Approaching home, more rapid now they fly,
 And every vessel brings
 Gold, silks, and jewels rare, with beauty's glance
 to vie.

And Peace and Liberty there dwell combin'd,—
 To northern champions dear :
 King Ring essays their union to bind,
 For 'tis his wish sincere,
 That each man at the Ting should freely speak
 his mind.

Full thirty winters now had govern'd Ring
 His land with upright sway :
 None sought in vain the justice of their king ;
 And at each close of day,
 To bear his name on high, Prayer lends her
 gentle wing.

Ring pusheth back his chair, and all arise
 To listen to their king,
 So far-famed in the north, so good, so wise !
 But say why aged Ring
 Pauses a moment now, and draws his breath
 with sighs ?

“ My queen now sits aloft in Folkvang's bower ;
 But here below, her tomb
 Is cover'd o'er with grass ; and many a flower
 Around it breathes perfume,
 While o'er her lov'd remains falls many a genial
 shower.

“ To find a queen like her who is no more
 Were vain ; she was my joy
 And pride ; but though her memory I adore,
 My realm and infant boy
 Demand a mother's care, their comfort to restore.

“ King Bele, who, when summer breezes play'd,
 Came often to this land,
 Hath, dying, left a daughter : will that maid
 Accept my proffer'd hand ?
 She like the lily blooms, that decks the flow'ry
 glade :

“ Yes ! she is young, and flowers alone delight
 The jocund mind of youth ;
 My leaf is sear'd, alas ! and in his flight
 Relentless Time, forsooth,
 Hath strew'd my head with snow, and dim be-
 comes my sight.

“ But can she love a man whose heart is true,
 Although his head be grey ?
 And will she deign my infant blossom too
 To warm with genial ray ?
 Then autumn's hand shall crown spring's brow
 of roseate hue.

“ My brightest gems, as nuptial presents, take
 From out each oaken press :
 And you, ye scalds, your lyres to life awake !
 And let your lays express
 The mingled hopes and fears that suitors' bo-
 soms shake.”

The envoys now depart, while trumpets sound,
 With gold and jewels rare.

The scalds too join the train; their harps resound
 With many a martial air;

And now they stand in form king Bele's sons
 around.

Two days they wassel keep; the third the same :
 But when the fourth arose,

The object they declare for which they came.

Their mission now must close,
 And they to Ring their good or ill success pro-
 claim.

Now Helge slays his falcon and his steed,

In th' grove of sacrifice :

He seeks the Vala, while his victims bleed,

For warning and advice :

He loves as priest to serve, and priestly counsel
 heed.

No favoring sign the falcon's lungs display ;

Nor priest nor Vala move

Their lips : then, frowning, Helge answer'd "Nay!

This union to approve

The gods refuse, and we their mandate must
 obey."

But Halfdan, void of care or thought, replied :

"Adieu ! a long adieu

To banquets now ! arms must the cause decide ;

"Twill please me much to view

That Grey-Beard mount his steed, and stem the
 battle's tide."

Enrag'd, their steps the envoys homeward tread;
 The message they repeat
 Injurious; but the monarch coolly said:
 " The wings of Time are fleet,
 And Grey-Beard will this scorn repay with
 vengeful blade."

He strikes his buckler, as it hangs in sight
 Upon a lime-tree tall:
 An hundred barks bound o'er the ocean light,
 With keels of copper all:
 And, mix'd with helm and lance, high wave the
 pennons bright.

King Helge hears the clarion shrill resound,
 And says with solemn air:
 " Ring is a chief for warlike skill renown'd;
 Beneath great Balder's care
 I'll place my sister: all respect that holy ground."

In Balder's fane, that maiden fair and true
 Now sits alone, and weeps;
 She broiders gold and silks of richest hue,
 And mournful vigil keeps:
 Her cheeks are bath'd with tears, as lilies are
 with dew.

H. G.

CANTO VI.

FRITHIOF PLAYS AT CHESS.

Frithiof and Biorn, in silence now,
Are sitting by a chess-board rare :
Each square, alternate in it's row,
Was shining gold or silver fair.

Lo ! Hilding enters—" Take that seat,
The chair of state, my honor'd sire :
The mead-cup fill ! I but entreat
This game to close, ere we retire."

Then Hilding spoke—" Ah ! now too late
King Bele's sons their error own,
And pray thee to avert their fate :
Thou art thy country's hope alone."

Then Frithiof thus to Biorn—" My friend,
Beware ! thy *king* in danger lies :
One *pawn* alone can him defend,
And such are form'd for sacrifice."

" Ah, Frithiof ! rouse not thus a king ;
Each day those eaglets wax in force :
They may be weak compared to Ring,
And yet o'erwhelm thee in their course."

" My *castle* wouldst thou now attack ?
But I that project can defeat :
O Biorn ! it would be hard to sack
A *castle* that can thus retreat."

" Fair Ingeborg in Balder's grove
Laments, and ceases not to sigh :
Say ! cannot *she* thy ardor move—
That weeping maid with azure eye ?"

" Ha, Biorn ! wouldst thou my *queen* enthrall ?
I ever lov'd her from a boy ;
She is the dearest *piece* of all ;
And means to save her I'll employ."

" Say ! wilt thou not, my son, attend
To the request I earnest press ?
And must I from thy presence wend
Unheard, because thou play'st at chess ?"

Then Frithiof rose ; his hand he laid
In Hilding's, and thus calmly spake :
“ Father ! my answer has been made ;
And nought my firm resolve can shake.

“ To Bele's sons repeat my vow ;
They may alone this torrent stem.
To them no duties bind me now ;
I will not draw my sword for them.”

“ Well, be it so ! perhaps 'tis best ;
I would not, youth, thy words recall.
May Odin smile, and thou be blest !”
Thus Hilding spake, and left the hall.

H. G.

CANTO VII.

THE HAPPINESS OF FRITHIOF.

King Bele's sons may warriors seek
From hill to vale, from boor to lord ;
For them my voice shall never speak,
My hand shall never draw the sword.
Why should I for a monarch die ?
My battle field is Balder's grove ;
All cares and woes I there defy,
United with the maid I love.

And while the sun's refulgent hue
Loves on each blushing flower to rest,
E'en like the rosy veil I view
On Ingeborga's fairer breast,

Still shall I wander on the shore,
And, as I linger in my pace,
The name of her whom I adore,
My sword upon the sand shall trace.

How long the idle hours remain!
Oh, Delling's son! why this delay?
Why slowly thus each hill and plain,
Each sea, each gulf, each isle survey?
Say! does no nymph thy name repeat
In the bright chambers of the west,
Who would with joy thy presence greet,
And clasp thee to her panting breast?

But now thy glowing cheek turns pale,
Thy slanting rays less bright descend;
And eve now draws her purple veil,
Heaven's joys from eyes profane to fend.
Each streamlet murmurs soft delight;
Each zephyr breathes an amorous sigh:
Hail, mother of the gods, Oh Night!
With pearl-clad robe, and diamond eye!

The stars in silence track their way,
As with a lover's cautious tread.
Oh, speed thee now across the bay,
No waves need'st thou, Ellida, dread!

'Tis distant yet,—more rapid fly!
Bound ever thus, my bark! 'tis well;
For now the temple I descry,
Where my heart's idol deigns to dwell.

And now my foot is on the shore;
Oh, sacred earth! I bend my knee,
And almost could the flowers adore,
That grow on this enchanted lea.
And thou, sweet moon—whose silver beams
Shine brightly on that hallow'd wall,
Thou seemest plung'd in blissful dreams,
Like Saga in her nuptial hall!

Who taught thee, gently flowing stream,
The murmurs of my accents faint?
And thou, sweet nightingale, dost seem
To echo now my sad complaint!
The Alfs, in yon deep azure sky,
My Ingeborga's image trace;
But oh, thou jealous Freya! why
So soon that lovely form efface?

I wish not for her image now;
The beauteous maid herself draws near;
Yes, she is faithful to her vow,
And I discard all doubt and fear.

But let me clasp thee, oh, my love—
Thus clasp thee to my beating heart!
Oh! how my joy and rapture prove?
Why should we, angel, ever part?

Like the sweet lily is thy form;
Thy cheek like rose-bud flushes still;
Thy feelings are like Freya's warm,
Yet pure as Asas' holy will.
And now embrace me! may the love
That fires my veins, flow too in thine!
This earth, and yon blue vault above,
All vanish, when thy lips touch mine.

But wherefore trembles thus thy hand?
Lo! Biorn stands there, our faithful guard,
With a well-armed and chosen band,
All danger from ourselves to ward.
No peril can my mind appal,
When thou art near, my lovely bride:
Oh, could I tread Valhalla's hall,
With thee, Valkyrie, by my side!

What whispers't thou of Balder's ire?
He does not—no!—he cannot blame
Our bosoms' pure and holy fire.
And say! why should a mortal flame

Offend the god, on whose clear brow
The sun's bright rays for ever shine?
Balder must surely love allow;
Nanna was his—as thou art mine.

Nay, look upon his image fair!
That eye so mild, so gentle see!
I'll offer to his godhead there,
A heart that beats alone for thee.
Come, kneel with me! there can be nought
That Balder must so much approve,
As two fond hearts, whose constant thought
Is never ending faith and love.

My proffered heart then do not spurn:
Mine is not a mere earthly love;
From Heaven it sprung; my wishes burn
Its origin divine to prove.
Oh! if kind fate would but allow
That I with thee, my love, should die,
How proudly to the gods I'd show
Thy soft, pale cheek and azure eye.

And when the warriors goad the steeds,
Through the portentous silver gate,
That to the field of battle leads,
To guard thee I would ever wait:

And when Valhalla's maidens there,
The hydromel—of well-known fame,
To all with courteous accent bear,
My voice would murmur but thy name.

And I would build a lovely bower
Upon the cape that breasts the sea,
For the calm, silent, midnight hour,—
And golden fruit I'd pluck for thee :
And when on that celestial land,
The sun's far brighter glories rise,
We'd join the god's majestic band,
But quit our solitude with sighs.

Then stars I'd bind around thy head,
Thy golden ringlets to inclose :
And as the mazy dance she led,
Would not my lily match the rose ?
And we would from the dance retreat
To our lone bower and balmy grove :
Each night should Braga's harp repeat
Our nuptial song and hymns of love.

Hark to that soft harmonious lay !
That strain comes from Valhalla's hall.
See yonder moon illumine the bay !
Her rays another world recall :

That song, those rays from realms above,
Portend immortal ecstasy ;
And there would I delight to rove,
With thee, mine Ingeborg, with thee.

Nay weep not ! still my pulse doth beat ;
My blood still flows : thy terrors cease !
But to the lover's soul how sweet
Such visions of eternal bliss !
Thou need'st thy hand but once extend,
Once turn thy radiant eyes on me,
I instant from that height descend,
And quit the gods, bright maid, for thee.

Hark ! 'tis the lark ;—no, 'tis the dove :
I know that plaintive murmur still.
The lark yet sleeps beside his love,
In his warm nest on yonder hill :
Oh happy pair ! for they are free
By day, as in the hour of night,
To bend their course from tree to tree,
And nought disturbs their fond delight.

But see that light !—no, 'tis not day ;
'Tis but the bale-fire in the east.
I still may one short hour delay ;
Still on thy gentle accents feast.

Arise not yet, bright star of day !
Still rest in thy dark shaded bower !
I would not blame thee, should'st thou stay
Thy course till Ragnarok's dread hour.

But vain that hope : more freshly blows
The breath of morning in the sky ;
And roses now their leaves unclose,
With Ingeborga's cheek to vie.
And now those blithesome carols tell
The rapture of the feather'd choir ;
All nature stirs ; the billows swell ;
And shades and lovers now retire.

He comes in all his splendor now !
Oh golden sun, my accent hear !
As God receives my humble vow !
How great and glorious thy career !
Happy the man whose eagle glance
May match thy bright all-seeing eye ;
And happy he who dares advance
With all thy force and majesty !

And now I place beneath thy care
The maid to whom thy smile gave birth ;
Oh, listen to my fervent prayer !
Protect thy image here on earth.

Her soul is pure as thy own rays ;
Like thy own heaven, her eye is blue :
The self-same gold thy front displays,
Gives to her locks its dazzling hue.

And must I now indeed depart ?
Another night we'll meet again.
Farewell, my love ! how beats my heart !
One kiss before I seek the main !
And sleep ! but dream, sweet maid, of me :
Wake not till noon : then count each hour,
And sigh, as I shall do for thee !—
And think, oh think of Balder's bower !

H. G.

CANTO VIII.

FRITHIOF'S DEPARTURE.

INGEBORG.

The morning breaks, and Frithiof comes not yet;
'Twas yestermorn the royal council met
By Bele's sepulchre ; well chosen spot !
For there, I ween, was seal'd his daughter's lot.
Ah ! I have shed full many bitter tears,
And offer'd up to Freya earnest prayers,
To melt the hate that burns in Frithiof's breast,
And from him a reluctant promise wrest,
To give his hand to Helge once again,
In sign of peace ; but man is proud and vain ;—
And for his honor (thus he calls his pride)
A woman's grief he ever would deride :

Why should she cling so fondly to his breast ?
 Go ask the moss, on which thy foot is press'd,
 Why it adheres so closely to the rock,
 Whose iron surface but appears to mock
 The feeble efforts by those tendrils shown,
 To fix their roots within a barren stone,—
 While all their food is drawn from night's cold
 tears alone.

'Twas yestermorn they met to seal my fate,
 And yestersun, when setting in his state,
 Confirm'd my doom : why comes not Frithiof
 here ?

See, one by one, the pale stars disappear,
 And as I watch those fading orbs depart,
 Each hope expires within my bleeding heart :
 Why speak of hope ? Valhalla's gods on high
 Protect me not : I dared their power defy.
 To pious Balder was my fate resign'd—
 Well may he view me now with alter'd mind !
 Can mortal love seem pure to his bright eye,
 Who dwells immortal in yon radiant sky ?
 Must not a mere terrestrial love profane
 The holy shrine where Balder's glories reign ?
 Beneath his sacred dome I Frithiof saw ;
 This is my crime : I sinn'd against no law.
 Why should a god of gentle spirit now,
 View with displeasure on his alter'd brow,
 The fond affection of a virgin's heart—
 Of her whose love is void of guile or art,—

Pure as the wave of Urda's crystal stream,
 And innocent as Gefion's morning dream?
 The sun in all his majesty and might,
 Turns not from lovers his benignant light :
 And e'en the Night, the widow of bright Day,
 Bids not the moon withdraw her silver ray,
 But listens gently to their tender vow.
 And why should joys the glorious heavens allow,
 Be deem'd impure within a temple's wall?
 I Frithiof love,—nor can my thoughts recall
 The hour or day when first I felt this flame ;
 I know not how, nor whence this feeling came,
 And almost fancy it was born with me.
 As we the fruit each year successive see
 Form round the nut, and swell, and gather force
 From each bright ray the sun throws in his
 course—

(Its golden food !) thus I can also prove
 I grew and ripen'd round the nut of love.
 'Tis for this love I now exist alone,—
 What would the fruit be, if the core were gone?
 Balder ! great god ! receive this vow of mine !
 My heart was pure when I approach'd thy shrine,
 And I will leave it with as pure a flame.
 I'll fearless pass, Bifrost, thy bridge of fame ;
 With my fond love before the gods appear,
 And in Valhalla it shall shine as clear
 As any child of Asas there in view,
 Whose golden buckler may reflect its hue :

With pure and dove-like wings it then shall fly
 Across the blue empyreal vault on high,
 To seek for refuge in Alfader's breast;
 From thence it sprang, and there should ever
 rest.

But why, oh Balder! did thy brow e'er lower—
 That brow serene—in the soft twilight hour?
 Asa! why frown on me? am I not thine?
 The same blood flows within thy veins and mine.
 'Tis Odin's blood—what should thine anger move?
 My kinsman thou; but Frithiof is my love!
 And him I cannot sacrifice to thee:
 Why need I blush? my heart is surely free,
 And not unworthy of the gods my flame:
 One sacrifice alone I'll make to fame—
 That of my happiness: oh Balder, say,
 Will that suffice? no farther I'll obey.
 Thus may a queen her mantle throw aside,
 The gorgeous emblem of her regal pride,
 Yet still remain a queen: yes! be it so!
 The Asas ne'er shall cast their eyes below,
 And blush for me: nought e'er shall change my
 will;
 And as the hero rushes to fulfil
 The task he would achieve, thus too shall I—
 But lo! my Frithiof comes; how dark his eye!
 How pale his cheek! my earthly doom is seal'd:
 One glance has now the dreaded truth reveal'd;

My wrathful Norna has ordain'd my fate.
 Be firm, my soul ! Welcome, my love, tho' late :
 I know it all : thou need'st not speak it now ;
 Too well I read it on thy kindling brow.

FRITHIOF.

The blood-red runes canst thou not also view,
 Of exile, insult, injury the hue ?

INGEBORG.

Nay, tell me calmly all that pass'd ; my mind
 Can bear the worst : to sorrow I'm resign'd.

FRITHIOF.

To Bele's tomb I went : in solemn state
 Assembled, on that spot the council sate.
 Our northern sons in groups stood all around,
 Completely armed, as warriors should be found ;
 The buckler on their breast, the sword in hand—
 Worthy defenders of this warlike land !
 As judge supreme was Helge placed on high :
 His brow was black, as fiercest clouds that fly
 Pregnant with thunder, and as cold as night
 The gaze he threw around ; ill-omen'd sight !
 There Halfdan too, still smiling by his side,
 In jewels deck'd, with more than regal pride,
 Play'd with the handle of his dazzling sword ;
 Steel ill accords with such a childish lord.
 Straight I advanced and said : “ The foe is near ;
 All may the echo of his buckler hear ;
 Helge ! thy realms in fear and danger stand :
 Once more I ask from thee thy sister's hand ;

Grant this request,—my sword shall aid thy
cause ;—

Nay, ere thou answer'st, for a moment pause,
I now forget the past, and banish hate,
For Ingeborg thy sister is : thy fate
Depends but on thyself : be just, oh king!
And thou may'st still defy the arms of Ring,
And save, ere I for ever hence depart,
Thy royal sceptre, and thy sister's heart.
Here is my hand ! by Asa Thor I swear,
I will from thee no further insult bear.
'Tis the last time I offer to relent."

A thousand swords then flash'd their bright con-
sent ;

And as the bucklers echoed to each blow,
The sound ascended from the earth below
To heaven's high vault ; well pleas'd the Asas
hear

Those noble warriors give their verdict clear
In justice' cause ; for thus should freedom still,
Boldly declare her true and righteous will.

“ Oh give him Ingeborg,” each hero cried ;

“ Of our deep vale that lily is the pride :

No sword can ever with his weapon vie ;

Consent, king Helge, to this marriage tie !

Give him thy sister, and the contest close !”

My foster father Hilding then arose ;

White were his locks, and white his flowing
beard ;

With due respect all men his accent heard,

His voice was mild, and gentle was his mien,
 Yet his discourse was earnest, true and keen,
 As, Augurvadel, thy unerring blow.
 And next, when Hilding's accent ceas'd to
 flow,

Halfdan arose, and rais'd a suppliant hand;—
 Helge alone withstood my just demand :
 Nought chang'd his will ; our prayers were
 thrown away ;

On stone thus shines the sun's warm, glowing ray,
 But gives not life,—and Helge still remain'd
 As cold, unmov'd and dark : he never deign'd
 To turn on me his stern, forbidding eye ;
 And, like his visage, harsh was his reply,
 A no array'd in black : for Helge ne'er
 Hath listen'd gently to a mortal's prayer.

“E'en to a simple bonde's son,” he said,
 “I might consent to give the royal maid ;

But never let theman who dared profane
 Thy holy temple, Balder, hope to gain
 Valhall's illustrious daughter for his bride !

Say, Frithiof ! didst thou not, in guilty pride,
 To that high temple bend thy footsteps free ?

Didst thou not there the royal maiden see ?

Oh ! at that interview the blushing day
 Conceal'd his form, and veil'd his sunny ray.

Canst thou refute this charge ? say YES or NO !”

One cry arose : “Oh say it is not so !”

We'll trust thy word, and thou shalt have thy
 bride :

Speak boldly then ! where is thy wonted pride,
 Oh son of Thorsten ? nobler is thy fame

Than royal birth, and we'll support thy claim.

Say NO ! say NO ! and Ingeborg's thine own."

" My happiness," I said, " depends alone

On the first word I speak : yet, fear not, king,

From Frithiof's lips a lie shall never spring.

Not e'en the maid whom I so fondly love,

Not all Valhalla's promised joys above,

Shall tempt me e'er truth's accent to deny.

Yes ! it is true,—beneath great Balder's eye,

And in his temple, I thy sister saw ;

But, Helge, I infring'd no human law :

Still less did I profane his holy shrine ;

I could not thus offend the powers divine.

We met, I own, at the decline of day—"

Such were my words : no further could I say,

So wild the cries that instantly resound

From all the warriors as they stood around.

Those near me started back : could they then

trace

A plague spot on my brow ? imbecile race !

I vainly gaz'd those heroes now to seek,

Whose firm resolve late glow'd upon their cheek :

They now were pale, their beating hearts were

cold ;

'Twas superstition chang'd these warriors bold,

Into such trembling, senseless dotards now.
King Helge triumphs, and his accents flow
Harsh as the Vala's, when she sung the tale
To Odin, from her sacred leaves, and pale
And stern, foretold the Asas' overthrow,
And Hela's victory, that source of woe.
These were his words :—“ In this heroic land,
Such crimes or death or banishment demand :
Our father's laws are on this point most clear ;
But mercy's voice, like Balder, will I hear ;
That god whose temple thou hast dared defile.
Far in the western sea, there is an isle
Where jarl Angantyr holds his regal sway,
(And other islands too his laws obey) ;
While Bele liv'd, Angantyr paid each year
A tribute, token doubtless of his fear.
But since our father sleeps in yonder grave,
To us the jarl no tribute ever gave.
To seek that treasure o'er the bounding sea,
Such be the task I now impose on thee !”
Then turning to his men, with bitter sneer,
He further spoke, “ The jarl, my friends, I hear,
E'en like a miser doats upon his gold,
And guards it like that dragon fierce of old.
But who our youthful Sigurd can withstand,
Fell Fafner's victor, with his iron hand ?
There, Frithiof, go ! this will more courage
 prove,
Than maids seducing in great Balder's grove.

Let us in summer thy return behold,
 With all thy fame, but also with the gold.
 Now strain each nerve, for should thy efforts fail,
 Ne'er hope towards Norway's land to bend thy
 sail !

'Thy native soil thou ne'er must tread again,
 But live for ever on the stormy main.
 Nor is this all ; thy further sentence hear !
 The name of *Nidding* thou must henceforth
 bear."

He spake, and straight the council he dissolv'd.

INGEBORG.

Now tell me, Frithiof, what thou hast resolv'd ?

FRITHIOF.

How ? has thy brother left me then a choice ?
 He knows I must obey stern honor's voice,
 And seek that tribute, should Angantyr bold
 In Nastrand's gulf have hid his darling gold.
 This day I go.

INGEBORG.

And leave me here to sigh
 Alone ?

FRITHIOF.

No ! thou shalt with thy lover fly.

INGEBORG.

Alas, my friend ! that must not—cannot be !

FRITHIOF.

My Ingeborg ! oh, listen now to me—

A moment listen ere thou shalt reply !
Nay, sigh not thus, and raise thy drooping eye !
Helge may be mistaken in his end,
For jarl Angantyr was my father's friend,
As well as Bele's ; and perhaps his hand
Will freely yield the treasure I demand :
Should he refuse, I have my trusty sword,
And that shall plead, as ever, for its lord.
I'll send thy brother his much valued gold,
And we'll be free ; we will not thus be sold,
As bleeding victims to a monarch's pride.
Oh Ingeborg ! consent to be my bride !
We then will hoist Ellida's flag on high,
And swift as lightning o'er the ocean fly ;
We'll seek some shore, when weary of the sea,
Where exil'd love may wave his pinions free.
What is to me this cold, bleak, northern sky ?
What are the men who fear to lift their eye,
If but a priest his moody will declare,
E'en while they boldly, insolently dare
To strike the blow they know must give me pain :
I swear, by Freya, all their hopes are vain.
None but a slave is tether'd to the ground
Where first he breath'd : my step shall ever
 bound,
Free as the winds that fill Ellida's sail.
What terrors can a free-born man assail,
Who was a warrior even from his birth ?
One handful of the soil, the sacred earth

That covers Thorsten's and king Bele's grave,
Is all I ask to carry o'er the wave ;
That lov'd memorial to our ship we'll bear,
And watch it ever with the fondest care.
And oft, on some far distant, foreign strand,
It shall recall our own dear native land.
Oh listen, love ! we'll wing our rapid flight,
And seek a sun more glorious and more bright,
Than he who now, from our cold, cheerless sky,
Throws his pale rays on yonder mountains high,
But fails to thaw the everlasting snow,
That winters shed successive on their brow.
Yes, there's a heaven more brilliant to the sight,
Where the stars shine with more pellucid
light ;
Where midnight's breeze is ever soft and mild,
Like the sweet whisper of a playful child :
And there a blooming arbour we shall find,
For nature there is bountiful and kind :
Beneath the fairest blossoms we shall rest,
Love, faithful love still glowing in our breast.
My father Thorsten Vikingson hath told
Of distant regions, where, a warrior bold,
He strove some task of glory to achieve,
Some fair memorial of his name to leave.
Oft seated by the fire, in winter's night,
He talk'd of seas more placid, calm and bright ;
The Grecian seas, with all their islands fair,
Their laurel'd arbours, and their balmy air.

A noble race once dwelt upon that shore,
Wellknown to fame : their temples held of yore
The mightiest gods that ever ruled on earth :
Oh, bless'd indeed was that proud nation's birth !
Those temples now are void and disarray'd,
No altar rises, and no vows are paid.

On marble steps the grasses thickly grow,
And flowers betwixt those massive fragments
glow,

As if they would the antique runes efface,
That vanish'd fame, and wisdom past retrace.
The columns too, that once so white were seen,
Are cloth'd with moss and herbage ever green ;
For the warm ray of southern sun so bright,
Calls all to life beneath its fervent light.

The fertile earth can her own harvest make ;
No ploughshare need her teeming entrails rake.
The golden orange hangs on lofty trees ;
The cluster'd grapes wave lightly in the breeze ;
Of deepest purple is their colour bright,
And like thy lips, my love, they ever charm the
sight.

In a small isle, exuberant and fair,
Another North shall spring beneath our care,
That shall recall the land we leave behind,
And the lov'd friends who still prov'd true and
kind.

We'll oft together seek each sacred fane ;
And those neglected Asas shall again

Witness the happiness of man below,—
 The dearest joy that Gods can ever know.
 And when the pilot, with his outspread sail,
 (No fear of storms can there his breast assail)
 Glides past our islet in the twilight hour,
 And views, when near our fragrant, tranquil
 bower,

Another Freya from her temple shine,
 In all her majesty and charms divine :
 (They call her Aphrodite on Hella's shore)
 He'll stay his course that image to adore,
 And gaze with rapture on her golden hair,
 Then waving lightly in the evening air :
 He'll mark her eye of soft ethereal hue,
 Like noon-day's sky, so glowing, clear and blue.
 And round that temple, ever sporting there,
 The young attendants of my goddess fair,
 (Her lovely progeny) shall sweetly grow,
 Hang on her accents as they gently flow,
 Watch her bright glance, and live upon her
 smile ;

E'en like the Alfs, those beings void of guile,
 Whose cheeks with blushes ever sweetly glow,
 As if the roses southern climes bestow,
 Should all their charms unfold on our bright
 northern snow.

Oh say ! what joy on earth can thus compare
 With the fond rapture of a loving pair,
 Who, all devoted to each other, feel
 They ever share in common—woe or weal ?

With their affection nought can interfere ;
 Not even death need such true lovers fear.
 Fortune herself will listen to their voice,
 In all their joy and happiness rejoice,
 And build a little Vingolf here below.
 Delay no more ; all words are idle now,
 And but retard our bliss ; oh, come then, love !
 Ellida's pinions ever swiftly move ;
 The winds blow fresh to bear us from the
 shore,
 Where superstition's voice all men adore.
 We will not yield to that fell demon's power.
 Come, Ingeborg ! this is the final hour.

INGEBORG.

Frithiof, alas ! I may not go with thee !

FRITHIOF.

Is it my Ingeborg thus speaks to me ?
 What dost thou mean ? thy secret thoughts
 explain.

INGEBORG.

Frithiof ! my flight thou urgest now in vain :
 How blest art thou ! for thou canst proudly
 stand,
 Like thy own mast, erect ; but in thy hand
 The rudder rests obedient ; and thy will
 Can o'er the billows guide thy vessel still.
 Alas ! my fate resembles not thine own ;
 My doom depends upon another's frown ;

On him, who ne'er will let his victim rest,
 Until the knife be buried in her breast.
 To pass the day in sighs, the night in tears,
 Such is my lot: prophetic were my fears :
 A monarch's daughter, sure, is never free.

FRITHIOF.

Does not thy father sleep beside the sea ?

INGEBORG.

Stern Helge is my sire ; for he does stand
 In my lov'd father's place. Frithiof, my hand
 On him must now depend. King Bele's child
 Must guard her honor pure and undefiled :
 She must not happiness in secret clasp,—
 Although it now be offered to her grasp.
 Say, what would woman be, if, in her pride
 She dared the ties Alfader form'd, deride ?
 Ties that unite her to a firmer hand,
 And lend the strength her weakness must demand.

She's like a lily of the water still,
 That sinks or rises with the current's will :
 While thus it floats, in pure and snowy vest,
 The passing boatman wounds its tender breast ;
 He heeds it not ; the vessel hastens on ;
 The lily fades : but should its root alone
 Cling fast to earth, that drooping flower again
 May lift its head, and all its bloom regain
 From the bright stars, its sisters of the sky,
 And like a star itself on liquid azure lie.

But should it loose its hold, and far from home
Be tost by billows, it will soon become
A dry and wither'd leaf, and unregarded roam.
A woman also, Frithiof, needs a guide,
And must not wander from her guardian's side.
Last night, oh night of bitter grief and pain !
I hop'd to see thee,—but I hop'd in vain:
Reflection came, calm daughter of the night,
With ebon locks, and eyes so darkly bright :
Her form I view'd, and sought not then to sleep ;
I could but wish for thee, my love, and weep ;
And Balder wept—that Asa ever kind—
His alter'd aspect spoke his secret mind.
I spent the night in dwelling on the past.
Frithiof ! I'm now resolv'd ; the die is cast :
Beside my brother I will still remain,
And rest, as victim, in the holy fane.
Ah ! it was well, right well for me, I ween,
Thou didst not then describe those islands
 green,
With their fresh flowers, and fragrant, balmy air,
Where peace and love reside, that heavenly
 pair :
For had I heard last night, Frithiof, thy voice,
That gentle sound in which I still rejoice,
Relate the dream of our first childhood's years,—
We are so weak, I might, discarding fears,
Have follow'd thee, and human laws forgot :
Such is the chance that governs woman's lot!

Yes, 'twas a dream thou didst, in truth, recall,
 But oh! how sweetly did thy accents fall!
 Like the pure faith a sister might express,
 Yet mingled with a lover's tenderness!
 But no; that voice, those words I will not hear,
 Nor list to visions—wild, although so dear.
 Urge me no more, my Frithiof! 'tis in vain;
 My will is fix'd; unchang'd it must remain:
 What should I do, a child of northern sky,
 Beneath a southern sun's too fervent eye?
 Would not my cheek a paler hue assume,
 When match'd with roses that more vivid bloom?
 Would not my feelings cold and chill appear,
 (The whisper'd accents thou alone can'st hear)
 When plac'd in contrast with the fiercer glow,
 That southern maidens boldly may avow?
 With fond regret I still should lift mine eye
 To the clear orbs that shine in northern sky,
 And watch, as sentinels, my father's grave.
 Nor should my Frithiof, bounding o'er the
 wave,
 Forsake the realm he promis'd to defend,
 And which should ever on his arm depend.
 He must not now his hero-soul disprove,
 And yield his glory for a woman's love.
 A life the bright sun weaves from year to year,
 Calm and unchang'd, is woman's fittest sphere:
 But for a man, and most of all for thee,
 All things suit better than tranquillity.

'Tis when the tempest with most fury raves,
And drives with wildest force the heaving waves,
(That foam like coursers bounding o'er the plain)
And the stout bark can scarce their rage sustain,—
Then, between life and death thus equal placed,
Thy path of glory should be ever traced.
That is thy element : talk not of Greece !
That smiling land, that land of joy and peace,
Would be a tomb for each heroic deed
That thou may'st still achieve : my warning
 heed !
For in that clime, like thy own polish'd shield,
Thy free-born soul, that ne'er to force could
 yield,
Would rust corroded with base idlesse. No !
Thou must not thus thy bright career forego.
Let scalds with joy repeat my Frithiof's name !
Let nought o'ershadow his immortal fame !
I would not that the laurel wreath should now,
On my account, be banished from thy brow.
Let not thy glory, gallant youth, decline,
But ever with augmented splendor shine !
We must with prudence our rough path pursue,
And to the Nornas, frowning on our view,
Yield due submission : let us nobly save
Our fame, my Frithiof, from the heaving wave,—
But all our dreams of happiness are o'er.
We part, alas ! to meet on earth no more,

FRITHIOF.

Nay, speak not thus ! a sleepless night, my love,
And idle terrors now thy bosom move.

INGEBORG.

That night my honor saved ; perchance too
thine.

FRITHIOF.

A woman's honor never can decline,
When nursed and guarded by her lover's flame.

INGEBORG.

Man loves not long, thy sex is all the same,
Her who has forfeited his proud esteem.

FRITHIOF.

'Tis not caprice that I can honor deem.

INGEBORG.

Can sense of right and duty, Frithiof, say,
Be call'd a vain caprice ?

FRITHIOF.

But yesterday
Our vows of love, and this stern sense of right
Were not at variance.

INGEBORG.

But to-day the flight
Thou urgest makes them so.

FRITHIOF.

Necessity
Commands thee,—come !

INGEBORG.

To me

The voice of honor is necessity.

FRITHIOF.

Oh, see the sun now points his deepest ray!
'Tis noon: the hour will brook no more delay.

INGEBORG.

For me 'tis past; and here must I remain.

FRITHIOF.

Is this thy last resolve? reflect again!

INGEBORG.

It is my last resolve.

FRITHIOF.

Why then my knell
Is knoll'd: King Helge's sister! fare thee well!

INGEBORG.

Oh Frithiof! is it thus that we must part?
Canst thou thus wound thy Ingeborga's heart?
Oh Frithiof! can thy brow so sternly lower
On her, the friend of thy first childhood's hour?
Canst thou no glance of tenderness bestow
On her whose tears for thee must ever flow?
And can no pressure of thy hand now tell
The full—deep meaning of the word farewell?
Or dost thou fancy I shall now repose,
Where blushing roses all their sweets disclose?
That I can with indifference see depart
The fond and treasur'd idol of my heart?

Or without anguish from my bosom tear
The hope which it has nurs'd with deepest care ?
Thou wert my thought by day, my dream by
 night ;
'Twas Frithiof's name bore all that gave delight ;
And all that great or good in life I saw,
Resembled him ; his accents were my law.
Let not that image, once so fair and bright,
Assume a frown to terrify my sight !
Oh, be not harsh ! I now must bid adieu
To all the bliss I ever had in view ;
To all that I more dearly even lov'd,
Than the pure joys no mortal yet has prov'd,
The joys that in Valhalla we shall taste ;
This world to me is now a dreary waste :
Say ! must this sacrifice be all in vain ?
And can it not one friendly word obtain ?
Yes ! thou dost love me, and must love me still,
(Such is the destiny we both fulfil) ;
From the first moment that I drew my breath,
My form must ever haunt thee to thy death,
And wander with thee on each distant land.
But oftentimes, the weapon in thy hand
Will drive pale sadness from thy sparkling eye ;
She dares not o'er the boundless ocean fly,
Nor take her seat, by steel-clad warrior's side,
To drain the hydromel with victor's pride.
She ever flies the trumpet's loud alarms :
But when the night, with her cold, dewy arms,

Instead of mine, shall fold thee to her breast,
And sleep's soft hand is on thine eyelid press'd,
Oh! then, when darker shades still haunt thy
side,

A pale, white figure will before thee glide :
Thou'lt know it straight ; for once, in Balder's
grove,

To her thy lips repeated vows of love :
She'll whisper then of happy childhood's days :
Oh, turn not, Frithiof, from her tender gaze !
Sad is her eye, and pale her sunken cheek ;
But still to her with kindness, Frithiof, speak !
That sound will reach me, borne on twilight's
wing ;

Wouldst thou destroy the hope to which I
cling ?

My heart with deepest sighs must ever heave,
And nought on earth my sorrows can relieve :
Whate'er I view, thy image I shall see ;
Where'er I rove, thy form shall rest with me.
All speaks of thee : the temple's dome on high
Recalls alone thy brow and sparkling eye :
The very God, on whom I gaze with fear,
(He may displeas'd my fond confession hear)
Resembles thee : but, ah ! so cold and pale—
Like the moon's ray upon a gloomy vale.
If towards the sea I turn my aching eyes,
I but perceive the track that ever lies

Behind Ellida in her course so true.
 If I the forest seek, I only view
 The trees on which my name thou once didst
 trace ;

The bark in growing will those runes efface :
 I've heard it said, by those who fate divine,
 That runes thus cancell'd are of death the sign.
 I ask of Day when last he saw thine eye ;
 I ask of Night when last she heard thy sigh ;
 But they reply not ; e'en the bounding sea,
 Ellida's home, when I inquire of thee,
 Rolls her long surge against the stony strand,—
 Sole answer to the tidings I demand.

Oh ! that yon sun, when sinking 'neath the
 wave,

Or that the skiffs of Heaven, the vapours grave,
 Would my fond greeting carry to my love,
 And tell the anguish I must ever prove !
 Thus shall I sit, sad, silent and alone ;
 No marriage vow my lips shall ever own.
 And, as a widow faithful to her weeds,
 My heart shall dwell on all thy glorious deeds.
 I'll broider lilies on a cloth of gold,
 Until at length one spring day shall unfold
 Yet fairer lilies o'er my virgin tomb :
 Yes, Frithiof, such shall be thy Ingeborga's
 doom.

And if a moment, to forget my grief,
 I strive to find in harmony relief,

And from my harp a sacred measure wake,
 Into convulsive sobs my sighs shall break,
 And tears shall flow, as even now they stream,
 To think that—all my hoped for bliss—was but
 a dream!

FRITHIOF.

Daughter of Bele! thou hast conquer'd now:—
 Oh weep not thus! my error I avow:
 Forgive my anger; 'twas but grief, my love,
 Did for a moment thus a bosom move,
 That could not long an unkind thought retain.
 'Thou art my Norna; and 'twould be in vain
 To struggle 'gainst thy will: oh, yes! I yield;
 Pronounce my doom! my lips shall still be seal'd.
 And never, sure, did stern necessity
 So gently bid a mortal live or die;
 My rose-lipp'd Vala thou, with azure eye!
 Yes, I will leave thee, since it must be so,—
 But Hope shall soften e'en this bitter woe;
 She shall conduct me o'er the stormy wave,
 And not forsake me — even to the grave.
 When spring returns, I shall again appear:
 Helge himself shall then my wishes hear;
 For this stern mandate then will be obey'd,
 My crime atoned for, and my vow repaid.
 Hatred itself can then no longer frown,
 And I may ask—but said I *ask*?—why own
 That I must humbly to a monarch sue,
 When a far nobler path I may pursue.

Yes, I will then my lovely bride demand;
 In full assembly will I claim thy hand—
 Not from thy brother,—for I'll speak alone
 To the brave warriors whom I proudly own
 As our true northern sons: the nation now
 Does represent thy father here below.
 Daughter of kings! he who shall then oppose
 The claim my accent freely shall disclose,
 Must with his sword his purpose then declare,
 And for the vengeance of my arm prepare.
 Till then, adieu! thy plighted faith retain!
 And think of Frithiof till we meet again!
 Accept, as token of my ardent love,
 This bracelet, which Vaulunder's skill may
 prove;
 'Tis purest gold; and deep engrav'd, see there
 The heavenly orbits trac'd by Asas' care.
 How well it suits thy arm so round and white!
 Ah, thus may constancy our hearts unite!
 Farewell till spring! in peace, Valkyrie, dwell!
 My life, my love, my Ingeborg, farewell!

INGEBORG (*alone*).

How firm his faith! how godlike is his mind!
 His hopes paint ever the stern Norna kind;
 The sword he points at her cold, iron breast,
 And vainly thinks he can compliance wrest
 From her who neither fear nor pity feels:
 Frithiof, alas! no mandate she repeals:

She hastens on ; thy prayers are all in vain ;
For what to her is mortal joy or pain ?
Nor dost thou yet my cruel brother know :
In thy pure heart the thoughts could never flow
That govern him : with hatred he beholds
The strength and virtue that thy mind unfolds :
He ne'er to thee will grant his sister's hand :
No ! he would rather by the altar stand,
And to great Odin sacrifice my life,
Or e'en to Ring now offer me as wife.
Whichever way I turn my 'wilder'd gaze,
On my sad heart Hope sheds no golden rays—
Yet I still bless her, for she smiles on thee,
While black despair alone communion holds
with me.

Oh, may the Asas guide thee still, my love !
Nought shall thy bracelet from my arm remove.
The weary months I'll count upon it still,
That thou must pass this mission to fulfil :
Absence the months shall note with painful toil ;
Two—four—and six—then to his native soil
Frithiof will come to claim his promis'd bride :
He'll find her sleeping by king Bele's side !

H. G.

CANTO IX.

INGEBORG'S LAMENT.

The autumn wind blows fresh and high,
The angry billows roar,
The tempest rends the gloomy sky,—
Yet still I tread the shore.

My eager sight I ever strain
A distant sail to see ;
Oh happy sail ! that on the main,
My Frithiof, follows thee.

Oh, ye blue waves ! roll not so high,
And speed not thus, I pray !
Too swift he flies ; thou starry sky,
Shine brightly on his way !

When spring returns at nature's call,
He too will come again ;
But in the valley and the hall
He'll seek for me in vain.

For calmly then beneath the grass
Will Ingeborga lie,—
The cold, pale victim then, alas !
Of cruel destiny.

He left, in haste to plough the main,
His falcon on the strand :
Oh, noble bird ! with me remain !
I'll feed thee from my hand.

With threads of gold thy form I trac'd,
On Frithiof's hand upborne ;
That image now is all defac'd,—
Thy beak and talons torn.

Freya a falcon's wings approv'd,
To trace the earth around,
And seek her OEder, her belov'd,—
But him she never found.

And shouldst thou lend thy pinions light,
They would not serve me now;
Death may alone, to aid my flight,
His murky wings bestow!

Rest on my shoulder, falcon dear,
And gaze upon the sea!
We gaze in vain; no barks appear:
He comes not back to me!

Again he'll tread his father's hall,
When in my grave I sleep:
Bid him our childhood's days recall,
And Frithiof then will weep!

H. G.

CANTO X.

FRITHIOF AT SEA.

In furious mood,
King Helge stood
On the shore, and pray'd
To the fiends for aid.

How black and how low'ring the once azure
sky!
And loud bursts the thunder-peal rolling on
high!
How roughly and fiercely the wild ocean raves!
Why rises he thus, with his white foaming
waves?

The lightning's keen dart, with its bright flash-
 ing glare,
 For a moment illumines the dark lurid air !
 Hark ! the scream that announces the sea bird's
 affright,—
 As he hastens to shore—and how rapid his
 flight !

“ Hard must we combat, friends !
 Its force the tempest sends ;
 Its flapping wings we hear ;
 But warriors know not fear.
 My love, in thy lone bower,
 Dost weep for me this hour ?
 Thy tears, thy fond alarms
 Do but augment thy charms.”

'Fore the bark now glide
 Two fiends, Ham and Heid !
 Ham the storm excites ;
 Heid in snow delights.

The tempest begins its dark wings to display,—
 Oh, summon your strength for this terrible
 fray !
 Now plunges the bark ; oh, how deep is that
 cave !
 But still she remounts on the high swelling
 wave.

All the demons of terror more horribly yell,
And grin with their visage fantastic and fell!
They ride on the billows with fiendish delight,
And play with the foam ever sparkling and
white!

“ More pleasant was the night,
When, by the moon's clear light,
This noble bark I drove
To Balder's sacred grove :
And milder was the air,
When arms so soft and fair,
Then clasp'd me to a breast,
Whiter than ocean's crest.”

But Solunder isles now
Are seen from the bow :
More calm is that sea ;
On! the port is free.

Our Viking knows nothing of terrors and fears,—
And, e'en at this moment, how calm he appears !
He seizes the rudder, and firm in his hand ;
Ellida bounds freely beneath his command.
Now they tighten the sail, and more swiftly
they fly ;
And the rough tempest's power they may safely
defy.

To the west! to the west! lo, they still bend
their course!
And gallantly struggle 'gainst ocean's dread
force.

“ Yes! now for one short hour
I'll prove Ellida's power:
Antagonists of old
Are storms and Norsemen bold.
My maiden's cheek would glow,
Should fear her eagle show,
Or should he bend his wing,
To safer port to cling.”

The waves rise more high!
More black grows the sky!
The masts and yards reel,
And loud groans the keel.

Now all's well again, and each furious wave
Thus fiercely may roll, and thus loudly may
rave :
Ellida obeys the proud chieftain's command ;
The tempest's wild ravings she now may with-
stand.
The shooting star thus, through the blue vault
of night,
Speeds swift in its path so unerring and bright ;

She bounds o'er the billows,—untam'd is her
pride ;
The chamois thus leaps on the high mountain's
side.

“ Sweeter thy kiss, my love,
In Balder's sacred grove,
Than the salt waves that now
Through my lips ever flow :
And sweeter to be press'd
To royal maiden's breast,
Than here so cold to stand,
With rudder in my hand.”

How fast falls the snow !
Hard it freezes now !
'Gainst the buckler's mail
Fierce clatters the hail !

How wild is the night ! and how dark is the
sky !
Not even the topsail can Frithiof descry.
E'en such is the hue in the proud chieftain's hall,
When the dead are enwrapp'd in their funeral
pall.
And oh ! with what speed, rous'd by magical
song,
The billows now drive the bold vessel along !

They open their jaws,—what a deep gulph is
there,—

And that gulph is a tomb ! Oh Ellida, beware !

“ Ran offers to our view
Her bed of deepest blue :
But thy couch, maiden fair,
I would much rather share.
Come, aid me, warriors bold,
Ellida's helm to hold !
One hour she yet may stand ;—
She sprang from Agir's hand.”

A billow now leaps !
Poop and deck it sweeps !
Oh, swift was its speed,
And fearful its deed !

And now the brave Frithiof unclasps from his arm
A bracelet of gold, deem'd a magical charm ;
Like the sun's brilliant rays it flash'd on the
sight,
And king Bele's gift was this jewel so bright ;
But why that fair bracelet in pieces divide ?
The Gnomes form'd its circle,—that work was
their pride.
He gives to each warrior a fragment of gold,
And these were the words that his purpose
unfold.

“ Gold we should ever bear
When wooing maiden fair :
And none with empty hand
Should Rana's grace demand.
No easy task, I ween,
To clasp her bosom green :
Yet, though her kiss be cold,
She may be sooth'd by gold.”

More fierce is the storm !
The contest more warm !
The planks groan and strain !
And loud heaves the main !

Now a sea rushes over the vessel so brave ;
Now she mounts tow'rd's the sky ; now she sinks
with the wave.

The crew ever bale ; all their labour is vain ;
The waters rush in with fresh vigor again.
And Frithiof himself can no longer deny
That death sits on board, with his cold, glassy
eye.

All hear his commands ; and how firm is their
tone !

Brave warriors obey such a chieftain alone.

“ Come, Biorn ! the rudder hold !
Thy hand is firm and bold :

Such tempests fierce and hard
Come not from Asagard.
Magic hath lent its might,
Conjured by Helge's spite ;
But from the mast on high,
I may the fiends descry."

Like a squirrel in haste
He climbs up the mast,
And, clinging on high,
He casts down his eye.

But what strikes his vision, thus swimming so
fast ?
Lo ! a whale, like an island broke loose, rushes
past !
Upon its broad back two fell demons are seen,
While still o'er the whale dash those billows of
green !
Heid bears the rude shape of a monstrous ice-
bear ;
He shakes snows around, while his eye-balls
fierce glare.
And Ham now appears in a huge eagle's form ;
He flaps his vast wings, and more rough blows
the storm,
" Ellida ! prove again,
That thou dost yet retain

A warrior's noble pride,
In thy broad oaken side !
The tempest rages wild ;
If thou art Agir's child,
With thy keel sharp and true
Cut me that whale in two !”

Ellida gives ear
To those accents clear :
She makes but one bound ;
’Tis one deadly wound.

And lo ! the red blood, how it spouts up on
high,
And shadows with crimson the terrified sky !
Swift plunges the monster beneath the dark
wave,
To breathe his last sigh in the ocean's deep cave.
But from Frithiof's bold hand, lo ! two arrows
fly fast,
Ere the monster yet sinks, and all danger be
past :
One arrow transfixes the grisly ice-bear ;
The other the eagle, fell demon of air.

“ ’Tis well, my gallant bark !
Now Helge's vessel dark

Shall never float again :
And Ham and Heid in vain
May strive, with fiendish pride,
O'er ocean's waves to ride.
Those demons long will rue
My weapons sharp and true."

Lo! the the storm hath ceas'd,
And the billows rest!
The vessel they steer
Towards an island near,

And the sun now advances,—oh glorious sight!
Like a king in his hall, so majestic and bright!
How smiles all with joy 'neath his broad golden
eye,
The ship and the billows, the mountain and
sky!
And soft fall his rays on an island there seen,
With its bold massy rocks, and its hillocks so
green ;
The warriors with rapture now welcome the
shore,
And Efjesund isle was the name that it bore.

“ Thy prayers, my gentle love,
Have moved the powers above.

Suppliant they bend the knee
At Valhall's throne for me,
The tears from their bright eyes,
Their bosom's fervent sighs,
Have saved thy champion true :
To them our thanks are due."

But the bark distrest
Needs repairs and rest :
The whale's fierce blows
Have injur'd her bows.

But still more I ween, do those warriors so
bold,
Demand a short respite from labor and cold.
Their limbs are all numbed ; they are trembling
and pale ;
They move not—they hear not—what now can
avail ?
Biorn on his broad shoulders bears four to the
strand,
And places them safe on a firm beach of sand :
But Frithiof takes eight, they fatigue not his
arm ;
He kindles a fire, and thus soothes their alarm.

" Blush not ! my noble crew !
Ocean's a Viking true.

One custom had this veteran stout ;—
The cup no sooner did he drain,
He spoke not, but his arm stretch'd out,
To get it quickly fill'd again.

But now he throws the cup in haste
Upon the floor, and eager cries,
“ A bark rides on the boundless waste !
She nears ! no friendly color flies !
And many men behold I there
Half fainting, shivering on the strand,
Whom two gigantic warriors bear
Upon their shoulders broad to land.”

The jarl a moment silent stood,
And then exclaim'd : “ Ellida's sail !
Who can mistake that vessel good ?
And Frithiof there I also hail.
In all the north there is but one
Of that proud height, and martial tread,
And, Thorsten, 'tis thy son alone :
Upon his brow his name we read.”

In haste the Viking Atle rose,
And from the festive table sprang ;
A Berserk he ; his black beard flows
Half down his waist ; his accents rang

Throughout the hall : "I now will try
If truly speaks the voice of fame,
That Frithiof may all swords defy,
And quarter never deigns to claim."

Soon as those thundering words they hear,
His twelve companions too arise :
Each bears a heavy club and spear,
And loud their wild and fearful cries :
Now to the beach they bend their way ;
The gallant Frithiof there they found,
While all around him sleeping lay
His weary crew upon the ground.

"My arm could strike thee down in truth,"
Said Atle, with an hideous cry :
"I give thee now the choice, bold youth,
To combat with me or to fly.
But quarter now from me demand,
And humbly for compassion call !
I'll then extend a friendly hand,
And lead thee to Angantyr's hall."

"I'm wearied by our watery fray,"
Said Frithiof, with a bitter smile ;
"But, Berserk, ere these words I say,
We'll try our weapon's strength a while."

And, as he spoke, the hero drew
His glorious sword, and waved it high ;
The mystic runes shone bright to view,
E'en like his own keen, flashing eye.

And swiftly now their blows descend,
Like the fierce storm of summer hail :
Their shields they soon in fragments rend ;
But neither combatant turns pale,
Nor once relaxes in the fight :
But Angurvadal, blade so true,
At length, with more than mortal might,
Hath cloven Atle's sword in two.

“ I cannot use this falchion bright
Against thee now,” stern Frithiof cried,
“ If 'tis thy humour still to fight,
Let us our weapons cast aside.”
Now fierce as autumn's billows swell,
They headlong on each other rush ;
And on their naked bosoms fell
Blows that might even giants crush.

And as the bear shakes off the snow,
Thus turn they from each blow away ;
And they entwine each other now,
As serpents coil around their prey.

The firmest rock would shiver'd be,
Could man such deadly blows apply :
The oak, the noblest forest tree,
By half such shocks would prostrate lie.

The sweat-drops from their brows descend,
Their panting bosoms glow with heat :
Earth, stones and shrubs, in concert blend,
And fly in sparks beneath their feet :
They struggle hard : at length both fall,
And roll together on the ground.
This combat can each child recall,
And in our annals still 'tis found.

And Frithiof gains the victory.
Who would not for the youth rejoice ?
On Atle's breast is plac'd his knee,
While he exclaims with angry voice,
“ Oh, had I now my trusty sword,
Berserk, with beard of sable hue !
Thy boldness should its just reward
Encounter from my weapon true.”

“ Nay, let not that thine arm arrest !”
The Berserk proudly made reply ;
“ Go fetch thy sword ! here is my breast !
Fear not ! I shall not basely fly.

And must we not, bold youth, one day
 Both mount to Valhall's realms above ?
 'Tis my turn now ; to-morrow may
 Death on thy heart his arrow prove."

Nor vain the threat ; for Frithiof now
 Rushes to end this fearful fight.
 With flashing eye and knitted brow,
 He summons Angurvadel's might.
 Unmov'd and calm there Atle lay :
 This touch'd the noble victor's mind :
 His falchion straight he threw away,
 And gave his hand the truce to bind.

Impatient now was Halvar's cry,
 As high he rais'd his truncheon white :
 " Champions ! this combat cease ! Oh, why
 Continue this wild, useless fight ?
 On silver trencher smokes the deer ;
 The goblets on the table stand ;
 The viands cool while we stay here ;
 I thirst,—and empty is mine hand."

The foemen late, now friends most true,
 Of the same food and wine partake :
 And much shone there on Frithiof's view,
 His youthful wonder to awake.

No ill-joined boards and rafters bare,
Or form'd the ceiling, roof or wall;
But precious woods, and gilding rare,
And flowers the laughing spring recall.

No flames were rudely kindled there,
In centre of the festive hall;
But in a marble chimney fair,
They brightly blazed against the wall.
The smoke no loop-hole strives to pass;
No boar's flesh hangs exposed to view:
The window panes were all of glass;
The well-clos'd doors on hinges flew.

A silver chandelier on high
Full many tapers bright contain'd.
No pine-branch flared upon the eye,
Whose dazzling gleam the vision pain'd.
The roasted deer smoked full in sight,—
With bacon were his haunches bound;
His gilded feet were raised for flight,
His antlers were with garlands crown'd.

A maiden stands behind the guests,
So fair, the lily might be proud
To claim her hue: a star thus rests
Upon the low'ring midnight cloud.

Each chesnut ringlet ever seeks
Her snowy shoulders to conceal ;
Her eyes are blue ; her lovely cheeks
The rose's glowing tinge reveal.

In regal state, on argent throne,
There sat the jarl, that chieftain bold :
His silver helmet dazzling shone ;
His sceptre was inlaid with gold ;
His ample mantle hung around,
With richest stars embroidered bright ;
Of purple velvet was the ground,
The lining was of ermine white.

Lo ! from his throne he now descends ;
Three steps he takes ; and gives his hand,
As courteously his body bends,
To his young guest. " In this good land
I greet thee kindly, noble youth !
Old Thorsten Vikingson, of yore,
Was famed for valour, worth and truth ;
His son is welcome to our shore."

He offer'd then a goblet bright,
Fill'd with Sicilia's richest wine ;
Like flame it sparkled to the sight,
And foamed like ocean's wave of brine.

“ Thrice welcome here ! ” the chieftain cried,
“ True friendship nought can ever fade—
Not death itself ;—with joyful pride
We greet thy honor'd father's shade.”

A scald from Morven's heath-clad hills,
Then to his harp a measure leads :
In Gælic tone the hall he fills
With mournful loves, and warlike deeds :
Next, in the lofty vaulted hall,
Norwegian songs more loud arise,
Brave Thorsten's actions to recall ;
These won, and well deserv'd the prize.

Angantyr of his friends enquir'd,
In the far north, beyond the wave ;
And much the noble chief admir'd
The answers that young Frithiof gave :
For none who heard his prudent speech,
Could have disprov'd the facts he told ;
Not Saga's self could better teach
A man his bosom to unfold.

And when he now relates the story
Of all he suffer'd on the main,
Of Helge, and the demons gory,
Who strove to conquer him in vain :

By wonder struck, the warriors pause;
He smiled—their much respected lord,—
And a loud burst of warm applause
Then thunder'd from the festive board.

But when he spoke, with gentler tone,
Of Ingeborg, that maiden bright,
Whom he so proudly call'd his own,
And all her virtues brought to light:
Each damsel blush'd, and deeply sigh'd,
And gazed upon the noble youth,
And fancied with what joy and pride
She would reward such love and truth.

Next Frithiof's accents brief explain'd
The object that he came to seek;
And silent Angantyr remain'd,
Until the hero ceased to speak.
“No debts have I: this land is mine;
Like me, my people all are free:
We pledge king Bele's name in wine,—
But he could nothing claim from me.

“His sons I do not know, forsooth;
Would they my tribute now receive,
Bid them demand it of me, youth,
With sword in hand; the billows heave,

And soon will waft them to this strand.
Thy father was my friend most tried."
Now with a sign he gave command
To his young daughter by his side.

The maiden rose at his behest ;
Her slender waist and graceful air,
Her beaming eye and snowy breast
May well her noble birth declare.
And, as the butterfly is seen,
Perch'd on the blushing rose in May,
Thus, on the dimple of her chin,
Sits Astrild,—little urchin gay.

She disappears, that damsel fair,
And straight brings back a purse of green,
That had been wrought with greatest care ;
And trees and antler'd stags were seen ;
And the moon lent her chasten'd light ;
The white sails o'er the billows roll'd ;
The clasp was one large ruby bright ;
The tassels were of purest gold.

In her sire's hand she placed it now,
And gently smiled in playful mood.
Until the coins of gold o'erflow,
He fills it with his treasures good.

“ Of my esteem this trifling gage,
Well pleased, dear youth, I give to thee ;
But tempt not yet the ocean's rage,
And pass the winter months with me.

“ Valor can all things overcome,
I know ; but winter's storms are nigh :
Fell Ham and Heid again may roam,
Those demons that in ocean lie :
And e'en Ellida's self may fail
To guide thee through such perils dire ;
Another still more monstrous whale
May yet against thy life conspire.”

Thus pass'd the long and cheerful night,
Until the sun shone full in view ;
The sparkling wine-cup yields delight,
But no debauch did thence ensue.
And ere they parted, cup in hand
The name of Angantyr they bless'd ;
And in this hospitable land
Will Frithiof all the winter rest.

H. G.

CANTO XII.

THE RETURN OF FRITHIOF.

The heavens are blue ; the spring resumes her
reign,
And blooming flow'rets deck the verdant plain.
In warmest accent Frithiof thanks his friend,
And homeward now prepares his course to
bend.

In pride and beauty gliding o'er the main,
His black swan tracks her well-known path again.
The western breezes, ever fresh in spring,
Like nightingales through all the canvass sing ;
In azure garments Agir's daughters now,
Dance gaily round the gallant vessel's prow.
Ah ! happy he, who, from a distant strand
As breezes waft him to his native land,

Watches the smoke that from his hearth
ascends,

While memory to the scene her brightest halo
lends!

There the cool fountain, as it gently plays,
Brings to his thought long vanish'd childhood's
days :

And there he sees the fav'rite sunny bower,
Where once so gaily pass'd each rapid hour,
When his fond parents view'd his infant game,
And, smiling, prophecied his future fame.

And does his maiden strain her anxious eye
From yonder rock, and breathe a tender sigh ?
For six days Frithiof wander'd on the main ;
The seventh day came : is that the land again ?
On the horizon a blue ridge appears :

Yes! there are islands, mountains, and a
strand !

It is—it is his own dear native land !
Her forests green now wave upon his sight ;
He hears her torrents, foaming, swift and
bright ;

He views the rock with its broad marble breast :
He hails the bay,—Ellida there may rest.

And now he welcomes Balder's well-known
grove ;

That spot is hallow'd too by earthly love :
Oh there, beneath the moon's transparent light,
With Ingeborg he bless'd the happy night.

Why comes she not ? ah, surely she must know
 That he, her lover, is approaching now !
 The maid perchance has left those sacred
 bowers,
 And in the palace, to beguile the hours,
 Sings to her magic lute, or 'broiders golden
 flowers.

Lo ! from the temple's roof his falcon bends
 His rapid flight, and on the ship descends.
 He takes his place, as wont, on Frithiof's arm,
 And flaps his wings as if he felt alarm :
 What mutters he in the young chieftain's ear ?
 Say, does he wish thus to reveal his fear,
 Or from the maid a tender message bear ?
 Frithiof in vain his meaning strives to guess :
 Those broken accents nothing can express.

The rocky point the vessel doubles now,
 And bounds like chamois on the mountain's brow :
 Ellida surely must with transport feel
 The well-known billows that now lave her keel.
 On the deck Frithiof stands : he rubs his eyes ;
 Why does not Framnæs on that height arise ?
 Ha ! is that dark and murky pile his home,
 That stands like skeleton in warrior's tomb ?
 There once the garden bloom'd ; but now he
 finds
 A heap of ashes, that the wanton winds

Still waft in all direction o'er the plain :
 He strains his sight ; alas, it is in vain !
 He quits the vessel : Frithiof, why this haste ?
 Thy fertile dales are now a dreary waste :
 Hoist all thy sails, fly quickly from the place !
 Seek not the ruins of thy hall to trace !

Bran hears his step, and flies to meet him now ;
 That faithful dog may well the master know,
 With whom so oft he plung'd into a lair,
 To combat fiercely with the shaggy bear ;
 One bound he makes, and leaps on Frithiof's
 breast.

His horse comes next, milk-white, with golden
 crest ;

Swan-like his neck, and stag-like was his
 speed ;

Much Frithiof lov'd to mount this noble steed :
 He gallops towards his lord in playful mood,
 And seeks, as whilom, in his hand for food :
 Alas ! still poorer than his courser now,
 Nought has the wretched Frithiof to bestow.
 He stays his footstep,—gazes all around :
 Nor wall, nor roof in his domain are found !

Is that old Hilding slowly moving there,
 His foster-father with his silver hair ?
 “ I marvel not, my sire,” did Frithiof say,
 “ At the vast ruin that I now survey.

'Tis when the eagle's absent from the soil,
That coward ruffians dare his nest to spoil.
This deed is worthy of the king, I trow,
Who to protect his subjects made a vow :
Well has he kept his royal promise now !
But first resolve me, quickly too, I pray !
Where is my Ingeborg, oh Hilding, say !"

" My son, the tale that thou alas must hear,
Will yield no solace to thine anxious ear.
Scarce had thy footsteps left thy native land,
When Ring, with all his forces, reach'd our
strand :

To one of ours their bucklers number'd five :
But still for honor we were bound to strive.
At Disarsala was the battle fought,
Beside the stream, whose waters all were fraught
With blood-stain'd carcasses, which floated fast
To the cold ocean's bed,—their home—the last.
Halfdan, as wont, was playful even then,
But still he fought as suiteth valiant men :
With joy his youthful courage I beheld,
And o'er the prince my shield I ever held.
A combat so unequal could not last :
King Helge fled ; but as he Framnæs past,
The Asas' worthy kinsman fir'd thy hall :
Well may that deed thy startled sight appall !
One choice remains : the brothers must decide
To give king Ring fair Ingeborg as bride,

Or yield their crown and kingdom to the foe.
 The messengers arriv'd—departed too ;—
 The proffer'd terms the king accepted straight ;
 Across the sea Ring bore his royal mate."

"Oh woman ! woman ! have I been deceiv'd !"
 Thus Frithiof cried : " A lie first Lok conceiv'd,
 And this, so cunning was devis'd the plan,
 He cloth'd in woman's shape, and sent to man.
 In woman's shape its subtle form it rears ;
 A blue-eyed lie, that with deceitful tears
 To frenzy fires, or lulls him to repose :
 A snowy-bosom'd lie, with cheeks of rose,
 With virtue, stable as a frost in May,
 And constancy, such as the winds display.
 With vanity her thoughts for ever swell,
 And on her lips deceit and falsehood dwell.
 Yet I adored her ; yes—and love her still :
 Her image ever must my bosom fill.
 Nor can I now recall the distant day
 When first I lov'd her : in our childish play
 She was my bride : I struggled in no cause,
 But with the hope of winning her applause.
 When two young trees, united at their root,
 Cling fast together as their branches shoot, —
 If Thor one tree with his fierce lightning sears,
 The other droops : but if one green appears,
 The other too puts forth its verdant pride :—
 Thus did we also grief and joy divide.

I cannot bear the thought that she is gone :
I cannot bear to feel that I'm alone.
And, puissant Var! who journey'st here below,
To note and register each human vow
On thy bright, golden tablet; oh, give o'er
The hopeless task! thy graver use no more!
What canst thou now upon that page retrace,
But acts that would its purity disgrace?

“ I've heard the poets sing of Nanna's love,—
But when did mortals ever constant prove?
If Ingeborg has play'd a treacherous part,
Truth dwells no longer in the human heart.
What, could her voice, her gentle voice de-
ceive?

Its tone was like the sighs that zephyrs heave,
When blooming roses all their charms disclose;
Or like the sound from Braga's harp that
flows.

Yet will I now no more that music hear;
No more on the false bride bestow a tear—
Or e'en a thought: henceforward will I go,
Where most the billows foam, and tempests
blow:

And, ocean! oft shalt thou with gore dis-
color'd flow.

Wherever slaughter rages most, in vale
Or mountain, shall my presence never fail;

Woe to the scepter'd tyrant, who in fight
 Dares to encounter Frithiof's deadly might!
 Woe to each youth I meet, whose bosom heaves
 A tender sigh,—or woman's faith believes!
 Deaf to each prayer, I'll cleave the stripling's
 head,
 And, in compassion, join him to the dead;
 I'll spare the wretch the pain one day to be
 Despised, forsaken, and betray'd like me."

"In youthful veins how hot does ever flow
 The tide of blood! and nought but age's snow
 Can cool the flame:" thus Hilding calmly said.
 "Wrong not, I pray, that noble-minded
 maid!

The Nornas blame! her efforts were in vain:
 None heard the princess of her fate complain:
 Silent she was, like Vidar in the tale;
 Yet as the ring dove does her mate bewail,
 Thus wept she still: to me she told her grief,
 And from my counsels only sought relief.
 As when the water bird receives a wound,
 He plunges straight in ocean's caves profound,
 That the fierce ardor of the summer days
 May not inflame the sore; and there he stays,
 And bleeds, and dies,—his torments all un-
 known:
 Thus Ingeborg—in deepest shades—alone—

Conceal'd from others, but to me express
The poignant, bitter grief that prey'd upon her
breast.

'I am victim whom the Gods demand,'
'Twas thus she said, 'to save King Bele's land.
I fain would die; but Balder in his ire,
Does a more painful sacrifice require:
Still death must come, although his step be
slow,
For her whose veins such strong pulsation
know.

I ask not pity for my breaking heart;
King Bele's child must nobly play her part.
Salute my Frithiof—for alas! no more
Shall I behold the hero I adore!

“The marriage day arrived: oh, could I tear
The records which that day's occurrence bear!
Warriors with swords, and virgins rob'd in
white—

A long procession—now appear in sight:
Their course they slowly to the temple bend,
By scalds preceded, who their harpings lend.
On a black courser rode the mournful bride;
No smile betray'd a royal consort's pride;
Pale was her cheek, and deadly white her
brow;

E'en as we see the lightning's vivid glow

Cast a pale glimmer o'er a midnight cloud,
While echoes through the sky the thunder's
accent loud.

I aided my sweet lily to descend,
And to the altar, where the priests attend,
I led her through the temple's massive door.
Her vow to Lofn she calm repeated o'er;
And to great Balder when she kneels in prayer,
All present weep and in her sorrow share.
But Helge saw that on her arm she wore
Thy bracelet : pale with anger, off he tore
That jewel, which is deem'd a magic charm,
And plac'd it on the Asa's outstretch'd arm.
At this base act my blood was boiling too ;
From out the scabbard half my sword I drew,
And Helge, he whom all regard with dread,
Had by my hand been number'd with the
dead,

But Ingeborga murmur'd in mine ear ;
" Be calm, my friend ! this hallow'd spot
revere !

The cup of bitterness I'm doom'd to drain :
A brother might have spar'd his sister pain,—
But Alfader will judge between us twain."

" Yes, Alfader shall judge ! and Frithiof too.
Shall make that royal priest his action rue !
This is the feast of Midsummer ; to night
Is held of Balder the mysterious rite :

He will be there, no doubt—the wretch who
sold

His sister's happiness for sordid gold.

No more! this night his judge shall Helge see;
And fell and bloody shall that judgment be!"

H. G.

CANTO XIII.

THE FUNERAL PILE OF BALDER.

The midnight sun on the mountain rests,
Its disk of a bloody hue ;
It is not day, it is not night ;
But something between the two.

Now, type of the sun, fair Balder's pyre
In his shrine doth brightly gleam ;
The red steel smokes with victim blood ;
Hoeder reigns o'er earth supreme.

And watching the sacred fire, around
See the priestly circle stands !
Those wan old men, with their silver beards,
And knives in their bloody hands.

Helge is there ; and with pomp he fain
 Would share in the sacred rite :
But hark ! from the grove there bursts a sound
 As of arms upon the night !

“ Biorn ! look well to the outer gate ;
 Thus our captives they remain ;
And whosoever would come or go,
 Cleave him, I say, in twain.”

The king turn'd pale, for too well he knew
 That voice, ere he saw the form :
'Tis Frithiof comes, with his soul on fire,
 And speech like an autumn storm !

“ Here ! see the treasure you bade me seek
 In the Isles of the West—'tis thine ;
And now for a combat of life and death
 Between us at Balder's shrine ;

“ With buckler on back, with naked breast,
 And let none disturb the fight.
As king the first blow be thine—but mark !
 The next will be mine of right.

“ Nay ! cast not thy craven looks around,
 In his corner the fox I hold ;
Think, tyrant, on Framnæs' ashes ! think
 On thy sister with hair of gold !”

Thus spake he out with a hero's pride,
 And straight from his girdle drew
 The purse, which madly and fiercely then
 In the face of the king he threw.

From his mouth the blood is flowing fast,
 A mist is before his eyes;
 And sorely hurt at the altar's foot
 The Asas' proud kinsman lies.

“ What! canst thou not bear thine own vile
 gold,
 Thou basest of Niddings base?
 Fear not! to strike such a wretch as thee,
 Angurvadel would disgrace.

“ Ha! back ye priests! your knives restrain!
 Pale sorcerers at dim moonlight!
 Or perchance it may cost ye dear; my sword
 Is athirst for blood to-night.

“ Balder the fair! nay, never frown,
 Nor such angry aspect wear!
 That bracelet, upon your arm, so brave,
 By your leave, has no business there.

“ 'Twas not for thee, as I wot, in it
 That Vaulunder's skill was shown:
 Force stole away that which love bestow'd;
 I come to reclaim mine own.”

Fierce was his grasp ; but bracelet and arm
 Into one, as it were, had grown—
A fiercer still ; lo ! the god himself
 On his blazing shrine is thrown !

The flame how it cracks, as on cornice and roof
 It fastens its tooth of gold !
Pale as death stands Biorn at the outer gate ;
 As pale as his chieftain bold.

“ Fling wide the door, let the people pass ;—
 No sentinel now need I ;
For the temple burns ;—pour water, pour,
 Till ocean itself be dry.”

From temple to sea now a chain is form'd
 Of buckets, that swiftly pass
From arm to arm, till the waters hiss,
 And steam on the burning mass.

Frithiof, on high, like the rain-god drench'd,
 In the midst of the danger stands ;
And stern, in face of the growing death,
 He issues his calm commands.

'Tis vain ! for like a red bird of prey
 Is the flame, as it upward springs,
That flies to the roof, and screams, and flaps
 With joy its victorious wings.

The morning wind from the north blows strong,
As it blows over Balder's bower,
Which, parch'd and dry in its summer drought,
How the hungry flames devour !

The trees at their roots how they crack, the while
The flames o'er their summits climb !
Ah ! little can human strength avail
'Gainst the children of Muspelheim !

How it rustles and cracks through brier and
brake
The fierce all-devouring fire !
What a wild and fearful light it sheds !
Oh ! powerful is Balder's pyre ?

On, on, through the grove the fire-surge rolls !
No limits its waves can bound !
The sun is up ! still the red abyss
Throws its awful glare around !

A heap of ashes the temple lies !
The grove to the flame's a prey !
Desolation reigns ; and Frithiof turns
With horror and grief away !

R. C.

CANTO XIV.

FRITHIOF IN EXILE.

On his vessel, wrapt in grief,
Sits at summer eve the chief,
While, like billows thro' his soul
Thoughts of wrath or sadness roll,
As still beneath his troubled eye
The temple's smoking ruins lie.

“Up to Valhall speed, thou smoke!
Up to Valhall, quickly speed!
Loudly Balder's ire invoke!
Urge him to avenge the deed!
Go tell him of his temple burned!
Go tell him of his image spurned!

First spurned from where it stood,
Then humbly deigning to consume
Like any other wood !

“ Next of his bower announce the doom,
Where unsheath'd falchion never gleamed,
Where peace enthroned for ever beamed !
No more its lofty stems arise ;
A black and reeking heap it lies ;
Its haughty privilege heeded not,
Untouch'd to flourish, so to rot.
All this announce, and all the rest ;
All thou hast seen, or heard, 'twere best
Thou should'st proclaim it loud and clear
Into angry Balder's ear.
Fly vapour fly ! fit herald be
Unto a vaporous deity !

“ Doubtless the Scalds will proudly sing
The mercy of their generous king ;
His mercy ! whose relentless hand
Now spurns me from my native land.
Well ! well ! a refuge we will find
In the realm of wave and wind ;
Henceforth my Ellida knows
No single moment of repose :
Where winds waft us, there we'll roam ;
And deftly, my good bark must thou,
Yet poise thee on the wild waves' foam ;
Nor, if I read thee right, I trow,

Will it much thy pride distress
To bear the not unhonor'd stain,
If on thy deck there chance to rain
Some drops of blood, or more or less.
When storms are fiercest thou shalt be
A second home, good bark, to me :
My other home !—th' accursed brand,
It fell from Balder's kinsman's hand !
Henceforth 'tis thou must be my North,
The spot, the country of my birth ;
Since from the other doom'd am I
An outlawed homeless man to fly.
And thou, my pitch-black bark ! with pride
Henceforth I hail thee as my bride,
Since it would seem I ne'er shall own,
As once I hop'd, that fairer one.

“ And thou, thou broad unfettered sea !
What are those other kings to thee,
Who with their lordly airs would awe
And make their despot glances law ?
Thy only sovereign is he,
The most undaunted of the free,
Who sees thee in thy wrath, nor quails ;
Unmoved, when thy worst mood prevails,
And stirr'd up by the tempest's spell
Thy yeasty billows strain and swell.
Thy boundless plains, so blue, so bright,
Are rapture to the hero's sight,

When, plough-like, he beholds with pride
His pinnacle through the waters glide.

“ Or on her oaken deck amain,
When red and fast the blood drops rain,
And the steel sows upon her,
And the billows uphold
A harvest of honor,
A harvest of gold :
Be ever kind, wild wave, to me !
Henceforth I know no guide but thee.

“ My father's tomb ! no clamor rude
Disturbs its sacred solitude ;
And, by the green mound where he sleeps,
The wave with dirge-like music sweeps.
But mine, but mine shall be of blue,
With the white sea-foam to deck it ;
For ever 't will course the ocean through,
Nor tempest nor mist will check it ;
Its only pleasure and pastime this
To lure others down to the same abyss.
Proud sea, my delight is in thee alone,
And here do I claim thee of right mine own.”

Thus spake the hardy chief with pride ;
And firmly heaves he now
The anchor to the vessel's side,
And lashes to the bow.

One bitter look he cast behind,
As slow he glided forth
Between the rocky reefs, that bind
The bay towards the north.
But vengeance sleeps not ; for behold
Ten vessels under weigh !
King Helge comes ; his purpose bold
'Tis to blockade the bay.
And then a stunning shout arose :—
“ The king is doom'd to die !
For see ! he rashly seeks his foes,
The fate of war to try.
Ah ! little 'twill avail to thee,
As thou wilt know full soon,
Valhalla's haughty son, to be
Related to the moon.
To Odin's dome, thou fain wouldst fly
To join thy kinsmen of the sky.”

Scarce had they spoken out, when now
Some power yon mortal ken
A hole has bored in every bow
Of Helge's vessels ten :
And one by one they quickly sink,
Each vessel and each man ;
No power can save ; in vain they shrink,
From the embrace of Ran.

The king from off his found'ring ship
Himself can scarcely save,
But just contrives with toil to slip
From the pursuing wave.

Then merry Biorn laugh'd lustily,
Exclaiming whence he stood :
" Blood of the Asas ! come agree,
The stratagem was good :
During the night I gently stole,
While all were fast asleep,
And bored in every keel a hole ;
The trick, confess, was deep.
And now to guess I venture can,
For 'tis her custom old,
That what she once hath finger'd, Ran
Will take good care to hold.
One thing annoys me much ; I own,
I greatly am distrest,
To think the king should not have gone,
To the bottom with the rest."

Upon a rock king Helge stood ;
Safe yet he scarce could feel :
But at those words, with boiling blood
He bent his bow of steel.

And little was himself aware
How strong his arrow sprang,
Till sharp upon his startled ear,
He heard his steel bow twang.
Then brandishing his lance on high
Frithiof exclaimed. "Behold!
If once unloos'd I bid it fly,
This death-bird that I hold;
Its red wing soon would blast, methinks,
That Nidding of a king:
But no—my good lance never drinks
The blood of such a thing.
Too noble to be thus disgraced;
Reserved for high intents,
I choose its high deeds should be traced
On runes on monuments;
And not upon that scaffold base
With infamy install'd,
Where thy vile name—what fitter place!—
Hereafter shall be scrawl'd.
Thy only proof of manhood,—see!
The wave is washing o'er!
Nor of more value would it be,
As I suspect, on shore.
Rust wears the steel, not thou; as nigh,
Aye, twice as nigh I'd stand,
And all the puny strength defy
Of thy effeminate hand.

Now, Helge, thou shalt see how mine
Far, paltry king, surpasses thine !”

A sapling then he takes ('twas wrought
For a tiller) in his hand :
A mighty sapling, lately brought
From the valley of Gudbrand :
He takes its fellow ; through the wave
How swiftly doth he row !
Not easier could he wield his glaive,
Not easier bend his bow.

But now the jocund sun up goes,
With speed his rays advance :
And see ! the land breeze as it blows
Bids every billow dance,
Right blithely in the matin ray ;
Fast on Ellida springs,
And as she bounds, a parting lay
Her mournful chieftain sings.

“ Thou mighty North ! how swift I pass
From thee, thou front of Heimkringlas !
Though ne'er again I may possess
The right thy sacred soil to press ;
Yet justly proud I'll ever be
A mother to behold in thee :

Now, nurse of heroes ! fare thee well !
Farewell ! farewell !

“ And farewell ! thou, midsummer's sun,
Eye of Night, Valhalla's throne !
Thou sky, farewell ! this moment seen
As a hero's soul serene ;
And thou, starry ocean, too,
Farewell ! farewell !

“ Farewell ! ye fields, ye honored meads,
Spectators of illustrious deeds ;
Your fame shall last for ever, for
Ye saw the mighty deeds of Thor.
And ye lovely lakes so blue,
That I knew so well,
And ye rocks and islets too,
Farewell ! Farewell !

“ Farewell ! ye gentle bowers, where
Once my lovely Freya play'd ;
Ah ! why was it denied the maid
To root and flourish there ?
And ye dreams of boyhood, ill
Though ye kept your promise fair,
Yet—for, ah ! I love ye still,
Farewell ! farewell !

“ My love has been disdained ;
My home the flame has riven :
My honor foully stained ;
Myself to exile driven.
Right willing then I well may be
To give the land up for the sea ;
But to life's joy, and pleasure's spell,
Farewell ! farewell !”

R. C.

CANTO XV.

THE VIKINGABALK (1).

Now he roved far and wide like the falcon in
pride, on the foaming billows he rode;
But he traced rules and laws for the warriors
on board : listen now to the Viking's code !

No tent o'er the deck, for the seaman no roof,
since the enemy ever is nigh :
On his buckler as bed must the Viking repose,
sword in hand, and his ceiling the sky.

The hammer of Thor the victorious is short ;
Frey's sword has in length but an ell ;
'Tis enough ; art thou brave, then close on thy
foe, and each stroke of thy falchion will tell.

(1) Code of the Vikings.

When most rages the gale, still bent be your
sail ; 'tis glorious the tempest to brave :
Let it fly ! rather go to the bottom than strike ;
never yield to the wind nor the wave.

A woman on land is a jewel forsooth, but on
board she's a dangerous ware ;
For the tinge on her cheek is a hue of deceit,
and her long flowing tresses a snare.

Wine is Valfader's drink, and a cup is allow'd,
provided discreetly you drink ;
He who stumbles on land, can get up ; but on
board, he who stumbles, to Rana must sink.

If a merchant ye meet, protect ye his fleet, but
he must a tribute accord ;
He's of lucre the slave, ye are kings of the wave,
and as good as his gold is your sword.

The prizes on board must by lott'ry be shared ;
nor, however the dice fall, complain !
Leave the gold to the crew ; but the sea-king
himself with the honor content should re-
main.

But if 'tis a war-ship, then hot be the fight! darts
rain, and blood redden the seas!
If you flinch but one inch, you're a Viking no
more: that's the law; now act as you please!

The gains of the Viking are wounds; on the
front or the breast they the hero proclaim:
Let them bleed; bind them not till the battle be
o'er; not till then if you value your fame.

When the vict'ry you've gain'd, and disarm'd is
the foe, his life 'tis heroic to spare:
Give pardon and peace! he's a Nidding, indeed,
who refuses the suppliant's prayer.

Thus the code he prescrib'd, and his name far
and wide, was spread the vast ocean around;
His warriors with pleasure in battle engag'd, for
his equal was not to be found.

But he sat by the rudder, and gloomily said, as
he gaz'd on the billows below:—
“Thou art deep! at thy bottom repose I may
find, but ne'er on thy surface, I trow.

“If Balder be angry, his sword let him take, and
kill me if so he's inclin'd !
But he sits up on high, and sends down to me
thoughts to embitter and sadden my mind.”

But when battle draws near, then vanishes care,
like an eagle he falls on his prey :
His front is serene, and sonorous his voice, as
foremost he joins in the fray.

Thus did ocean acknowledge, and yield to his
power ; from vict'ry to vict'ry he flew :
He sail'd to the south ; and soon Hellas appear'd
with her temples majestic to view.

When the temples he saw, and the groves ever
green, from the sea as they proudly arose,
What he thought Scalds can tell, and lovers may
guess, and Freya most certainly knows.

“Lo ! here are the islands describ'd by my sire !
'tis here I invited the fair :
But I urg'd her in vain ; she chose to remain in
the north, and rejected my prayer.

“ Dwells not peace 'midst these columns ? and
could we not find an asylum for love in
these groves ?

Feather'd songsters so sweet here our nuptials
would greet, and the mountains re-echo our
loves.

“ Where is Ingeborg now ? for her grey-bearded
king she hath bid me for ever adieu !
But I ne'er can forget her ; my life I would give,
were it only her features to view.

“ Three years have elaps'd, since my dear native
soil, that cradle of heroes, I left :
Do the vallies still bloom ? do the streamlets still
flow ? are the hills of their glories bereft ?

“ On the grave of my sire I have planted a tree ;
who nurses and waters it now ?
Who tends the fair plant ? O earth, give it mould !
and thy moisture, O heaven, give thou !

“ I'm tired of this life of tumult and strife, of this
blood-stain'd and restless career ;
I've acquir'd fame enough, and gold I despise ;
then why should I longer stay here ?

But the north, O the north is my country, and
lo! towards the north blows the vane at the
mast!
Then up with the sail, let us scud 'fore the gale,
'twill bring us to Norway at last.

W. E. F.

CANTO XVI.

FRITHIOF AND BIORN.

FRITHIOF.

Oh Biorn, I am weary of wave and of wind,
For restless and faithless companions are they :
To the hills of the north ever wanders my mind,
Ah ! could I once more those dear regions sur-
vey !
Thrice happy is he, who his home ne'er hath
left,
And daily the tombs of his forefathers sees :
Alas ! of each pleasure and comfort bereft,
I rove a sad exile on wide rolling seas.

BIORN.

Nay! blame not the sea! 'tis a life full of motion,
 And on its broad bosom dwell freedom and joy:
 When we gaily disport on the white foaming
 ocean,

Nor dangers affright us, nor sorrows annoy.
 But when I grow old, and no longer am able
 To reef, or shift sail, or to brandish the sword,
 Then tether me tight on the dry land so stable,
 But now I love fighting and drinking on board.

FRITHIOF.

But lo! by our keel freeze the waves, and a mass
 Of ice closing round us, will chain us to land.
 I fain would avoid the long winter to pass
 'Midst these wild dreary cliffs, on this desolate
 strand.

Once more to keep Jul in the north I would fly,
 To visit king Ring and his consort so dear:
 Once more to behold her bright love-beaming
 eye;
 Once more her soft soul-thrilling accents to
 hear.

BIORN.

Good; I now understand thee; old Ring soon
 shall learn

That a Viking's revenge is no infantine play:
 His palace assailing at midnight, we'll burn
 The grey-beard, and bear his fair consort
 away.

Or perhaps to that chief, from respect to his age,
 To a fight on the Holmgang the choice thou
 wouldst leave ;
 Whate'er thy resolve, say the word ! I'll engage
 To execute all that thy brain may conceive.

FRITHIOF.

Ah ! talk not of slaughter, or wide-wasting
 flame !
 To visit that chieftain in peace will I go :
 For neither are Ring nor his consort to blame,
 The Asas alone are the cause of my woe.
 But little have I on the earth more to hope ;
 I would merely once more bid my darling adieu,
 For ever adieu ; and when roses shall ope
 Their chalice again, we'll our courses renew.

BIORN.

This madness, O Frithiof, it grieves me to hear ;
 For a frail woman's love why thus sicken and
 sigh ?
 If one thou hast lost, there are thousands as
 fair,
 Who with joy to the arms of a hero would fly.
 Say the word ! and I'll quickly set sail to the
 south,
 To fetch thee a cargo of soft willing dames,
 Each with fine rosy cheeks, and a sweet smiling
 mouth,
 And with eyes that the coldest would kindle to
 flames.

FRITHIOF.

O Biorn ! as a god thou art valiant in war,
 And prudent in council, frank, joyous and free ;
 Thou art skill'd in the science of Odin and Thor,
 But unknown is the heavenly Freya to thee.
 Ah ! let us not thus to the gods bid defiance ;
 To that goddess, 'bove all let us humbly incline :
 For sooner or later, with lowly compliance
 Both Asas and men own her power divine.

BIORN.

Go not singly ! mayhap thou returnest no more.

FRITHIOF.

Not singly I go ;—my good sword goes with me.

BIORN.

Hast thou heard what befell the brave Hagbarth
 of yore ?

FRITHIOF.

I have ; he was taken and hang'd on a tree ;
 But first let them take me.

BIORN.

Well then, brother dear,
 Should'st thou fall, my revenge the old king
 shall pursue.

FRITHIOF.

Nay, fear not ! the crow of the cock Ring shall
 hear
 No longer than I. Fosterbrother, adieu !

W. E. F.

CANTO XVII.

FRITHIOF AT THE COURT OF KING RING.

'Twas Jul ; and in his chair of state king Ring
sat drinking mead :
And near him sat queen Ingeborg, with cheek
so white and red.
Autumn and Spring together join'd, in them
each guest could see ;
She was the fresh and blooming Spring, the
Autumn pale was he.

An old man now knock'd at the door, and
enter'd in the hall,
From head to foot in bearskin clad, and quite
unknown to all :

With staff in hand, and bent with age, he tot-
tering seem'd to go,
Yet was his stature taller far than all the rest,
I trow.

He sat him down upon the bench the nearest to
the door,
And that is now the poor man's place, just as it
was of yore :
The courtiers whisper scornfully, and one did
laugh outright,
While pointing with his finger at the bearskin
cover'd wight,

The stranger's eyes flash fierce disdain ; he rises,
and in haste
With his all-powerful hand he grasps the cour-
tier by the waist ;—
As if he were an infant's toy he turns him up
and down :
While many said : “ He's rightly serv'd, and so
should we have done.”

“ What noise is that below ? who dares the royal
peace to break ?
Come up to me, thou rash old man ! I fain with
thee would speak :

What is thy name? whence dost thou come? what
seek'st thou in my hall?"
Thus to the ancient man, incens'd, king Ring
did loudly call.

"Thou askest much at once, O king! yet will
I answer thee;
But I will not my name reveal, for that belongs
to me:
With sorrow have I nurtur'd been; my heritage
is want;
And from the wolf's abode I come, where
dwelleth Famine gaunt.

"In former times my dragon's back how proudly
I bestrode,
As o'er the waves with gilded crest and sable
wings it rode!
But now it's wreck'd, and piece-meal lies half-
buried in the sand,
And I'm grown old, and forc'd to live, salt
burning on the strand.

"I came thy wisdom to behold, renown'd both
far and near,
But with contempt they treated me, and that I
could not bear;

I took a coxcomb by the waist, and twirl'd him
up and down,
Yet he's unscath'd : so pardon, king, the free-
dom I have shown !”

“ Wise thy discourse, and courteous are thy
words ;” the king replied :
“ Old age should ever reverence find ; come !
sit thee by my side !
But first thy bear-skin doff, and show the very
man thou art ;
Disguise to me displeasing is, but frankness glads
my heart.”

Obedient to the king's behest, he let his bear-
skin fall,
And 'stead of an old man, appears a youth ro-
bust and tall :
Over his shoulders broad, and eke around his
forehead high
His flowing locks of gold fall down in graceful
symmetry.

With gallant mien erect he stood, in velvet
mantle blue :
His loins were girded by a belt of silver,
bright to view.

Boars, deer and foxes were engrav'd with wondrous skill thereon,
And round the hero's waist they seem'd in eager haste to run.

Like harden'd lightning by his side his trusty sword hangs down,
And glitt'ring on his brawny arm the golden bracelet shone :
Around the hall his eyes he cast with stern majestic air,
As tall as Asa-Thor in size ; as Asa-Balder, fair.

How swift on Ingeborga's cheek the roses come and go,
Changing its hue like northern light, reflected on the snow !
As water-lilies up and down are mov'd on troubled wave,
Thus did the bosom of the queen with strong pulsations heave.

But now 'tis time to make the Vow, and borne along in state
Enters the roasted Boar, while horns his presence celebrate :

With apple in his mouth he grins, and garlands
crown his head,
On his four paws the silver dish in pomp he
seems to tread.

But now the king arose, and shook aside his
locks of snow,
And touching the boar's head, he thus pro-
claim'd aloud his vow :
“ Frithiof I swear to overcome, though like a
God in war ;
So help me, Odin ! help me, Frey ! and thou
too, Asa-Thor ! ”

A sneering laugh from Frithiof bursts, when
this discourse he hears ;
And a faint gleam of rising wrath on his stern
front appears :
With the pummel of his falchion fell so loud
he struck the board,
Each champion started up alarm'd, and grasp'd
in haste his sword.

“ Now to my vow, I prithee, king, a courteous
ear incline !
Young Frithiof I know right well ; he's much a
friend of mine.

I swear against the world in arms in Frithiof's
cause to fight :
So help me, Nornas ! and thou too, my sword,
defend the right !”

The king now scann'd him well, and said : “ Thy
speech is bold and proud ;
Yet in the hall of northern kings free-speaking
is allow'd.
Fill high his cup with wine, oh, queen, and give
him of the best !
The gallant stranger will, I hope, this winter
be our guest.”

And now the queen lifts up the horn ; with
wine she fills it full ;
It was an ornament of cost, form'd of the wild
bull's skull :
Of solid silver was its stem ; thereon you might
behold
Full many a rune of the olden time, engrav'd
on rings of gold.

With down cast eye, and falt'ring mien, she
hands the goblet fill'd
To Frithiof ; but she trembled so, that many a
drop was spill'd :

As setting suns their radiance leave upon the
lilies bland,
Thus show the purple liquor drops upon her
milk white hand.

From her fair hand he takes the horn with joy-
ful ardent gaze :
Not two men could that goblet drain in these
degen'rate days.
But at one hearty draught, without once draw-
ing breath, I ween,
He empties all the horn's contents in honor of
the queen.

And now the Scald takes up his harp, and strikes
the golden strings ;
Of many a tender tale of love in Norway's land
he sings :
Of Hagbarth bold, and Signe fair ; so soothing
was the strain,
That e'en the rugged steel-clad chiefs from tears
could scarce refrain.

But when he next of Valhall sings and of the
Einherier brave,
Of all their sires' heroic deeds on land or
ocean's wave,

The lofty strain each look inflames, each hand
now grasps the sword,
While briskly circulates the horn around the
festive board.

Full lustily that night they drank in th' hospi-
table hall,
And till the crowing of the cock carous'd the
champions all ;
Then stagg'ring forth they seek repose, by sleep
and wine oppress'd :
But to fair Ingeborga's bower the king retires
to rest.

W. E. F.

CANTO XVIII.

THE JOURNEY ON THE ICE.

King Ring and his Queen in a sledge appear!
The frozen lake like a mirror was clear.

“Go not over the ice for your kingdom’s sake,”
Said Frithiof; “’twill burst, and deep is the
lake.”

“It is not so easy to drown a King,
Let him who’s afraid stay away!” said Ring.

The stranger was piqued at this tart reply,
But he binds on his feet the skates hastily.

The courser rejoices, he snuffs the air,
And fiery flakes from his nostrils glare.

“Step out,” said the king, “my courser good !
Give proof that thou art of Sleipner’s blood !”

Away they go like a meteor thro’ air ;
The old king heeds not his consort’s prayer.

But the steel-shod champion doth not stand still ;
He passes before them as oft as he will.

He graves many a rune on the ice so clear,
And often doth Ingeborg’s name appear.

Thus over the lake like a tempest they go,
But the treacherous Ran lies in wait below.

She waves her wand ; the ice bursts ! and be-
hold,
The car fast sinks in the bath so cold !

Th’ affrighted queen pale as death becomes,
But swift to her succour the stranger comes.

He grasps the mane of the courser with haste,
And plants in the ice his steel-shoe fast.

At one pull he drags out the car, and saves
Both Ring and his consort from wat’ry graves.

“**Bravo ! bravo !**” now the monarch cries out :
Could Frithiof himself do better ? I doubt.”

**Now cold and fatigued they the palace regain,
And with them till Spring will their guest
remain.**

W. E. F.

CANTO XIX.

THE TEMPTATION OF FRITHIOF.

Spring returns ; the sun shines bright ; the
woods are green ; the birds again
Tune their song ; the streams unfrozen rush re-
joicing to the main :
Like the cheeks of Freya glowing, roses now
their chalice ope ;
And in human hearts awaken love of life, and
joy, and hope.

Now the king a chase proposes ; Ingeborg the
train must join ;
All the court assembled round them in their
hunting garments shine.

Bows are twanging, quivers rattling, steeds im-
patient paw the ground ;
While the hood-wink'd falcon rises towards the
sky with eager bound.

Lo ! the queen herself approaches ; Frithiof,
shun the dangerous sight !
Like a star in spring she seemeth, mounted on
her courser white ;
Now like Freya, now like Rota, fairer far than
both the two ;
While from her light hat of purple graceful falls
the feather blue.

Look not on her eye of azure, on her locks of
golden hue !
Have a care ! her shape is lovely, and her breast
'tis heaven to view :
Look not on the rose and lily on her bloom-
ing cheek combin'd !
Listen not to those soft accents, gentler far than
vernal wind !

Now sets off the gallant squadron : huzza ! over
hill and dale !
Horns are sounding ; falcons mounting, fain
would Odin's realm assail :

E'en the furious boar affrighted seeks for shelter
in his lair,
While, Valkyrie-like, the huntress, lance in
hand, pursues him there.

But the king, by age enfeebled, cannot follow
close the queen ;
Frithiof only rides beside him, silent, and with
mournful mien :
Thoughts alas ! of gloomiest import in his grief-
worn breast arose,
And in vain he look'd for comfort, and in vain
he sought repose.

“ Why have I the seas abandon'd, reckless, and
to peril blind ?
Sorrow dwells not on the ocean ; anguish flies
before the wind :
When dark thoughts assail the Viking, danger
calls ; he joins the dance ;
And the gloomiest visions vanish fore the glim-
mering of his lance.

“ But they here again assail me ; sadness dire
o'erspreads my brow
With her murky wings ; a maniac must I seem,
where'er I go :

Grove of Balder ! oath, she pledg'd me, glorying
in a mutual flame !
Yet I blame not Ingeborga ; 'tis the gods alone I
blame.

“ For they hate us wretched mortals, glory in
our wail and woe ;
Have they not my lovely rose-bud pluck'd, and
set 'midst winter's snow ?
What should winter do with roses ? how can he
their value prize ?
Oh ! my tender plant will perish from the blasts
of snow and ice.”

Thus he griev'd : his course pursuing, Ring a vale
before him sees,
Closely press'd by rugged mountains, thickly
clad with lofty trees :
“ Let us here alight, and rest us yonder in that
shady bower ;
(Quoth the monarch) sleep assails me : fain
would I repose an hour.”

“ Here thou may'st not sleep,” said Frithiof ;
cold's the air, and damp the earth .
Sleep is dangerous ; let us quickly join again thy
friendly hearth.”

“ Sleep comes on us unexpected, like the other
 gods,” saith Ring :
“ Guest, why should'st thou grudge a slumber to
 thy host the grey-hair'd king ?

Frithiof now his mantle doffing, on the ground
 its length doth spread ;
And upon his knees reposing, Ring reclines his
 reverend head :
There he slept, as heroes slumber, when the din
 of arms hath ceas'd,
On their shields ; or like the infant nestling at
 his mother's breast.

While he slumbers, from the forest sings a bird
 of sable hue :
“ Frithiof ! rise, and slay the dotard ! end thy
 strife and rival too !
Now's the time ! take back the fair one, whom
 as bride thou once didst greet :
Strike ! no mortal eye beholds thee, and thou
 know'st the grave's discreet.”

Frithiof listens : lo ! another bird now sings,
 of color white :
“ Hold ! whatever else thou winnest, lost will be
 thy honor bright :

Would'st thou murder sleep, O Nidding? a defenceless old man kill?
 Though no mortal eye can see thee, Odin's eye beholds thee still."

Thus the birds: but Frithiof, looking all around in wild dismay,
 Takes his sword, and hurls it from him to the forest far away.
 Down the swart bird flies to Nastrand; but the white towards Heaven ascends,
 With a tone of soft vibration like to that the cither lends.

Sudden wakes the king. "This slumber hath refreshed me much," he said:
 "By the brave man's sword protected, sweet is sleep beneath the shade:
 But where is thy sword, oh stranger? lightning's brother, where is he?
 Who has thus disjoin'd ye? always found together ye should be."

"That may be, oh King! yet I can swords enough in Norway find;
 For the sword's sharp tongue is treach'rous, never much to peace inclin'd:

In its blade the fiends hold dwelling, spirits
 foul from Niffelhem ;
 Silver locks excite their fury ; sleep is never
 safe for them."

" Youth ! I have not slept ; I only feign'd to
 sleep, thy soul to prove ;
 For untried, the wise man trusts not either
 sword, or proffer'd love.
 Thou art Frithiof ; yes ; I knew it, from the
 hour thou cam'st to me :
 Long old Ring hath guess'd the secret, thou didst
 hide so carefully.

" Wherefore cam'st thou to my dwelling, thus
 disguis'd in tatters base ?
 Wherefore ? but the bride to ravish from her
 husband's fond embrace :
 Honor, Frithiof, sits not nameless in the hospi-
 table hall ;
 Open is its aspect ; patent as the sun its bear-
 ings all.

" Fame had loudly talked of Frithiof, bitter foe
 to Gods and men,
 Buckler-cleaving, temple-burning, terror of the
 liquid plain :

Frithiof doubtless with an army will, methought,
invade my land ;
But he comes in skins envelopp'd, with a beg-
gar's staff in hand.

“ Why so downcast ? I, like Frithiof, once was
young and wild, forsooth ;
Life's a combat from the cradle, and its Berserk
fight is youth :
Press'd 'tween bucklers must it struggle, till its
fury wild be spent :
I have tried thee, good I've found thee ; now I
pity, and relent.

“ Old am I become and feeble ; soon the tomb
will Ring receive ;
Then to thee, thy merit prizing, queen and
kingdom both I'll leave :
But till then, my son I'll call thee, and be thou
as erst my guest ;
Swordless champion shall protect me, and our
ancient feud's at rest.”

“ Thief-like I did not come to thee,” Frithiof
answer'd gloomily :
“ Wish'd I of thy queen to rob thee, say, what
could have hinder'd me ?

But I sought my bosom's darling Ingeborg once
more to view :
Madman that I was, my passion, half extin-
guished, flames anew.

“ Here, oh king, too long I've tarried ; here will
I remain no more :
Wrath of Asas unrelenting o'er my forehead still
doth lower.
Balder threatens me with vengeance, he who
loveth all mankind,
Me alone with hate pursuing, to my sufferings
deaf and blind.

“ Yes ! 'tis true, I burn'd his temple : true I'm
term'd the Varg i Vehm :
At that name men start with terror, women
faint, and children scream.
From her bosom Earth with horror, me, her
son accursed, spurns :
And my heart with constant anguish, void of
hope or comfort, burns.

“ On the verdant earth no longer will I now my
dwelling chuse :
On dry land my feet are burning, and the trees
their shade refuse.

Ingeborg I've lost for ever ; out is burn'd my
sun of life ;
All is night and gloom around me ; all is horror
guilt and strife.

“ Now to arms ! once more I greet thee, noble
bark which Agir gave !
Bathe again thy pitch-clad bosom joyous in the
briny wave !
With thy keel the ocean furrow ! with thy
pinions cleave the air !
Fly as far as stars shall guide thee, or the sub-
ject billows bear !

“ Dear to me are tempests howling, lightning's
glare, and thunder's noise :
When all nature rages round me, then my soul
repose enjoys :
Clang of shields, old man, darts raining, battles
fierce by land and sea ;
And when I shall fall, the Asas reconciled, per-
haps, will be.

W. E. F.

CANTO XX.

DEATH OF KING RING.

Skinfax with fiery mane
The vernal Sun again
Draws from the waves more glorious than before :
The morning rays divine
With two-fold splendor shine
On Ring's proud roof: a knocking shakes the
door!

'Tis Frithiof; care and woe
Sit on his haggard brow :
The king turns pale ; the palpitating breast
Of Ingeborg reveals
The inward strife she feels :
While thus the chief the royal pair address'd :

" My sea-horse burns to lave
 His limbs in ocean's wave ;
 Eager for flight his sable wings he bends :
 Far from his native north
 Your guest must wander forth,
 Far from his country and his much lov'd friends.

" Oh Ingeborg! behold
 Once more the ring of gold
 I gave thee, when eternal love we swore!
 Give it to no one! yet
 Strive Frithiof to forget!
 For ne'er on earth shalt thou behold him more.

" Ye northern hills, adieu!
 No more my eyes shall view
 Your lofty summits: man is but a slave:
 My bliss for ever lost,
 On angry billows tost,
 Ocean henceforth shall be my home and grave.

" Ne'er to the beach, oh King,
 Thy tender consort bring,
 'Bove all when moon or stars illumine the sky!
 Perchance, upon the strand,
 Wreck'd, bleaching on the sand,
 The exil'd Viking's bones may meet your eye."

“ 'Tis grievous to my mind
To hear (the king rejoin'd)
A warrior, like a tender maid, complain :
My death, I feel, is near ;
The death song strikes my ear :
What then? we all must die; complaint is vain.

“ The Norna's stern command
Man never can withstand,
And all must say: ' The Asas' will be done !'
Fair Ingeborg be thine ;
To thee too I resign,
In trust, my kingdom, for my infant son.

“ Justice and peace serene
My constant aim have been ;
I lov'd with friends to drain the gen'rous bowl :
Yet on the battle field
I've broken many a shield,
And made the waves with blood discolor'd roll.

“ Now will I shed my blood :
Bring me a sword! 'tis good
To follow strict our great forefathers' law :
The northern kings disdain
Their bright renown to stain,
Breathing their last ignobly on the straw.”

To Odin now each vein
 He cuts with placid mien,
 And runes of death his dauntless soul attest :
 How glorious 'tis to view
 The blood of golden hue
 Flow down the silver of his hair-clad breast !

“ Bring me the horn ! drink round !
 Let Norway's name resound !
 Hail to thee, glorious land that gave me birth !
 To see the ripening grain
 Reward th'industrious swain,
 Such was my joy and foremost wish on earth.

“ In vain for peace I strove,
 And ardent was my love :
 By fortune placed blood-thirsty kings among,
 She fled from my embrace :
 But now with smiling grace
 She points to Heaven, and beckons me along.

“ Sons of Valhalla ! Gods !
 All hail ! to your abodes
 I come : the horn of Giallar greets my ear :
 To the celestial feast
 It bids the new come guest ;
 And earth and all its sorrows disappear.”

He ceas'd to speak : a smile
Illumed his face, the while
He bade his wife and son and friend farewell.
His eye then closed in night ;
His spirit took its flight,
With Odin and his kindred Gods to dwell.

W. E. F.

CANTO XXI.

RING'S DRAPA.

With sword by side,
And buckler bright,
In the tomb upright
Sits the high-born hero Ring !
His charger champs the chain
Of the bit, while the ground
He paws, and around
The vaults with his neighings ring !

Over Bifrost's bridge in pride
Now behold Ring rapid ride !
Hark the heavy hollow sound
Echoing arches spread around,

While beneath the burden bending !
Valhall's portal open flies !
Asas from their thrones arise !
Each with salutation meet
Joys the glorious guest to greet,
Frank and free his hand extending !

Thor is absent and in arms,
Wildly wooing war's alarms ;
Odin holds on high the horn,
Fill'd with heavenly hydromel.
A garland gay of ears of corn
Frey round his front fraternal winds,
While fair-hair'd Frigga therein binds
The fragrant flower that decks the dell.

Brage, the bard of old,
Now strenuous strikes the strings of gold !
Sounds sweeter, softer than before
His lofty lyre melodious lends :
And Freya fairest of the fair,
With azure eye and golden hair,
With delight her heart o'erflowing,
And with flame more fervid glowing,
O'er the board her bosom bends.

On the helmet sings the sword,
Mercilessly myriads mowing !
Human blood in torrents flowing
Oft incarnadines the field :
Like the brutal Berserk raging,
When he bear-like bites the shield,
So is Force in strife engaging,
When 'gainst Right and Reason steel'd.

This chief 'bove all we therefore prize,
Since by his efforts well-directed
He from each furious foe protected
The labors of the frugal hind.
E'en as the smoke of sacrifice
Rolls sky-ward to Valhalla's throne,
Ascends the proudest pattern known
Of valor, sense, and justice join'd.

Sitting as judge on men below,
Odin is pleased each stern decree
With choicest phrase to qualify,
Which Saga spreads through the world around.
Thus from the lips of Ring did flow
The wary words of wisdom grave,
As clear as Mimer's murm'ring wave,
And equally profound.

Forgive! forget! let discord cease!
Such is Forsete's constant theme,
Who sits as arbiter supreme
Of right and wrong at Urda's wave.
So were Ring's efforts all for peace,
And by his counsel sage and mild
The bitterest foes were reconcil'd,
And each the pledge of pardon gave.

Gentle and generous was this chief;
The Gnomes' high-valued golden sand
He scatter'd with unsparing hand
On all the indigent around.
Each suppliant swain who sought relief
From him did ne'er refusal meet,
And words of comfort doubly sweet
Did ever from his lips resound.

Then welcome warrior wise!
Heir of Valhalla! long
The Scalds thy name shall prize,
And sing it oft in song.
Brage now brings the bowl:
The Asas shout: All hail! thou glorious King!
As long as stars shall shine and billows roll,
Both Gods and men shall chaunt the deathless
fame of Ring!

W. E. F.

CANTO XXII.

THE ELECTION OF A KING.

Now to the Ting! (1) his course the courier fleet
O'er hill and vale pursues :
King Ring is dead; the people now must meet,
Another king to chuse.

Each peasant now his sword unsheathes; the
steel
Glitters so bright and blue.
Now with his finger he the edge doth feel,
And finds it sharp and true.

The very boys cast looks of eager joy
The shining blade upon ;
Now two by two they lift the dangerous toy,
Too heavy far for one.

(1) *Council.*

And now the daughter must her work begin
The helm to polish bright :
But soon her own fair face she views therein,
And blushes at the sight.

At length his arm the buckler's weight sustains :
Its orb " a sun in blood."
All hail ! ye men of iron, free-born swains,
Ye peasants brave and good !

To raise your country's fame with heart and
hand
Your efforts never cease :
In war ye are the bulwarks of the land ;
Its trusty voice in peace.

With clang of shields and clash of swords and
darts
Now to the Ting they hie,
Not wall-inclosed ; 'tis open as their hearts,
Its canopy the sky.

Now by the stone, the centre of the Ting
Erect stands Frithiof bold ;
And near him stands the infant son of Ring,
With hair as bright as gold.

" To lead the army or the law decide
That boy is far too young :"
Such was the murmur heard on every side
From the assembled throng.

But Frithiof takes his shield, and plants thereon
High raised the little boy :
“ Here is your king, O, Norsemen ! he alone,
The country's hope and joy.

“ Of Odin's race behold a scion true
In him and be content !
Upon the shield he looks as brave and bold,
As 'twere his element.

“ His kingdom to protect I've made a vow
With all my might and power ;
And place one day upon his royal brow
The crown his father wore.

“ My oath, Forsete, Balder's son hath heard ;
And if I swerve therefrom,
By his hand may I perish ; and incurr'd
Justly will be my doom.”

But on the shield sits fast and firm the boy,
Like king upon his throne ;
Or like the eaglet, when with dauntless eye
He gazes on the sun.

At length the sitting long upon the shield
Fatigued his youthful blood ;
And with one noble spring upon the field,
And on his feet, he stood.

Then loud was heard a voice from all the Ting :

“ We Norsemen all with joy
Do chuse thee for our chief : be like King Ring,
Thou gallant shield-borne boy !

“ Frithiof ! rule thou the kingdom in his stead,
Till he becomes of age !
Jarl Frithiof ! to the nuptial altar lead
His mother fair and sage !”

But Frithiof with a gloomy look replied :

“ To-day a king we make,
And not a marriage : as for me, my bride
From my own choice I'll take.

“ I must forthwith to Balder's grove repair,
My Nornas there to meet :
The meeting I myself have fix'd ; and there
Must I those virgins greet.

“ Counsel and comfort I would fain receive,
And they must answer me ;
Beneath the tree of time they work and weave,
And eke above the tree.

“ For woe is me, the wrath endureth still
Of Balder, God of light :
He took, and he alone can, if he will,
Give back my heart's delight.”

The newly chosen king he now embraced,
And bade a fond adieu :
Then mournful o'er the heath he stalked in
haste,
And vanish'd from their view.

W. E. F.

CANTO XXIII.

FRITHIOF AT HIS FATHER'S TOMB.

“ Bright sets the sun, and sweet it is to view
Its mild rays quiver through the foliage green !
Alfader's look ! as pure in evening dew
As in his ocean's wave, and as serene.
Tinged are the hill-tops with its rosy light ;
Ah ! still it tells of blood in Balder's fane.
Soon will the landscape be enwrapp'd in night,
And, like a golden shield, the sun sink in the
main.

“ Pleased I behold each well-remembered field,
Friend of my boyhood, dear to childish love :
Still the same flowers their evening perfume
yield,
And the same songsters through the forest
rove.

Still on the reefs the foaming billows break ;
 'Too happy he who o'er them never sails !
 Of war, of fame perfidious hopes they wake,
 'Tis but to lure us far from our our paternal
 vales.

“ Bright waves ! I know ye, for ye often bore
 Th' intrepid swimmer on your breasts of blue :
 I know thee, valley, where we long since swore
 Eternal fealty such as earth ne'er knew.
 And you, ye birch-trees, in whose bark I scored
 Full many a rune of love, ye stand, I see,
 With silver trunks, and boughs with foliage
 stored ;
 And all is as it was ; no change,—except in me.

“ But is all as it was ? and Framnæs where ?
 Where Balder's temple on the sacred strand ?
 And you, ye vales, my boyhood knew so fair,
 How are ye wasted by the steel and brand !
 Now human vengeance and the Asas' wrath
 Call to the pilgrim from the fire-scathed soil :
 O pious pilgrim, bend not here thy path !
 For now the wild beasts prowl through Balder's
 grove for spoil.

“ A cruel tempter doth life's path infest,
 Grim Nidhog, issued from the realm of shades :
 He hates the Asas' light, which is impress'd
 On heroes' foreheads, and their falchion blades :

His work, each crime that stains the hour of ire,
 Each demon-whisper prompting to destroy :
 And when he tempts us, when we temples fire,
 He claps his coal-black hands in extasy of joy.

“ Is there no grace for me in Odin's hall?
 Will blue-eyed Balder no atonement heed?
 Man takes the were-gilt, when his kinsmen fall;
 The high Gods shrive us when their victims
 bleed ;
 And thou, of these the mildest, as we're taught,
 What canst thou ask, I would not gladly yield?
 To fire thy shrine was far from Frithiof's
 thought ;
 Ah! then, efface the stain from my else spotless
 shield !

“ Remove this burden! quench this inward strife!
 Protect my soul from memory's rude assault!
 Reject not my remorse! but let a life
 Of honor weigh against a moment's fault.
 I would not blanch, though Thor himself were
 near ;
 Not pale-blue Hela could my proud glance
 lower :
 But thee, mild God, with aspect calm and clear,
 'Tis thee alone I dread, thy vengeance I
 deplore.

" My father's tomb!—and does the hero sleep?
 Gone never to return, he dwells within
 A starry tent, they say, and oft and deep
 He drains his mead-cup midst the bucklers' din.
 Oh, Asas' guest! Oh, Thorsten Vikingson!
 Look on thy son, from out those fields of bliss!
 With runes, with groans I come not; but alone
 To soothe the God I seek; oh! father, teach me
 this!

" Is the tomb dumb? yet Angantyr of yore
 Broke for a sword the silence of the grave:
 The sword was good, but Thirsing's worth scarce
 more
 Than Frithiof's prayer, who never begg'd a
 glaiue.
 Wish'd I a sword, the Holm-gang should supply:
 From thee the Asas' pardon I require:
 Speak of my anguish'd thought, my grief-dimm'd
 eye,
 And say, a noble soul still shrinks from Balder's
 ire.

" Still silent? hark! it is the wild wave sings;
 A gentle music! come! thine ear apply!
 The storm is stirring; place thee on its wings,
 And whisper to me as it passes by.

High in the west unnumber'd gold rings shine ;
 Charg'd with thy thought let one a herald speed ;
 What! canst thou not? what! neither word
 nor sign
 For thy despairing son! the dead are poor
 indeed!"

The sun grows dim ; the night-wind from on high
 To all earth's children sings its cradle song ;
 And evening's blush ascends, and o'er the sky
 Its rosy wheels it gently rolls along ;
 Valhalla's lovely child it brightly waves
 O'er azure hills and vales its pinions bold ;
 But lo!—where floating o'er the western wave
 A vision draweth near of mingled fire and gold!

A Hægriug well that prodigy denotes ;
 Its name in Valhall boasts a loftier sound :
 And gently now o'er Balder's bower it floats,
 A crown of gold upon a verdant ground.
 It shines above—below—and bursts there forth
 To mortal eyes a splendor all unknown :
 And now it stops, and now descends to earth
 Where once the temple stood, itself a temple
 grown.

On the cliff's edge the lofty wall uprears,
 Image of Breidablik, its burnish'd side :
 Each column wrought of deep blue steel appears ;
 The altar by one gorgeous gem supplied.

And, as if spirit-borne, the dome hangs high,
A winter heaven, with starry radiance lit ;
And bright around, in robes of heavenly die,
On thrones, with golden crowns, Valhalla's
monarchs sit!

And see, where leaning on their shields, they
pause,
The solemn Nornas at the portal's base !
Like three fair roses in a single vase,
A serious beauty beaming from each face ;
Urda, with outstretch'd finger, to the fane
In ashes, points ; and Skulda to the new ;
And Frithiof gazed confused ; and when again
With eager joy he look'd, away that vision flew !

“ Daughters of earliest time, your meaning's clear,
Father, in this I read thy guiding sign ;
Proud, o'er the self same spot, you bid me rear
The prostrate fane : I hail the glad task mine.
By deeds of peace to yield repentance scope
For youthful crimes, a new born courage gives :
The deeply sinning still may cherish hope,
For see, the fair god yields, and softens, and
forgives.

“ All hail ! ye stars, that blaze athwart the sky,
Once more, with joy, your silent course I view ;
All hail ! ye northern lights, no more my eye
With horror sees a temple's flames in you.

Grow green, ancestral tombs! from out the deep,
Sweet as of old, come forth, thou wond'rous
strain!

For I would rest me on my shield, and sleep,
To dream of crimes atoned, and Gods appeased
again."

R. C.

CANTO XXIV.

THE RECONCILIATION.

Now was the work completed, and the temple
Of Balder built anew ; not as before,
With palisade of wood surrounded, but
With iron railing, representing spears
With gilded points, like steel-clad men, with
helms
Of brass, who stand around to guard the fane.
The cupola of massy granite rock
Was form'd, and with consummate skill erected.
It was indeed a work gigantic, built
To bid to time defiance, like the temple
In Upsala, where the astonished North
In its terrestrial form beholds Valhalla.
Proudly it stood upon the mountain's brow,
And in the silver wave beneath reflected

Its front majestic ; while on every side
 The grove of Balder, like a belt of flowers,
 Extended lay, the calm abode of peace.
 High was the portal, and of chissel'd bronze :
 A double row of columns stands within
 Of marble, bearing on their lofty shoulders
 The vaulted dome, which o'er the temple hangs
 In guise of golden shield : of marble also
 The altar of the God next meets the eye :
 A serpent, beautifully sculptur'd, winds
 Its folds around the altar, and each fold
 Contains the runes of virtue and of wisdom,
 Glean'd from the Vala or the Havamal.
 High on the wall, above the altar, shines
 A niche with golden stars, on ground of blue ;
 And in that niche the silver image stands
 Of Balder, god of piety and light,
 Beauteous and mild in aspect, like the moon
 Of argent on the dark blue vault of heaven.
 Such was the temple. Now in pairs there
 enter'd
 Twelve consecrated virgins, clad in vestments
 Of silver tissue, roses in their cheeks,
 And roses in their uncorrupted hearts.
 Before the statue of the God they danced,
 As vernal winds dance o'er the fountain stream,
 Or forest elves, upon the high-grown grass,
 With morning dew still glittering. While they
 dance,

They chaunt in choir a holy hymn of Balder
The pious ; how by all created beings
He dearly was beloved ; how he fell
Beneath the dart of Hœder ; how his fate
Was deeply mourn'd by earth, and sea, and
heaven.

Not mortal sound their voices, but like tones
From Breidablik, the Gods' abode, proceeding ;
Or like the thought of maiden when alone
Musing upon her lover, absent far,
When Philomel tunes her nocturnal lay,
And the moon shineth on the beechen grove.
Silent stood Frithiof, leaning on his sword,
And gazed upon the dance : when lo ! a host
Of recollections from his early days
Peer'd 'fore his brain ; a jocund train were they,
And innocent : with locks of gold, and eyes
Of azure, beaming love, they bade him " Hail !"
And like a bloody shade his Viking life,
With all its battles, its adventures all,
Sank into night's abyss : and to himself
A Bautastén he seem'd, with garlands crown'd,
Standing beside their grave : and as the song
Continued, towards Valhalla rose in thought
His spirit, freed from all the lowly cares
Which haunt the valley of this earthly life :
And every sentiment of human hate
And human vengeance melted from his breast,
As the ice melts upon the mountains steep,
When vernal zephyrs blow : a sea of joy

And peace his soul heroic overwhelm'd.
 He felt as if all nature's heart did beat
 Against his own: and in his fond embrace
 The universe itself he fain would hold,
 And peace restore 'mongst all created beings.
 But now the Priest Supreme of Balder's rite
 Into the temple enter'd; young he was not,
 Nor handsome, as the God; but tall in stature:
 His silver beard down to his girdle flow'd,
 And o'er his features heavenly mildness play'd.
 A reverence unwonted overpower'd
 The haughty soul of Frithiof: from his helm
 Down sank the lofty eagle plumes before
 The venerable man, who thus address'd him,
 Benevolent and calm, with words of peace.

"Welcome here, Frithiof, O my son! 'tis long
 I have expected thee. Round sea and land
 Force, uncontroll'd, like Berserk loves to rove,
 Who in the bitter combat bites the shield.
 Weary at length, and by experience cooled,
 Homeward it bends its course: full many a time
 The mighty Thor hath gone to Jotunheim;
 Yet, spite of his steel gauntlets, and his belt
 Of power divine, Lok still upon his throne
 In Utgard sits, and smiles at Thor defiance.
 Evil yields not to Strength, itself being strong;
 Virtue, when not with Force combin'd, is
 powerless
 As a child's play: 'tis like the solar ray

Upon bright Agir's bosom ; a mere image,
 A graspless shadow, which alternate sinks
 Or rises with the wave : but, without Virtue,
 Force can effectuate naught or good or lasting :
 It doth consume itself, as doth the sword
 Which rusteth in the sheath : 'tis the debauch
 Of life, when the dark heron of oblivion
 O'er the fill'd goblet its broad wings extends ;
 And when the hour of drunkenness is past,
 And reason re-assumes her wonted sway,
 We blush and sicken at the deeds we've done.
 All force comes from the earth, from Ymer's
 limbs ;

The yeasty waves spring from that giant's veins,
 And brass and iron each tough sinew yields ;
 Yet barren still, and empty, and unfruitful
 Doth it remain, until celestial Virtue,
 Sun-like, its rays thereon benignant sheds.
 The grass then groweth green ; the flowers
 put on

Their many-colored die ; its spacious crown
 The tree extends aloft ; the fruit assumes
 Its golden hue ; and man and beast alike
 Their nourishment from mother earth receive.
 E'en so it is with Asker's race. Alfader
 Placeth two weights for every human life
 Into his scales, which one another balance,
 When just the scales are poised ; and these are
 called

Celestial Goodness and terrestrial Force.

Thor's force is great indeed, when round his
waist

The belt of Megingard he bindeth fast,
And proudly stalks to battle: Odin's wisdom
Is likewise great, when he casts down his look
On Urda's silver wave, and from the earth
His ravens twain, ascending to the skies,
Bring him the tidings of the nether world.
Yet pale they both became; their antique
crowns

Their wonted splendor lost when Balder fell.
For Balder was the fillet of the garland
That binds Valhalla's powers: the tree of time
Then withering fell into the yellow leaf,
And Nidhog gnaw'd its root: then broke their
chain

The powers of gloomy Night, the ancient anarch.
Then Midgard's serpent struck th'affrighted sky
With venom-swelter'd tail; then Fenris howled;
And Surtur's sword of flame from Muspelheim
Like lightning blazed: since then eternal rage
Throughout the whole creation war and strife.
In Valhall crows the cock, with crest of gold,
The blood-red cock, provoking Gods and men
To never-ceasing combat, o'er the earth
And eke beneath. Before that time peace
reigned

Not merely in the realm of Asagard,
But also upon Earth; in every bosom
Of Mortal, or Immortal, peace then reign'd

With undisputed sway : for what on earth
Occurs, hath happen'd in the world above
In grander scale already : but an image
Of Valhall is the life of man ; 'tis heaven's
Splendor serene, which doth reflect itself
In Saga's brilliant rune-incrusted shield.
Every heart hath its Balder : dost thou not
Remember well the time, when in thy breast
Peace reigned, and glad and joyous was thy life,
Tranquil as heaven, or dream of tuneful birds,
When winds nocturnal on a summer's eve
Blow gently o'er each blooming flower and
plant ?

Then Balder lived in thy pure soul, thou son
Of Asas, wandering image of Valhalla !
The God is not dead for the child ; and Hela,
As oft as man is born, restores her prey.
But with this Balder in each human soul
Høeder, his brother blind, coeval grows :
Før, like young bears, all Evil is born blind,
And wears night's livery : but the Good is clad
in light.

Now Lok the tempter from his lurking place
Steals along silent ; and with hateful zeal
Directs the blind one's hand : the sword then
pierces

The heart of Balder, sanctuary of love.
Then Hate awakens ! Violence springs up
Impatient ! then the sword, like hungry wolf,
Stalks around hill and vale ! then ships engage

In battle, and the waves discolor'd roll
 With blood ! for like a powerless shade sits
 Goodness,
 Dead 'mongst the Dead, in pale-blue Hela's cave;
 And Balder's temple lies consumed in ashes.
 Thus is the Asas' life, in heaven above,
 A prototype of human life on earth :
 Both are the offspring of the tranquil thought
 Of great Alfader, and they never change.
 What has been, what shall happen, that alone
 The fatal Vala's song profound reveals,
 The cradle hymn of Time, its Drapa too.
 To the same tune in that mysterious song
 Rises Heimkringlas' edifice ; while man
 His proper destiny therein can read.
 Dost thou well understand or not ? the Vala asks
 thee.

Thou wouldst fain make atonement : dost thou,
 youth,
 Know what atonement means ? look in my face,
 Stedfast, and falter not ! the earth around
 Atonement wanders, and its name is ' Death.'
 All time is from its cradle—mark me well—
 Eternity perverted : earthly life
 Revolt and scission from Alfader's throne.
 And Expiation means returning thither
 Pure, undefiled : the high and mighty Asas
 Themselves have fallen : their day of expiation

Is Ragnarok—a day of blood on Vigríd's plain.
There do they fall; yet fall not unrevenged;
The Evil perishes for ever; but
The Good that falls, doth from the world's vast
wreck,

Rise again, purified to better life.
The earth one day shall sink beneath the main;
The brilliant army of the stars on high
Shall disappear from heaven; and nature all
In one vast sea of flame be overwhelm'd.
Yet will the Earth again more beauteous rise,
And lift from out the waves its flower-crown'd
head:

And every star, with life and light renew'd,
Its radiance spread o'er all the new creation.
Then over the green hills will Balder lead
The new born Asas, and the new formed men:
And tablets bright with golden runes, once lost
In th' earliest dawn of time will there be found
By the new race on Idavallen's plain.
Thus is the death of all the sons of Good
Their proof of fire, their expiation merely,
And birth to better life, that flies again
Rejoicing to its old abode, and smiling
Sits like a child upon its father's knee.
For know, all that is great and glorious lies
Beyond the grave, the verdant gate of Gimle!
And all that dwelleth under the bright stars
Is vile and worthless: but e'en in this life

There's room for Expiation, though a copy
 Imperfect of the higher one : 'tis like
 The prelude of the Scald upon his harp,
 When with experienced hand he tunes the
 chords,
 And rectifies the tones, until at length
 He strikes the golden strings, and chaunts aloud
 The glories of the olden time, and all
 Valhalla's splendor peers across his brain.
 For earth is but the shade of heaven ; and life
 Of man the type of Balder's fane above.
 The vulgar to the Asas sacrifice
 That which they hold most dear ; the courser
 proud,
 Gold-saddled, purple-hous'd, is oft led forth
 A victim to the Gods : that is a sign,
 And deep its meaning ; for the blood that's
 spilled
 Is Morning's blush to Expiation's day.
 But still the sign is not the thing itself,
 And doth not make atonement : no one can
 Do penance in thy stead, for what thyself
 Hath done. The Dead their grand atonement
 make
 In Alfader's pure bosom : but the Living
 In their own breasts must make their expiation.
 I know an offering to the Gods far dearer
 Than smoke of entrails on th'ensanguined altar ;
 And 'tis the sacrifice the heart doth make
 Of its own hate and vengeance : canst thou not

Quench their suggestions, canst thou not
forgive ?

Then art thou come in vain to Balder's temple.
What didst thou mean, when thou didst recon-
struct

This glorious building? Surely not by stones
Can Balder be appeas'd : for Expiation
Can only dwell where peace and love do dwell.
Be reconciled then with thy enemies,
And with thyself! then will the God of Light
His hand extend, in pledge of peace and pardon.

Rumour hath reach'd me of a southern Balder,
Son of a virgin, by Alfader sent
T' expound the runes mysterious, that are
graven

On the fates' sable buckler, yet unravell'd.
Peace was his end and aim; his falchion, love;
And like a dove, sat innocence upon
His silver helmet: piously he lived,
And pious taught; but preach'd forgiveness too:
And under distant palm trees lies his tomb.
His doctrine, so 'tis said, from vale to vale
Wanders triumphant; melteth stony hearts;
Joins hands together; and constructs on earth
A realm of peace and charity and love.
I do not rightly comprehend his law,
But in my better hours, methinks, I feel
A distant glimmering of its holy fire;

And at such times all hearts must feel like mine.
 The day will come, and I foresee it clear,
 When o'er the rugged mountains of the North
 'Twill spread its dove-like pinions, and on high
 Will wave victoriously its sacred banner.
 But ere that day arrives, the North will be
 For us no more; and oft the oak shall wave
 Its branches o'er our long forgotten graves.
 All hail, ye generations yet unborn!
 Than us far happier, ye shall one day drink
 That cup of consolation, and behold
 The torch of truth illuminate the world!
 This will disperse each murky vaporous cloud,
 Which threat'ning o'er the sun of life impends.
 Yet do not us despise, for we have sought
 With earnest zeal, and unaverted eye,
 To catch one ray of that ethereal light.
 Alfader still is one, and still the same;
 But many are his messengers divine.

Thou hatest Bele's sons: whence springs this
 hate?

Because to thee, an Odalbonde's son,
 Their sister they refuse, of Sening's blood
 Descended from the Asas; and therefrom
 Proceeds their pride: but a mere chance is birth,
 And not a merit, is thy prompt reply.
 Of his own merit let no man be proud;
 For merit too is fortune's gift: the best

Is given by the Gods : art thou not proud
 Thyself of thy heroic deeds and potent strength?
 Didst thou this strength give to thyself? are not
 Thy nerves, as firm and strong as gnarled oak,
 The gift of Asa Thor? Is not the courage,
 That palpitates within thy breast and burns
 For action, also given thee by Thor?
 Is't not the lightning of that God that flashes
 From thy undaunted eye? to thee the Nornas
 Did also at thy cradle sing the song
 Of fame and empire : wherefore then shouldst
 thou

Be prouder of this boon, than the King's sons
 Of regal birth? do not too harshly blame
 Another's pride, lest thou be blamed thyself!
 King Helge now hath fallen."—" Helge fallen?
 (Here interrupted Frithiof) when and where?"—
 " Thou knowest thyself, since thou hast tarried
 here,

He took the field against the Finlanders.
 Upon a wild and desolate heath there stands
 An ancient temple, sacred to Jumala :
 That temple hath been long abandon'd, all
 Its rites neglected : but above the gate
 There was an ancient image of that God
 Renowned far and wide, though menacing
 To fall from its antiquity : among
 The people was the saying handed down,
 From race to race, that he who first should visit
 That temple, would behold Jumala's self.

Helge heard of this story, and with purpose
Of fell destruction, to the temple he flew
Of the detested God : when he approached,
The gate was fasten'd close, and therein lay
A rusty key unfit for use : the King,
By passion and by hatred blinded, grasp'd
One of the wooden columns which supported
The roof, and shook it with his utmost force.
The column, rotten within, gave way, and down
Fell with tremendous crash the fatal statue,
And crush'd King Helge in it's ponderous fall !
Thus did the son of Bele see Jumala.
A messenger last night hath brought the news
Of this event : now Halfdan sits sole regent
On Bele's throne. Offer to him thy hand,
In pledge of peace, and sacrifice thy wrath
In homage to the Asas ! Balder's self
This sacrifice commands, and I, his priest,
Demand it, as a proof of wish sincere
To expiate thy faults at Balder's shrine.
Dost thou refuse ? then was this glorious temple
In vain rebuilt, and I have preach'd in vain."

Now Halfdan enter'd by the gate of bronze ;
And with uncertain look, when he beheld
His formidable foe, he hesitated,
And silent stood. But Frithiof from his loins
His belt unbuckling, placed the corslet-hater,
And gilded buckler at the altar's base :

And, thus unarmed, advanc'd to meet his foe.
“ In such a strife,” said he with friendly mien,
“ He is the worthiest, who the first presents
His hand in pledge of peace.” King Halfdan
blushed,
Drew off his glove of steel, and now two hands,
Long separated, clasp'd each other fast.
The pontiff then dissolv'd the ban, which o'er
The exiled man, the Varg i Vehm impended:
And while the ceremony he performed,
Fair Ingeborga suddenly advanced
In bridal garments, and in ermined mantle,
By white robed damsels follow'd; and she shone
Pre-eminent amongst them, as the moon
Shines midst the stars on the blue vault of heaven.
Her beauteous eyes suffused with tears, upon
Her brother's breast she threw herself; but he,
Raising her gently, placed her in the arms
Of her belov'd and faithful Frithiof;
And at the altar of the God of light
She gave her hand to him she held most dear,
The friend and comrade of her earliest youth.

W. E. F.

END OF THE POEM.

NOTES.

Explanation of some points of the Scandinavian mythology, illustrative of the allusions to it in the Frithiof's Saga.

THE great Gods, the *Dii majorum gentium* of the Scandinavians, were termed Asas: their abode, Asa-gård, Odin is the supreme God, the Jupiter of the Scandinavians, their great progenitor: he is sometimes called Alfader, as being the Father of all; and sometimes Valfader (father of the choice), when he presides at the banquets in Valhalla. It may be remarked that the term Alfader is sometimes given to a supreme unknown God, superior even to Odin.

Valhalla (hall of the choice) is the name of a palace in the realm of Asa-gård, where the souls of beatified heroes slain in battle, or distinguished by their valor, are received. They partake of the table and the delights of the Asas. The occupation and amusements of the Einherier (so the guests of Valhalla are termed) are thus described in Sæmunder's Edda, from a Swedish translation by Tegner (author of the Frithiof's Saga), of a chapter in it, called Gångrœd (weary wanderer); wherein Vaftrudner, an omniscient Giant, answers a variety of questions put to him by Odiu, who visited him under the assumed name of

Gangrœd, in order to ascertain whether he really merited the reputation of wisdom which he enjoyed.

“ All the Einherier
In Odin’s domain
Fight together daily,
And chuse their prey of death :
From the battle they ride
Afterwards, and sit down
To drink beer with the Aſas :
And likewise in joy and unity
They feed together on the bacon of Sahrimmer.”

Valkyries : such is the name given to the celestial virgins, who attend the fields of battle, in order to bear off the souls of the slain warriors to Valhalla. A natural death, called *Death on the Straw* (Stráðœd), was looked upon as ignominious; and the Scandinavian warriors, in order to avoid it, when they could not die in battle, and found their end approaching by old age or sickness, inflicted on themselves a voluntary death by opening their veins; and this was called “cutting runes to Odin.” By this they thought to avoid falling into the hands of Hela.

Hela is the Goddess of Death and of the shades below, who dwells in Niffelheim, abode of eternal cold, damp, and horror; where the souls of the cowardly and worthless are doomed to pine. Hela is usually termed the pale-blue (blek-blá) from her ghastly livid color; and she is frightful and appalling to behold. Etymology hehlen (Teutonic verb) *to conceal*. The etymology of Niffelheim is heim, *abode*; and Niffel, *cloud, vapour, damp*.

The Gods, Spirits, or Genii of Evil, in the Scandinavian mythology, are called Jotun; in Swedish, Jättar, which means Giants. These Giants are in perpetual hostility, not only with the Asas, but with mankind. Their abode is Jotunheim. The part of the universe, over which the

Asas have no jurisdiction, and where the Giants hold sway, is called Utgård: Jotunheim, Niffelheim, etc. are so many departments of Utgård. The etymology of Utgård is Ut (exclusion; anglicé, *out*); and gârd, (*court, canton, or district.*)

Lok is the Sovereign of Utgård: he is the Father of the Giants, the Supreme Genius of Evil, the Satan and Ahri-man of the Gothic mythology. Etymology: Swedish verb *locka* (*to tempt*).

Thor is the God of Strength and of Thunder; he is constantly employed in extirpating crime, and protecting the weak: he is, in consequence, in perpetual warfare with the Giants, and is the arch enemy of Lok. He is, in fact, the Hercules of the Scandinavian mythology, with many of the attributes of Jupiter. He is represented armed with a hammer, called Micolner, gauntlets of steel, and a belt, called Megingard. He dwells in Trudvang.

Balder, the Son of Odin, may be considered as the Apollo of the Scandinavians, the Sun personified, the God of piety, warmth, and light; the most benevolent among the Asas. He plays the most prominent part in the Gothic mythology. At his birth all the trees and plants were enchanted in his favor, except the mistletoe, which by some oversight was omitted. Balder was slain by his twin brother Hœder, or Hœdur, who was born blind, and, who, instigated by Lok, killed his brother Balder with an arrow made of the wood of the mistletoe. Balder's death forms a most important epoch in the Northern mythology: from hence dates the entrance of vice, violence, and crime into the world; and a state of continual warfare in the heavens, on the earth, and beneath the earth, is the consequence; which state is to last until the day of Ragnarok, called otherwise the "Twilight of the Gods," shall arrive. Then shall Lok unbind Fenris the wolf, who is chained at the gate of the abode of Hela: Fenris shall swallow up Odin: a great battle is to be fought on the plain of Vigrid, between the

Asas and the Giants, wherein the latter shall be victorious. Then shall Surtur, a formidable Giant, with flames collected from Muspelheim, the abode of flames, set fire to the universe; and in this general conflagration, Asas, Giants, men, the whole creation, in fact, are to perish, with the exception of Vidar. A new creation is then to take place under the auspices of Vidar, after the fire of Surtur shall be extinguished; Vidar is destined to resuscitate and regenerate the Asas and the human race, and to conduct them to their new abode, where eternal peace and happiness are to reign.

Balder is often termed by the poets "the Fair," the "bright-hair'd God."

Nanna is the wife of Balder, renowned for her piety and constancy.

Frey is the God of Liberty and Joy; he unites some of the attributes of Apollo with those of Bacchus. His name Frey (free) denotes his element. He represents the Sun at the winter solstice; so did Bacchus, if I mistake not, and he too was called "Liber."

Freya is the Goddess of Beauty, Love, and Pleasure. She is, in fact, the Venus of the Scandinavian mythology. Her husband was Oder, whom she once lost, and went in search of, but never found.

Frigga is the wife of Odin; she unites some attributes of Juno with those of Ceres. Etym. fri (*free*), ge (*give*), from her bounty and liberality.

Brage is the God of Song.

Mimer is the God of Eloquence.

Vidar is the God of Knowledge and of Silence: the important part he plays in this mythology I have already mentioned in treating of Balder.

Forsete is the son of Balder; he is the God of Justice, the supreme judge of the actions of men: he holds his tribunal in his mansion Glitner, near the wave of Urda, the destiny of the past.

Agir is the God of the Sea, the Neptune of the Scandinavians.

Vaulunder is the Vulcan.

Rana, or Ran, is a Giantess, who also holds dominion over the sea, and is malevolent.

Vala, is the Sybil of the Gothic Mythology.

Saga, which means oral tradition, saying, or legend, is sometimes personified as an allegorical divinity. Soquaback (source of memory) is her place of abode.

Vanadis, is an allegorical divinity, personifying Imagination; and is also a name sometimes given to Freya.

The Destinies, Parcæ, or Fates of the Scandinavians, were called Nornas: there were three principal ones, whose names were—

Urda — Norna, or Destiny of the Past.

Verdandis ———— Destiny of the Present.

Skulda ———— Destiny of the Future.

The etymology of these names is self-evident to those acquainted with the Teutonic and Scandinavian languages; viz:—

Urda, from the German wurde (was).

Verdandis, from the German werdend (being).

Skulda, from the Danish verb skulle (shall).

Scalds, names given to the Bards and Poets.

The above remarks, together with the notes I have annexed to each canto, will sufficiently explain all that remains necessary to be known, in order to comprehend the allusions to the mythology interspersed in the poem of Frithiof. The original was published without any notes; but I have collected my information on this subject, partly from the notes published by Dr. Mohnicke and Madame de Helwig, in their German translations of this poem, and partly from the chapter of the Edda, called Gangrœd, translated into Swedish by Tegner. It may be necessary to add, that though I

have been familiar with the German language from my earliest days, and have studied pretty closely the Swedish and Danish languages, for the last four or five years, I am totally unacquainted with the Icelandic, and therefore do not chuse to risk etymologies which may be erroneous: those who wish to be thoroughly initiated in the msyteries of the Gothic mythology, may consult a Danish work by Finn Magnussen, entitled the *Edda-lære* (*Edda doctrine*) where it is treated at full length. The work itself is a 'chef-d'œuvre,' and is a complete key to the mythes and enigmas of that intricate mythology.



With respect to the Swedish words in the notes, we have been obliged, from the want of the proper type, to make the following substitutions, viz:—

For the a with the circle over it, ä;

For the a twice dotted, æ;

For the o twice dotted, œ.

NOTES TO EACH CANTO.

CANTO I.

Alfs, or Elfin—name given to beneficent genii of small stature.

Runes—so letters are called in the Gothic writings.

Iduna—wife of Brage, the God of poetry.

Gerda—wife of the God Frey.

Nanna—wife of Balder, renowned for her piety and affection.

Scalds—so the poets and minstrels were termed amongst the Scandinavians.

Trudvang—the abode of Thor.

Bonde—in Swedish means peasant, or cultivator; but the word 'peasant' would give a very inaccurate idea of the position of Thorsten, who, though neither of royal or noble extraction, was an exceedingly rich proprietor. The franklin of the Anglo-Saxons, or the frey-sassen of the Germans, would best serve to express the condition of Thorsten: we have therefore adopted the word in the original; viz.—bonde, which is derived from the Swedish verb *bo*, to *cultivate* or *dwell in*. In the last canto, Thorsten is mentioned as being an odal-bonde: the word odal means *free* and *independent*, in opposition to *træl*, *serf*, and is the origin of the word *adel*, *nobility*, among the Teutonic nations.

CANTO II.

Thorsten Vikingson means Thorsten, the son of Viking; thus Frithiof, being the son of Thorsten, would be called Frithiof Thorstenson.

Disarsal means Pantheon, or place of assembly of all the gods.

Odin's birds—these were two ravens who descend to the earth, in order to collect the news of what is passing, and report it to Odin.

By 'chair of state' or 'place of honor' is meant the principal seat at a banquet, which, when not occupied by the master of the house, was usually given to the most distinguished guest. Hœg-bænk (high bench) is the Swedish word.

Havamal—(sublime discourse) is the name given to a chapter in the Edda, which contains much sage advice. In fact, much of the counsel contained in this canto is taken from it.

Drapa means 'funeral dirge,' and sometimes 'song of the Apotheosis.'

Bautasten — the 'pierre tumulaire' of the Gothic nations.

CANTO III.

Framnæs—name of the estate of Frithiof. Its name is expressive of its position, as being situated on a point of land, or promontory. Fram is a preposition, meaning 'forward,' and næs means 'nose,' which appellation was given to points of land by the Scandinavians; hence comes

the English term 'ness,' in Dungeness, and other places on points of land.

Jul—this was the name given to the principal festival among the Scandinavians in the Pagan time. It is the feast of mid-winter, and of the birth of the sun; and may be considered as the new-year's fête of the Gothic nations. It has been replaced by the Christmas and new-year festivals; and to this day, in Scandinavia, Christmas is sometimes termed Jul. In the north of England too, to this day, they put what is called the yule log on the fire at Christmas. Etymology, *hjul*, Danish word for 'wheel' or 'disk' (of the sun probably). The Jul festival was particularly consecrated to the god Frey; hence the jollity, merriment, and liberty that prevailed.

Viking—name assumed by the Scandinavian warriors, who made piratical excursions into foreign countries. The meaning of the word is 'king of the bays or creeks.' In Thierry's admirable history of the "Conquest of England by the Normans," much curious information is given concerning these Vikingar, and of the ravages and depredations made by them on the coasts of Great Britain and France, long before the Norsemen made a final conquest of Neustria, and gave to that province its present name of Normandy. Thierry translates Viking "roi des anses." The word *vik* comes from the Swedish verb *vika* (to give way, to recede), and expresses fully the receding of the land.

Mimer is the God of Eloquence; he sits by the wave of *Urda*, the destiny of the past.

Angurvadel—name of Frithiof's sword. I am unacquainted with its etymology; but it has no doubt some meaning in Icelandic. The Scandinavians were fond of giving appellations like the following to their swords: viz. 'brother of lightning,' 'helmet-breaker,' 'corslet-hater.'

Gnomes—in the original, *Dvergar* (dwarfs), genii of small stature, who worked in the mines under the direc-

tion of *Vaulunder*, the *Vulcan* of the Gothic mythology. The word *gnome*, being more generally known and equally explicit, is substituted for the word *dwarf*: gold is often termed *dverg-glans*; i. e. 'splendor of the dwarfs.'

Bjorn, surnamed 'blue tooth,' (*Bjorn blátand* in the original) was the name of a celebrated hero in the Northern annals.

Groninga is now termed *Grœn-sund*; it lies between the islands of *Sealand*, *Mon*, and *Falster*.

Viking—who fought with the Giant, is here the proper name of the son of *Vifell*, and father of *Thorsten*.

Ulleroker—an ancient kingdom in Sweden, in the province now called *Westmannland*.

"Before the *Asas* led them forth." This alludes to the expedition of the historical *Odin*, who came from Asia with his followers, and conquered Scandinavia.

Hildur—the name of a deified heroine who delights in battle. She was the daughter of *Hogni* and the spouse of *Hedin*. According to the legend, as given by the Danish author *Samsoes*, her father and lover, having quarrelled, slew one another in duel. *Hildur*, by magic art, evoked from the tomb the ghost of *Hedin*; but her spells were more powerful than she imagined; for, by their operation, her father *Hogni* arose also from the tomb, and the two spectres renewed their fight, which fight is to recommence every night and continue till the day of *Ragnarok*. *Hildur* is present and encourages them: hence war is termed 'Hildur's play' (*Hildur's-lek* in Swedish; *Hildur's-leeg* in Danish.)

Saga—legend or tradition, is here an allegorical divinity; *Soquaback* is her parent. *Bæck*, in Swedish, means 'source' or 'streamlet'; and probably *Soquabæck* means 'source of legends.'

Forsete—the son of *Balder*, and the God of Justice.

Glitner—the name of the judgment hall and mansion of *Forsete*.

Sote—the name of a notorious robber often mentioned in the Northern annals.

Agir—the God of the Sea; the waves are often called ‘Agir’s daughters.’

Bjorn, the son of Hilding, and friend and companion in arms of Frithiof. When the Northern heroes swore friendship, they mixed their blood in the cup of liquor, which they pledged to each other. Bjoern means ‘bear’ in Swedish. May not the Norman name of Byron derive its origin from Bjorn? for among all warlike barbarous nations, their chiefs loved to assume the name of beasts or birds of prey remarkable for their courage and ferocity.

CANTO IV.

“Dying on straw,” and “cutting runes to Odin to avoid falling into the hands of Hela;” the said expressions have been explained in a preceding note. Jarl means ‘count;’ the English title of ‘earl’ is derived therefrom.

CANTO V.

King Ring, or Hring, as it is sometimes written, was a prince of great celebrity, who reigned over a portion of Norway, called after him Hringa-rike (empire of Hring). He flourished about the eighth century; and has descended to posterity as the most perfect model of an accomplished sovereign—brave, wise, just, and good.

Ting—the diet, council, or place where business is transacted. It also means ‘thing’ (negotium). Storting means ‘grand council,’ from the adjective stor (great).

Folkvang—name of a canton in Asagård, reserved for the

souls of virtuous women. Etym. folk (people), and vang meadow or plain).

Vala is the Sibyl of the Gothic nations. "Striking the buckler" was the signal for the followers of a chieftain to fly to arms.

CANTO VI.

All the allusions in this canto are to the game of chess; but in English, unfortunately, the point which lies in the word bonde, meaning 'peasant' or 'pawn' cannot be rendered.

CANTO VII.

Delling—is the name of the father of Day.

Silver gate.—The gate of Valhalla, from which the deified warriors (Einherier) issue on horseback to go to battle, is of silver.

Vingolf is the name of the mansion of Freya: Frithiof here portrays the life he would lead in Valhalla, were he there with Ingeborg.

Ragnarok—called otherwise, "The twilight of the Gods," is the day on which the universe (men, Gods, and all) is to perish by fire.

CANTO VIII.

Gefion—the tutelary Goddess of Virgins—herself a virgin.

Bifrost is the name of the bridge, over which the ghos

of departed heroes must pass, to arrive at Valhalla; the rainbow is called Bifrost, and serves for this purpose.

Norna—besides the three principal Nornas or Fates—Urda, Verdandis, and Skulda: each human being was supposed to have his peculiar Nornor or Nornas.

Balder's kinsman—the kings of the North being supposed to descend from Odin, claimed very consequently relationship with Balder and the other Gods.

“Harsh as the Vala.”—This alludes to the chapter in the Edda, called the ‘Vegtam's Quida,’ (Speech of the Traveller) wherein Odin, in the disguise of a traveller, descends to Niffelhem, the abode of Hela, in order to consult the Vala about the prophecy respecting the death of his son, Balder, and the fall of the Gods. The Vala answers very unwillingly, and at the end of every strophe, exclaims ‘Now I will be silent.’—(Nu vil jag tige.)

The islands where Angantyr held sway were the Orkneys. The Orkney islands were the place of rendezvous of the Scandinavian corsairs in those times. They arrived there in the spring, and from thence they sallied forth again to plunder the coasts of the neighbouring countries. The Celtic or Gaelic language was never spoken in the Orkneys, for those islands were uninhabited before they were occupied by the Norsemen. The Norse tongue prevailed there, until it was replaced by the English. The etymology of Orkney is from the Danish word oerken (desert, uninhabited), oe (island).

Fafner is the name of a fierce Dragon in the northern regions, who was killed by a hero named Sigurd.

Nidding means ‘worthless fellow’ (*vaurien* in French), and was the greatest insult that could be applied to a Scandinavian.

Nastrand—name of a canton in Utgård, and from its etymology, nass (wet) strand (strand), denotes a place of cold, damp, and discomfort.

Vapours, skiffs of heaven—In the original, *himmlens lǎng-skepp, molnen*—(heaven's long-ship, vapour).

CANTO IX.

Oder is the husband or lover of Freya, whom she lost, and went in search of, but never found. He must not be confounded with Hœder, the brother of Balder.

M. Ampère, in a recent interesting work on Scandinavia and Germany, has given an elegant and singularly faithful French metrical version of this canto. Could he be induced to give us a metrical version of the whole poem, it would be a very great acquisition to modern literature.

CANTO X.

'Fiends'—In the original the word is *trollen*. Troll means 'demon, fiend,' or 'goblin.' The Trollen were ugly, mis-shapen, and frightful to behold; and being very malignant and capable of assuming various forms, could be easily excited to mischief by magic spells and adjurations. Ham and Heid were two sea-demons of this description, who loved to raise tempests, and whose names appear in the old Norwegian and Icelandic legends. In this poem they bear the following epithets, viz. : *Vind-kall* (wind-cold) Ham : *Snœig* (snowy) Heid. The grotesque appearances of the Trollen, and the bizarre ceremonies used in invoking their aid, are probably the origin of the French and English words, *drôle, droll*.

Solunder—the name probably of some small islands on the Norwegian coast.

Ran, or Rana—name of a Giantess exercising dominion

over the sea, who amuses herself with causing shipwrecks. It was a superstition amongst the Scandinavians not to go empty-handed to Ran; so that when they found their ship sinking, and no chance of escape for themselves, they liked to have a piece of money, or something of value about their persons, in order to propitiate Ran. Etymology—from the Danish verb *rane* (to rob).

Efjesund—one of the Orkney islands, supposed to be the island at present called Eglisey.

In the original, when Frithiof calls to Biorn to come and hold the rudder, he makes a pun, by saying—*grip det starkt med bjœrnram* (seize it fast with bear's paw)! in allusion to his name of Biœrn (bear).

In the third stanza of the last strophe but one, the prayers of Ingeborga are personified, and represented as bending their lily-white knees before the throne of the Asas.

CANTO XI.

Berserk means *bare sark*; the Berserker were combatants who affected peculiar ferocity, and often fought in their shirts with their fists and teeth: hence their appellation.

The splendor of Angantyr's banquetting hall, enriched by the plunder acquired in his piratical excursions, and by an impost levied by him on the booty brought into his ports by the Vikingar, formed a great contrast with the primitive simplicity of the Norwegian houses and furniture.

Morven is the name (Celtic probably) formerly given to the Highlands of Scotland. As the Scalds that came from thence could only sing in their own language the Gaelic, which was probably but little, if at all, understood by the Norsemen, it is no wonder that these last should give the preference to a song in their native tongue.

Astrild is the name of the God of Love ; he is called in the original ' little rogue ' (liten skalk).

CANTO XII.

Black Swan—the ship Ellida.

Agir's Daughters—the waves.

Var—the God of Truth.

Lofn—the God or genius of Marriage—Etymology, from the Swedish verb lofva (to promise.)

The festival of Midsummer among the ancient Scandinavians was celebrated in commemoration of the death of Balder ; in which his fate and his funeral pile were represented, something in the style of the ' mysteries ' of the Catholic countries. In Northumberland, a county which was long occupied by the Danes, there are to be found at this day stones, which are called by the people *Bawder-stones* ; they are probably the remains of ancient temples consecrated to Balder ; and the word Balderdash, in use among the common people, and signifying any thing *over-complimentary* and not *very intelligible*, may be derived from the strange incantations and high-flown songs, which accompanied the celebration of these mysteries.

CANTO XIII.

The word ' midnight sun ' must appear strange to a Southron ; but the reader must bear in mind that in the high northern latitudes at midsummer the sun is never entirely below the horizon, even at midnight.

Muspel is the name of the God of Fire, and Muspelheim is his abode : the flames were called ' the children of Muspel.'

CANTO XIV.

A free metre has been preferred for the translation of this canto. In the original it is written in couplets of four and five syllables alternately (masculine and feminine rhymes). This metre to an English ear would be monotonous and wearisome.

“Fly, vapor, fly.”—According to the legend of Frithiof by the Danish author Samsøe, Frithiof did not inherit from his father a great veneration for the Gods of his country.

“That fairer one”—Ingeborg.

Gudbrand—is the name of a valley in Norway.

Heimkringlås; the world or universe. Its etymology is heim (abode), kring (round about), and lās (clasp).

CANTO XV.

This canto is written in rhymed distichs. I have adopted the same metre for the translation.

Vikingabalk means ‘code of the Vikings:’ the word *balk* means a piece of wood, whereon any thing is carved or engraved.

Valfader (father of the choice)—name given to Odin, when he presides at the banquet of Valhalla: according to Fiun Magnussen’s notes on the Edda, Odin does not eat, but gives his share of food to two wolves that accompany him, and contents himself with wine, which is “both meat and drink to him” (viin er ham baade mad og drik): such is the literal phrase, which will appear to most readers of singular naïveté.

Sea-king (Sjœkonung). - The Vikingar sometimes assumed this title.

This canto is remarkable for its containing two regulations, which are enforced to this day on board British ships of war, viz: sobriety, and the exclusion of women from ships when at sea.

CANTO XVI.

Holm-gang—i. e. course on the Holm; in modern meaning, 'a duel.' Holm was the name given to small uninhabited islands on the coast of Scandinavia, and were generally the places of rendezvous for combats of life and death.

Hagbarth is the name of a warrior in the Northern legends, who, having fallen into the hands of his enemies, was hanged by them. His mistress, Signe, from despair at his death, hanged herself. The loves of this unfortunate couple are as renowned in the North, as those of Romeo and Juliet in Italy and England; and the living Danish poet, Oehlenschlæger, the first of modern dramatic writers, has made it the subject of a most interesting tragedy.

"My revenge the old King shall pursue." In the original, Bjorn says that he will avenge the death of Frithiof, should it occur, by cutting the 'blood-eagle' (blod-œrn) on the back of Ring; a horrible species of revenge in practice amongst the Northern nations of those times, and which consisted in splitting open the back of the victim, and turning his ribs outwards, so as to afford some resemblance to a spread eagle.

CANTO XVII.

When Frithiof says he "comes from the wolf," he does not make use of a metaphor merely; for the name of wolf (in Danish *ulf*, in Swedish *varg*) was often given to the pirates. In Norman Latin, a wolf is often called *vargus*, instead of *lupus*.

Dragon's back—metaphorically, his ship. The Norsemen used to paint their ships in the supposed form of dragons.

"Burning salt on the strand" was the occupation of the poorer classes in Scandinavia.

The Vow—alludes to the custom of the Gothic nations at the Jul festival, to make a vow for the ensuing year; in pronouncing which it was usual to touch the boar's head, a standing dish on that occasion.

CANTO XVIII.

Sleipner is the name of the horse of Odin.

Stanza 11, "Bath so cold." In the original these words (*kalla bad*) belong to the second stanza. Not having found it convenient to introduce them in the second stanza, I have done so in the eleventh.

CANTO XIX.

Rota is the name of one of the Valkyries.

Varg i Veum or *Vehm*, meaning literally 'wolf in the sanctuary,' was the term applied to outlaws and bandits, as the word *Vogel-frey* was used among the Germans to denote the same thing.

CANTO XX.

Skinfax is the name of the steed that draws the chariot of the sun; it perfectly corresponds with the Greek word phosphoros (light bearer).

“Cutting runes to Odin” has been already explained.

Giallar is the name of the horn of Heimdaller, the sentinel at the gate of Bifrost, who announces to the Gods in Valhalla the arrival of a new guest, by sounding the said horn.

CANTO XXI.

This canto, in the original, is written in stanzas of eight lines, unrhimed, wherein frequent use is made of the alliteration, a species of metrical harmony much in use among the ancient Scandinavians: it consists in beginning three consecutive words with the same letter. This alliteration, by the way, is very difficult to accomplish in any other tongue except the Swedish and Danish; for in these two languages, the definite article *en* for the masculine and feminine, *et* for the neuter, is *appended* to the substantive instead of *preceding* it. Thus *skœld*, in Swedish, means ‘shield,’ and *skœlden* ‘the shield’—*gângar* means ‘courser,’ and *gângaren* ‘the courser.’ The definite article will always interfere, in other languages, to prevent the strict alliteration; and the Latin is the only one I know of, which, from its being able to dispense with the definite article altogether, is enabled to make use of this species of metre with success. I have been obliged to paraphrase this canto, instead of rendering it literally; for I despaired of giving an idea of the conciseness of the original, without rendering the sense obscure, if not unintelligible. I have, however, adhered

very closely to its sense and spirit, and have attempted, here and there, the alliteration.

I transcribe the first stanza of the original, with an inter-linear word for word English translation, which will at once demonstrate the difficulty of giving a close version of it.

Sitter i hœgen
Sits in the tomb
 hœgættad hœfðing
high-raced chieftain
 slagsværd vid sidan
sword by the side
 skœlden på arm :
the shield upon arm :
 gångaren gode
the courser good
 gnæggar derinne,
neighs therein,
 skraper med gullhof
scrapes with gilded hoof
 grundmurad graf,
ground walled grave.

In the original Freya is termed Vanadis.
 Drapa means 'song of the apotheosis.'

CANTO XXII.

"Its orb a sun in blood."—By this expression, the device on the shield is probably meant.

"As 'twere his element."—The original has "som fisk i sjœn" (like fish in the sea).

"Shield-borne boy."—In the original, 'skœldburne sven.'

CANTO XXIII.

Nidhœg is the name of a frightful monster in the Gothic mythology, who is continually gnawing the root of the Ash Ygdrasil, the tree of life.

“Coal-black hands.”—Original, *kolsvarta hænder*.

Angantyr—this alludes to a legend, wherein a northern chief, by name Hervor, evokes from the tomb the ghost of his father Angantyr, in order to obtain from him his sword Tirsing, which according to custom had been buried with him. Angantyr at first remonstrates, but compelled by the incantations, gives the sword to Hervor, assuring him at the same time that it would be the ruin of all his race.

Holmgang—see note to the sixteenth canto.

Hægring is the Swedish word for the optical illusion termed in French *mirage*; and which is also sometimes called ‘*Fata Morgana*.’

Breidablik is the name of the palace of Balder.

CANTO XXIV.

Ymer is the name of the Giant from whose limbs the earth was created:

From the limbs of Ymer
Was the earth created,
And the mountains were formed
From his bones:

From his blood flow all the waters,
And the vaults of heaven are formed from his skull.

(From *Sæmunder's Edda*, chapter called *Gángrœd*, translated into Swedish by *Tegner*, author of *Frithiof*.)

Asker and Embla are the Adam and Eve of the Gothic mythology.

The tree of life is the Ash Ygdrasil.

Fenris is the name of the wolf, who is to be unchained by Lok at Ragnarok, and who is to devour Odin.

The serpent of Midgard is to swallow up Thor at Ragnarok.

Vigrid is the name of the plain where the battle is to be fought between the Asas and the Giants; the latter are to be victorious.

Surtur is the name of the Giant who is to destroy the universe by fire.

Vidar is the God who is to re-construct the universe after its destruction by fire, and to resuscitate the Asas and the human race :

When the fire is extinguished,
Vidar shall construct anew
The domain of the Gods,
And Vala with him.
Then finally shall peace
Succeed the long strife.

(Edda—chapter called Gángrœd).

Heimkringlas is the universe ; its etymology has already been given.

“Dost thou well understand or not? the Vala asks thee!” this question is taken from a chapter in the Edda, called the ‘Vala’s Spaadom’ (*Vala’s prophecy*), and is repeated at the end of several strophes.

Idavallen is the name given to the region which Gods and men are to inhabit after the reconstruction of the universe.

Gimle is the name of a mansion in Idavallen, where the Gods are to rendezvous after their resuscitation. The grave is often termed by the poets ‘the verdant gate of Gimle.’

Southern Balder—allusion to the mission of Christ.

Sening, or Seming—name of a son of Odin.

Jumala—name of a God worshipped by the Finlanders in the Pagan time.

“Corslet-hater.”—His sword.

I shall conclude with remarking that, from a perusal of the analysis of the Edda doctrine contained in this canto, it is not difficult to perceive, that the Scandinavian mythology, like all other polytheistic systems, is simply the personification of the operations of nature, and their presumed causes. By the Asas, the creative and preservative powers are personified; by the Giants, the destructive ones. The Giants existed previous to the Asas, inasmuch as chaos, darkness, and confusion preceded creation, light, and order.

W. E. F.

THE END.

Errata and Corrigenda.

- | | |
|--|---|
| P. 31, omit the dash — after the word full | read no mead-cup is at hand |
| 39.... 9, for verdent read verdant | 123.... 2, for or read there |
| 59.... 8, for union to bind read union
firm to bind | 137.... 3, for I am victim read I am a
victim |
| 69.... 4, for angel read Valk'rie | 140.... 7, for victim blood read victim-
blood |
| 73.... 15, for receives read receive | 148.... 2, for glide. read glide; |
| 112.... 2, for Asagard read Asa-gard | 152.... 11, for up goes read upgoes |
| 114.... 7, omit the before the word storm | 182.... 6, omit our before the word
paternal |
| 115.... 1, for bend read bent | |
| 122.... 20, for empty is mine hand, | |
| 134, line 5, read “ Oh, woman! woman!” thus said Frithiof griev'd,
“ A lie was the first thought by Lok conceiv'd,” | |

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FRITHIOF'S SAGA,

OR

THE LEGEND OF FRITHIOF.

—
BY ESAIAS TEGNER.

—
Translated from the Swedish.
—

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