



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

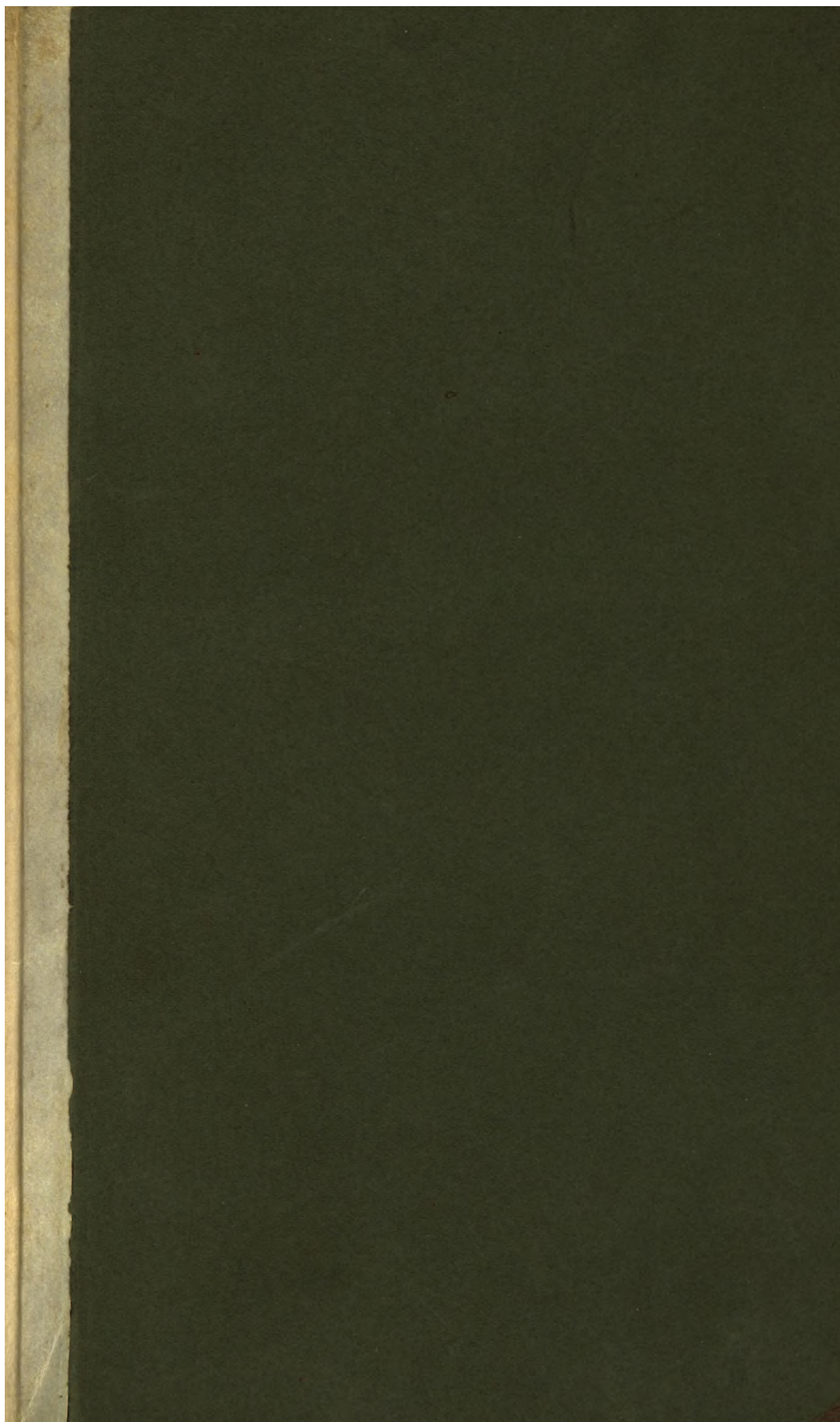
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.





6000451260



57

REVENGE,
OR
WOMAN'S LOVE.

A MELODRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

GEORGE STEPHENS, ESQ.,
Professor of Old-English, and of the English Language and Literature,
in the University of Copenhagen.

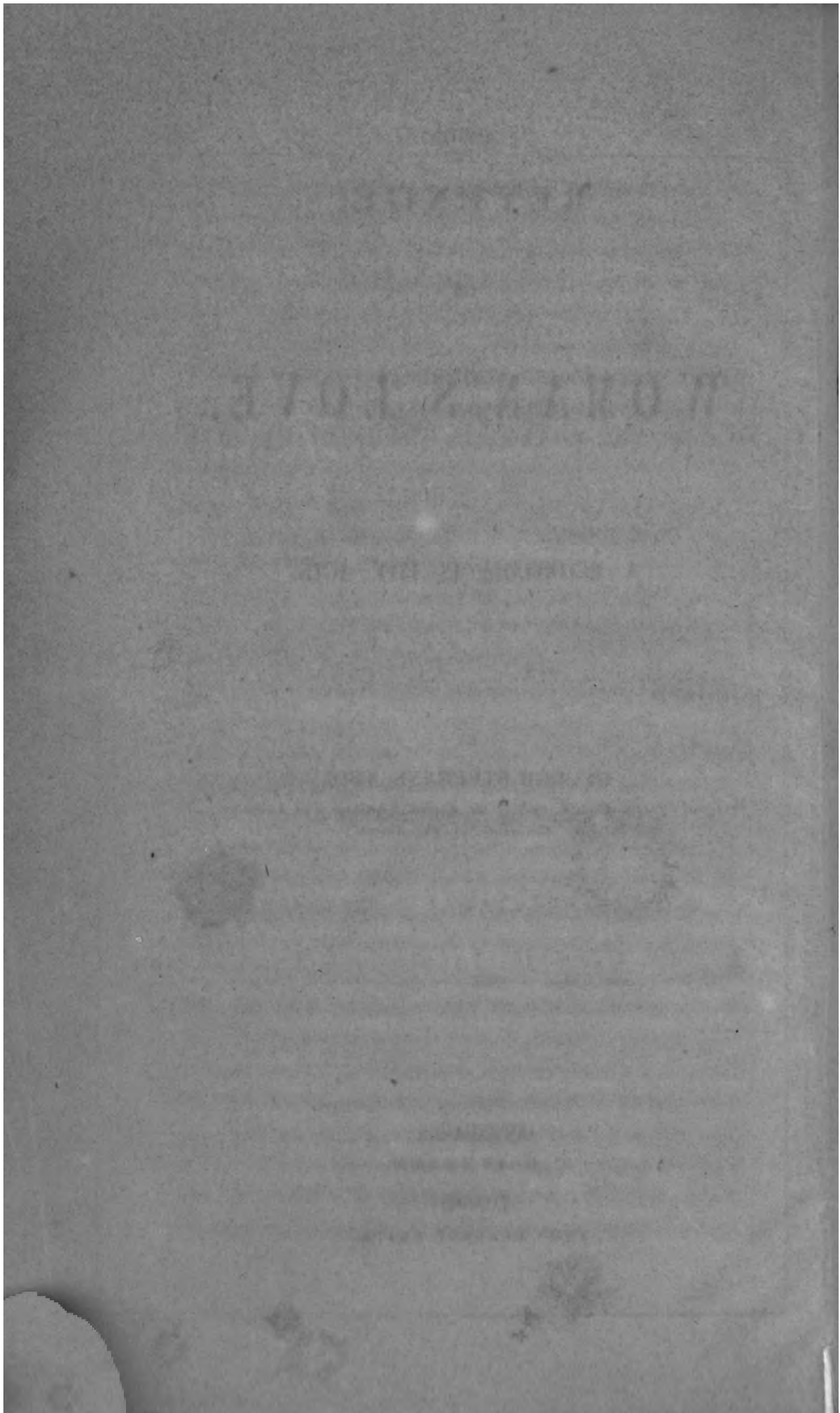
PRICE 3 SHILLINGS.



COPENHAGEN:
C. G. IVERSEN.

LONDON:
J. R. SMITH.

M. adds. 109. d. 10.



REVENGE,
OR
WOMAN'S LOVE.

A MELODRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

GEORGE STEPHENS, ESQ.

*Professor of Old-English, and of the English Language and Literature, in
the University of Copenhagen.*

COPENHAGEN:

C. G. IVERSEN.

LONDON:

JOHN RUSSELL SMITH.

1557



PRINTED BY THIELE,
COHENHAGEN,
1857.

TO
SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER LYTTON, BAR^T.
WHO
TO HIS OTHER IMPERISHABLE LABORS
HAS ADDED
SUCH NOBLE EFFORTS
FOR THE REVIVAL AND REFORMATION
OF
THE MODERN BRITISH DRAMA,
THESE IMPERFECT SCENES
ARE
MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

Copenhagen, March 1857.



FOREWORD.

The idea of this Play is taken from an old Ballad — THE COUNT OF ROME — found in various Teutonic dialects, and probably of High - German origin in the Middle Age. Some of the Songs &c. are translations, as detailed in the Afterwords. Everything else, Characters, Scenes and Treatment, are original, as are also the Airs to the Songs &c., with the exception of that to „Sing, Cuckoo!“ which is Old-English, those to „The Sweet Rescue“ and „Necken's Polska,“ which are Old-Swedish, and the Western Hymn-chant.

A few out of the precious hoard of our words vulgarly called „obsolete“ (thank Heaven, they are daily becoming less so!), and some references to Old-Northern (Old-Scandinavian and Old-English) Folk-lore and Customs, have been introduced, as necessary to give a shade and tone in harmony with events of the 10th Century. But they have been admitted as sparingly

as possible, and are all explain'd. For the rest, the Author has not a panic dread of them. He hopes that a theatrical or chamber audience of „the 19th Century“ is more able to master and appreciate such things, than our good grand-fathers and grand-mothers in the „golden“ days of powder'd perukes and hoopt petticoats!

Copenhagen, March 1857.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

EDGAR, an English Earl.

ODO, an English Ealdorman, his pretended friend.

OSWALD, an English Chief, Rowena's twin-brother.

SIBERT, a brave young English warrior, lover of Elfwina.

CÆDMON, Edgar's Castellan.

ERIC THE VICTORIOUS*), King of Sweden.

GUDMUND, a Wiking, Messenger of King Eric.

ROWENA, Edgar's Wife.

ELFWINA, Edgar's Sister, beloved by Sibert.

ETHELFEEDA, Rowena's Bower-maiden.

SIGNE, a young Swedish Shield-maid, related to Eric the Victorious.

THILDA, an English maiden, slave of Signe.

NURSE of Rowena.

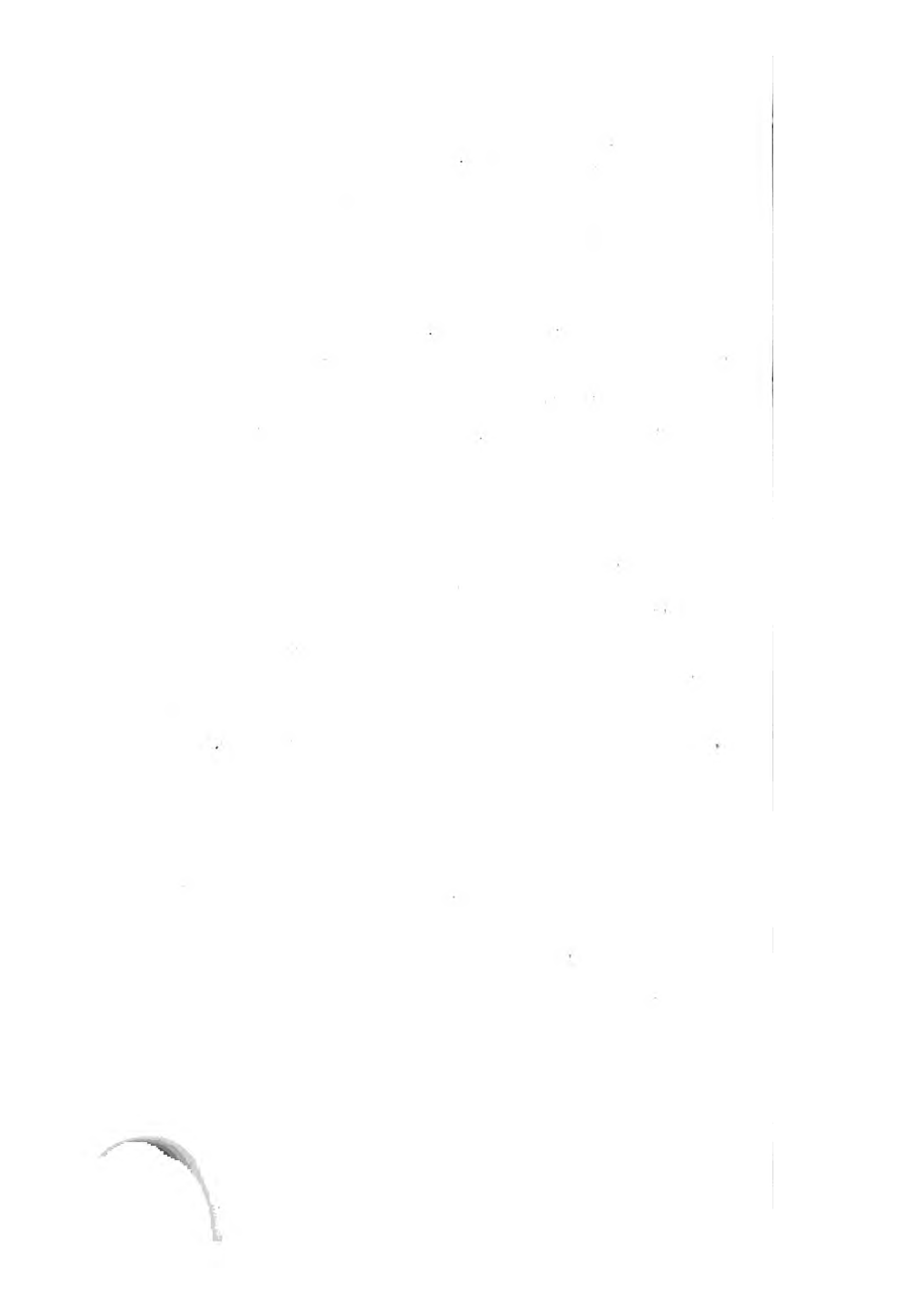
A MINSTREL.

A WITCH.

Priests, Champions, Pages, Scalds or Bards, Robbers, Attendants, Soldiers, &c.

The Scene is partly in England and partly in the North of Sweden, during the reigns of Eric the Victorious and of the English King Athelstane, about the year 940.

*) His successor, OLOF, was the first Christian king of Sweden. It must be borne in mind, that by far the greater part of the Missionaries who converted the Scandinavian countries were — Englishmen. Several of them died as martyrs.



REVENGE,
OR
WOMAN'S LOVE.

ACT I. — ENGLAND.

SCENE 1.

(ROWENA'S BOWER, in the Castle of EDGAR. Tapestry adorns the walls of the apartment, rushes cover its floor, and carv'd oaken furniture is mingled with a few luxuries brought from beyond sea. A Lute is suspended on the right. On the table King Alfred's translation of Orosius' Chronicle, the Gospels in Old-English, and a Roll of Ballads. ROWENA advances from the inner chamber, accompanied by her NURSE.)

ROWENA. Nay, Nurse, I cannot smile, e'en at *thy* bidding.

NURSE. But talk not, then, so strangely to thyself.

Row. Strangely! Strange 'tis, this Strangeness of my EDGAR;

Whence springs it? Some hidd'n foe his heart beguiling,

It blights his fondness, each sweet soul-gush freezes. —

Too quickly drooping, his first purest tend'rest

Affections die, and -- telling of spheres but late

One maze of heav'n-eyes — th' sombre clouds athwart

Now shines but one sole Orb, his marriage fealty.

So in our North the skate-shod Snow-king's breath

Nips and frost-veils each grove late blooming fairest,

Till, mid pale skeleton-trees — Nature's own spectres

Grimly gaunt —, and cliffs, and that white death-pall

Whose broad folds round a shiv'ring world Air-Elves

Weave with such noiseless shuttle, but one faint tone

Speaks of past bird-song, th' gloomy waste betrays
But one faint smile — the needly Pine's dark verdure.

NURSE. Still, Sweeting, bodes the Pine a coming Summer!

Row. And but two short springs wedded! Ah! not then

When ATHELSTANE'S halls I left, the glad resort
Of many' a flatt'rer, many' a soft-voic'd suitor
More pow'rful than mine EDGAR, and who yet
In vain woo'd CERDIC's daughter, — sooth, not then
Deem'd I two short fleet winters would behind them
Leave ROWENA here a child, a gaudy toy
Carest in thoughtless play, not soul-united,
While round me home-bred haughtiness intrudes
And foreign follies tempt.

NURSE. Alack the day!

I've markt it all too long.

Row. Meanwhile his image

Dwells with me alway. In my love-sick bosom
My Sweetheart's shrin'd, as in the solemn Minster
Some worshipt Relic lies in case of crystal.
My flame neglect but feeds. My passion groweth
By what should dash it. Blind to th' faults I see,
His feeble steps I'd shield, as happy mother
In loving arms enclasps her tott'ring first-born.
Quick help, O God, send him and me; for . . . Weakness . . .
How oft it endeth in strong Infamy!

NURSE. 'So the' easy good-soul'd Brond, our boor thou know'st,

Slew savagely, last Easter', his white-hair'd Father;
For that the milksop could not, years ago,
Say Nay, to' his Jezebel, when first she bade him
Pilfer some shillings of the old man's silver.

From bad to worse he went, and now — crows peck him!

Row. O that my truant's Spirit, from this poor turmoil

Nobly upswinging, where blue sky-fields range
Would soar triumphant and, her soil'd dove-wings

In star-still'd dews fresh bathing, earth-dimm'd feathers
Would smooth to smiles again!

And ODO, too, his subtle leech-fast friend,
Whose suit I once refus'd — him like I not,
Would not that EDGAR was so govern'd by him,
Brook not his stealthy pace and cold grey eye.
Within his breast holy Enthusiasm
Yet temple'd never!

(Slowly seats herself).

But vain these sighs, self-wounding, and, the pity!
In not few households common. My love redoubling,
Heav'n's grace I'll seek and EDGAR'S. Yes! hence, hence,
Ye sad remembrances!

And now once more

This fair-limn'd Chronicle, OROSIUS' work,
Englisht by ALFRED, England's Darling, and
A long-lost Mother's Yule-gift, will I scan.
Therein of icy seas and lands most wondrous
We read, and far-off peoples; — wild Almain,
And horse-rich Est-land, and the stony Norroway
Old Champion-land and home of Song and Saga,
Eke' our Danish kinsmen Raven-standards planting
Victorious on many' a coast (but yet half heathens),
The Fins wind-rulers, and the iron Swedes
Fair blue-ey'd warriors all the East-sea borders
Forcing to tribute. — Sure, to tales so strange
My cares *must* yield. And so . . .

(Takes up the Manuscript. Enter ETHELFLEDA).

ETHELFLEDA.

Pardon me, Lief!

But, from a Harper in our Castle-yard,
E'en yet our henchmen soothing there with dirge-notes
Or pricking to bold exploits, have I learn'd. —
Long missing from your Ballad-book — the close

Of that new true-love song, yclept: *'The Husband's
Secret Night-visit, or it dawns too soon!*

Please ye, fair Lady, straight to' inscribe the words
On the smooth parchment yonder?

Row. By my troth,
Light-hearted damsel, ROWENA owes thee thanks.
Quick to my Lute then, that from Memory's page
The lines I charm'd may copy, with, may hap,
Marks that will live, tho living music lacking.

(Places the Roll before her, and proceeds to write the verses.)

ETHELFL. Ah! they're indeed so pretty; listen only!

[No. I.

THE HUSBAND'S SECRET NIGHT-VISIT, OR IT DAWNS TOO SOON.]

I.

The Watchman beginneth
His song to chant so clear, —
'Wake up now, Sir Knight!
For the dawn right soon is here:
The day I see so plainly
From heav'n above slow glide,
And the little birds are warbling
In the plains on ev'ry side!'

II

The Ladie she out from
Her casement watcht the morn; —
'No day it is as yet,
Tho the Watchman blow his horn.
'Tis but a blush which commonlie
Shines forth ere day doth spring;
He lieth, sure — that Watchman wight —
And no good it shall him bring!

III.

'Ah, had I but the keys, now,
 To this out-beaming day —
 I far into the stormy deep
 Would throw them quick away;
 Night, only Night, we still should have;
 It ne'er again should dawn!' —
 Alack! that they must straightway part,
 Who fain would be at one!

(A Page enters during the last stanza, but waits till it is concluded
 and then advances.)

PAGE. An't please you, fair ELFWINA waits without.

(PAGE bows and exit.)

ROW. Run! Bid her welcome, ETHELFLEDA.

(ETHELFLEDA replaces the Lute and retires. Enter ELFWINA.)

Ah!

Dear EDGAR'S Sister, and his Wife's best friend,
 Thanks for so kind a visit! — But what Fairy
 Your cheek so blights, and steals your once gay glances
 That tiny arrows, ever yet resistless,
 Gainst young unfortunates who love ne'er knew
 He glad may use — to help his art withal!

ELFWINA. Nay, rally not nor compliment. Some Sorrow
 My each poor Hope still haunts and hunts. — Is Youth's
 Heav'n-gilded Day-dream, then, aye fated thus —
 A Bubble, scarce its rainbow-hues bright mingling
 In changeful rich confusion, ere Heav'n's scowl
 The frail thought blasteth? What! to endless griefs
 Am I chain'd helpless? Shall my pining spirit
 To joyous Liberty rebel no more?
 Shall ne'er the threat'ning hand of giant Wo,
 That livid mocking HELL-ghost, cease at last
 My tortur'd sight to follow?

Row. What new hap
This terror brings? Speak, Dearest, is't

ELFW. Indeed
The foe's right old; he's now but newly tunic'd.
My SIBERT know'st thou, him my childish playfellow,
My saviour from the forest-wolf, my teacher
In sports and book-lore, he who' in ruddy manhood —
Save watchings, marchings, camps, wounds, death, when
 Duty
Summons — seeks pleasures none; whose arm, in peace
Our buckler', in war reaps vict'ry, while their hero
His Army worships and and the King applauds:
With eye unkind my Brother long hath seen him,
Oft our twin souls his haughty words have wounded,
While SIBERT nought save eloquent looks gave back,
I nought save silent tears: — well, now, at last,
The spark to sudden blaze upfann'd, hard EDGAR
Chafes still more rudely, and his only sister
That dear that heart-fixt bridegroom bids unmov'd
To shake for ever from his resting-place!

(Weeps.)

Row. Calm thee, sweet Sister! Know that far more gleesome
His whole heart's blood thy noble dauntless SIBERT
Would shed in battle, than one tear-drop see
By' ELFWINA lavisht bootless. EDGAR judge not,
Nor jar with terms so bitter his fond wife's ear.
Something, be sure, hath vext him sore today.
Soon will again his wave-tost mind soft slumber
And, as before, will glass heav'n's blue, earth's green.
Come, yet again let Beauty's sunny smile
Banish those glitt'ring beads!

ELFW. From ATHELSTANE
Today arrives he, then for' himself, unaw'd,

And me he'll speak. — But hither hastes my brother,
And SIBERT with him.

(Enter EDGAR and SIBERT.)

EDGAR. ELEWINA love! Our friend the valiant SIBERT,
Whose skill in all war's arts more fain than I
None can acknowledge, begs a grace from us:
That within these our walls a high-born maiden
Once more may meet him, ere, compell'd by honor,
She take a last farewell.

ELFW. O cruel EDGAR!
Our Sire, that friend indeed, his only daughter
Ne'er thus had martyr'd, one more bleeding victim
To birth-pride, empty world-show, pomp and gold. —
This knight his Son he call'd, and meant it so.

EDG. Lady, your words I pardon. Grief, like Hate,
Teaches strange tongues at will. Our rev'rend Father
Did as him listed, — and for the best. I too
But use my rights, in all things still most careful
My Sister's fame to' advance and truest glory.
The Vine seeks not the Bramble. Earl-sprung Dames
Should wed them in their class.

Row. Nay EDGAR, Dearest!
For happiness, not glory, true Woman longs;
And many' a fair tall tree, tho Elm not hight,
The free-flung woodland decks, round whose strong stem
And bold-shot branches climbing Vines their foliage
Grape-gemm'd may twine, and all their tendril ringlets.

SIBERT. Chief! hear me; then say on! This Dwarf-forg'd Blade
Rumor says makes me great, and titles gives me
High as old WODEN's. Never in hall or hovel
My name dar'd villain slander. Wealth I've little;
'Tis that from working-bees I scorn to wring it,
Scorn that my Prince should give it as the fee
Of blood as pure as his, by English Yeoman —

Who can — for England's rights best spilt, not chaffer'd.
 Where my brave Fathers liv'd, their son can rest him;
 Hedg'd fields, a grove, a pleasant timber homestead,
 Youth-scenes where glad hearts need no luxury,
 These boasting — why should SIBERT long for more,
 Why beg, crouch, fawn — to steal some Vet'ran's portion?
 These eke thy white-lockt soldier-sire, the age-wise
 WULFSTAN, contented; and his feeble tongue
 Whisper'd me more than once, and whisper'd truly:
 »SIBERT! A bold good man is Thane of Heaven!«

EDG. And therein said he well. But here on earth
 Earldoms like thistles spring not, and Rock-eagles
 Seek sold their peers mong brown-heath chirrupers.
 Strong is thine arm; but Mercia's loftiest beauties
 It therefore grasps not; and thy cottage-home
 Nature's first needs may give thee, — find thee then
 Some pretty franklin-spouse, and all is well!
 Nay, argue not, good friend. Thou'st heard my verdict.
 'Tis Fate's decree. Ne'er, sour Philosopher,
 Claim'st thou my Sister, till the Key gold-shafted
 Fetters unbolts no more, till Rank low-louting
 Asks boon far less, and asks it — all in vain!

(Goes.)

SIBERT. Insolent doom! — But me it not affrighteth;
 Still less to easy wreak shall such poor straw-fires
 Light mine unshaken soul. His haughty whim
 EDGAR calls — Weird, and bids me bow thereto.
 Each weak caprice, each crime, each self-caus'd sorrow
 On sinless Heav'n we oft thus shameless charge;
 And at the Harvest, when worm'd fruits we gather,
 How loud we plain us that such sky-cast hailstones
 Wrong'd Innocence should whelm! — Well, boastful EDGAR,
 Not yet thou'rt God! — This man-made Destiny
 No cow'ring abject meets. No! Freeman ever

I only, sword-arm'd, march beside her car,
 Ready her smile to earn and cut my way
 To milder fortunes. — Hope, Dear, dies not yet;
 She *lives* triumphant, while ELFWINA *loves!*

(Retires with ELFWINA, ROWENA following.)

SCENE 2.

(The Great Hall in EDGAR'S Castle, quaintly decorated. Armor and arms, stag-antlers, hunting-horns &c. hang from the walls. EDGAR and ODO are walking in friendly talk.)

EDGAR. Yes! he at last hath gotten his settler, ODO;

A stout youth is he, and not badly pleaded,
 But, bah! not so we match our blooming sister.
 Thanks to thy counsels, rob'd in dignity,
 I bade him crave her — ha! ha! only think: —
 When Gold frees slaves no longer, and when Earlship —
 Like bells on fool's cap jingling — wakes a mow!

ODO. Right, right! Thy high-born lineage, Thane, I never
 A lazar-house would see, a public shelter
 For needy' adventurers dasht by lucky wave
 On coasts above them.

But, once more; shall EDGAR,
 Like that ACHILLES spoken of in legends,
 Still mong his women bide him, and not dare —
 He also — some fair pilgrimage to lands
 Of endless summer, lands of dark-ey'd sun-maids,
 Of glorious wars, riches innumerable?
 Some little absence our tame home-loves sweeteneth,
 And foreign shores with thousand eloquent accents
 Tell of strange charms our own far country gracing,
 Which ne'er we'd markt before. Sure our young ring-lord,
 Our bold beigh-giver, the BALDOR of our chieftains,

Here will not rust in idless. Th' Holy Land
Oft weaker feet have trodden. Why should EDGAR
His grave-house enter, while our Lord's blest Tomb
He never knelt by?

EDG. Tempt not; talk not of it.

Soul-voices many with thine own chime soft,
Summoning hence to where, from ev'ry shore,
Rome-ward or Sion-ward men hurry on.
But ah! my ROWENA and these wide domains
I cannot, must not, leave. If thou indeed

ODO. Would that his shire-tasks EDGAR's friend permitted
His flight to share from such mean vulgar barbarous
But ATHELSTANE, thou wot'st, in various business
Mine humble rede still asks and well-paid sword.
Thou, thou art free. Enjoy thy youthful license;
It ne'er was giv'n to be a gilded manacle.

EDG. Thy friendship know I, and would not suspect

ODO. Suspect! Hold, EDGAR! — O'er thy bosom's threshold
Ne'er let that Ogre pass. Her scorpion sceptre
Woman or tyrant or base thrall may rule,
Not men, not freemen; her mere breath — to poison
Heav'n's own pure Manna would turn; where her weird step
The ground but toucheth, bloom and flow'rets die;
And round her, as she moves, one dusk hot ash-plain
Creeps o'er the Spring's green floor. Her jaundic'd vision
In friends sees foes, with thousand hateful monsters
Peoples the sky's light ether, ev'n on the brow
Of Childhood finds deceit, and straight will fable
Revenge in Justice, pride in Charity,
Leasing in Love and — ill in every thing! —
No! 'tis thy weal impels me. My brave comrade
I'd fain all greeted — daring, travel'd, accomplisht,
In the' East's lore skill'd as in our Western wisdom.
Should lands or mansion, while thyself art absent,

Some aidful arm require — my EDGAR knoweth
That what poor strength *I* wield, unsought is *his!*

EDG. Thy hand, good Odo! In this heart — and there,
Believe me, never yet her foot accurst
Suspicion planted — soft as show'rs descending
On thirsty Araby thy kind words fall.
Thanks for thy thoughts; thanks for thy fore-thoughts too;
I'll weigh each reason, and will twice, thrice ponder
Ere once I say thee nay.

(A horn is wound without.)

But hark! those notes,
Nimble from roof to roof than dancing Pixies
Joyously leaping, or than tiny Elves
That peep and peer and' throw such odd summersets,
To th' Hunt's fierce glee — our merry Soldan feuds,
Our native venture-ground, dark haunts where stalketh
Full many' a wild-wood pagan — bid us quick.
These present fruits now pluck we. Soon to-morrow
Comes with its own fresh care, own new-fledg'd sorrow!

(The hunting-call sounds again. They go.)

SCENE 3.

(Evening. The Bower of the Lady ROWENA, as before. She sits embroidering. EDGAR enters, still partly in his hunting-dress. She rises to salute him.)

ROWENA. Welcome, dear EDGAR, welcome home again!
Fine sport, I ween, thou'st had on yonder hills.
Say! is thy spear with blood of boar endy'd,
Before thy shining hanger sank some wolf,
Or is't mayhap an antler'd stag alone
That this day's long chase graces? — Come, thy strokes
Repeat, thy arrow-hits incredible; thy perils,
And one by one reckon up my kitchen's spoil.

Tell, too, what Fairies met thee in the forest,
 What Nixie from the glen-tarn gallopt near thee,
 What Witch thy horn up-rous'd, what grisly Goblin
 Flitted before thee to his den of stone.

All will I *silent* hear, wonder *for* wonders,
 And full one third at least, for gen'rous am I
 Tonight, I'll trow most firmly!

But my tongue

Her idle questionings and light nonsense rattles,
 Unheeding that thy humor is more grave,
 Unseen the gloom thy toil-flusht brow o'ershadows.
 Come, Dearest, rest thee; while, each wish forestalling,
 These eyes gaze fondly on those orbs of blue!

EDGAR. Sweet ROWENA! Changeless Pole-fires like, thou shinest.

Ah! what were Home, by no home-welcomes lighted!

Row. A friend than spring-ice falser, most it mirrors,
 A loveless Lov'd-one', a sun-less world, a heav'n
 Where reigns no God save only dim cold Chaos.

EDG. True! and yet world-sights bid to some adventure.

Row. And rightly, for the Home is not the Hearth-stone;
 'Tis soul and life and blood in unseen oneness.

House from, if Providence lead, we leave shell only,
 The substance in our bosoms. Man's heav'n on earth
 Is Home and Wife and bonny Bairns; weak Woman's —
 Man's true Heart is *her* earth-nest. There his Honor
 Guards she, as Vestals in old Roman temples
 Daily and nightly watcht their altar-fires.

That Woman how blest! who, ever mildly striving
 Round her a Home to build, some gentle grateful
 Home-lover finds, her poor most artless efforts
 Paying with sympathy — her bright soul-sunshine —
 And with warm kiss life's thoughtful dulness gilding!
 Small are my gifts, Lief! But, O bear with me;

And with each moon my love more high shall rise,
With softer grace my husband's smile shall robe me.

EDG. Charmer! doubt not my thanks — nor thy perfections.

(A pause. Rises and walks uneasily in the chamber.)

Yet solve one question. When a Good we find,
Say! should some dangers gar us shun its use?
And may not Evils, even, Goods become,
When duty bids us bear them?

Row. Faith, Sir Priest!

Simple your speirings are, and yet not easy.
Still, plainly answer'd and school-craft eschewing,
A Good unlawful us'd — an Ill can grow,
And Evils — may be sent as trials for us.

EDG. Wise as a Clerk! But, Pretty-one, on a pilgrimage

I soon am bound. Travel is soul-leech good;
But, good or ill, I pray thee, this forc'd passage
Dooming not harshly, with thy usual patience
Wait a return by me sure long'd for most

Row. A pilgrimage, return, — what means my Lord?

EDG. Nay, dear, no coward trembling. 'Tis glory calls me,

And eagle-ey'd curiosity, and pious
Zealous devotion, and the votes of friends —
To that great land, that harp-sung holy region,
Those famous sheen-rich scenes of Gospel Story,
Where Christ's own Grave still brightly stands, engirt
By cedar-groves and flow'ring palms and olives.
Soon two short summers, Sweet! or three, will pass:
Then back I speed, to find thee still more fair,
And, by the hearth-fire's cheerful blaze, to tell
Quaint tales of spicy dales and bluer skies
And Paynim wars, and Penance gladly suffer'd
In Old Jerusalem!

Row. Now, MARY Mild!

What glozing Monk, what false-tongu'd plotting Courtier,

This *Ill* hath done?

No foeman, then, no wisdom
 Our own land holdeth, that thy feeble feet,
 To reach them, sun-bakt wilds must slowly traverse!
 A tithe, e'en, hast thou of the wonders scann'd
 These English realms contain? And is Devotion
 From all our Christian world now outlaw'd quite,
 Bound but to certain priest-kept halidoms
 Hid mong those Jews that cast our Healer out?
 Hearth-fires — alas! will absence make them brighter?
 And on this cheek, my bridegroom far off wand'ring,
 Say! will red roses cluster, or will drooping
 Pale sorrow-lilies bloom?

Bethink thee, EDGAR!

Vague thirst for change and ramble, — Palmers' sing-songs
 Of narrow cells, and oratories cas'd with marble,
 Of pictures bath'd in light from silver cressets
 Or golden lamps, and all the sparkling gifts
 Shown by shorn priests — not seld sole boot for murder,
 For virgin-ravisht, or wrong'd orphans' tears —
 Youth's errant fancy' and taste for selfish pleasure,
 While fleets barbarian, haply', or Christian neighbors
 Our own fields ravage and strike at England's freedom,
 Or scheme gainst homes and wives left . . . shieldless . . .
 lordless —

These art not Duty! And — when all is done —
The Soul it is her own bright Asia maketh,
 Her own blest Bethlehem shelters. Yes! unfoul'd
 By earth-steam'd mists, High Thoughts her stars, *Her*
 welkin

May balmier odors breathe than all the East
 From Ind to Palestine; her ray-lit groves
 May Lebanon compass and old Carmel's vineyards
 And eke great Babylon's gardens, echoing loud

Strains of ten thousand purple choristers,
 Notes than the' up-flying lark's far clearer pealing,
 Soft dying falls than nightingales' more tender! —
 For Heathen wars, we hear of them nathless;
 And should, misfortune dire! their fights none number,
 We sure can *think* some bloody dreams the more. —
 My gallant Earl to monk-penance bows unfrequent;
 For poor's such discipline. 'Tis bought and sold,
 And Holy Church too oft, as erst God's Temple,
 Turns to a den of thieves. Christ will be worshipt
 With hearts all penitence, lives all purity;
 His blood's our ransom, not his broil-fill'd chapel.
 Here, as on Calvary's Mount, may Sin be wept. —
 No, EDGAR! Husband, Dearest, No! Thou wilt not
 Thy Wife and truefast kindred and Merry England
 Leave, for dark Moor-men and Jerusalem's Tomb!

EDG. Not rashly, sweet one! have I this decided,
 Nor without help of solid counsellors.
 Cease then thy murmurs. Ne'er didst thou blush for me,
 Nor shalt hereafter. By friends and kin protected,
 Of these strong walls reign mistress; and when, wearied
 With' his tedious Paradise, thy wise-grown ranger
 To' his beautiful mate wends back, — then fondly greet me
 With pledge of peace, as now!

That brow of snow

Shall then with strange-land jewels yet brighter glitter,
 That fair-heav'd bosom shall then full many' a shine-stone
 Deck, as in winter great stars hang on heav'n. —
 Alone I go not. Thrice twelve chosen house-carls
 Second this arm not ignorant of war.
 Ere next glad holiday good Saint CUTHBERT's bells
 Sweet chiming clang around, a swift-wing'd foam-bird
 From these lov'd haunts will bear me far away

To coasts scarce known. — But from my ROWENA
No waves divide me; she' at my side bides still!

Row. Warmly, dear lord, and openly I question'd
Thy will, first utter'd; else thy thrall I were
Not thy life's partner; but as thus unchang'd
Thy purpose seems, with equal zeal I hasten
Obedience to thy wish. Her wit and wisdom
Woman oft showeth best by — waiving them.
Stooping to conquer, see! my neck I bow:
My head and eyes, my guide and guard be Thou!

(She sinks at his feet.)

Edg. Thanks, sweetest! for this vict'ry o'er thyself.
Now with light heart the swelling surge I'll cleave,
Content my spouse my lands my country leave,
Shrink from no danger, and — where'er I be —
Count all storms harmless, save the loss of Thee!

Row. Sweetheart! Thy course mo Heav'n with blessings
strew,

May breezes on thy sails still dance attendant,
No enemy cross thy path — or only cross it
To taste thine English sax, — and may my Love
Like Guardian Angel follow where thou move,
Thy solace when cares afflict — for sun-lands even
Their griefs will have —, thy shield where darts thick roam,
I'th' feast thy flow'r-wreath, and thy guide-star . . . home!

(They embrace. The Curtain falls.)

ACT II. — SWEDEN.**SCENE 1.**

(Night. A Swedish winter-view. Frozen lakes and snow-hid plains in the foreground; rocks and pine-woods &c. in the distance. The Aurora Borealis glares and flitters strongly in the welkin. A sledge passes occasionally over the nearest ice-path. Enter EDGAR, in a slave's habit.)

EDGAR. O EDGAR! England's Thane and Mercia's boast,
Of field and frith and tow'r the lord, and chief
Of thousand bold retainers; thou whose nod
Some short weeks since was law, whose keel triumphant
O'er rough seas late rode proudly — where then now
Hath flown thy greatness? This coarse murk theow-kirtle
Whence came it? Robes of scarlet clad me whilom.
And who this rusty neck-iron fixt, who smithied
Hard handcuffs where once shone my golden arm-ring? —
Ah well away! 'Tis Fate! Yes, thou, foul Fortune,
Resistless hag, thou art the traitoress!
Aroint thee, woe-spinner! Gibe and grin no longer. —
Is this, then, my dream'd Holy-Land? Are these
Cold cutting blasts the perfume-laden gales
I ween'd should kiss my cheek? Is that dead ice-floor
The flow'r-deckt mead of happy Palestine?

All my strong* Air-castles — yon grim-flouting sprites,
Yon rustling North-lights, Elves banner-waving, torch-arm'd,
Now crash and bren!

Six separate times Night's Lamp,
The wide-flung bird-path's sickly-flick'ring lighter,
Hath the' Angel-king new trimm'd with oil celestial
Since — my good Galley boarding, and down-hewing
My truefast war-men — that damn'd Bare-serk crew
Of Wikings, bay-boys, pirates, heathen hell-hounds,
Me captive to this storm-beat scar-coast led,
To savage ERIC, his heart more stony still.

'Welcome, brave EDGAR!' cried he, taunting loudly,
 'Hail to these Northern Halls! Can Sweden's Drott
 In aught show courtesy?' — I straightway answer'd:
 'Swea's Victorious Ruler! but one boon,
 The greatest, ask I — let thy poor slave go;
 Name, King, my scape-fee!' — With wild scorn he quod:
 'Here Gold not lacks. 'Tis Beauty, Mercian Yarl,
 Untwists the steel-snakes from those stalwart limbs;
 Too tough's our Swedish iron for gold to cut.
 The Northland, ev'n, thy ROWENA's charms proclaimeth;
 Speed, then; send Rune-scroll for her, and — thou'rt free!
 Thyself not need'st her, bent on wild-cross chase
 To sun-lands and fair pagans!' — How each syllable
 Deep-sinking markt my groveling jape to SIBERT!
 But no! My ROWENA's love I barter never;
 Rather myself to ten-fold deaths will hasten!

And ODO, gallant friend! — My spouse and halls
 Thy gauntlet firm protects; — would God that here
 Thy falchion's glare could rescue me from thralldom!

(Enter two SLAVES.)

1ST. SLAVE. Hallo, boy! Is't to gruff-voic'd treetop-shakers
 Thou'rt babbling? — Well, I'll warrant they'll out-talk ye.

2ND. SLAVE. Marry! good comrade, stand not idling here;
 But lift that axe. In with ye to your 'supper.
 Our porridge cools else; and your toothsome rye-cake
 And nice salt herring will soon be claw'd away.

1ST. SLAVE. Pooh, man, what cares he for't? — His ROWENA
 His dainty is, and day and night he feeds him
 By thinking on her. Ha! ha! ha! I'll wager
 She finds good makeshifts. Fool! thus here to rot,
 When with one line thy bondsman's chains would fall,
 And lands and life would hug thee close once more!
 Women, God knows, swarm plenty; and fish as good

Still swarm, methinks, i'th' sea as ever fisher
Yet drew ashore.

EDG. Out, wretch! To kindred spirits
Go preach thy slave-rede. 'Tis but this chain'd body
Feels serfdom's yoke. But, to wash swine it boots not.
Thy beastly mind no liberty could raise
To manhood's selfdom.
Hence, knave. Foul fiend

2ND. SLAVE. Yon ribald heed not, mate;
From filthy pools polluted streams *will* flow!
Haste homeward, come; 'tis late; and ere to-morrow's
First dawn faint glimmers, we must penetrate
That gloomy forest and must charcoal cart
And timber to curst Upsala.

EDG. True! Thanks! Down, heart!
If ever — but no; my slavery nought can shorten.

SCENE 2.

(Evening. The Bower of SIGNE, a young kinswoman of ERIC THE VICTORIOUS. Maidens are spinning, knitting &c. in different parts of the chamber, whose walls exhibit a mixture of arms with more feminine ornaments, and in whose centre a fire is blazing brightly. The smoke ascends thro the roof, as in England. SIGNE advances out of hearing of the rest.)

SIGNE. Yes! HILDE's moon-shield, leaping lance, and steel-tongue

Such dread Runes darting, all war's glitt'ring garments,
I've doft; this hand the flax-full distaff now,
Not the slim spear doth wield; tent-bristling leaguers
To' their empty glory beckon me in vain.
As, o'er wide stone-plains and the jagged granite's
Hard naked bosom moss-plants slowly creep them
And scented worts and pleasant waving herbage
And berries red and blue, while from each crevice

Fair chance-sown trees shoot tall, till at the last —
 All wond'ring whence could come their soil and sustenance —
 The whilom flint-ground golden corn-crops beareth:
 So, my life's first harsh wildness Nature's touch
 With Feeling's robe hath cloth'd; a world of thoughts
 New, delicate, tender, sweetly spring within me,
 My virgin youth with rich mild virtues bloometh,
 And now — Arms none but two poor blue Eyes keeping —
 The *Woman* rules the captive *Amazon!*

And yet, e'en now, what restless humors haunt me!
 Ah! spite of hunting, hawking, riding, sledging,
 Embroid'ry, spinning and the manifold house-cares
 That with such grace employ her — burden lighter
 Now than my once light cuirass — maiden hours
 Are still but lonesome; oft dark moments veil
 Her innocent laughing spirit, as summer-skies
 Big rain-banks threaten, till they weep together.
 What is't that frets me thus? What unknown longing
 Down-weighs, and fills with shapeless murmurings?
 Bright sheen of BALDER! What means this day - dream
 sickness? —

But no! From spleenful dole my Soul shall free her,
 As from air-grasping wings and wire-knit feathers
 The storm-swept Eagle shakes each angry snow-flake,
 And eft upswings to cliff cloud-hid and silent!

(Claps her hands impatiently. THILDA advances.)

My pretty maid! You promist me, you know,
 A song or playlike pastime, ere the month
 Ran to its close. Is it not ready yet?

THILDA. Yea, soothly, Mistress. My play-comrades too
 Their parts have conn'd. The words my sainted Mother
 Sang me long since in happy childhood's tide
 When, in fair Albion's isle, poor THILDA dream'd not
 That she could e'er or hold or be — a slave!

SIGNE. Nay, THILDA, grieve not so. Young, old, min, more,
 Life's strange Weirds try. Of Woe's fierce furnace-test
 The' unworth are oft unworthy; modest Goodness
 How seld is *Weal* its lot And *Happiness*
 Companion art thou, scarce a thrall. Soon hence
 Thy nun-taught fingers' Fairy-webs may buy thee.
 The price, thou wot'st, I've set at one third part.

THILDA. O dearest Lady! with each nightly twinkler,
 And with day's blush, uprise thy handmaid's orisons
 To Him our Christian God — all heav'n who swayeth,
 Not hid in wood or stone — that unhop'd blessings
 Mo thousand fold thy kindly love repay.

SIGNE. And he will hear thee; for a worshiper
 So true, forlorn and lovely, who'd deny?
 But, to our ballad-play! — First let us have
 Thy Christian notes, and then with lively foot
 The dance we'll tread in NECKEN's whirling maze.
 But let young chiefs and warriors, and the prime
 Of Upsal's maidens, quickly to our Bow'r
 Have friendly bidding.

(THILDA retires and changes her garments. A Page is sent to
 invite young and noble visitors, and they soon crowd the
 apartment. THILDA returns with the mumming players.)

THILDA. Hear, then, Princess! a Song
 Hight: »*The Sweet Rescue, or than kith and kin
 Love better far!*« — 'Tis but a simple lay: —

[No. II.

THE SWEET RESCUE, OR THE MAID THAT WAS SOLD AWAY.]

I.

THILDA, as a CHEAP-THEOW.

'My Father and my Mother they need have suffer'd sore; —
 And then, for a little bit of bread, they sold me from their door
 Away into the heathen land so dreadful!'

II.

1st. YOUTH, clad as a WIKING.*)

And the War-man each oar grasps tight, and quickly will
depart,
While her hands the pretty virgin wrings till the blood there-
out doth start: —
God help that May who afar shall stray to the heathen land
so dreadful!

III.

THE CHEAP-THEOW.

'Ah! War-man dear, ye'll bide now here, one moment more
ye'll stay!
For I see my Father coming from yon grove that blooms so
gay: —
I wot he loves me so —
With his Oxen he will ransom me, and will not let me go;
So scape I then to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful!'

IV.

2ND. YOUTH, as an OLD PEASANT.

'My Oxen — indeed now I have but only twain,
The one I straight shall use, child! and the other must remain.
Thou scapest not to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful!'

V.

THE WIKING.

And the War-man each oar grasps tight, and quickly will
depart,
While her hands the pretty virgin wrings till the blood there-
out doth start: —
God help that May who afar shall stray to the heathen land
so dreadful!

*) The part of the Wiking may also be given to A CHORUS OF NEIGHBORS.

VI.

THE CHEAP-THEOW.

'Ah! War-man dear, ye'll bide now here, one moment more
ye'll stay!

For I see my Mother coming from yon grove that blooms so
gay: —

I wot she loves me so —

With her Gold-chests she will ransom me, and will not let
me go;

So scape I then to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful!

VII.

1ST. MAIDEN, drest as an OLD COUNTRY-WIFE.

'My Gold-chests — indeed now I have but only twain;
The one I straight shall use, child! and the other must remain.
Thou canst not scape to wander far to the heathen land so
dreadful!

VIII.

THE WIKING.

And the War-man each oar grasps tight, and quickly will
depart,

While her hands the pretty virgin wrings till the blood there-
out doth start: —

God help that May who afar shall stray to the heathen land
so dreadful!

IX.

THE CHEAP-THEOW.

'Ah! War-man dear, ye'll bide now here, one moment more
ye'll stay!

For I see my Sister coming from yon grove that blooms so
gay: —

I wot she loves me so —
With her Gold-crowns she will ransom me, and will not let
me go;
So scape I then to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful!

X.

2ND. MAIDEN, as a PEASANT-GIRL.

'My Gold-crowns — indeed now I have but only twain;
The one I straight shall use, child! and the other may remain.
Thou scapest not to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful!

XI.

THE WIKING.

And the War-man each oar grasps tight, and quickly will
depart,
While her hands the pretty virgin wrings till the blood there-
out doth start: —
God help that May who afar shall stray to the heathen land
so dreadful!

XII.

THE CHEAP-THEOW.

'Ah! War-man dear, ye'll bide now here, one moment more
ye'll stay!
For I see my Brother coming from yon grove that blooms so
gay: —
With his Foal - steeds he will ransom me, and will not let
me go;
So scape I then to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful!

XIII.

2ND. YOUTH, as a YOUNG PEASANT.

'My Foal-steeds — indeed now I have but only twain;
The one I straight shall use, child! and the other must remain.
Thou scapest not to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful!

XIV.

THE WIKING.

And the War-man each oar grasps tight, and quickly will
 depart,
 While her hands the pretty virgin wrings till the blood there-
 out doth start: —
 Ah! Woe's that May who afar must stray to the heathen land
 so dreadful!

XV.

THE CHEAP-THEOW.

'Ah! War-man dear, ye'll bide now here, one moment more
 ye'll stay!
 For I see my Sweetheart coming from yon grove that blooms
 so gay: —
 With his Gold - rings he will ransom me, and will not let
 me go;
 So glad I scape to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful!'

XVI.

4TH. YOUTH, as a YOUNG YEOMAN.

'My Gold-rings — indeed now I have but ten and twain;
 With six I'll straight deliver thee, the rest mo thine remain. —
 So scap'st thou, Dear! to wander far to the heathen land so
 dreadful!'

(After the singing of this old Character-lay, the assembly break
 up into groups, and NECKEN'S POLSKA (the Nixie's Round), the
 National Dance of Sweden, is join'd in, to the sound of its
 ancient and richly melancholy music. It is at first gone thro
 slowly, and then quicker and quicker. — The words now
 chanted to it in Sweden are as follows:

[No. III.]

Down mid sea-caves, stretcht on shelving diamond,
 NECKEN rests him in green-dight hall;
 Night's weird sisters now o'er hill and valley
 Weave so silent their gloomy pall.
 Ev'ning stands so fair,
 Dark shadows in her hair;

Not a whisp'ring sound
 The echoes wakes all round;
 Far and wide reigns one deep repose —
 When from his golden castle-porch the Sea-king goes!

SIGNE. THILDA! a soul so soft and sweet as thine
 No chains should wear save those of love and friendship.
 Make me thy Friend then. Gift, too, gift should pay;
 In heart-lore, life-scenes and keen worldly wisdom
 Rich was thy Song this ev'ning; in return
 A Soul-song take still richer — thou art free!

(THILDA attempts to thank her; but SIGNE playfully prevents her,
 and exclaims:)

Quick now, our Drott awaits us; haste, friends, hence!

SCENE 3.

(Midnight. The great Idol-temple in Upsala, lit up by altar-fires and torches &c. The Images and attributes of the chief Gods front the spectator. THOR is in the centre, his Hammer in his hand and wearing his Belt of Strength. ODEN — in full armor, brandishing a spear, and with a Raven on each shoulder — and FREY, holding flowers and corn-ears, his helmet resembling a golden Boar — are on his right and left. Golden chains and rich offerings cover the statues and the blood-stain'd walls. Numerous Priests are engag'd in holy rites. Under-priests, with pipes, straight and crooked horns, and simple string'd instruments, stand ready to assist the chants and service. Enter ERIC and SIGNE.)

ERIC. Hail, Fathers, hail!

With ever active foot,
 Eye cold to all but the' ASAR's excellence,
 Tongue ever eloquent in their deathless praise,
 Ye faithful toil. Let not these ceaseless functions
 Your agéd hands outweary. — I myself
 From ODEN our great Monarch-priest descended,
 ODEN our God Supreme, the glorious founder
 Of Northland realms, Rune-spell and Song who mighty
 Left to his race in treasur'd heritage, —
 I, ODEN's kinsman, this fam'd shrine glad honoring,

Wend hither to partake your midnight watchings.

Say! have the Pow'rs their due slave-victims chosen?

PRIEST OF ODEN. The number now is full. The Rune-market
wands

Casting again, the last, the HEL-tan claim'd
The Mercian EDGAR.

ERIC. What! that English prisoner
Who still refuses us to see his lorn
His lovely ROWENA — else free as I?

PRIEST OF ODEN. The same!

SIGNE. Dear noble Drott! O let my prayers

ERIC. Enough! I thank thee for them, and therein
Once more with pleas'd surprise the fruits behold
Of Nature's teachings, — hail the bloodless triumph
Of some fair DIS, some radiant Northern Goddess,
FREYA, mayhap, or FULLA, of fierce War-gods
Justly jealous. Now, high-born girl, I answer
E'en ere thou askest. Yes! our sky-thron'd Elders
'Tis well to greet, our Mid-earth's brightest bulwark;
'Tis well to' adore their sword-sheen, call them Lords
And, humbly bent, invoke their awful succor;
'Tis well to build brave houses to their glory
And Maids and Priest-men set to do them service,
While gore of beasts and expiate victims floweth
In secret rites before their majesty; —
Yet Gods God-deeds best love — deeds pure and rightwise,
Acts to Heav'n's glance *them* rais'd, and *us* to *them*
Will lift as splendid. Yes! heart-sacrifice
With sweeter perfumes to high Valhall's courts
Up-steegeth grateful, than all earthly fragrance,
Than all the pomp of altars wreath'd with gold,
Than twice ten thousand slaughter'd prisoners! —
This EDGAR seek, and let him come before me.

(An Under-priest goes out.)

Now, white-hair'd Temple-kings, the form go thro'
 Of dedication of this victim's head
 To Northland's Pow'rs. If that he swerve not — well!
 That same stund is he' a Freeman and a Brother.
 But, should the pale-cheekt dastard Spouse and Honor
 Base give for life, — why let the paltry Nithing
 Hide him in some far wild till Spring's warm breath
 Each stream unloose and free our ice-pav'd seas,
 That so the self-same waves which bore him hither
 On proud-bent foam-necks from our coasts may wag him
 In oarless boat away. — But see; he enters.

Now, in due order, rev'rend ministers!

(An Under-priest leads EDGAR in.)

PRIEST OF ODEN. Know, sword-won slave! the Gods' good
 pleasure 'tis

That now their glitt'ring Castles thou shouldst share.
 The sacret lot hath fayor'd thee, and soon
 In solemn sacrifice thy blood and body
 Admittance gain to tongueless mysteries.
 Bow, youth; bow low! See ODEN smiles on thee!
 ODEN, All-father's type and King of Men,
 Ásgard's strong Ruler and the' EINHERIAR'S Joy:

[No. IV.

CHANT OF THE PRIEST OF ODEN.]

ÓDEN, the' Óne-ey'd,
 áir-halls gíves us;
 Rúnes he réadeth,
 ráven-ténded;
 wórlds aye wáatching
 wise from Hlídskialf,
 quáils each cóward
 fore the Kíng of Sláughter!

PRIEST OF THOR. Victim not thrice alone, but nine times happy,
 Curb thine impatience. Soon to Night's dim Essence
 And clear Day's Chiefs thy purple sweat shall flow.
 So Valhall gain'st thou, else to serf shut close;
 So scap'st thou blue-white HEL, the dead's grim Goddess,
 Mid whose foul freezing fens her central Sal
 Tow'rs *Mis'ry* hight, whose Dish is craving *Hunger*,
Famine her Knife, and who o'er *Guile* her Threshold
 Stalks to Repose on pining *Sickness-bed*,
 Their Curtain'd round with cruel blanching *Griefs!*
 Now, by THOR holpen, this deep dusk Ghost-home
 Thy failing gaze not blights! — Kneel, then; kneel glad;
 From HEL thou'rt freed, false LOKÉ's loathsome offspring,
 By the' ÁSAR hated and by Man abhorr'd.
 Yea, haste! The Thund'rer's footstool grateful kiss.
 Than THOR — whose lightest whisper Sky-vaults shaketh
 And Earth and Hell, and whose giant-quelling hand
 Eke once the wicked world-encircling Worm,
 The savage saltsea-lashing Snake, shall slay —
 To Dignity stronger greater fall'st thou never!

[No. V.

CHANT OF THE PRIEST OF THOR.]

THÓR, the Tróll-smiter,
 Thrúdvang rúleth,
 Hámmer húrling
 gainst hósts of fóné;
 ÉARTH'S and ÓDEN'S
 héir he bóasts him,
 Héav'n's best Héro
 and Hópe of Mén!

PRIEST OF FREY. Off'ring too blest! Quick, quick shall knife
 of flint

Thy breast lay bare and carve each trembling entrail.

Soon thy young limbs — how few so privileg'd —
 From that poor trunk are lightly featly sever'd
 And, in Old Upsal's mystic Well suspended,
 Are cleans'd and lav'd from ev'ry filthy stain,
 Till that, acceptable, on weird trees hung
 They nourish the flesh-birds of the Glamour-Grove.
 'Tis FREY this grants, FREY Elfhome's gladsome Master,
 FREY, NIORD's brave son and spouse of dream-fair GERDÉ,
 By crowding peoples hail'd as Harvest-king
 And Rain and Sunshine-God. — Then fore his shrine
 With knee and will-words, pris'ner, pay thine homage!

[No. VI.

CHANT OF THE PRIEST OF FREY.]

FRÉY still flingeth
 fée to mórtals,
 Sóngs and Spóusals
 spéak his práise;
 óver Óffer-
 óaths he béndeth,
 Láv and Lóves ne'er
 léaves unveng'd!

PRIEST OF ODEN. Hail, ODEN!

PRIEST OF THOR. Hail, great THOR!

PRIEST OF FREY. Hail, FREY, all hail!

[No. VII.

GREAT CHORUS OF PRIESTS.]

I.

Shielded by Champion-Gods, our Champion-land
 From fiell to fiord in matchless might shall stand;
 With ready heart, then, and with skilful hand —
 While each carv'd face smiles wears gay-flung by flame-rich
 brand —

Victims we'll give them in their Raven-wood,
 Their walls we'll dye and throne-seats thick with blood,
 With blood,
 With blood,
 With blood, —
 Yes! their rarest reekels 'tis, life's bounding bubbling blood!

II

Báttle's brightness
 béams round ÓÐEN;
 THÓR, the Thúnd'rer,
 thróws his Máce;
 mid frúits and fóliage
 FRÉY sits gríthful;
 Víctors áll, they
 Vállhall guárd!

III.

Éver Úpsal's
 éarth thy shéltér,
 Swéthland Góthland
 Síre-Gods bléss;
 blóod in bówls we'll
 béar afóre them,
 wár-gifts wéal-gifts
 wín us glád!

ERIC. Captive, thou hear'st!

Ere thrice that wondrous world-light
 Sun call'd by Men but Star by lofty Deities,
 Strange lovely earth-long course at last completing,
 Her car-borne disk behind yon mounds hath driven;
 Ere thrice Night's King, the Moon, the shining Year-teller,
 Soft source of slumber-joys and dear Dream-father,
 Slow climbs the gloam-vault, countless star-bands round him,

His wain by RIME-MANE drawn, whose fierce-champt bit
 O'er hill and dale and farthest furrow tosses
 Those glist'ring foam-sparks here we Dew-drops clepe;
 Ere thrice our Valhall's kemps in spear-lit feast-house
 Nod o'er their oft-drain'd mead-horns; — answer wait I.
 The scroll for ROWENA give, and straight from out
 This well-fenc'd fane myself will buy thy loosement.
 Else, tis the Law which dooms. Those faithful fingers

(He points to the flint-arm'd uplift hands of the officiating
 Priests)

With eager haste *our* Sacred Tomb will find thee —
 Red Raven-maws, in *our* dread Holy Land —
 Old Upsal's Temple-Wood!

Think of't. — Farewell!

(EDGAR stands fascinated and motionless. The Curtain falls.)

ACT III. — ENGLAND.

SCENE 1.

(Afternoon. A Garden outside ROWENA's and ELFWINA's BOWER. ROWENA advances from a green alcove.)

ROWENA. No tidings reach me! — Many' an o'er-sea pilgrim
 These halls have welcom'd; many' a monk and merchant,
 By foreign suns embrown'd and toilsome travel,
 Hath here repos'd him; but to all my questionings
 Is one response:
 'In spear-moot, lady, his ensign saw we never;
 His name ne'er circled mong our homeland minstrels;
 His gifts no clerk of Rome or Jewry telleth!
 What shall I think, what fear? — O EDGAR, EDGAR!
 Hadst thou like ROWENA lov'd, not hadst thou saunter'd
 To climes unknown, for pastime won so rashly!

(A PAGE enters, and presents a Letter.)

PAGE. Most gracious Mistress! A far journier,
A Messenger as seemeth, this letter brings
And waits his answer.

(ROWENA eagerly snatches the Pacquet.)

Row. Go! trouble me not!
Cheer him with food and wine.

(PAGE goes.)

Now, by Saint CHAD,
'Tis He! 'tis his own hand, 'tis EDGAR'S hand!
But ah! what counter-mark is this? Some Soldan's
Perhaps, or Emir's, or the royal stamp
Of Christian King friendly to Christian England.
Off, folded guard; off! envious casing. Hide
No longer from me those dear characters!

(Reads. A pause.)

O God! the style's not his! — Some wretch, some devil
Hath forg'd it all. And yet

(Reads again.)

That signature

Nay, each loose line the leper-touch betrays
Of what was once mine EDGAR. — Can it be?
O Heav'ns! Sweet Saints! what bans, what blasphemies
Hath ROWENA'S heart conceiv'd, that thus she's punisht?

(Drops the Scroll. A pause.)

Peace, hissing thoughts! Ebb back, tempestuous soul,
Nor thus gainst God's throne dash! Peace, waves, be still! —
Satan, avaunt! Tempter, thy flaming HELL-bed
Seek quick!

(Crosses herself. A pause.)

Ten thousand deaths would I have borne
That false one's *life* to' have sav'd e'en . . . and his *Honor* . . .
O base black brutal barter! No never, by heaven,
Never, proud pilgrim, shall remorseless priest-knife

By sacrifice be stay'd whereto thy torments
Are nothing!

(A pause.)

Woe worth! A multitude of sins
Doth Charity cover! But these cold insult-bargainings,
This coward blood-shame, sale of wife for life
Throb not so, temples! And ye, mocking demons,
Hates, sprung like HELL-worms from Love's blasted carcase,
Horrors, Treacheries, ghastly Hopes — once crownéd Queens
All serving one dear Master, now mere Furies
Dancing on Fondness' tomb —, Revenge Ah, sweet
That last word's music is, — Revenge! Revenge!
He is my Spirit! A nobler worthier mate
Is He than caitiff EDGAR!

Thro th' stilly air

His leathern hurtling pinions hear I flapping;
On, on he sails! How loud his shrill laugh echoes!
See! — his red hands steel fire and venom brandish,
And thronging many-tongu'd Crime-imps crowd his path!
Now, now I feel him on my rackt brain feeding;
HELL-Adder, HELL-thoughts he darts. Yes! Woman's soul
Quick he subdues; from heart to head on-glideth
His subtle infection, more swift than fever-touch
Or putrid corpse-smell or the faint foul air
Breath'd by the plague-struck.

(A pause.)

Is then all, *all* gone?

And stand I here, wreckt mariner like, a fathomless
Merciless ocean baying at my feet?
O God, O Christ! some Angel send, some comfort
Pour on my dark despair!

(She kneels and crosses herself. A pause. Hastily she rises.)

Who thus intrudes?

(Enter PAGE.)

PAGE. Pardon me, Lady! but our Ealdorman
Wills instant audience; something of impórt
He would, it seems, communicate.

Row. Our appointed
High-born protector in our lord's sad absence —
Well, bid him enter!

(PAGE retires. ROWENA gathers up the Letter, and deposits
it in her bosom.)

Grim Asp — more atterful
Than that Egyptian Queen's who whilom shorten'd
With snake-bite her scar'd life, her tender breasts
Giving as fang-food rather than to brook
The Cæsar's triumph — Worm-scroll, sleep thou there!

(PAGE enters with ODO.)

PAGE. Great ODO, Mercia's Ealdorman.

(PAGE withdraws.)

ODO. Dare I,
Fair lonely lily, ever mercy hope
That thus your precious hours

Row. Pray speak not of it.
The friend of EDGAR, EDGAR'S Wife makes welcome.

ODO. O lovely master-piece, my boldness check not.
Anew I come, my soul's chief secret telling.
A Dream, a heav'n-sent night-form'd tell-tale swefen
Wooes your attention.

Row. Sure, my lord! your visit
Might find acceptance, e'en tho curious visions
Not tempted female longing. Well, I listen.

ODO. Last night, then, for, like sun-beams on the flow'ret
Rain-bent, my soul your words uplift — last night,
By restless reveries tost and passionate musings,
The sweet unconsciousness I sought in vain
Of balmy slumber. But — when each long hour
From off my breast its clangless swarthy chains

Had slowly dragg'd at last, and morning's ray
And piercing cock-crow each damn'd sprite had sent
Back to his nether home — then from yon East,
My heavy eyne o'er-flutt'ring, a light Dream
Wafted my fantasy to Fairy-land.

Row. Thou'st rais'd, my lord, a charming portico!
Sure, equal beauties will adorn the temple.

Odo. Our artless building but of reeds is woven. —
But, as it seem'd, in half-wild heath-wold straying,
Before me, sudd'n, a delicate Blossom gleam'd;
My ravisht looks she drew, that soon my heart
Her blushing beauties fir'd. — But, wonder strange!
My touch not borne, away my charm-chang'd Charmer
To woodland bow'rs sped fast, — her soft fresh leaves
Smooth pinions hiding, and her bud-rich head
Nodding with show'r-bow plumage, while to shining
Fan-feathers grown her root clove the' air around.
Now in each sounding dell her varied warblings
My cooing graceful soul-nymph sweet gan trill;
And lo! therewith, from tangled copse outwhirring,
A proud-dight Cushat my bird with false endearments
Successful lur'd its forest-home to leave,
And straight together hied they, till far hills
Receiv'd her way-worn. I with faithful step
Follow'd o'er all. — Soon then, O wicked wrong!
His loving fere the stranger-fowl abandon'd
And, upward soaring, from his artful breast
Each borrow'd blazon shook, each Dove-habiliment
About him scatter'd, and — as haze-wing'd Kite
Now felly swoopt, his curv'd beak and sharp claws
Full many' a songster tearing. Yet onward prest I
O'er moss-grown rocks and roughnesses, brooks and bushes
Till, at the last — no flow'r, no dove, no kite
I reacht, but You, my ROWENA! desolate calling

For torments gainst the traitor. 'Heav'n', — you cried, —
 'Me love-lorn maid revenge, whose guileless heart
 The brown Glede gain'd in gentle dove-disguise!'
 Ah! then what fiery hopes my breast usurpt;
 And smiles, not frowns, that Angel-face

Row.

Enough!

Enough, most dream-learn'd Odo. Hints full many
 Have oft dim-shrouded fallen from thy lips.
 Now, all I dare. Now, woman weak, I'll strike
 For that great harvest-vengeance sought so long.
 May' it be to Odo dear! More precious still
 Will ROWENA prize it — one rich-mingled joy
 Of Justice Love and Passion. — Ere morrow's sun
 Hath half her course gone o'er, Knight! wend thee hither.
 Now wild thoughts call me hence.

(Goes.)

Odo. Revenge and Pleasure; Ah, how cheaply bought!
 My proud, my pretty Bird at last I've caught.
 Speed, speed blest hour, with love's fruition fraught!

(Goes.)

 SCENE 2.

(ROWENA'S BOWER, as before. Lamps and tapers are burning in the chamber. On the table, among various articles of traveling-equipage, lies a newly clos'd Letter. Another, which is just written, ROWENA is about to seal.)

ROWENA. So, this too' is ended, and it reads, methinks,
 Short and eke sweet enough:

(Reads.)

'Odo, Revenge

Like thine were poor, mean, fleeting, *secret*. I
 A wreak will have shining as EDGAR's crime!

Farewell.'

Yea, it will do.

(Seals the billet.)

But where can CÆDMON be?

Our Castellan is tardy. I must fain

His presence hurry' again. — But here he comes!

(CÆDMON enters.)

CÆDMON. Pardon me, Lief! that eld and limbs now feeble
And this wide forest my willing haste have mockt.

Row. Nay, friend, mine own impatience must I blame,
Not thy true services. Forgive if ever
Thine agéd ear one harsh rebuke hath wounded.
But now receive my messages. — The stranger
Parts with the dawn?

CÆD. He doth, my Lady.

Row. Well; for this seal'd epistle 'tis he waits.

(Gives THE CASTELLAN a Letter.)

Charge him to keep it safe, and haste him coastward
Where lies his Galley. — Ere her midday height
To-morrow's Star hath clomb, our Ealdorman,
Lord Odo, here will seek me. — Give him these.

(Hands CÆDMON the second Scroll.)

And say: 'My Mistress bides her time. Whene'er
'Tis come, she'll let thee know' it.'

CÆD. It shall be done.

Row. My burg let none dare enter, till myself
Give special suffrance. — To my valiant OSWALD,
That dear twin-brother who hath just return'd
From ATHELSTANE'S Welsh inroads, shall I now,
As last I told thee, with a proper Guard
Set out at midnight. Let them wait below.
Long, haply, OSWALD'S guest, their war-steeds' heads
See they turn homeward, soon as his strong fastness
And trusty bills make other watch unneedful.

CÆD. Lady! one short hour hence thy steel-arm'd escort
 Before thy gates are rang'd, their lovely mistress,
 Like dragons over hidden treasure brooding,
 From friend and foe to shield.

Row. 'Tis well. I thank thee.
 Now speed we both. Else-time's quick step o'ertakes us.
 (They go.)

SCENE 3.

(Night. The Garden outside ELFWINA'S BOWER, as before. All is silent. The Moon occasionally flings radiance over the scene, and anon is shadow'd by thick clouds. SIBERT enters, passing and repassing near ELFWINA'S window.)

SIBERT. Each hour hath been a winter, each day a life-blank,
 Since last I saw' her. — Peace and its petty quiets,
 War's sudden tocsin, tramp of battled fone,
 Storm'd castles, swol'n rivers that the weary soldier
 Must ford with all his arms upon him, days
 Of fiery heats, and blasts from snow-clad hills
 Rushing like HELL-dogs — such in vain have whisper'd
 Forgetfulness of her; my heart's — life's — bride!

(The Moon breaks out from a cloud.)

Yes, Moon! thy steely face Weird's brow relentless
 Betokens well. This globe from year to year
 Round — round — thou glidest, icy warmth and light
 Half shadowy spreading, hut, tow'r, couch of sorrow
 And halls of riotous revelry o'er-smiling —
 All careless which, — while pray'rs and threats, love's
 yearnings,
 Passion's loud thunders and hate's lightning-curse
 Earthward alike fall bootless, in their flight
 To those air-fields where all alone, or only
 By menial planets lacquied, thou silent roamest:

Yet know, most haughty and dread-striking sky-lord,
 That *thy* reign too is fixt; *thou* too art merely —
 As is *each* tyrant, howsoe'er he strut him —
 A thrall, a chain'd machine. Like meanest serf
 In corn-mill endless grinding, thou too treadest
 A deep-worn tedious mill-path; and when at last
 Thy course is finisht, and thy nightly noon,
 Poor livid link-boy! and thy loveless lustre
 Our world requires no more, -- the ready hand
 Of some heav'n-doorkeeper thy shiversome fires
 Shall coolly quench, and all thy stars' blue twinklings
 Blow in one moment out. Yes! God alone
 In heav'n, on earth, still reigns. In Him I'll trust,
 My weirds I'll change, or bear them if I must.
 Courage, then! Wake, my Gittern! and sing once more
 That SIBERT waits ELFWINA'S Bow'r before.

(He approaches nearer, and chants to the accompaniment of
 his mandolin.)

[No. VIII.

SERENADE-SONG.

THE DANCE IN THE GROVE OF ROSES.]

I.

'Twas all upon an ev'ning,
 When the rime it falleth slow,
 That a swain on good grey palfrey
 Across the meads would go. —
Ye'll bide me true!

II.

His saddle it was of silver,
 His bridle it was of gold;
 His Maid she both outshineth,
 Her grace and charms untold. —
Ye'll bide me true!

III.

So straight to the Grove of Roses
 The Knight he pricks along,
 Where a merrie Dance he findeth
 Fair dames and damsels mong. —
Ye'll bide me true!

IV.

His horse right soon he bindeth
 Where the lily blooms so fair,
 And much his heart rejoiceth
 That he now was comen there. —
Ye'll bide me true!

V.

'Again we'll meet, again we'll greet,
 When middest summer's here,
 When the laughing days draw out so long
 And the nights are mild and clear. —
Ye'll bide me true!

VI.

'Again we'll meet, again we'll greet,
 On middest summer's day,
 When the lark it carols lightly,
 And the cuckoo cooes away. —
Ye'll bide me true!

VII.

'Again we'll meet, again we'll greet,
 On the freshly flow'ring lea,
 Where the rose so bright and the lily white
 Our sweet soft couch shall be.' —
Ye'll bide me true!

(The lattice of ELFWINA'S casement is slowly open'd, and in low-murmur'd tones she makes answer:)

[IX.

SERENADE-REPLY.

I SURE WILL COME!]

ELFWINA.

I.

Whoso a stone in water throws,
 It sinketh down straightway:
 And whoso her fast friend doth lose,
 Her heart's no longer gay!

II.

Whoso a stone in water throws,
 To the wave-deeps it will go:
 And whoso her fast friend doth lose,
 Her heart is full of woe!

III.

Whoso a feather on water throws,
 Float ever there it will:
 And who her fast friend doth not lose,
 She thinketh on him still!

IV.

Then hence, fly hence, thou little bird!
 From lily-home:
 And whisper to my dearest love —
 I sure will come!

(A moment after, she appears below, issuing from a postern.)

SIB. Now, now I'm blest; and all those lagging months
 Of watchings, wounds and deaths since last I saw thee, —
 Borne, how unwilling! — my bosom's lord forgets.
 Yes, Elf-bright IDES! Years of pain one stund
 Of joy like this buy cheaply. But, mine Angel,
 These long-starv'd lips O banquet with a kiss!

(Kisses her.)

ELFW. SIBERT, be brief. Thou know'st that in these halls
 No more thou seest me, till my Brother's voice
 Proclaims thee welcome. Therefore *here* my lover
 Must wait me seldom.

SIB. Fair heart-friend, 'tis well!
 Thy jealous fears, doubts, cautions, frank soul-honor —
 Flash that can eke in knightly breast flame proudly —,
 Know I and love.

But, Dear! once more a war-host
 To HILDE's sword-dance head I, gainst invaders
 Of ATHELSTANE and England. Spring's delicate spray
 To Summer's green will wax, and fail anon
 To drooping Harvest's checquer'd shrivel'd yellow;
 Full many' a wood-bird his gay-twitter'd notes
 Will sadly silence; and hoarse brass bemes will quell
 SIBERT's heart-music; ere to Mercia's realms
 He wend him back, — if in the mould no sickness,
 No brand or wand'ring arrow, no sharp axe,
 Hand-dart, or barb'd fierce-slungen spear should lay
 Thy poor fond friend, and all his hopes — for ever!

(A pause. He breaks forth into song, slightly accompanying
 himself on his Gittern.)

[No. X.

THE WARRIOR'S CHANT ON DEPARTING TO BATTLE.]

To HÉLL's dim hóme-land
 háply gó I,
 fár from friéud-troops
 fár from Théé,
 where hárnést Héroes
 héavily slumber,
 in déw-wet dúst-bed —
 dúg by DÉATH.

Fólk-ruler! Drihten!

FRÉA Almighty!

when I lie in my lóam-house —
lók on me still!

To HÉLL's dim hóme-land
háply gó I,
fár from friénd-troops
fár from Théé!

(A pause. He drops on one knee, and repeats the following Prayer.)

Lord of Hósts, I thánk Thee
for the bléssings hitherto
Thy bóunty hath gíven!
Then, Míldest Máker,
míckle will my néed be
that gráce and gríth
Thou grántest my Spírit,
that só to' her Sáviour
my Sóul may jóurney,
máy quíck to Thy kíngdom —
O crówn-deckt Ángel-ruler! —
péacefully páss!
Hear my práy'r, O Fáther,
nor let hórrid HÉLL-wights
háráss her flíght!

(A pause. He rises and continues.)

Now on love's wings I speed, mine own Belov'd
To hilse once more — sweet bliss! — ere ATHELSTANE'S
Proud-flaunting pennon its sky-hiding silk
Bare to the breeze and lead to victory!
ELFW. An omen be thy words! — Yes, Hawk of HILDE!
Depart to victory, and — weak wish — return
Eke of my boastful brother — the conqueror!

SIB. Alack! I fear me: — but to th' winds I've sworn
 All fears to fling. Yes, ev'n gainst hope I'll hope.
 By some wild infidel mayhap, or ill-doer,
 In all else ruthless but herein submit
 To' a better nature, our proud Christian EDGAR
 May yet be taught — that noble deeds alone
 And gen'rous loves and honor by gold unwarpt
 From noble birth should spring!

ELFW. True, SIBERT.

This lesson-jewel, at least, home from his farings
 May EDGAR bring.

The page of Story, and that leaf yet stranger
 The page of Life, hath oft shown things more wondrous.

SIB. One thing I know: — come Life, come Death, to Thee
 Than both more true will SIBERT'S young heart be!

ELFW. One thing I know: — tho EDGAR still deny,
 SIBERT'S OR DEATH'S unspotted bride I'll die!

(They go.)

SCENE 4.

(A tolerably open woodland. Enter GUDMUND the Wiking, arm'd.)

GUDMUND. So! now once more my Dragon-ship I'll mount,
 And, wave-ways o'er, to Sweden's Drott will speed me.
 An answer have I gotten: but not, I trow,
 One that will him or EDGAR much content.
 'Guard well the Lady' — so was ERIC'S bidding —
 'To save her lord and share a monarch's bed
 She'll haste impatient.' — Now no English beauty
 Save this fair-folded parchment will he see.
 Well; th' world's a riddle, and queer things fall out.
 Often, with EDGAR, now a slave once more
 But slave whom slaves will spit at, our soul-peace

To fiends we sell who make right sorry payment.
 But come, no saws, no maxims, GUDMUND! — Thy spirits
 Gather up, my man! This bracing bonny day
 Should challenge thy wonted jollity.

(Flourishes his weapon, and sings loudly and freely:)

[No. XI.

YOUNG RAMUNDER,
 THE GIANT-QUELLER.]

I.

RAMUNDER strode by salt-sea strand,
 Giants sev'n stood in a ring: —
 'Should I on that youth but lay my hand,
 O'er the moon I'd soon him fling.' —
 'Not thou alone', RAMUNDER answer'd;
 'Come on all sev'n!' said RAMUNDER the Youngster.

II.

RAMUNDER seiz'd his sword so brown,
 That blade good Dymling hight;
 And the Giants all sev'n he quick mow'd down,
 Their life-blood flow'd red-bright. —
 'There ye lie, sev'n of ye', said keen RAMUNDER,
 'And I'm here as yet!' said RAMUNDER the Youngster.

III.

Then onward marcht our conqu'ror stout
 A Monster's castle by;
 Full fifty ells was he about,
 And eke one hundred high. —
 'Wilt try a course, old boy?' RAMUNDER shouted;
 'Thy gripe I'll bide!' said RAMUNDER the Youngster.

IV.

'RAMUNDER dear! O let me live,
Nor harm me, friend, at all;
Sev'n tuns of gold I so will give,
And oceans of wine withal!' —
'One more ye'll add, or how?' said tall RAMUNDER;
'And yet shall ye die the death!' said RAMUNDER the Youngster.

V.

The first round that they had, these two,
Full well their hands can play;
By the Giant's thick beard RAMUNDER drew,
And pull'd flesh and all away. —
'What a pretty grin!' said bold RAMUNDER;
'Shall I count thy teeth?' said RAMUNDER the Youngster.

VI.

The next bout that these champions tried,
How each did fume and frown!
The great blue mound on which they stride
To clay they trample down. —
'Tis fierce, this sport!' the Ettin mutter'd;
'Tis scarce begun as yet!' said RAMUNDER the Youngster.

VII.

His broad-sword huge the kemp now drew,
That blade good Dympling hight;
And off the Giant's head it flew,
For eight oxen — load not light. —
'My blow I thought but weak!' said stout RAMUNDER;
'But it took nathless!' said RAMUNDER the Youngster.

VIII.

Now hill-ward steps RAMUNDER bent,
 To the little Goblins all;
 In to the little Trolls he went,
 Who straight hot tears let fall. —
 'Nay, pipe no eyes!' RAMUNDER mumbled;
 'I ne'er laught at you!' said RAMUNDER the Youngster.

IX.

RAMUNDER brave his blade doth swing,
 Stout blows he dealeth round;
 The Goblins drove he in a ring,
 Then fell'd them to the ground. —
 'Now *I'm* lord here!' said jolly RAMUNDER;
 "'Tis pleasant enough, no doubt!' said RAMUNDER the
 Youngster.

(In the last stanzas GUDMUND is accompanied on the Harp by
 a young MINSTREL, who at last issues with his Foot-
 page out of the forest.)

Hallo! my pretty youth; these lays thou gildest
 With goodly harp-shine. Yon few trembling strings
 Thou'st taught, I hear, what speech mo please thee best.
 Art bound along this road?

MINSTREL. Nay, as I list.

My steps are wilful as yon darting swallow's.

GUDM. Then prythee, friend, an better company
 Not bids, this path, down to the shelving beach
 Where rides my Wiking-craft, let's tread together.
 Minstrels and minstrel-lore right well I love.

MINST. E'en as you will, Sir! — Many' a merry ballad,
 I doubt not, ye'll exchange for my poor wood-notes.

GUDM. Ay, boy, that will I. But, fair play's a jewel!
 My turn I've had. Strike up! — I fain would hear
 Some sweet-harpt English song.

MINST. I'll sing and welcome!
List to a simple strain, an ancient ditty.

[No. XII.

[SING, CUCKOO!]

I.

Summer is i-comen in,
Loudé sing, Cuckoo!
Groweth seed and bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood now.
Sing, Cuckoo!

II.

Ewé bleateth after lamb,
Loweth after calf cow;
Bullock starteth, buck fern-seeketh,
Merrie sing, Cuckoo!
Sing, Cuckoo!

III.

Cuckoo, Cuckoo, well singest thou,
Nor cease thou never now;
Sing, Cuckoo, now; sing, Cuckoo,
Sing, Cuckoo; sing, Cuckoo, now!
Sing, Cuckoo!

GUDM. Bravo, fair stripling! Thy quaint melody
Clear is and fresh as are the budding brakes
And cuckoo-tones it carols. — In my country
A hand like thine could handsome harp-fees win;
Gleemen love gold-rings and the far-fetcht plaudit.
Come, try thy fortune, lad! Youth is the time
For bold adventure and free careless footings.
Strange lands, strange faces and strange mind-wit too
Will greet thy young eye, and thy young thoughts ripen
With wide experience and pleasant profit.

MINST. Nay, Marry, friend! Your home-soil *you* may know,
But sure to' a nameless land can *I* not go!

GUDM. Right, right: I'll tell thee all; and why I came
To seek your shores. By NECKEN! it will fill thee
With doubt of human faith and with sore sorrow.
But come, let's on. These golden hours we'll use,
And this long forest shorten with the tale.

(They disappear in the wood. The Curtain falls.)

ACT IV. — SWEDEN.

SCENE 1.

(The interior of a miserably furnisht wooden Hut. EDGAR slowly rises from a pallet-bed.)

EDGAR. Cain like I'm branded, struck with God's displeasure.
Peace flies me, Man pursues me, where I go.
Double's the exile that I've suffer'd. From England
My rash pride drove me first; and then, from Upsal
From ERIC's Court despitedly was I sent
To wilds more Northern still, where, save the Wolf
The strong-paw'd Bear the Lynx and prowling Wild-cat
Scarce saw I creature round me. Now at last —
O'er hundred lakes for mast'ry with the land
Wide-struggling, and thro melancholy wastes
Of ne'er-trod axe-unvisited endless forests
Of fir and pine and birch and pine and fir,
One ever-sighing land-ocean, breakers stretching,
Dark-bough'd and gloomy, long long miles around —
Hither to Upsal and mine ancient Hut
I'm now with pain return'd. 'Tis yet a refuge,
Welcome tho poor, and seems an English palace
To that dread stone-land whence I've scap'd so hardly.

But rouse thee, EDGAR! Yon good ash-strown patch
Of fire-clear'd ill-stubb'd woodland field, eftsoons
For rye-corn ready, ere night thy plough must ear.

(Totters in his gait, and grasps as a support a long steel-shod wooden Rune-staff.)

Alack! this bone-house fevers and sharp remorse
Have shaken so and weaken'd, that veriest child
Could now proud England's Thane challenge to fight him.

(Again moves toward the door, but is forc'd to lean against the wall.)

God! here I would not die! — My sweet Wife's kiss,
Ere reverently she close my weary eye-lids;
For one short hour to tread my Country's greensward;
Sight of my village Spire, its Cross, our banner,
Pointing, heav'n-token, where Death not comes, and echoing
'Here, as on Calvary's Mount, may Sin he wept;'
A Christian's grave-rites, Coffin, and Passing Bell
Tolling to pray'r, the swell of mighty Anthem
Filling the air with incense, and good Mass-priest
With pity and pardon and most holy words
My sick soul soothing, and my Lord, blest Housel!
Giving ere I part — O grant me these once more!

(Sinks on to the bed.)

A little longer must I rest me. — O
That black HELL-letter! — EDGAR a living answer
Each instant waits, than thousand deaths more dreadful.

(Enter 1ST. SLAVE.)

1ST. SLAVE. See, doughty EDGAR, see! A goodly gift
Is this I carry. An hour ago, King ERIC
Met the Sea-rover that thy loving scroll
Pilgrim'd to England. — Ha! ha! look, man, look,
This is thy ROWENA. When the Drott receiv'd it,
His eagle-eye glanc'd proudly, and: 'Tis well,
'Tis royally done!' he cried. Forthwith he summon'd

A slave to help thee to thine open parchment. —
 'My lowest freeman would but blush, methinks',
 So added he, 'to drudge to ERIC's baseness.
 Ay! send a low-born slave.' — So, prythee, catch!

(EDGAR seizes and hastily scans the Scroll.)

EDG. Thanks, thanks. CHRIST and Saint CUTHBERT prais'd
 be ever!

But sore I thirst. Today these white parcht lips
 Nought save hot tears have moisten'd. Help, good friend,
 To' a cooling draught of water!

1ST. SLAVE. O, 'good friend',
 My 'friend', forsooth, now that my help is wanted.
 'Twas 'foul fiend' once. Th' DEUSE hang thee high to dry!
 Nay, bid some lordly skinker bear thee blive
 Wine on bent knee.

(Bows jeeringly.)

EDG. Out, hound, out!

(EDGAR rises and threatens him with the Rune-staff.)

1ST. SLAVE. Gone, my lord!

(1ST. SLAVE disappears.)

EDG. How low, how loathsome!

So Lucifer fell to Hell. Yes! God's sure vengeance
 Lies heavy on me. — Ah, brave SIBERT!

(A pause.)

ROWENA!

Thro self-films see I now thy thought-pure virtue,
 Mark erst unkenn'd soul-lustre — now and hence
 Lost, lost for ever. Arm me, Heav'nly Healer!
 Me both ways wretched, self-caus'd griefs to bear.

(Reads.)

'In EDGAR's name hath some false stranger written,
 ROWENA entreating God's lust-banning Law
 And Woman's Faith alike to trample on,
 To save a coward's life, forfeit already

When his weak soul began to weigh and ponder
ERIC'S condition.

'Forgeries I not answer.

But EDGAR, where in East or North or South
He passes pray'rful, send I salutations
And true-love trystings. Mark them!

ROWENA.'

Yes! 'tis herself. Each high-soul'd burning word
Speaks of herself. O God! for this sweet message,
This fond Farewell, this pledge of peace and fealty
I thank with thoughts unutt'able!

(Enter 2ND. SLAVE, with a jug of water.)

2ND. SLAVE.

What, EDGAR!

Thou'rt sick, I hear. Say, can this humble arm
Bring aught of comfort? — Much thou'st borne. Allow
A Christian, as thyself, to tend thy sorrows. —
All Saints! How flusht, how haggard! Come, thy thirst
Quench with this fresh well-water.

(He reaches EDGAR the pitcher.)

Drink yet again.

EDG. Thanks, friend! New life they gave, those drops
delicious,

Sweeter than grape-juice in my gladdest revel.
The Lord of Light, that wind and water wields,
Thee wish and speed! — Yes, Brother, truth will out:
Thy garb hides heart, nobler than many' a noble's.
Oft, so, rough-coated pebble the star-rays masks
Of priceless gem-stone; oft, so, upthrown by waves
On dank bleak beach, the dark shell-warted oyster
A pearl-bead clasps fierce turban'd Shahs would long for
To grace, like moons, their crowns withal!

2ND. SLAVE.

Nay, EDGAR,

Cease high-flown gossip, and stir thee to thy toil.
Thy sull I've long since lifted to its furrow.

EDG. Kind forethought! Well then, yet once more I'll try
 On God's green earth and neath his bright blue sky
 To stand a freeman, ere as thrall I die!

(The 2ND. SLAVE goes, and EDGAR slowly follows him.)

SCENE 2.

(Evening. Wild Northern scenery. To the right a Barrow, or sepulchral mound, on which stands a tall quaintly carv'd Rune-stone. Enter EDGAR.)

EDGAR. From some far land she seem'd, that pale Weird Sister
 Who met me late, when as the stubborn ground
 I plough'd so feebly. Ruthful was her heart,
 And these fall'n cheeks, sunk eyes and trembling hands
 With such soft words bewail'd she, that own tears —
 A blesséd throng — my wan face kist for pity!
 Here, neath this shatter'd oak, she bade me stand;
 And by yon ghost-stone promist to appear
 Ere sunset, with Fate's shapements.

Saint or sinner,

Sov'reign or slave, in tap'stried chambers or
 In Lapland ice-house biding, — Man remaineth
 Man still, Doubt's creature, Hope's blind follower; longing
 The veil to rend, eager the daze to pierce,
 That shrouds the unknown Will-be!

At her speech

Fill'd with unwonted boldness, straight I askt —
 Bold, awful wish — to see my ROWENA!
 And, grace unthought, she murmur'd: 'Be it so!' —
 She comes. Now, EDGAR, courage; thy faint mood rally!

(THE WITCH ascends the Cairn, a wand in her hand.)

Dread Seer! thy pledge I claim. Thrice bend I fore thee,
 Thrice frayn my Weird. Prophetic oracles give me,
 Doom-words not dark!

Still rise my home-land halls

The guard of Innocence?

WITCH. Where smiles thy spouse

Dwells lowly Virtue.

EDG. Can sin black as EDGAR'S

Ere find forgiveness?

WITCH. To the penitent

High Heav'n throws wide its gates; and Man, Man's brother,

Times seventy' and sev'n shows mercy.

EDG. England's coasts

Can exil'd EDGAR hope to hail once more?

WITCH. When Sinews win thee to a Stranger's hand,

Fly on swift float-bird to thy Fatherland!

EDG. What sounds are these! How sweet, tho dim in

somewhat,

They fall on Sorrow's ear! — Wise Woman, thanks!

Now, mystic Spae-queen! to these longing looks

My ROWENA show!

WITCH. Young Angle, move not, speak not;

One Elfin moment only, view thy Bride!

(From her bosom she scatters flowers in a circle on the Barrow, and sets fire to perfume-breathing herbs. Casting on them a powder, a dense smoke rises. As the cloud thereof disappears — ROWENA stands before him. Gently bending, she throws towards him an Olive-chaplet. Explosions and a thick reek follow, after which THE WITCH occupies the spot as before. She exclaims, pointing her wand at the enquirer),

'Tis done. — The spell is over. — Go in peace!

(EDGAR reverently retires, and THE WITCH then slowly descends the how.)

SCENE 3.

(The Great Hall of ERIC THE VICTORIOUS, in Upsala. The King sits in state in his High-Seat, which is flankt by Pillars representing ODEN and THOR. He is surrounded by his Kin, Yarls, Bareserks, chief War-man and

Scalds &c. THE MINSTREL is present with his Harp. Drinking-horns and mead-flagons cover the tables that run along each side of the apartment, which has a door at either end. Damsels and young Skinkers wait on the guests, and fill up the horns and goblets. The walls are cover'd with gold-figur'd leather, over which shine rows of shields, war-swords and arms &c. SIGNE sits nearest the King. Lights and torches. A long fire in the centre of the floor.)

ERIC. Come nearer, child. — Our trusty Messenger

Full praises gives thee for a ready craft,
And steven right winsome warbling. ERIC'S Sal
Ne'er yet was clos'd to stranger or to song.

1ST. SCALD. A comely Youth, by BRAGÉ! — Welcome, Brother!

2ND. SCALD. Pooh! Whining love-songs are all he e'er learn'd.
Too bold, methinks, his jinglings he'd intrude
Mong grey-beards school'd in Runes and champion-lay.

SIGNE. Peace, cank'rous croaker! See, with shamefast blush
The Minstrel's brow thy bitterness doth crimson.
By Death of BALDER! Bard gibes not his Brother.
Thrice welcome, wand'rer. Sung by lips like thine,
E'en love-songs might be borne! — But now our Drott
Something would hear of Western jubilee.

MINSTREL. Maiden! when HILDE's sport thine arm once shar'd,
From rank to rank thy targe gleam'd, foremost ever.
In Hall too shield-words liftest thou, to shelter
The shieldless Gleeman. — Eke tho deadlier wounds
Those bright eyes dart than ever flashing falchion
Of Bale's dread Goddess, yet methinks thy heart
Would heal them, and breathes bounty all and benison.

SIGNE. My Drott desires it; and — with willing hand —
This high-fill'd horn of Cyprus greets thee hither!

(SIGNE presents THE MINSTREL with a flowing horn.)

MINST. Wassail, O King! Wassail, young blooming Beauty!
Long ring your souls with silver melodies!

ERIC. Young Minstrel, ne'er should Swedish household tell
Of English Harper that not taught them to us.

MINST. With unskill'd touch, then, these soft-slumb'ring strings
 To sounds my Father set — wild passionate strains
 Of War and Patriot Glory — glad I'll wake.

[No. XIII.
 BATTLE - SONG.]

I.

See! fiercely Battle's banner streameth!
 Strife's sun, the war-shield, blood-red beameth;
 Darts dance, spears glance, and sharp swords shine
 Like Northlights thro the rushing line. —
 Up, Landsmen, haste away!
 Quick join the glorious fray.
 Hark! from their graves our Fathers cry:
 Who for their Country fall, they never never die!
 Up, Landsmen, &c.

II.

Not Slaves would meanly wail and wonder,
 Their pleasant homes while foemen plunder,
 Wasting secure the merry land
 With flame-tootht torch and death-edg'd brand. —
 Up, Brothers, haste away!
 Quick join the glorious fray.
 Hark! in our ranks our Fathers cry:
 Who for their Country fall, they never never die!
 Up, Brothers, &c.

III.

Child, wife and maid ye ward behind ye;
 Neath arrow-shade no blear-rays blind ye.
 Glad, then, the Raven's feast strew round,
 Corn grows so rich on corpse-sown ground. —

Up, Brave Hearts, haste away!
Quick join the glorious fray.

Hark! swords and sires re-echoed cry:
Who for their Country fall, they never never die!
Up, Brave Hearts, &c.

IV.

Now, now your arms with wild glee clashing,
Thro walls of steel like fire-waves dashing,
Victory and Fame — spite Envy's frown —
Ye gain, blest band! whom stars shall crown. —
Fight, Heroes, stab and slay!
Bards join and chant the fray.

And from each wound our Fathers cry:
Who for their Country fall, they never never die!
Fight, Heroes, &c.

(Most of the Champions and the 1st. SCALD join in the Chorus.)

ERIC. By ODEN! Not bearded champion, train'd to arms,
At death-wounds laughing, and with Bare-serk fury
Rushing on sword-point or breast-level'd spears —
There, grave-gate seeking to a happier home,
Valhall the bright, o'er Rainbow-bridge reacht proudly —
Had better lauded manhood's stateliest virtue:
Arm-strength and soul-strength for our Fatherland!
Take guerdon, poor to thy rich minstrelsy.

(Sweeps from his arm a shining Bracelet. THE MINSTREL
bows, and places the Arm-ring near him.)

SIGNE. BALDER'S Death! young Angle; thy father-stem
In thee a fresh shoot owns, whose future crown
Broad branches and sweet shade, — as his first tree,
Solace will give gainst Life's storms many.

MINST. Fair One!
But kindly flatt'ry is thy kindly speech.
Tho three-score, six-scóre, nay three hundred winters

My weary feet from youth to hoary age
 Life's path should tread, yet like my race's father
 Shall I be never.

A CHAMPION. I trow, boy, thou art now
 Too bashful. Tut! thine ancestry's first founder
 Was sure no second SIGURD.

MINST. Lordings, listen!
 To milder notes I'll now these chords attune.

[No. XIV.
 PEACE - SONG.]

I.

What merry groups are they, the woodland filling
 With light-tript dance and laughter-mingled song,
 While sweet birds catch the lay and, loudly trilling,
 From grove to grove the pealing sounds prolong?
 Victors and tyrant-tamers crowd that band,
 With rescued maidens marching hand in hand, —
 And Peace, Heav'n's Queen, they shouting welcome to our
 land!

Victors and &c.

II.

See! as she goes, tall gold each bleak bent beareth,
 Rich wave-shells cheer the late so lonely stream;
 Her gems by gore unstain'd the wong now weareth,
 And cottage-fires once more mid dark woods gleam. —
 Victors and tyrant-tamers crowd her band,
 With happy spouses marching hand in hand, —
 Yes! Frith Heav'n leaves, and deigns to dwell in our blest
 land!

Victors and &c.

III.

Now with glad health, not hate, the cheek is ruddy;
 Fair virgins love-songs hear, not rapine's yell;
 And tongues late fierce fights chanting and fields bloody
 Now snow-white BALDOR's mild, just, virtues tell. —
 Victors and tyrant-tamers, glorious band!
 With bright-ey'd children sport them, hand in hand, —
 And Frith, the gentle Bloom-may, rules our smile-gilt land!
 Victors and &c.

IV.

Yès, Kemps! Our BALDOR 'tis, our old God-story
 Proclaims ALL-FATHER's son, ordain'd to reign
 O'er new-made Heav'ns and Earth, in endless glory,
 Soul-youth and golden times restor'd again. —
 Victors and tyrant-tamers, and the band
 Of stern Self-conqu'rors, crowns take from his hand, —
 While Peace her flow'r-deckt shield shall hold o'er heart and land!
 Victors and &c.

V.

His Car our Doves — good Priests — e'en now are speeding;
 THE WHITE CHRIST soon these Northlands too shall bless;
 Feud, Crime, Fire, Steel, — HELL-fiends, — then cease
 grim-feeding
 On breasts and realms that Truth and Love caress. —
 Victors and tyrant-tamers then shall band
 With friends and noble foes, and, hand in hand
 With Peace and Innocence, shall plough their fruitful land!
 Victors and &c.

VI.

Glad, glad my Harp her silver voice upraises
 To hail Frith's tread, our Walhall's radiant Queen.
 IDES! may each brave heart ring out thy praises,
 O'er Hut and Hall O spread thy roseate sheen!

Victors and tyrant-tamers ever band
 With merciful spirits, and still they hand in hand
 With Peace mid-earth shall fill, with Peace yon cloud-hid
 land!

Victors and &c.

(Almost all the Kemps and both the SCALDS have join'd in
 the refrains.)

ERIC. By FREY! my breast with breathings long unwont
 Heaves lightsome, and my Childhood's dimpled dreams
 Flit o'er this world-worn heart as quiv'ring dawn-rays
 Cold snow-fields dye with delicate blinking blushes.
 Wear in remembrance, Lay-smith, this Peace-offer'd
 Blue-flaming Brand, in fearful battles famous!

(Reaches THE MINSTREL a splendid war-blade.)

SIGNE. Thanks, Stranger! meed sufficient from a maiden!

MINST. Lady, thou hast giv'n! Thy cheek adown
 A Heart-pearl saw I glide, to Heart and Frith-Gods
 The best most priceless tribute.

ERIC. Sooth, 'tis so!

1ST. SCALD. This craft teach me, young Scóp! — My Me-
 memory holds

No Rune so full of sweetness.

MINST. Prince of Song!

Scarce from old Valhall-mem'ries, from thine inmost
 And love-toucht heart-depths drawest thou these Scald-lays.

A CHAMPION. Once more, to those Bard-climes where no
 cares dwell

Let thy young Eagle-spirit, on clouds of harp-tones,
 Mount quick mount high!

MINST. Once more then, and but once,
 My strings I'll sweep, Drott, in thy free-breath'd Hall.

[No. XV.
FREEDOM.]

I.

How blest that shore where --- Valor
 All strongly campt around,
 While Peace within the bulwarks
 Sheds spangles o'er the ground —
 Enthron'd on high, fair Freedom
 Her banner blue unfurls,
 Her brow to heav'n uplifting
 Dark-girt by flowing curls. —
 'Tis She, 'tis She!
 'Tis Liberty;

Hurrah for the glance of God! — Shout, children of the free!
 Hurrah!

II.

Her white right-hand holds threat'ning
 Hot bolts and lightnings red,
 Her left o'er shelter'd peoples
 Her welkin shield doth spread;
 Her eagle-eyne like suns do shine,
 Her star-wreath'd helm
 With stony grim confusion
 Her foes and Heav'n's doth overwhelm. —
 'Tis She, 'tis She, &c.

III.

In forest-cave, by storm-tost wave,
 By mountain flood and field,
 To all — when cark would crush them —
 Sweet solace doth she yield;

The poor she fills with riches
 No prince can take away,
 The rich she mildly teacheth,
 Ennobling day by day. —
 'Tis She, 'tis She! &c.

IV.

Her breath the daring bosom
 Of youth with new might fills;
 Fir'd by her gaze, the trembling
 Weak maid her life glad spills;
 From Her, day's red lamp borrows
 Fresh light, earth blooms more green,
 The flow'r breathes sweeter odors,
 Stars cast a softer sheen. —
 'Tis She, 'tis She! &c.

V.

Yes! blest, thrice blest that region
 Where Faith and Freedom dwell;
 O'er Time's wide ocean-billows
 Its fame shall ceaseless swell;
 In vain shall Deadland-whirlwinds
 Stalk round its tow'ring walls —
 From Freedom's Tree, where Heav'n-fowls be,
 Not tend'rest leaflet fall! —

'Tis She, 'tis She!

'Tis Liberty;

Hurrah for the glance of God! — Shout, children of the free!

Hurrah!

(All, the King included, have taken part in the burden.)

ERIC. From ERIC's roof unrecompent thou go'st not.

This jewel'd Mantle take, and round thy shoulders —

(Unclasps his Mantle, and presents it to the young Bard:)

But first thy name, young Gleeman?

MINST

OSWALD, Sire!

ERIC. Aye when, thy shoulders round, it hangs resplendent,
Speak it how OSWALD's harpings ERIC mov'd.

MINST. King, kingly 'tis, thus gracefully to give!

And o'er the soul weeds richer, purple hues
More precious sheds it, than this costly robe
Late o'er court-braveries fairly flung withal.

But, Prince! on kindness waits — Ingratitude,
Shadow still thrown by sun of Selfishness.

How sold the' obsequious present-taker deemeth
That to its fullest height his little service

Is duly paid! How yet within him rises

Some craving horse-leech cry for more — more — more!

I thus unthankful am. A gift more shining

Than these I ask. Yes, ERIC! keep thine Arm-ring,

Thy levin Falchion and thy Cloak of crimson;

No sparrow-bird, — Ger-hawk — aloft I soar,

Yet higher quarry seeking! — Some weeks hence

GUDMUND, thy bode, on this my Swedish journey

The fortunes told me of the Mercian EDGAR,

His capture, thy conditions, his great fault,

And now his hopeless woe:

Drott! hear a Minstrel's bede! — But vain, in burg

In field in tent with trumpet-voice we clamor

'Hurrah for Freedom!', if in own fierce breasts

Grim tyrant-throes we cannot tame and bridle.

Priest-King! once more, as whilom our fam'd Fathers,

Make off'ring to *thy* God, to *mine*, to Him,

UNUTT'RABLE, ETERNAL, MANIFOLD,

ANCIENT OF DAYS, SUPREME, Him THAT GREAT SPIRIT

WHO ALL HATH MADE, ALL RULETH! — Sweden's Shield-lord!

Deny not HIM thy worship, me my boon:

Yon English Thane enrich with Liberty;

This be my largess, this thy high-soul'd fee!

(A pause.)

ERIC. 'Tis done. And fit's thy pray'r. The voice of truth
Sounds doubly sweet in fair ingenuous youth.
Call in the slave.

(A PAGE goes out.)

Those glitt'ring baubles, too
But brighter trophies boasting, thou'dst refuse them.
Yet gird that Rune-sword on; and may the Luck-weird
Of Upsal's ERIC follow thee o'er all!

(Enter PAGE, with EDGAR, in slave-weeds.)

So, Christian! New reproaches will I spare thee.
Behold thy young Deliverer. His sweet song-notes
Richer reward had earn'd than thy poor rescue.
But — o'er his Countryman his heart yearn'd sore —
And, EDGAR, go in peace, now free once more!

EDGAR. O gen'rous King! O heav'n-flown harping Angel!
(Kneels to ERIC, and kisses the hem of THE MINSTREL'S garment.)

ERIC. Yarls! Kemps! with gladden'd hearts and lighter souls
Seek we repose.

Scole, friends all! Scole!

Good night!

(All drink the Loving-cup, with loud cries of 'Scole!' 'Scole!
— Flourish of trumpets. The Curtain falls.)

ACT V. — ENGLAND.

SCENE 1.

(An open woodland path, as before. Enter SIGNE, in a somewhat
Knightly costume, the habit of a War-maid.)

SIGNE. Outrage unheard! — That gainst my Gleeman's life
Those priests should plot, for that his exil'd landsman

He freed so FRE-like! — God-sent accidents
 Their bloody guile revealing, I am here! —
 Almighty! Father! ne'er let this frail heart
 Thy mercy judge, mock Thy all-steering hand,
 Thy Truth or Being doubt — when as Thy servants,
 For selfish ends wresting authority,
 To Wrong twist Right.

Earth built not Heav'n, less still can Heav'n unbuild.
 Not how men act or hypocrites teach, not what
 In the' open temple or in crafty conclave
 Grey loveless soothsayers murmur, should our trembling
 Steps guide, but the' Inward Voice, God's Spirit,
 Sole changeless rule. Mayhap in Christian England
 Yet other helps, to' our Gods unknown, may wait me. —
 Now to young OSWALD's rescue on I hasten,
 For this way, as said GUDMUND, should he pass.
 Hammer of THOR! his would-be murderers
 This well-flesht Wolf (draws her blade) another trade shall lere
 Than, for Red Earth, to make their sneaking swords
 Tools for priest-vengeance.

(Muses.)

Love's my guide. I know it.

Now first I proudly feel Love's mastership,
 Urging, no less than Pity, to HILDE's Heyday.
 And shall this arm in flank of Boar, Bear's gorge,
 My spear oft plunge — hath oft in raging battle
 My falchion flam'd gainst foes, and my wing'd helm
 Markt me the targe of ev'ry hate-swung brand
 Huge mace and death-tipt arrow — for fame only,
 While, for that Maid, forsooth, I am, not Man,
 Scruples should now life-aims hold ruthless back
 And with hoarse cry forbid to raise my steel
 For wand'rer late our guest, by Kings call'd friend? —

No SIGNE! — Sheen of BALDER! let OSWALD know
That eke North ice-maids Southern hearts can show!

(As she advances thro the forest, a loud blast is heard, and THE MINSTREL is seen to retreat, brandishing his Runesword. He is pursued by four ruffians. He again winds his horn, cuts down the first bandit, stands with his back against a huge tree, and supports the combat till SIGNE rushes to his aid.)

SIGNE. Down, knaves! Your craven souls ye sold too cheaply!
Help, murder! Murder, help!

(They fight. SIGNE fells one of the assassins, but is sorely wounded. She nevertheless strikes down another ruffian, but shortly after falls, exhausted by loss of blood. Arm'd peasants enter, tumultuously shouting: 'To the rescue!', and the fourth villain takes flight.)

MINST. Haste, haste brave fellows! This fast-bleeding knight
Aid me to bear where stand Lord OSWALD's halls,
For not far hence his stone-built fortress rises.
Hold, gently, so! — Young Foot-page, come, once more
Fearlessly lift my Harp. — Brave countrymen,
Thanks shall ye get and gold, for this good hand-turn. —
Let not the fourth wretch scape us. Follow quick!

(Some of the peasants pursue the fugitive. THE MINSTREL with others, who carry SIGNE, withdraw in the opposite direction.)

SCENE 2.

(Evening. The sea-side. On the right is Lord Odo's tent, guarded by a numerous body of English Soldiers, who are attended by their musicians. — Odo and EDGAR stand by a flaming fire.)

EDGAR. Thy reasons, Odo, urge resistless, and
Thanks owe I truefast for thus speeding hither,
Thyself thine answer. — But this guard of thine
Scarcely was needful so few miles from home,
Spite the marauders. — Well, then, be it so.
And yet, in many' an hour of haggard sorrow,

When all else fled of hope, her Love's strong anchor
 Held me to life and promised future bliss.
 How then my heart exulted, when her 'no!'
 Rescue refus'd ev'n at my own scar'd pray'rs.
 Blest bitter lesson! Still she loves, I dream'd;
 With joy and mildness, her wayward prodigal
 Again — true, lovely, innocent and wise —
 She'll clasp to' *her* bosom and on *his* repose!

(A pause.)

Now, now: O EDGAR, fool, wretch, doubly ruin'd!
 But, fair-false ROWENA, fair-foul fallen Angel,
 Base heartless forger of the coin of truth, —
 My wrath, fork'd bolt like in the pleasant glade
 Hurl'd sudd'n on Silver Birch most slimly tap'ring,
 Thy pride shall blast and thy green-blooming crown
 To ashy splinters shiver!

ODO.

It still were wisest

Thy great revenge to wreak, when the full sweep
 Of knights and kin thy long-lost mansion crowd.
 Send then to greet thy — doubtless patient — lady,
 And bid her wait thee first tomorrow, great hindrance
 Till then preventing thy home-eager steps.
 So, previous meetings shunn'd, the damn'd wiles
 Of art-arm'd beauty thy firm purpose shake not.

EDG.

'Tis best so. Yes! too well that queenly eye
 Now thunder-charg'd now dove-like glances casting,
 Those heart-fresh thrilling accents, that high brow
 Pure iv'ry throne for Victory, that swan neck,
 That soaring spirit and tender-tinkling song, —
 Too well I all remember. Better is it
 Such potent arms to shun. What chiefs, what heroes
 Hath Woman not sway'd to shame! My boasted strength
 I now distrust; and that so rash encounter,
 Whose end might be my fall, I'll glad avoid.

ODO. Then send thy speedy bode. Ourselves the while
Will haste ere nightfall to my castle's comfort.

EDG. So be it, trusty fere. — Strike tent, away!
Not sun-beams only, gild tomorrow's day;
My Justice, too, shall rise with lurid ray
And Hell's gloom fling o'er landscape late so gay!

(Attendants pass busily over the stage, preparing to strike the tent. EDGAR and ODO retire, and the Guard march after them, chanting, to the tones of their Music-men:

[No. XVI.

THE ENGLISH 'SOLDIERS' MARCH.]

The Ángles and Sáxons
úp came hítherward,
o'er bróad-cast bríne-waves
the Britons they sóught;
those wondrous wár-smiths
the Wélsh overcáme they,
those dáring déck-kings
our Déar Land gáin'd!
The Ángles and Sáxons &c.)

SCENE 3.

(Evening. The Bower of ROWENA. She sits sadly absorb'd in meditation, holding a Letter in her hand. After a short pause, she rises.)

ROWENA. This night, then, comes he not!

(Reads.)

'From slavery
From waves from death in wondrous wise deliver'd,
Mine own lov'd lands I soon behold once more.
Tomorrow, in friend-throng'd Sal, let joyous banquet
Welcome me home again.'

Truly, right lordlike,
Most lordlike, is his brief. Sure some strange Elf
His path hath crost, since England he saluted.
But let thy feast-board spread its luxuries,

Let wine and song and kinsmen and glad feres
 Thy bounding spirit and proud-lit laughing eye
 Greet with their warm applause: mid all the tumult,
 Mid all their loud shouts, all their boist'rous healths,
 Thy wassail-quaffing lips the cup shall drink —
 The cup shall drain — of Woman's deep Revenge.
 Then shall my soul have peace! Then

Who comes there?

(Enter ELFWINA.)

ELFWINA. Pardon, sweet Sister! but my leaping heart
 Poor state-forms brooks not. See! this loving letter
 Bids me invite my SIBERT hither.

(Reads.)

'My threat,

Heav'n-taught, I straight fulfil. At morrow's banquet
 Let noble SIBERT meet me, and receive
 From once proud EDGAR his sweet Sister's faith.'

ROW. 'Tis EDGAR's better self. I give thee joy!
 Thy youth have threat'ning weirds and cank'ring cares
 Too long o'ershadow'd. Now fro' her golden bed
 Love's Sun arises, and with gladsome beams
 Thy cloudless flow'r-day gilds. Thy whole life thro'
 Ne'er mo her rays on thy fond heart go down!

ELFW. Thanks, Sister!

SIBERT's troop, we know, returneth
 With rapid marches homeward. Bays yet brighter
 His strong right-arm hath gain'd him than before,
 And ATHELSTANE sore pleaded sounding dignities
 To heap upon him, and the fertile book-lands
 Of that Welsh chieftain whom his glaive subdued.
 In nuptial contract, too, a gay young heiress,
 Ward of his royal house, he bade him wed.
 But my true knight, all other titles spurning
 Than that, the highest on earth — an English Freeman —

The domains render'd to their sorrowing owner,
Said he was but a Soldier, and vow'd he dare not
To match so high above him.

Row. There spake **SIBERT!**
'Twas like Himself. On Innocence and Honor
His fiery soul reposes. Pillow'd there
He seeks not aught that Kings or Courts can give.
His God, his Country, and his heart's first Love —
These are his ties; and with blunt recklessness
All else, gold, pleasures, pomp, his careless gaze
As passing pageants views and gaws for children.

ELFW. O how these praises sweetly sharply pain!
The self-same mirror that his spirit reflecteth,
Shows how imperfect, how to his but poor,
How love like his unworthy — my dwarf-grown
Weak merits languish!

Row. Nay, Sweet! Thee, too, graceth
Full many' a virtue, tho of lustre softer
Than warrior **SIBERT's**. — But these joyful tidings
Let flying bode-men carry to his camp,
While I home-duties follow not less urgent.

(They go.)

SCENE 4.

(The Banqueting-hall of **EDGAR**, as before. Mead, wine and cates load the board. A splendid assemblage of Knights, Ladies, and the kin of the Houses of **ROWENA** and her Spouse crowd the apartment. **SIBERT** and **ELFWINA** are at the upper end; next to **ROWENA** sit **SIGNE** and the Knight **OSWALD**, in loving converse.)

ROWENA. Gentles! like spring-day liven'd by no Heav'n-torch,
Our banquet's still but heavy. Spite our efforts
Too gen'ral is the chill. It irks me much
My dearest Lord's sad absence. By noon, at latest,

His missive bade us wait him. But, sun like
Thro rain-mists darting, he will shine ere long,
Our clouds dispel, and all this friendly concourse
Hail for thus hilsing to his fatherland.

SIBERT. Myself am most impatient. Days are ages
Till I his gift receive — this soft small hand!

(Kisses ELFWINA'S hand.)

ELFWINA. Fy, Sir! mong all these guests ye woo too boldly!

OSWALD. Rebuke him not. Our FRE'S most fair example
Boldens myself to equal hardihood.

(Kneels to SIGNE, and kisses her hand.)

SIGNE. 'Tis well my brynie's doft. Else, knight, my steel-
glove

OSW. Sooth, Dearest! arms more deadly now — from head
To foot charms girding thee — thou wear'st resistless,
Than when thy delicate limbs that thrice-blest mail
Embrac'd uncheckt. Nay! let no cloud-coolness
Mercy's mild ray in that sweet face eclipse.
Endless its riches are — one poor smile lavish
On longing OSWALD.

SIGNE. You beg so prettily
That, for this once, the crime finds some forgiveness.

(Here is heard the chant of Priests and Monks, approaching
the Sal. They repeat again and again the following
verse of a then commonly used Hymn.)

[No. XVII.

L A T I N H Y M N .]

A solis ortus cardine,
Et usque terræ limitem,
Christum canamus principem,
Natum Maria Virgine.

A solis ortus &c.

In English:

From lands that see the Sun arise,
To earth's remotest boundaries,
The Virgin-born to-day we sing,
The Son of Mary, Christ the King.

They enter the chamber, to the same chant, follow'd by EDGAR &c. with the 2ND. SLAVE, now free and richly habited. Flourish of trumpets and lively music.)

EDGAR. Thanks, beauteous Dames! Thanks, Earls! Thanks,
Kinsmen all! —

Oft when rough seas between us roar'd their wildest,
Oft when about me manifold miseries
Kept watch, and days of labor lour'd, and nights
Of piercing snow-storms thrill'd, — in lone cold hut
My Land, my England, mockt my tearful gaze,
Doubting if more its cliffs I e'er should see,
Doubting if more my gallant countrymen,
Firm faithful hearts, I e'er again should greet.
Now, prais'd be good Saint CUTHBERT! a living garland,
Ye circle me affectionate and true.

(Seats him at the head of the board.)

ROWENA, a word anon! ELFWINA, dearest,
To thee, at least, glad words I gladly bear;
Thus to the constant Brave I give the Fair!

(Places ELFWINA'S hand in that of SIBERT.)

SIB. Most noble EDGAR, if from some strange clime
Rich store thou'dst brought of star-outshining pebbles,
Sea-pearls than frozen tears more pure and pranking,
And gold-dust and white whale's-bone and sweet balsams
Even by camel-loads — no gift had been
A gift to me, save this my soul's bright Queen!

EDG. Who wins should wear. Thy Heart is Honor's stronghold;
Health to bold SIBERT and the fair ELFWINA!
Wassail!

ALL. Wassail, hurrah! Wassail, hurrah!

(Flourish of trumpets.)

EDG. This duty o'er, I'll now, good lords, unfold
How from my bondage Holy Pow'rs releast me.
Bent on a Pilgrimage ill-judg'd, ill-starr'd,

My slander bark, some few days' sail from shore,
Sea-rovers took, and bore me prisoner
To ERIC'S Court in Sweden. There a thrall
Mong thralls I swinkt and sweated, hope was none
Of freedom more — for ERIC still refus'd
Ransom by gold — when o'er an ancient grave-mound
A wondrous WITCH foreboded better fortunes,
And to my longing eyes the form display'd —
Ah, then how lov'd — of beauteous ROWENA.
Thereafter, at solemn drink-moot in the Sal
Of ERIC hight VICTORIOUS, a young wand'rer,
An English MINSTREL as the King proclaim'd him,
Handling his Cruth till hall and hearts rang cheerly
And words of fire eke adding, presents gain'd
That Thanes mote well have envied; but them all
The godlike youth put by, and, boldly pleading,
But one boon begg'd — Sweet MARY sure him prompted! —
His Christian theowman's liberty. — Since then
I've met him never, for he straight withdrew him
From Sweden's fir-clad realms. Would God that once
His sight mote EDGAR bless! — Not all my lands,
Not life-long service could such gift repay.
Here, too, slaves have we many; yea, here in England,
In Christian England. Now and hence, they're brothers;
Bondsman I'll have no more. But, Heav'n be thank't,
Our meanest moiling theow, our yellowest vagabond,
His window'd cap may toss and kiss the sunshine
And leap for joy, at his hard lot — he walks
Upright and is a freed-man — to the sad
The savage hungry bloody break-heart thraldom
In those bleak lands that never heard of Christ!
Ne'er mo that damn'd day dawn, when grim-ey'd Gold-
fiends
Shall taint our English blood, our high-born offspring,

Our English breed, privileg'd to speak our sweet
Soft Mother-tongue, our mild and manly accents —
That e'en CHRIST'S LAW they'll use — the World's Great
Charter,
Mis'ry's last Hope, the down-trod poor's last Refuge —
As cloak for Man-cheap!

Now — but one spoil thence bringing, this dear friend,

(Turns to the 2ND. SLAVE, and grasps his hand:)

Freed with rich alms the pitying Minstrel gave me,
Then slave as I, but heart more lofty boasting
More kind, a simple man but true as steel —
Quick on love's wings I hurried, homeward hasted,
Chiding the Night for that she drove so slow,
The sluggard Winds upbraiding that so faintly
My willing sails they fill'd — my ROWENA,
My fancied faithful ROWENA, impatient
To clasp to this fond bosom. But, alack,
False friend who trows, coil'd snake or drunkard's promise,
Than Woman's heart trusts something stronger, truer!

Row. EDGAR, what insolent . . .

Edg. Peace, trait'ress, peace!

When thunders roll, the hov'ring rending levins
Are close at hand crimes black as thine to' avenge.

Row. To' avenge! — ha, Vengeance! — Know, ungrateful

EDGAR,

Revenge is Woman's right, and mine — I've had.

Edg. Thou hast, thou hast. All thy perfidious falseness

Hath Odo taught me. Losel! thy loose tongue

His fealty tempted to a faith-breach fouler

Than devils had thought; and, when the deed he spurn'd,

Thy wanton steps from this strong-shelt'ring castle

Carried thee none knows whither, on pilgrimage

Of lewdness not of piety, till, some days

Nay almost hours ago — to EDGAR'S couch

Thou deign'dst to bend once more. Out, fiend! Out, minion!
My stain'd hearth prompts

SIB. and LORDS. Hold, hold!

OSW. Thy rage restrain.

Her Brother else *his* wreak mingles with her own,
Be' it what it mo.

ROW. Mine he hath quaft already.

Our *wrongs* aye thus be *righted*. So, farewell!

(Retires to her Cabinet.)

OSW. By PETER! thou'rt wood, thou'rt witless! — Chief,
control

These woeful whims. Proofs bring than Odo's stronger.

ODO. Who doubts them, on this blade proofs red as blood
May read full quick. — Nay, spake she not e'en now
With dark dread doubleness and malignant smiles?

Was't poison, EDGAR, that

EDG. What, poison! — Could

SIB. and LORDS. Poison! Good heav'ns

OSW. Hold, Earls, one moment listen.

Etter too much, I fear, in EDGAR'S cup
False hands have cast. For ODO, OSWALD scorns him! —
When ROWENA wander'd hence, *my* halls receiv'd her.

ODO. Thine! Why then

EDG. Thine! O say, is't true, dear OSWALD?

(A confus'd motion at the end of the Hall. THE WITCH enters
with her wand, and advances slowly up the chamber.)

'Tis She! 'tis She! Look, this Wise-woman 'twas
Fore-shadow'd freedom to the Mercian outlaw.

(THE WITCH scatters flowers, lights perfume-breathing herbs
which give great smoke and explosions, and a moment
after — THE MINSTREL stands before them, the Rune-
sword in his hand.)

Wonders on wonders! Whether Heav'n or Earth,
Meek Minstrel, claim thee — leave my roof no more,
Roof but for thee now lordless, lonely, silent.

OSW. Thanks, unknown charmer. Now, O part not from us!

ELFW. Sweet youth, go not. We'll give thee glorious welcomes!

ODO. EDGAR'S deliv'rer, let his friend entreat —

Be with us always!

MINSTREL. Wretch! poor Miscreant! Nothing!

That sought the desolate ROWENA as thy leman —

Scape for thy life! Hide far! Avaunt! Begone!

(ODO, astonisht and enrag'd, retires towards the door. THE
MINSTREL throws off his mantle, displaces his disguise,
and becomes — the Lady ROWENA.)

Yes! Sweet is Vengeance, EDGAR! — This is mine;

Why thus 'tis public, let yon *friend* divine.

(She points contemptuously at ODO, who scowls and stalks
proudly away. He is follow'd by a general murmur.)

SIGNE! thy hand it was the Minstrel rescued.

Let now the *real* OSWALD, that twin-brother

Whose life, soul, spirit, by sweet ties numberless

To thine are bound for ever, — let his cares,

Let all the charms and magic of young love,

Let tenderness and troth and English Honor

His debt and mine — at least in part — repay!

Earls! in a flowing bumper pledge their healths:

The Swedish SIGNE — whose true Swedish sword

From murd'rous bandits sav'd me — and mine OSWALD,

Whose borrow'd garb hath been so fortunate.

OSWALD and SIGNE, lordings!

ALL. OSWALD and SIGNE!

Wassail!

(Flourish of trumpets.)

Row. And thou, more sinn'd against than sinning, thou

My long-lost glad-found friend-less friend-rich EDGAR!

O to thy bosom take me, and forget

That — ear too ready lent to fox-sly Odo —

His lure e'er led thee from thy mother-earth.

The *dream-like* details, love, will raise thy laughter!

EDG. Darling! my matchless Minstrel! Ne'er again
Shall **EDGAR**'s weakness heart-strong **ROWENA** pain!

(Embraces her. The Clergy sweetly sing the verse:

A Solis ortus cardine,
Et usque terræ limitem,
Christum canamus principem,
Natum Maria Virgine.
A Solis ortus &c.)

ROW. Now God hath heard me. Now my Spouse once more
Mine own sweet Lord reigns, as in days of yore.
Now, while as erst in mine Old Home I move,
Brightly shall shine my Sun — a Husband's Love!
Now, by his own sting pierc'd, the serpent flies,
Hides him in horrid cave; and writhing dies. —
So, still, may Woman for Evil Good repay,
Her Christ-bought soul to Fiends ne'er cast away;
Her Rage, of her soft sex still worthy be, —
The glorious grand **REVENGE** of **CHARITY**!
So aye mo Slander meet his due reward,
So Love still conquer, and a Just Heav'n guard!

ALL. Wassail, hurrah! Wassail, hurrah! — Hurrah!

PRIESTS, &c. A Solis ortus cardine,
Et usque terræ limitem,
Christum canamus principem,
Natum Maria Virgine
A Solis ortus cardine,
Et usque terræ limitem,
Christum canamus principem,
Natum Maria Virgine.

Amen!

(Loud cries of 'Wassail!', 'Drinkheil!', 'Wassail!', 'Drinkheil!',
'Hurrah!' — Flourish of trumpets. Curtain falls.)

AFTER WORDS.

DETAILS on Northern (Anglo-Scandinavian) Mythology may be found in the Old-Norse Eddas and Sagas, and in the Old-English Poems, Homilies and Laws &c., together with a host of works compil'd therefrom. Reference may also be made to Brand's Popular Antiquities with Soane's Supplement; Notes and Queries, art. Folk-lore; Keightley's Fairy Mythology; Halliwell's Illustrations of Shakespear's Fairy Mythology; Kemble's The [Anglo] Saxons in England, Vol. I. ch. 12, (Heathendom); Keyser's Religion of the Ancient Northmen, (English translation); Pigott's Manual of Scandinavian Mythology; Mallett's Northern Antiquities (last and best edition by Blackwell, London, Bohn 1847); The Heroes of Asgard, (London, 1857); the Deutsche Mythologie of Jacob Grimm, &c. &c. &c.

In the Old-English, the Northern, and most of the older dialects, the Sun was a Goddess and the Moon a God. The change of gender in England (brought about by the influence of the Latin and the Romance languages) was not thoroughly effected in the book-dialect till the end of the Middle Age, and the old genders even still linger among our common people.

With reference to the Priest-chants in Act II. sc. 3, and the solemn thoughts and prayer of SIBERT in Act III. sc. 3, it must be remember'd that ALL our Old-Northern poetry is alliterative (markt by Stave-rhyme, 2 or 3 similar initial consonants, or unlike vowels, in the accented syllables of each double hemistich). Thus in the first 4 lines of the older Edda (Völuspá):

H-lioðs bið ek allar
 h-elgar kindir,
 m-eiri ok m-inni
 m-ogu Heimdallar.

And in the first 6 of our noble Beowulf:

Hwæt! we G-ár-Dena
 in g-ear-dagum
 þ-eod-cyninga
 þ-rym gefrunon
 hu ða æ-þelingas
 e-lleð fremedon.

This system is not extinct even in Shakespear. It highly colors not only all our Old, Early and Middle-English Poets, but even our very speech, our proverbs and racy saws and idiotisms — the ground on which we tread, and will doubtless be vigorously restor'd — within certain artistic limits — by our Princes of Song in England, as it has been in the North. It has beauties of its own, which the modern end-rhyme cannot replace. The latter however was already well known in English verse at the date of our play, but was us'd very sparingly. In Keltic and Latin it had long been familiar.

The sublime titles of the Supreme in Act iv. sc. 4, are all found in the Eddas, and are dim reminiscences of an older and purer creed.

As to the expression Old-English, for the oldest form of our Mother-tongue, instead of that absurd misnomer and barbarous and dangerous modernism „Anglo-Saxon“, see our Paper (English or Anglo - Saxon) in The Gentleman's Magazine, for April and May 1852.

Other remarks, which will be quite unnecessary to many readers, will be most conveniently arranged as a

WORD - ROLL.

ALL-FATHER, as *Almighty, Father, &c.* is properly the name of the Great Supreme, the Unknown God, but was sometimes given by the Heathens also to (W)ODEN.

Ás, pl. ÁSAR, Swedish form } properly signifies *beam*,
 Ós, pl. És, Old-English „ } *pillar*, but was the name
 Ás, pl. ÆSIR, O. Norse „ } given by our forefathers
 ANS, pl. ANSES, O. H. Germ. „ } to their Chief Gods, as
 supporting the frame of all things.

ÁSGARD, the *Garth*, *Yard*, land or castle, of the *Asar*.

ATTERFUL, full of etter, venomous.

BALDER, Scandinavian form } the most Godlike of all
 BALDOR } O. English „ } the Northern Gods, the
 BALDÆG } Son of (W)ODEN, the
 giver of Unchanging Dooms, the White, the Bright, the Mild.
 His death thro the malice of LOKÉ (the Evil-One) and his triumphant return after the great conflagration, point to an origin connected with a more mysterious personage — the Prince of Peace, the Victor of the Serpent!

BARE-SERK, a warrior subject to warlike frenzy, in which, like a wild beast, he rusht without defensive armor (hence said to be in his *bare serk*) against the foe. Weapons were said not to bite on such men. These redoubtable kemps were kept in pay by all the Northern chiefs; but they often became counterparts of the mere bravo or professional Duelist, and — by a vigorous application of Lynch law — were sometimes put out of the way as a public nuisance.

BENT, moor, hill-side.

BIRD-PATH, the air, firmament.

BLIVE, quickly, directly.

BODE, messenger.

BONE-HOUSE, body.

BOOK-LAND, a freehold property legally acquired from the State (in historical times by *book* or written charter) and freely transferable or heritable.

BRAGÉ, a venerable olding, son of (W)ODEN and God of Poetry and Eloquence. Exploits were promist when his cup was quaft.

BRIEF, letter.

BRYNIE, harness, coat of mail.

BURG, castle, hall.

CHEAP-THEOW, a freeborn person *cheapt* (bought, sold) as a *theow* (slave).

CRUTH, viol, harp.

CYPRUS. Southern wines were plentiful in Northern Halls and Courts. They were sometimes purchast; but as frequently Wiking-plunder, seiz'd from weak-mann'd merchant-ships.

DEATH, was personified by our ancestors as a relentless wanderer, smiter, grave-digger.

DEUSE, a malignant heathen God.

DIS, Scandinavian form

IDES, O. English „

DOLE, grief, sorrow.

} A Goddess, nymph, lady, angel.

DRAGON-SHIP. The galleys and warships of the Northmen were usually call'd *Dragons* &c., from their being in the shape of some such animal, the stem having the form of a gaping monster, and the stern being writhen as a scaly tail.

DROTT, Scandinavian form

DRIHTEN, DRIHT, O. English form

} Lord, Chief, King.
} DROTT was the official title of the Upsala-ruler. It is still common in Scandinavia in poetry &c.; its feminine DROTTNING (DRONNING) is universal, even in prose, for Queen. In England and Scotland DRIHTEN continued to be applied to God, the King &c. down to a very late period.

EALDORMAN, senator, lord-lieutenant, the highest Old-English dignity next to *æpeling* (prince). It still exists in our ALDERMAN.

EINHERIAR, the *One-herran*, matchless lords, single combatants, chosen champions in Walhall, brothers-in-arms of (W)ODEN, as each Christian is the Soldier of Christ.

ETTIN, giant, monster.

FLOAT-BIRD

FOAM-BIRD

} a galley, ship.

FRAYN, to ask, enquire.

FREY, FROE, Scandinavian form

FREÁ, FRE, Old-English „

} The God of Love, of
} Plenty and of Oaths.
Hence Lord, Master, &c. in general. In England this title

was given to God, the King, Chiefs, Generals &c. down to late in the Middle Age. Still left in our provincial words.

FRE-LIKE, God-like, Lord-like.

FREYA, Scandinavian form } The Goddess of Love. Still
FRICGE, O. English ,, } left in our FRI-DAY, &c. *Friend*
is from the same root.

FRITH, Peace. (From the same root as the last words).

FULLA, the *full-giving*, blooming, a Scandinavian Love-Goddess, toilet-maid of FREYA.

GERDÉ, daughter of Gymer. She was so fair, that both air and sea glitter'd where she came. The story of FREY's courtship to her, is one of the most brilliant lays in the Edda poems.

GRITH, peace, shelter.

GRITHFUL, peaceful, sanctuary-giving.

HEALER, Saviour, Redeemer.

HELL, HEL, HELE, the Old - Northern name for the Goddess of Death, who receiv'd those who died of sickness and most of the slave population. But she had no claim on those who died in battle or in armor or markt with spear-wounds to (W)ODEN, those who gain'd Walhall by throwing themselves from a high cliff, and slaves sacrificed in the temples or on the funeral pyres of their deceast masters. — Hence such words as Hell, Hell-home, Hell-land &c. which merely mean Hades, Hidden State, the Place of the Departed, the Spirit-home (from the verb HELA(N) to hele, hill, hide), as in the Creed: „who descended into Hell.“ The specific signification of a place of torment, is later. In the Old-English Christian poetry such epithets as Hell-ghost, Hell-wight &c. have come to mean a *devil*. — The description of HEL's abode given in Act II. sc. 3, is from the Prose Edda, Gylfaginning, ch. 34.

HEL-TAN, a *tan*, wand, staff, twig, on which the Rune of the Death-Goddess HEL was carv'd, when death-lots were cast.

HILD or HILDE, the name given in England and Scandinavia to the Goddess of War. She was properly a (Scandinavian form Valkyrie, Old-English form Wælcyrrie) *Walechooser*, one of the nymphs sent by (W)ODEN to choose the *wale* (heroes

selected to fall in battle). Hence — Hilde's Sword - dance, Hilde's Sport, Hilde's Heyday &c. for *battle*; Hilde's Hawk, for a *Warrior* &c.

HILSE, to hail, salute, embrace.

HLIDSKIALF. On Himinbiorg (Heavenburg, the celestial hill) at the extremity of the sky, where rests the one end of Bif-rost (*Bevering-path*, *Quiver-way*, the *Rocking Bridge*, the *Rainbow*), guarded day and night against Giants and Trolls by Heimdall the Warder of the Gods, — stands the silver-rooft palace of Valaskialf, in whose circuit towers the splendid throne of ODEN call'd HLIDSKIALF (*Gate-tremble*, the *Glittering Door*) whence that Deity beholds all things in heaven and in earth.

HOUSE-CARL, military attendant, henchman, home-guard, body-servant.

HOUSEL, the Holy Sacrament, the Lord's Supper.

IDES — See DIS.

KEMP, champion, which is the same word Normaniz'd.

LAY-SMITH, poet, minstrel.

LEAGUER, camp, a word still uz'd in prose of the last century.

LERE, to teach (another), as LEARN it to acquire *from* another.

LEVIN, lightning.

LIEF, (from the verb to *love*), Dear! Friend! Master! Mistress!

LOAM-HOUSE, the Grave.

LOKÉ, the false friend but fierce foe of the Gods. He is the Satan of the Scandinavian Mythology. *Grendel* plays a similar part in the English legends.

LOUDÉ, loudly.

LUCK - WEIRD. The Northmen believ'd that they could transfer to another a share of their own Lucky Weird (Good Fortune).

MAN-CHEAP, man-selling, slavery.

MASS-PRIEST. Every ecclesiastic was a priest, or as we now say a Clerk; but only the Mass-priest could administer the Sacrament of the Mass (the Lord's Supper).

MIN and MORE, now *high and low*. Shakespear's phrase is *More and less*.

NECKEN, NECK, Swedish form	}	A Water-God, Stream-carl. Our OLD NICK is the same personage.
NIKR, Old Norse „		
NICOR, Old English „		
NICK, NIXIE, English „		

NIORD, the Great Vané-God, ruler of sea and wind,* God of the Chase, father of FREY and FREYA. His minne (remembrance, health) was drunk next to Oden's.

NITHING or NIDING, a word of terrible emphasis in England and Scandinavia. Its use to a freeman was always follow'd by a challenge, if he dar'd to avenge it. It unites the force of *scoundrel, dastard and wretch!* — This is one of those splendid words which should evidently not be confin'd to our provinces.

ODEN, Scandinavian form	}	The well-known Chief God of the Northern races. The word signifies the Wader, the Wood (mad, furious, on-driver, all-penetrating). He still lives in our <i>Wednes-day</i> , corrupted from the older WODEN'S-DAY.
WODEN, English „		

OROSIUS. Among the other writings and translations of the great King Alfred — „England's Darling“ — must be particularly mention'd his abridg'd version or free paraphrase of the Geographical and Historical Compendium written by Orosius, which comes down to the 5th Century after Christ. But Alfred added two invaluable episodes, voyages of discovery in the latter half of the 9th century. The one is that of OTHERE (O. Norse ATTAR) a wealthy Norwegian whale-fisher, to the Fins and the White Sea; the other, that of WULFSTAN, probably an Englishman, from Haitheby (by Slesvig in South Jutland, Denmark) to Esthland and the modern Prussia. They describe most of the Northern and German races. — The last and best edition of Alfred's Orosius is by Thorpe (London, Bohn, 1853), and of the Voyages separately that by Bosworth (London 1855) with facsimiles of the MSS.

RAINBOW-BRIDGE. This is the grand idea of the falling Hero — in all the lustre of snorting steed and war's dread trappings

— galloping, spirit-bodied, over the Bridge of the Gods (Bifrost, the Rainbow) up to Valhall, there as one of the Einheriar to partake the sports of the Warrior's Paradise till the gloom of Ragnarauk! — TEGNÉR has made admirable use of this image:

Róyally Ríng now
rides over Bifrost,
bénds with the búrden
the' árch-stretching Brídge:
wide-ope spring Vállhall's
vást-vaulted pórtals,
the' Ásar his hánds glad
húrry to grásp.

See Tegnér's Frithiof's Saga, translated by G. Stephens,
Canto 21, v. 2.

RED EARTH, gold. — REEKELS, incense.

RIME-MANE OR RIME-FAX, (*Frost-mane*), was the steed of Night and out-rider of the Moon. His bit-foam is the Dew. This beautiful myth is from Sæmund's Edda. Vafthruthnismal, v. 14:

Hrím-faxi hight is
hé who dráweth
Night o'er the Mild Powers:
bit-foam scátters he
bright each mórning,
Dále-dew comes thénce.

See also the Prose Edda, Gylfaginning. ch. 10. — Another legend (Poetic Edda. Völuspá, v. 19) derives the Dew from the fine drops which fall from the great World-tree (Ygdrasill) which the Norns (Weirds, Fates) water each night from the sacred Urda-well.

SAL, hall.

SAX, short sword.

SCAPE-FEE, ransom.

SCAR, rock, cliff, rugged scarp or iland. Its use here refers to the Swedish SKÄR-GÅRD, the archipelago of innumerable rocky ilets, high-standing cliffs and bluff headlands which fringe the shores of Northern Sweden.

SCOLE, properly means, as still in the English provinces, a cup, dish, shell, goblet, horn. But in Scandinavia, as in Northern England and Scotland, it came very early to be us'd, and is still employ'd in Scandinavia, also for *Health, Toast, Your Health!* The talk about *skulls*, and drinking from dead men's heads, and all that stuff, is a simple mistake, altho the thing has been done both in England by Lord Byron and by others elsewhere — as a bravado! — **IHRE** thinks that this use of the word may not be so old in Sweden as the date of our Play, but the evidence is merely negative. — Se **JAMIESON'S** Scottish Dictionary, art. **SKUL** (**SKOLL, SKOLE**).

SCÓP, poet, minstrel.

SELFDOM, self-mastership, self-respect.

SHOWER-BOW, the Rainbow.

SIGURD FAFNER'S BANE, is one of the most renown'd Chiefs in both Northern and German Song and Fable. By slaying the Dragon (Fafner) he became owner of the famous but baneful Gold-hoard.

SINEWS, harp-strings, Minstrelsy.

SKINKER, wine-pourer, waiter, butler, tapster, attendant.

STEEL-TONGUE, sword-blade.

STEVEN, voice.

STUND, moment, instant.

SULL, plough; the latter word is less antique. Sull properly means *a crooked stick* — a picture of the earliest plough!

SWEA, Sweden personified, as Albion for England, Britannia for Britain.

SWEFEN, a dream.

SWETHLAND, an older English word for Sweden.

SWINK, to toil, drudge.

TREOW, slave, serf.

THOR. (Old-English form **THUNOR**, contracted form **THOR**, **THUR**, as in **THURS-DAY**; English form **THUNDER**; Old-Scandinavian form **THONOR**, shorten'd form **THOR**, which was the usual form a thousand years ago and is now universal.) — Thor, the son of Earth and (W)Oden, was the great enemy of the Troll and Giant races who warr'd so incessantly against the Asar.

He was destin'd to slay the Midgards-orm (the *Mid-yard-worm*, the snake of the Middle-Earth, the World-monster, so strikingly commemorated by our North-English Venerable Bede) the fatal serpent-child of Loké, in the Ragnarauk (the *Reek*, twilight, of the *Regin*, the God-powers), that final contest between the hosts of Good and Evil whose close will usher in new heavens and a new earth, where only Righteousness shall dwell. Thor's great attribute was his Hammer (Mace), which slew resistless and then return'd to his hand: he had also the Strength-girdle, and Iron Gauntlets with which he graspt his Hammer-shaft. His realm was THRUD-VANG (the *wang*, *wong*, mead, home, of the strong). In his castle of Bilskirnir were 540 chambers.

TREE-TOP SHAKER, blast, wind, hurricane.

TROLL, goblin, giant, monster.

UPSTEEG, to rise, ascend.

VALHALL Scandinavian form { The *Hall* or Palace of
WÆLHEAL, WALHALL, O.Engl. ,, } the *Wale* — the Heroes
waled (chosen) by (W)ODEN to banquet and fight with him till the great day of battle with the demon-powers who should destroy the world. (W)ODEN therefore *waled* as many and as valiant men as he could, to strengthen his heavenly ranks. Walhall answers to our Paradise. — See EINHERIAR.

WASSAIL and DRINKHEIL, in the olden time, answer'd to our *Your Health!* and *And Yours!* or to *You again!* of our day. The former is properly WÆS-HÆL, *Be Health!*, and the latter DRINC-HÆL, *Drink Health!*

WAVE-SHELL, merchant-ship, bark.

WEIRD, Fate, Destiny, by our forefathers always personified as a female.

WHALE'S-BONE, the bone of the Walrus, ivory.

The WHITE CHRIST. This was the name so commonly given to our Redeemer by the Northern races, towards the close of the heathen period. Its origin was twofold; partly, the similarity in character between Christ and the White Balder, and next, the distinguishing use of white robes by the catechumens at their baptism.

WIKING, (from WIC, WIK, a bay, bend, house or village in a shelter'd spot -- still left in our provincial English and in names of places, as in Greenwich, &c. — and ING, young) — a bay-boy, pirate. sea-rover. There were few English Wikings, this irregular force being suppress'd by the Christian Kings; as we are now endeavoring to put down a very similar body — Privateers.

WILL-WORD, willingly spoken word, greeting, compliment.

WISH AND SPEED! Bless and speed! — *Wish* is a Mythic expression, it being originally one of the many names of (W)ODEN.

WONG, meadow, field.

WREAK, vengeance, revenge.

YARL, (Scandinavian spelling JARL), the Scandinavian form of our EARL, which was originally spelt Eorl and pronounced YORL. The Scandinavian J or I, the Old-English E or GE and the English Y all represent the same sound (before a vowel.)

BORROW'D FEATHERS.

1. (Act I. sc. 1.) *The Husband's Secret Night-visit.* Translated from an antique lay entitled „Det Hemliga Mötet“ (the Secret Meeting), publish'd in the Collection of Old-Swedish Ballads edited by A. I. ARWIDSSON (3 vols. 8vo. Stockholm 1834—42), vol. II. p. 213. They are the 6th, 7th and 8th verses of the original. — See also „The Foreign Quarterly Review,“ No. 51, p. 47, where, and in a preceding number, we have endeavor'd to show that many a touching Older English Song is now only to be found, or has noble parallels, in the thinly-peopled woods or rich libraries of Scandinavia.

2. (Act II. sc. 2.) *The Sweet Rescue.* This highly dramatic Ballad — an invaluable picture of that slave-traffic, the sale of free children and citizens, for debt or bread or trade, to heathen thralldom, which so constantly took place in „the good old times“, and which fill'd all the Scandinavian lands with

British and other theows, besides those taken in war or privateering (Wiking-forays) — whose proper character we have attempted to bring out and restore by giving each verse its appropriate title, is translated from „Den bortsällda“ (the Maiden sold away) in the Collection of Old Swedish Popular Songs (Svenska Folkvisor från Forntiden, 3 vols. Stockholm 1814—16) edited by GEIJER and AFZELIUS, Vol. I. p. 73. The ancient melody is from the same collection.

3. (Act II. sc. 2.) *Necken's Polska*. This old dance-air is commonly reputed in Sweden to have been learnt from the Neck himself! It is now often sung to the words translated in the play, which are the first verse of a ballad written to the melody by the learned priest and poet AFZELIUS.

4. (Act III. sc. 3.) *Serenade-Song*. Translated from ARWIDSSON'S Old Swedish Popular Ballads (Svenska Fornsånger) before mention'd, Vol. II. p. 236. Our version is literal, except in the 3rd and 4th lines of the 2nd verse, where the original reads:

Himself rides there so full of grace
And virtues all untold.

This the good knight could not of course sing of himself. For the rest, see our article in the Foreign Quarterly Review, I. c. p. 31.

5. (Act III. sc. 3.) *Serenade-Reply*. Translated from the same valuable Collection, Vol. II. p. 225. The original contains 11 stanzas. We have given the 8th, 9th and 10th. — See the same Review, p. 30. — As these verses are here sung by a Lady, we have chang'd the „his“ of the text into „her.“

6. (Act III. sc. 3.) *Sibert's Prayer*. — the 15 lines from *Lord of Hosts to harass her flight*. Translated from the noble almost contemporaneous Ballad-fragment on the Battle of Maldon, fought in 991. The above lines (l. 343 to 357 in the poem) are the prayer of that Hero and Patriot the Ealdorman Byrhtnoth, as he fell expiring on the field, gasht by a Wiking. We have made no other change, than — for the 'Now' and 'is' of the original — 'Then' and 'will be.'

7. (Act III. sc. 4.) *Young Ramunder*. Translated from ARWIDSSON'S Swedish Collection, Vol. I. p. 114. It is an old comic half-caricature ballad, and contains 25 stanzas. We have given from verse 6 to verse 14.

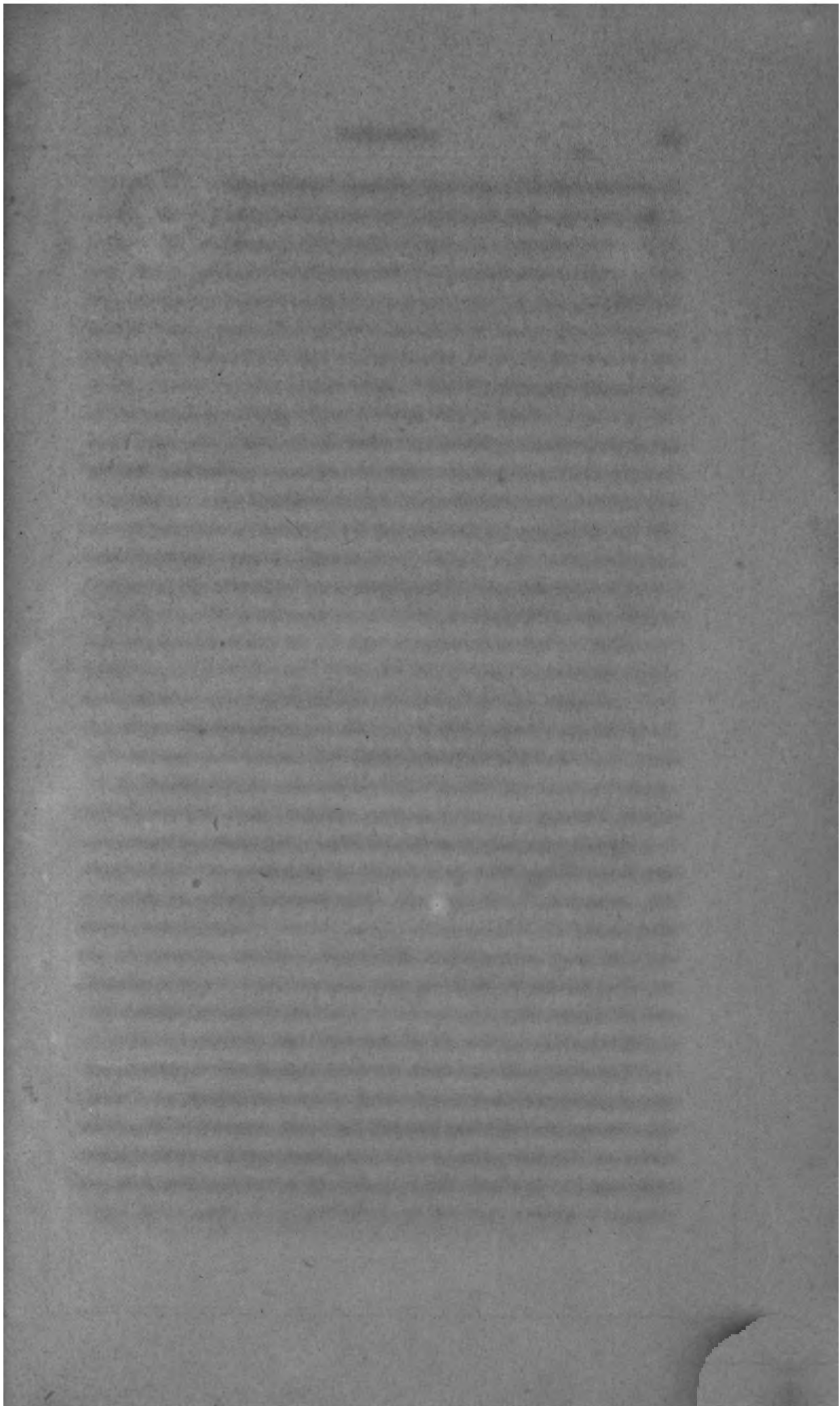
8. (Act III. sc. 4.) *Sing, Cuckoo!* The most ancient English popular-lyrical song extant with musical notes. According to Ritson, the MS. is not later than the year 1250; the words and air may of course be much older. The MS. which contains it is in the British Museum, and has the musical notation appended for 6 voices, in the nature of a Catch. We have given the text unchang'd, except that 'fern-seeketh' has been substituted for the now unintelligible term-of-venery 'verteth', and 'cease' for 'swik'. Both words and notes are given by Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Music*, London 1776, 4to Vol. II. p. 93, and at p. 96 reduc'd to the scale of modern composition. See also Ritson's *English Songs*, London 1783, Vol. I. p. XLVII, and his *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, London 1829, Vol. I. p. 10. — [Since writing the above, we have found this Song also in Chappell's beautiful „*Popular Music of the Olden Time*“, now publishing, p. 21—25, harmoniz'd by Macfarren.]

9. (Act V. sc. 2.) *The English Soldiers' March - Chant*. Translated from an Old-English Ballad — The Battle of Brunanburgh — compos'd to celebrate the great English Victory gain'd in 938, probably at Bromley in Lincolnshire. It is printed in the *English Chronicle*. The soldiers are suppos'd to march to the last 8 lines of this war-song, then quite newly written and in every body's mouth. The only alteration we have made is, to omit the word 'since' in lines 5 and 7.

All these translations are line for line and metre for metre.

10. (Act V. sc. 4.) *The Latin Hymn-verse* is the first stanza of the Hymn — famous over all the West — *A Solis ortus cardine*, written by Sedulius, about 430. It is last printed with an English translation by Mr. Neale, in that rich store-house of our ancient Church Psalmody „*The Hymnal Noted*“ (London, Novello, 1852), Hymn No. 14, set to 2 different harmonies. The English verse is Mr. Neale's version.





Of the same Publishers may be had:

THE SHAKESPEAR STORY-TELLER,

Introductory leaves or outline-sketches,

with choice extracts

in the words of the Poet Himself.

By

GEORGE STEPHENS, ESQ.,

Professor of Old-English, and of the English Language and Literature, in the
University of Copenhagen.

- No. 1. THE TEMPEST. 3rd Edition.
- » 2. THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.
- » 3. THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.
- » 4. TWELFTH NIGHT.
- » 5. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.
- » 6. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

(Introductory Remarks and an Analysis of the Characters are
prefixed to each Play.) — 8vo. 6d. each.

SEVENTEEN SONGS AND CHANTS, etc.

to Prof. G. Stephens's Melodrama

REVENGE, OR WOMAN'S LOVE.

Nearly all composed by Prof. G. STEPHENS,
and harmonised for the Piano by

B. VILH. HALLBERG,
Dir. Mus. Landskrona, Sweden.

(Folio. 8 shillings.)



