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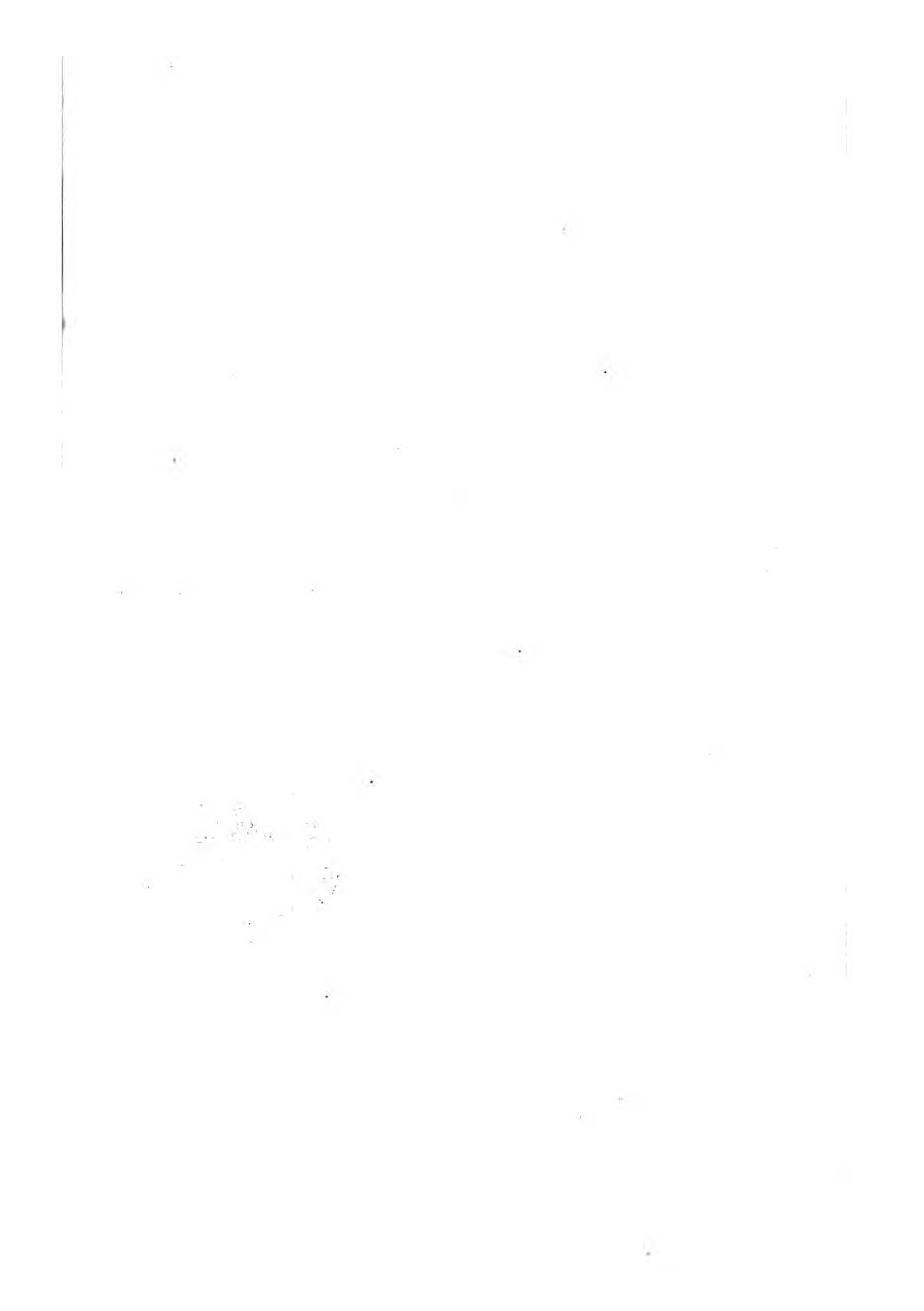
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ESAIAS TEGNÈR'S
FRITHIOF'S SAGA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH,

WITH NOTES, INDEX, AND A SHORT ABSTRACT OF THE
NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY,

BY

LEOPOLD HAMEL.



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the Northern Mythology, taken principally from the two Eddas, he may succeed in introducing, to those unacquainted with the Northern lore, in a more popular form than has hitherto been attempted, the hero-gods of the ancient Vikings, from whom most Englishmen are rightly proud of tracing their descent.

The Glossary, at the end of the Volume may, for that purpose, be found useful; nevertheless it would be advisable for the reader to cast a glance over the abstract (page 233), and also to read the preface to Canto XXIV. (page 208), previous to entering upon the poem itself, as such parts, which may otherwise seem obscure, will then appear perfectly clear to his mind.

NOTTINGHAM,
NOVEMBER, 1874.

CANTO I.

FRITHIOF AND INGEBORG.

N Hilding's manor, broad and fair,¹
Two graceful plants were fostered there;
There bloomed beneath the Northern shadow,
No statelier buds on verdant meadow.

Straight as a lance, firm as a rock,
Upshot the one, a sapling oak,
Whose crown in mid-air high is trembling,
Its archèd brow a helm resembling.

The other bloomed a tender rose,
By winter held in sweet repose,
Which, as the Spring dispels earth's sadness,
Awakes to beauty and to gladness.

When tempests on the earth appear,
The oak the combat does not fear;
When Spring-sun glows, and sing the thrushes,
The rose then opes her lips, and blushes.

Thus they grew up, in fresh fields free,
Young Frithiof was the strong young tree;
The rose, the valley's green adorning,
Was Ing'borg named, fair as the morning.

Didst see them in the sun's bright ray,
Thou'dst think thyself 'neath Freyâ's² sway,
Where couples dance in bridal dresses,
With rosy wings and golden tresses.

Didst see them trip, at moonlight's sheen,
Beneath the forest's fragrant green,
Thou'dst think the silver beams were glancing,
On Elfin king and queen there dancing.

With love of lore his heart throbb'd fast,
When he his runes³ had learned at last,
And, all their mystic import gleaning,
To Ing'borg taught their hidden meaning.

How happy in his little boat,
They o'er the clear blue billows float!
How winsome when, in stormy weather,
Her wee white hands are clasped together!

No bird's nest was for him too high,
For *her* would he all risk defy;
The eagle, who with clouds is wrestling,
Is robbed by him of eggs and nestling.

There was no stream, however swift,
O'er which he did not Ing'borg lift;
And where tumultous it was ringing,
Her soft, white arms were round him clinging.

The first sweet flower his garden yields,
The first red berry of the fields,
The first gold ear in ripened beauty,
He brought to her, in bounden duty.

But childhood passes swiftly on,
Soon to a youth the boy has grown ;
His sparkling eye is love demanding—
The maid in full-blown beauty standing.

Young Frithiof now on hunting bent,
When others blanched, he boldly went
To darksome cave, with courage peerless,
To seek the bear, unarmed and fearless.

There, breast to breast, with hug and strain,
The savage monster strives in vain ;
Returned, with shaggy booty laden—
How happy then the blushing maiden.

Man's courage, woman e'er esteems ;
To beauty strength most worthy seems ;
The fair should to the strong be clinging,
As helm to brow, when swords are swinging.

But when at winter's eve there shed,
 The hearth its ruddy glow; he read
 Songs with Walhalla's⁴ glories swelling,
 Where gods and goddesses are dwelling.

Then sang he: "Freyâ's² hair is gold,
 A wavy field of sheaves untold;
 My Ing'borg's hair, like her's, is shining,
 Bright gold round rose and lily twining.

"Iduna's⁵ breast, like snowy down,
 Heaves chaste beneath her silken gown;
 I know a silk 'neath which are hiding,
 Two elfins gay, 'midst rosebuds gliding.

"And clear and blue is Frigga's⁸ eye,
 Reflecting heaven's purest sky;
 I know two eyes whose lustrous powers
 Spring-sky obscure at mid-day hours.

"Are Gerda's⁷ cheeks alone so white?
 Like new fall'n snow 'neath northern light?
 I know two cheeks with bloom, adorning,
 Like roseate blush, the early morning.

"A heart I know as tender framed
 As Nanna's,⁸ though not quite so famed,
 Nanna, the theme of ev'ry Skald,⁹
 In songs of praise, with thee, oh! Baldur.¹⁰

“ Ah ! that, like thee, I could find death,
Bewailed by a true maiden’s breath :
Like Nanna’s, faithful, true, and tender,
To Hel’¹¹ would gladly I surrender.”

The royal maid wrought at her frame,
And sang of heroes and of fame ;
Brave deeds the ’broidery is showing,
Round verdant groves blue waves are flowing.

And deftly in the woolly snow,
Goldwoven shields in splendour grow ;
Red lances are in combat flying,
On fields of green the armour lying.

And more and more like Frithiof stands,
The hero worked by nimble hands,
Her blushing cheek the truth confesses --
The pliant wool *his* deeds expresses.

And ev’ry birch within the grove,
With F. and I. told Frithiof’s love ;
The runes in joy and glee are meeting,
Like two young hearts together beating.

Soon as the Day-King’s fiery blaze
Tinges with gold the rising haze ;
When life is stirring, men are moving,
They think but of each other, loving.

And when through clouds, hid in the night,
 World-queen appears in silv'ry light;
 When through the stillness stars are gleaming,
 They of each other's love are dreaming.

“Thou em'rald earth! in fresh array,
 Decked is thy hair with flowers gay,
 Give me the freshest, perfume breathing,
 My Frithiof's hair shall they be wreathing!”

‘Thou sea! beneath whose deep blue wave
 A thousand pearls their beauty lave,
 Of thee I am the rarest asking—
 On Ing'borg's breast they shall lie basking’

“Thou orb of Odin's¹² kingly hall!
 Eye of the day, thou flaming ball!
 Wert mine, shouldst serve, thou burnished dial,
 As Frithiof's shield, without denial!”

‘Thou orb, high in Alfader's¹³ hall,
 Thou clear pale moon, thou silv'ry ball!
 Wert mine, thou shouldst adorn, oh, pleasure!
 My lovely maid, my choicest treasure!’

But Hilding warned: “Set not thy heart
 Upon this love, ye two must part;
 Unequally the Norns¹⁴ are laden,
 King Bela's daughter is thy maiden.

“To Odin¹² e'en, his star-spread dome,
Does Bela's lineage heav'nward's roam ;
Thou, Thorsten's son, to fate surrender,
Thine ne'er can be the blossom tender.”

But Frithiof laughs : “ My line I sped
Down to the valley of the dead ;
When I the forest-king was taming,
My lineage with his fur was claiming.

“ No free-born man to fate will yield,
To him belongs the world's wide field ;
Fortune succeeds where fate is frowning,
Hope is with vict'ry courage crowning !

“ Nobility is valor's claim,
On high to Thrudwang¹⁶ reaches fame ;
For prowess only Thor¹⁵ is caring,—
The sword is suitor for the daring.

“ For her I dare to combat fly,
And e'en with Thor my prowess try ;
In joy bloom safe, my lily ever,
Woe him who dares us two to sever !”

NOTES TO CANTO I.

¹ In the original, *gård*, court, estate; manor would probably express the meaning correctly. It was customary among the Scandinavian kings and nobles to educate their children in the country, in order to imbue them with simple manners, and to harden their constitutions by a rural life.

² *Freyâ* is the Northern goddess of Love. She is of great loveliness and beauty: her hair is described as golden. From her the Danes gave the name of *Fruer* to a lady, the Swedes, *Fru*; the Germans, *Frau*. Friday is named after her.

³ Runes, a name most likely derived from the word *Raunen* (to whisper), or *Rinne* (furrow), are the letters of the ancient Northern alphabet, and as follows:

ƿ. ᚢ. ᚦ. ʀ. ᚱ. ƿ. * . ᚷ.
 ᚨ. ʝ. ᚩ. ᚠ. ᚷ. ᚢ. ᚷ. ᚠ.

named respectively, Frey, Ur, Thor, Os, Reder, Kön, Hagel, Nöd, Is, Ar, Sol, Tyr, Bjarkal, Lager, Madur, Or, and corresponding to F, U, Th, O, R, K (G), H, N, I, A, S, T (D), B (P), L, M, O (R). They were used by all the Celtic nations at a time when the priests were almost the only scholars. They are found cut in wood, from which the Runic staffs (the old Northern almanack) are thus called. The simple law-codes were also cut in wood, each chapter on a wooden board, from which they were called *Balkr* (German, *Balken*); and even to this day the Swedish word *Balkr* denotes a chapter of laws (see Canto XV.). Runes are also found on *Bautastones* or monuments. A Runic

monument, found near St. Paul's, has been presented by Mr. Cook to the Guildhall Museum. It is said that the Runic characters were invented (or say rather, introduced) by Sigge, son of Fridulph, first King of Norway, about 70 B.C., who afterwards adopted the name of the Scythian god Odin. They were considered to have magical properties.

⁴ Walhalla (Valhau, Valhöll), the seat of the gods and abode of fallen heroes (Einherien) and of all who were slain in battle. These enjoy here the best of cheer, and are waited upon by the "Valkyrias." Their occupation is to hold daily tournaments on the "Idavöllur" (the Idavale), the seat of the gods in Godhaim (the god-world). Those who have not fallen by the sword are condemned to languish with criminals and cowards in Helhaim, where Helia (or Hela, Hel) holds her sway. See Note 11.

⁵ Iduna, the goddess of Immortality. She is represented as holding a plate of golden apples which are eaten by the gods and Einherien (see Note 4), to renew their youth. Her spouse is the god of Songs, Brâga.

⁶ Frigga or (Hjerta), Odin's wife, emblem of the earth, the Ceres of the Celtic races. She foresees the fate of man without, however, revealing it. Industry and abundance are under her special protection. Füllu, her maid, holds her jewel-casket, and is her confidante. She is very wise, and even Odin seeks her counsel.

⁷ Gerda, the spouse of Freyr or Frey, is a daughter of the giant Gymer. She is the symbol of the North-light, and also represents the winter's earth when broken up by spring.

⁸ Nanna is the spouse of Baldur. She is a great favourite of the Scandinavian poets, and is the symbol of faith. She was so faithful to Baldur that, when he was killed by his

blind brother Hödur, it broke her heart, and she was burnt at the same time with Baldur on the funeral pile. See Note 10.

⁹ Skalders (Skalds), the minstrels of the ancient North. They had a guild of their own, and held the same position amongst the Scandinavians as the Gaelic bards in Scotland. At the death of heroes and kings, they were invited to sing their praise and that of their ancestors, for which they were rewarded with rich presents.

¹⁰ Baldur (Balder), the god of Light and Innocence, son of Odin, with Frigga; he is the great favourite of the gods, mild, gentle, and eloquent. His death is the prelude of the end of the world. He is killed by his blind brother Hödur, who, by Lokè (see Myth § 19) incited, kills him with a dart made of the mistletoe. The Saga says: "On being warned by dreams that Baldur's life was in danger, Frigga commanded all things except the mistletoe, (which she overlooked, owing to its insignificance) not to injure him; but Lokè gave Hödur the dart of the forgotten mistletoe, with which, in his ignorance, he kills his brother. In the *Völuspâ*, the oldest record of the Northern Mythology, this is one of the most poetical episodes.

¹¹ Helia, Hela, Hel (see Note 4,) daughter of Lokè, the goddess of Darkness and Night, thrown by Odin into Helhaim (the "Inferno" of the North), where she reigns. Her palace Niffelhaim is called misery; her table, hunger; her knife, waste; her slave, sluggard; her maid, dilatoriness; her threshold, ruin; her bed, affliction and long pestilence. She is the most hideous mixture of life and decay, the implacable enemy of the gods, and manifests herself to man in dreams, especially when he is near death.

¹² Odin (Wodin), is the highest, and father of all the other Asa-gods, sometimes called Ravne-god, from the two ravens, Hugin and Munin, who are his messengers;

these represent thought and memory, and daily bring him news from the earth. Odin's greatest foe is Lokè, and after Baldur's death, when the last days of the world arrive, he is vanquished by the Fenris-wolf, one of Lokè's offsprings. From Odin, Wodin, Wednesday derives its name.

¹³ Alfader, the Supreme Being; the creator of all, both gods and world.

¹⁴ Norns, the goddesses of Time (the Parcaë of the North). They stand even higher than the Asa-gods, whose fates they are. They number three, Urda, Erdandi, Skulda, representing the present, the past, and the future.

¹⁵ Thor (pronounced Tore), the God of Thunder, the Jupiter of the North. He is represented as riding in his chariot, flashing fire and flames out of his eyes, youthful and handsome, with a red beard (the symbol of lightning). With his steel gloves he wields his hammer, Mjölner, and kills with it the giants of Jotunhaim. Thursday (Thor's-day) is kept sacred to him.

¹⁶ Thrudwang. Thor's castle in Walhalla, so called from Thrud, a son of Thor.

CANTO II.

KING BELA AND THORSTEN VIKINGSON.



WITHIN the hall, bent on his sword, King Bela stood,
And with him Thorsten Vikingson, his bondsman¹⁷
good,

His comrade with, well nigh, a hundred winters hoary,
And covered like a Bantastone²⁸ with rime and glory.

Thus, as two sacred temples, 'tween the mountains stand,
Like monuments of heathen times, decay at hand,
With many wisdom's runes upon their walls recorded,
And relics in their vaults of times long past seen hoarded.

“Our days are closing fast,” now old King Bela said,
“The mead has lost its taste, the helm weighs on my head.
For human toil my eyes grow dim, my strength is failing;
But near me draws Walhalla's light; death am I hailing.

“My own sons have I cited here, and Frithiof too,
Like us together they belong, as comrades true.
Good counsel for these eaglets wild would I be culling,
Ere death the whisp'rings of my tongue to sleep is lulling.”

Then, as he had commanded them, they entered now,
And first amongst them Helga came, with darkened brow ;
He mostly with the priests round altar-stones was chaunting,
With blood-stained hands the sacred groves for ever
haunting.

Then Halfdan came, the boy, with light and flaxen hair,
With noble features, though effeminate and fair ;
As toy it seemed he at the side his sword was wearing,
And though in hero's garb arrayed, a maid appearing.

And last, in his blue mantle, in stepped Frithiof free,
Stalwart, and by a head the tallest of the three ;
Between the brothers stood he thus, as day adorning,
Between night's gloomy shadow stands, and rosy morning.

“ My sons,” began the king, “ my sun is at its wane,
In unity and concord e'er ye two must reign ;
For unity together holds, as rim is guarding
The shield, all blows, united thus, may ye be warding.

“ Let strength at all the ports stand watch, a guardian shield,
And peace be blooming ever on the verdant field.
Not to destroy, but to defend, the sword be wielding ;
The buckler, as a padlock,¹⁸ but the barn be shielding.

“ The *foolish* prince alone will e'er oppress his land,
Without a people, free and strong, no king may stand.
And soon the green-leaved crown upon the tree is dying,
When without sap, on barren soil, the stem is drying.

Upon four pillars resting, is the heaven's round,¹⁹
 The throne is only founded on the law's strong ground;
 Whene'er caprice the ting-stone²⁰ rules, a fall's impending,
 But right, to both the king and land, is glory lending.

“ The gods, oh ! Helga, live on high, in Disar-hall,²¹
 But not like slugs curled there in shells, a sullen ball;
 As far as daylight shines and human voice is swelling,
 Wherever thoughts can fly, the gods are ever dwelling.

“ The falcon's lungs²² mislead who in their signs believe,
 And runes, though clearly cut on wood,³ will oft deceive;
 An honest heart, my son, a heart with open reading,
 Will Odin mark with runes which never are misleading.

“ Be ever kind, though firm, for sternness but offends,
 The best sword is the one of steel that easiest bends.
 And kindness decks the king, as shield is wreathed with
 flowers;
 More fruit brings forth the vernal sun, than snow-storm
 shower³. ”²³

“ The man without true friends, though strong, is sure to
 fade,
 As in a desert will the tree, when without shade;
 But like a tree the man, round whom his friends will gather,
 Which, nurtured by the purling brook, all storms will
 weather.”

“Nor of thy fathers’ honors boast, they are not thine;
He who can bend it may but say: ‘the bow is mine!’
What’s valor worth in tombs, on which the moss is grow-
ing?
With their own strength the vig’rous floods are sea-wards
flowing.

“Thou, Halfdan! cheerfulness will grace the wise man’s
home,
But levity will least of all a king become;
The honey in the mead without some hops lacks flavor,
Into the sword put steel, my son, all play with earnest favor.

“For too much knowledge no one has, though wise he rank,
Little know⁵⁹ so many men whose brains are blank;
The foolish guest no high seat fits, the wise man graces
With wit the ear of all, in high and humble places.

“Unto the trusted friend, the comrade tried and dear,
Though distant be his house, the roads are ever near;
But far away from roads shouldst thou be ever speeding,
Which to the foe’s domains and open courts are leading.

“Nor give the first hail-fellow met thy confidence,
O’er riches stand thou guard, a heath requires no fence;
Thy secrets unto one alone be but confiding,
What’s known to three, o’er all the world is quickly riding.”

He ceased : then Thorsten rose, and said with swelling heart,
“ It is not meet that thou alone from hence shouldst part ;
Life’s path we shared, oh ! king, in fair and stormy weather,
Thus let us both to Odin’s halls repair together !

“ Son Frithiof, much of wisdom’s lore has reached mine ear,
Both counsel wise and warnings meet, receive them here.
See ! Odin’s birds¹² on northern mounds their wings are
 beating,
And from the lips of hoary age wise words are greeting.

“ ’Bove all, the gods esteem and fear ;—the sublime pow’rs
Turn grief to joy, and tempests change to sunny hours,
The inmost heart they pierce, and make the weak one
 languish,
For but a single moment’s guilt, with years of anguish.

“ Obey the king, to one alone is due the might ;
One eye illumes the day, but thousands light the night ;
The better one unto the best be ever yielding,
The keen-edged sword of steel a handle wants for wielding.

“ What use is strength when wit is wanting? ’twill not save
The vessel without steersman, tossed on stormy wave ;
The bear, with strength of twelve, at last to one has yielded,
The shield protects from blows ; thus right from force is
 shielded.

“The proud create but little fear, though hate from all;
 Pride ’s often but the prelude of an early fall;
 And many, who soared high, are now on crutches tott’ring,
 For luck, as well as seeds, the winds are often scatt’ring.

“Praise not the day, my son, until the sun’s decline,
 Nor counsel until proved, nor until quaffed the wine!
 Youth will confide in many things it takes for granted,
 The sword in fight is proved;—the friend-in-need when
 wanted!

“Trust not the one night’s ice, nor snow ’neath vernal rays,
 And never reptile’s sleep, nor maid in fond embrace;
 For woman’s marble breast was turned by wheels when
 rolling,
 Inconstancy is oft ’twixt lily hillocks lolling.

“All that belongs to thee, and even thou must die;
 But one thing, Frithiof, is there all ages will defy;—
 It is the future fame, therefore must thou act ever
 With noble mind and justice:—from the right swerve
 never!”

Thus counselled both the sires in the old kingly hall,
 As once the snow-hair’d Skald⁹ had sung in Havamâl;²⁴
 Words full of weight and pith from race to race were grafted,
 Words which from hill to hill, from north to south were
 wafted.

C

And many hearty words yet both their lips sent forth,
 Of friendship true and holy, famed throughout the north;
 How they were true till death, comrades in joy and sorrow,
 And now were greeting, hand in hand, a brighter morrow.

“ Son, back to back we stood through life from earliest date,
 Thus turning one shield ever tow’rds the face of fate;
 Now to Walhalla hasten we, your parents hoary,
 And pray that on ye all descend your father’s glory ! ”

And much the king to Frithiof’s laud yet said, and praise,
 And how heroic deeds ’bove royal blood will raise;
 And much old Thorsten of the Asa-sons²⁵ related,
 And how their splendour in the North had ne’er abated.

“ If thus ye hold together, a united band,
 No foreign foe will ever then your strength withstand;
 Where valor firmly is combined with royal splendour,
 It will, like Hildur’s²⁶ gold shield, prove its best defender.”

“ And greet from me my daughter sweet, the modest rose,
 On verdant fields she’s budding, keep her free from woes;
 Protect and shield her with strong arms from storm’s bleak
 power,

Let him not carry in his helm the tender flower.

“ On thee, oh ! Helga, do I place the father’s care,
 That thou mayest like a daughter love thy sister fair;
 Coercion wounds, while kindness leads, and is appealing
 Unto both man and woman’s heart, and better feeling.

“Two mounds²⁸ erect, and choose for us a deep blue bay,
Where cooling waves on either side to shore will play ;
That to the spirit's soul a song they may be tuning,
With low-toned murmuring a drapâ²⁷ be communing.

“When dipped the peaks are in the moon's voluptuous
light,
The bautastone²⁸ is moistened by the dew of night,
Then o'er the hills, oh, Thorsten, will our souls be soaring,
To converse of the living, and hear the billows roaring!

“And now, farewell ye sons, from hence we must be gone,
Earth fades away, we hasten to Alfader's throne,
As to the deep blue sea the waves are ever pressing :
May Freyr,³² and Thor,¹⁵ and Odin¹² all, give you their
blessing !”

NOTES TO CANTO II.

¹⁷Bönd (Böndr), a vassal. The nearest word in English would be esquire. Though a freeman, and owner of large estates, he was a vassal of the king, but far above the position of a peasant.

¹⁸The Swedish king, Magnus, bore the honourable surname of Ladulås (barn-lock), as the protector of agriculture.

¹⁹The heavens were borne by four dwarfs, Austri, Vestri, Sudri, Nordri, the four quarters of the winds.

²⁰Ting-stone. The council was held in open air on a raised stone, very often on the tombs of princes and heroes.

²¹Disar-hall; Icelandic, from dis, mighty; disir, nymphs, goddesses.

²²Both animals and birds, more especially the falcon, the horse, and the dove, were consecrated to the gods, and offered as sacrifices. Future events were prophesied from their lungs.

²³These two lines in the original run thus:—

“ Kindness adorns the King, as flowers will the shield;
The earth to spring-day more than to winter’s-frost will
yield!”

in allusion to flowers and wreaths being engraved or embossed on shields. In an unhappy moment, for himself, the translator attempted to imitate the exact rhythm of the original, where the flowing shortened syllables of the final endings have a soothing and softening effect. There is a certain rough

salt-air brevity in the English words, which give a most pathetic expression to the sentences, approaching to sublimity, but wanting in that flexibility which, in other languages, gives a certain softness to the cadence of the verses, and which in attempting to imitate has almost proved too much for the maiden pen of the translator, especially as he has conscientiously tried to adhere literally to the original text.

²⁴ Havamâl, from Havi, the sublime; Odin's wisdom, sayings, and proverbs; one of the songs of the elder Edda. Many of its proverbs have been used by Tegnèr in this Canto.

²⁵ Asa-sons. The Aesir are the gods in Walhalla. All Northern kings and heroes are proud of being offsprings of the Aesir, who, accompanying Odin in his conquests, were as heroes deified.

²⁶ Hildur, one of the Valkyrias, the goddess of war, preceding the warriors on horseback.

²⁷ Drapâs are funeral songs, Dirges.

²⁸ Bautastones are monuments (see Note 3 on Runes). One of the creeds of the Northern warriors was the perpetuation of their fame and glory, for which end they had mounds erected, beneath which they were buried. These hillocks were named after those heroes who slept beneath them. This custom, introduced by the Scythians, no doubt also found its way into this island, Wiltshire especially abounding with such little hills, called burrows or barrows. Of such a mound also consisted the tomb of Hamlet, as described by Saxo Grammaticus, lib. iv., by Bartholin, p. 119, and which is said, to this day, bears the name of Amlet's hede (Hamlet's heath).

CANTO III.

THE INHERITANCE.*

SEATED were now in their hillocks²⁹ both Bela and
Thorsten, the aged,
As they had wished it themselves. On each side
of the bay cooling billows
Rippled their murmuring songs to these comrades by death
not divided.

Helga and Halfdan, now jointly, divided their father's
dominions,
As by the people decreed; but as only son of his father,
Frithiof was sharing with none, and as chief dwelt alone
now at Framnäs.³⁰

Three miles his manor extended, with hills and with
mountains and valleys
Bord'ring on three of its quarters, but girding the fourth
was the ocean.
Crowning the mountains were birches; and there, where the
hills are inclining,
Luxuriates golden-hued barley, rye, high as man, upwards
surging.

* The translator did not feel justified in altering the rhythm of any of the original cantos. In this instance he trusts that what the hexameter loses in brevity and vigour of expression may be counterbalanced by its simplicity and descriptive power; and, whether right or wrong, the translator thought he entered upon the spirit of Tegner in retaining the simplicity of a narrative in this canto.

Murmuring lakes, limpid like crystal, serving the mountains as mirrors,

Wound through the picturesque view, where monarch-like elks, proudly antlered,

Strode on the verdure-clad meadows, or quaffed there from hundreds of brooklets;

And on the valleys below, on velvety pasture, were grazing Glossy skinned herds, softly lowing, with udders that longed for the milk-pail.

Here and there, gathered in clusters, were seen in great numbers around them,

Snow-woolly lambs with their ewes, as high on the vault of the heaven,

Scattered are seen fleecy clouds, when Zephyrs the sky are caressing.

Stallions too, numbered twice twelve, their manes with red handsomely braided,

Glitt'ring with steel shoes their hoofs, full blooded and bred, like storms fettered,

Stamping in high-vaulted stables, there grinding and crunching their fodder.

Spacious, a house by itself, seemed the hall with its wainscoat of firwood;

Five hundred brave champions and guests, ten twelves to the tale of each hundred,³¹

Scarce filled the banqueting hall, when for feasting at Yule-time assembled.^{31*}

Polished and burnished like steel, was a table of oak in its
centre,
Where at the High-seat two gods stood, sculptured of
elm-wood, as pillars;
One Royal Odin, and Freyr,³² with the sun on his crest,
was the other.
'Tween them was spread the rough skin of a bear, black
the hair of his body,
Scarlet his snout, and with silver shod claws. It was here
where but lately
Thorsten his comrades regaled; hospitality seated 'midst
gladness.
Oft, when the moon sailed o'er clouds, then the loved hoary
sage here related
Wonders he met with in lands far away, and his ventures
with Vikings,
Battles on seas in the east, also streams in the west, and
the Gandwick.³³
Quietly then, and enchanted, all hung on the lips of the
speaker
As on the rose will the bee; but to Skalds would it seem as
if Brâga³⁴
Sat under shade of the ash, with his beard to his waist
silver flowing,
Marked with deep runes on his tongue, to the gods golden
legends relating,
Sitting at Mimer's³⁵ clear well, himself looking a time-
living legend.

Covered with straw was the stone floor, and on the bright
hearth, in the centre,
Crackled the cheerful red blaze; whilst above, through the
flue's widened opening,
Glittered the stars high aloft, like dear friends' greetings
smiling from heaven.
Ranged all around on the walls, in order heraldic, were
hanging
Armours and helmets of steel, and between them was
sometimes seen flashing
Sword, like a meteor bright 'mongst the stars of a winterly
heaven.
But brighter than helmets or mail the shields in the hall
sparkled purple,
Shone like the golden orb'd sun, or gleamed like the
moon's disc of silver.
Oft when a maid, fair and young, went round to replenish
the wine cup,
Cast down her sparkling blue eyes, and the bright shields
her blushes reflected,
Greatly it pleased then the toppers, which deepened the
maid's rosy color.
Rich was the house, and wherever the eye could but reach
were seen larders,
Filled with provisions, and presses, well stored with the
richest of linen.
Here too, were stored, in great numbers, rich treasures in
victory captured;

Gold, wrought with runes full of meaning, and silver with
cunning engravings,
Of which there were three most esteemed of all the riches
and treasures.
First on the list was a sword; from father to son was it
handed,
Named Angurwadel by them, and famed as the Brother-of-
lightning,
Wrought in the east by the fire, and the magic of dwarfs,³⁶
says the legend;
First was it wielded by Björn, who was known as Blåtand,
or Blue-tooth,^{38*}
Who, when at Gröninga-sound,³⁷ he with Vifel, the mighty
was battling,
Lost both his life and his sword.—Now Vifel was grand-
sire to Viking.
Once, thus the legend proceeds,³⁸ there was living a king
at Ullraker,
Stricken and aged, and with him his only and blooming young
daughter;
When from the depths of the forest there issued a giant,
mis-shapen,
Taller by far than the common, ferocious and shaggy, and
cruel.
Combat he offered to all, if refused, claimed the realm he
and daughter;
Champion alone was found one, for never yet steel had been
tempered,

Could pierce through his skull of hard iron, whence
 Jernhös properly named he;
Viking it was, who was then only counting but bare
 fifteen winters,
Bravely accepted the fight, to his sword trusting—Brother-
 of-lightning—
And to his own pow'rful arm. When, lo! with the strength
 of a giant
Felled he the bellowing brute to the ground, thus releasing
 the fair one.
Viking bequeathed then to Thorsten the sword, who next
 left it to Frithiof.
Brightly reflected the blaze of the hearthstone its fiery
 flashes!
Red, like a north-light, it gleamed when drawn, or the quick
 flash of lightning,
Purest of gold was the hilt, and like flames on the blade the
 runes glittered;
Marvellous runes these, unknown in the North, common
 but at the portals,
Where rises daily the sun, and from whence too our fathers
 came hither.^{38b}
Dull in the bliss-spreading peace seemed the blade, but
 like bright glowing ruby
When Hildur's²⁶ wild sport once commenced; blood red,
 as the chanticleer's crest burns,
When he is pitted for combat, and lost was whoever was
 crossing

The flaming runes of the knife, in the night of the terrible
slaughter.

Mighty of fame was the sword, ranking highest of all
Northland's weapons.

Next was there treasured and prized an arm-ring, full
equally famous,

Wrought by Vaulunder,³⁹ the dwarf, called the limping, the
Northern Vulcan,

Heavy, and finest of gold, and on which might be seen there
engraven

Heaven with Walhall's twelve castles—abodes of the Asa
immortals—

Emblems were these of the moon's variations, by Skalds
called the sun-house.^{39*}

Alfhaim,⁴⁰ the castle of Freyr, appeared there as the sun
renovated,

When he at Yuletide³¹ is climbing his course on the vault
of the heaven ;

Soequabeck⁴¹ also, where Odin¹² with Sâga⁴¹ is seated
in converse

There quaffing wine from a gold cup, the tankard here
meaning the ocean,

When by the morning glow gilded ; and Sâga, the goddess,
is spring time,

Seated in verdure-clad meadows, surrounded by sweet
breathing flowers.

Here too was Baldur¹⁰ seen throning, on high, as the sun of
midsummer,

Pouring his riches from heaven; of all that is good is he
emblem,
Light is the symbol of goodness, as darkness is emblem of evil;
Constantly rising will weary the sun e'en, thus also turns
dizzy
Good on precipitous heights, and both will sink down,
deeply sighing,
Even to Niffelhel's land of the Shades,⁴—Baldur's pile
representing.
Glitner,⁴³ the castle of peace, with Forsete⁴⁴ quarrels
adjusting,
Bearing the scales in his hands, is at Harvest-Ting contests
adjudging.
Apologues many where seen, such as these, on the arm-
ring engraven;
Symbols of strife of the light in the dome, high above of
the heavens,
And in the bosom of man here below, all were wrought by
a master.
Set in the clasp was a jewel, a ruby of luminous brightness,
Gracing the curve of the ring, as the sun is the firmament
crowning.
Heirloom of ancient repute, and from father to son was it
handed;
First by Vaulunder possessed, their sire on the side of
the mother.
Once now this treasure was stolen by Sot', the ferocious sea
robber,

When on the seas of the north he was cruising, rapacious
for pillage.

Rumour was whisp'ring that Sot' at Bretland's⁴⁵ fair
coast was seen hiding,

Shrouding himself in his tomb, with his ship and his ill-
gotten booty;

Ever was haunting the hill, for no rest could he find,
said the people.

When Thorsten heard this, his dragon⁴⁶ with Bela at once
he ascended,

Cleaving the white foaming floods, as they steered tow'rd
the sepulchral hillock.

Wide as the vault of a temple it looked, or the home of a
monarch,

Resting below the soft greensward that covers the vault's
cooling arches.

Forth from the tomb shone a light, and the champions
could see, through the gate-hinge,

Sot's vessel, pitch black, with rudder, and sails spread out
ready for flying.

Wrapped in a red fiery cloak saw they there, on the poop of
the vessel,

Hideous, a terrible mass, grimly cleaning his blood-spotted
dagger.

But never vanished the blood, and around the dark vault
was seen scattered,

Whate'er of gold he had pillaged, and lo! on his arm was
the bracelet.

Whispered then Bela to Thorsten, descend we to settle
this malkin !”

“Two men against but a spectre?” rebuked him then
quietly Thorsten,

“One against one, is the custom, and singly the combat I’ll
venture.”

Long was the generous strife as to which of the twain
should do battle;

Forth drew king Bela his helmet at last; therein hastily
tossing

Two lots, he shook them together; but Thorsten had slyly
discovered,

Under the light of the stars, his own pledge; quickly seizing
his dagger,

Wrested both staple and lock, and down to the deep he
descended.—

What there he saw in the night? At the question he
silently shuddered!—

Bela first heard there the tune of a song, like a troll’s⁴⁷
incantation,

Clashing of swords next, and sounds of dispute, and some
horrible yelling;

Then afterwards all became hushed, and hither ran Thorsten,
bewildered,

Pale, for with death had he struggled; but his was the
beautiful arm-ring.

“Much has it cost me,” he said at the time, “and for once
have I trembled,
Then when I fetched me this ring.”—Of great fame in the
North was the arm-ring.
Famed too was last, though not least, ship Ellid’⁴⁸ as one
of the treasures.
Thus has it tradition : When Viking once from a cruise was
returning,
Borne on the white frothy spray of the sea’s rolling billows,
came tossing,
Wildly, the plank of a wreck ; on which, near when he saw
it come floating,
Viking could plainly distinguish the form of a man there,
who gaily,
Frolicsome, rocked on the waves ; majestic and lofty of
stature,
His countenance open and noble, yet like the sea, and as
changeful
When on its wavelets the sun-beams are playing ; and blue
was his mantle,
Flowing and wide, and his girdle of gold, ornamented with
corals ;
White as the foam was his beard, but the hair on his head
green of colour.
Viking, to shelter the shipwrecked, steered with his snake
to the rescue,

Took home the half frozen man, and refreshed him with
cheer and with comfort ;

But when invited to rest, then laughingly answered the
stranger,

“ Fair now and fresh is the breeze, and my ship not so bad
as it seemeth,

Miles, full a hundred, and more, must I sail yet before the
next morning ;

Thanks for the shelter and fare, and the welcome so
graciously offered,

Mayhap, to-morrow, thou’st meet with thanks far more
worthy and solid.”

Viking the next day stood gazing on shore, when, behold !
like an osprey

Swiftly pursuing his prey, there a dragon-ship flew to the
harbour.

No steersman stood at the helm, and on board was there
seen no commander,

Yet deftly sailed it past cliffs, and past rocks graceful wound
it and easy,

As if commanded by spirits ; and when it was nearing the
harbour

The sails were seen reefing themselves, with no human hand
to assist them,

And e’en the anchors were dropping, the shanks firmly
gripping the bottom.

Dumbfounded stood Viking, whilst rippling, softly the
wavelets were singing,

“Aegir⁴⁹ forgets not his debt; it is he who now gives thee
the dragon.”
Right royal gift was the dragon; the ship’s sculptured
planks were not fastened
Together with treenails and bolts, but seemed as if fashioned
by nature.
Shaped was its length like a sea-snake, but forward the
stem, like a sea-bird,
High in the air raised its head, where its swan-curved neck
blood-red was flaming.
Spotted with blue and with gold was the hull, and behind,
in curved ringlets,
Gracefully sweeping, the helm left behind mighty silvery
circles.
Black, seamed with red, were the wings, and when all were
spread out and unfurlèd,
Would with the storming winds race, and in speed even
outstrip the eagle.
But when with warriors the ship would be manned, it
appeared to the vision
Floating a town upon billows, or citadel rocking and
swinging.
Great was the fame of the ship, prized of all Northland’s
dragons the highest.
These, and much more yet, bequeathed were to Frithiof by
Thorsten, his parent.
Scarce richer heir could be found, far and wide in the whole
of the country,

Saving the sons of the king, for the might of the king e'er
stands highest !
But though not royal his blood, yet his mind and his heart
were right princely ;
Cheerful, and noble, and mild, grew he daily more famed
and belovèd.
Champions too had he there, numbering twelve, their hair
silvered by winter,
Comrades of Thorsten, with steel breasts, and scars orna-
menting their foreheads.
Lowest of these, on the bench of the champions, a youth
was seen seated,
Named was he Björn, like a moss-rose, amongst autumn
leaves, which is blooming ;
Cheerful and gay, yet as strong as a man, as courageous
and trusty,
Up had he grown with young Frithiof, and with him his
blood had been mixing,
As in the north is the custom, 'mongst comrades in arms
and with champions ;
Friendship eternal had sworn they, to share weal and woe
both for ever,
Never to part when in danger, but each other's wrongs be,
avenging.
Now, at the funeral feast, by champions and guests there
surrounded,
Frithiof, his eyes filled with tears, drank to Thorsten
revered and belovèd,

Whilst to his praises the Skalds rang a loud and a sonorous
Drapâ;²⁷
Then to the chair of his father, alas! now his own, he
ascended,
Sat down between Odin¹² and Freyr,³² where Thor¹⁵ in
Walhalla is seated! ^{49B}

NOTES OF CANTO III.

²⁹ Like Barbarossa, the dead heroes were seated fully equipped in chairs in their tombs, armed ready for their country's call. Sometimes their favourite horses were buried with them. (See Canto xxi., Ring's Drapâ.) Mallet, more correctly, considers this custom to be due to their desire to enter Odin's halls with a numerous retinue of slaves, friends and horses, all in full armour, and in their richest attire.

³⁰ Framnäs (fram, fore; näs, nose), a cape or foreland. This Framnäs was probably the Sogne-fjörd on the south west coast of Norway, 61n. 5w.

³¹ A Tálfraed, a great hundred, an old way of reckoning, here used to enlarge upon the grandeur of the hall. Amongst the Celtic nations no civil or religious festival, no birthday, marriage, or funeral was solemnized, no friendship entered into, in which feasting did not bear a principal part. Thus, according to the Icelandic chronicles, two brothers in Iceland, at the funeral feast of their father, feasted 1200 persons for fourteen days successively.

^{31*} The custom of burning the Yule-log at Christmas was introduced by the Northern nations. Christmas is here called Yule time, Christmas holidaying, Yuling. The Iuul feast, as it was called (from Hiaul, or Houl, the sun), was celebrated in honor of the sun at the winter solstice. It was the principal festival, and the night on which the feast was held was called Mother-night, as the beginning of the year, amongst the Celtic nations, dated from that night.

The festival was one of great rejoicings and sacrifices, in order to obtain from Freyr a propitious year and fruitful season.

³² Freyr, Frey, the youthful God of the Sun, symbol of fertility. Sunshine, and rain, and the harvests are under his special protection.

³³ The Gandwick, the Baltic.

³⁴ Brâga, the god of Song, Poetry, and Eloquence. From him poetry derives its name, Brâgur. Brâga's tongue is full of magic runes. He is represented as very old, with snow-white hair, yet he sings in everlasting youthful strains, accompanying himself on a golden harp. His consort is Iduna, the Goddess of Immortality.

³⁵ Mimer rules the North Sea. He is the owner of the Well of Wisdom at the Northern root of the ash Yggdrasil (see Northern Mythology), the miraculous tree; from this well he daily draws wisdom and the gift of prophecy. Odin gave one of his eyes for a draught out of it. He was killed by the Vanas, and his head sent to Odin, who had it embalmed, and thenceforth drew from it his wisdom.

³⁶ Dwarfs (dwegars) are often mentioned in the Northern Sagas as clever masters of works of art.

³⁷ Gröninga-sound, Jütland.

³⁸ This legend is to be found mentioned in the Saga of Thorsten Vikingson. The king's name was Hringur, and the daughter's was Hånver.

^{38*} Probably a descendant of Harold, King of Denmark, surnamed Blåtand, the Blue-tooth, who reigned in the middle of the tenth century.

^{38^a} The conquerors and founders of the Scandinavian nations evidently emigrated from the East. Their mythology is of Eastern extraction, which may easily be seen by a comparison with that of the Persians. Their records commence with Sigge, son of Fridulph, who adopted the name of Odin. He was the commander of the Asas, a Scythian people, and subdued the Northern nations, placing over them his sons as kings. From them sprang the race of princes and nobles who were proud to be the descendants of the Aesir, and even Horsa and Hengist counted Odin amongst their ancestors.

³⁹ Vaulundr, or Völundr, the Fire-dwarf, was the son of a Taurian king, small and mis-shapen, but strong. He went to Nidrud, King of Sweden, who in his avarice had him imprisoned, and compelled him to complete a number of works of art, and to embellish some choice gems. Völundr, however, revenged himself; he killed Nidrud and all those belonging to him, and usurped the rule over the kingdom.

^{39*} One of the chief features of the "Skalda" (the Art of Poetry, at the end of Snorro Sturleson's Edda), was, that nothing should be called by its proper name: for example, a ship was not to be called a ship, but a beast of the sea; a sword was the flame of wounds; and every Skald was bound by these rules. It will be seen that this poem bears signs of these poetic rules of the "Skalda" throughout, which should be borne in mind.

⁴⁰ Alfheim, the seat of Freyr, where he thrones with his

lovely spouse, Gerda. It is named thus from the Ljus-Alfers, whose patron god he is.

⁴¹ Sœquabeck (the flowing well); here Sâga the goddess of History dwells.

⁴² This is an allusion to Baldur's death. (See Note 10, on Baldur). Baldur, not having fallen on the field of battle, went to Helia after his death.

⁴³ Glitnør, Forsete's castle. It had a silver roof borne by golden pillars.

⁴⁴ Forsete, the god of Peace, Concord, and Friendship, and also of Justice. A famous temple devoted to him stood on Heligoland, from whence this derives its name of Forsete-land, or Heilige-land (holy land).

⁴⁵ Bretland, Great Britain.

⁴⁶ The Scandinavians were fond of giving their ships symbolical names, denoting strength and swiftness (as is even now the case with maritime nations), such as dragon, snake; and they not unfrequently endowed them with senses, such as hearing, seeing, obeying the commander, &c. (See Canto X., also Note 39*).

⁴⁷ Trolls are evil spirits under the command of man, when invoked by incantation.


⁴⁸ Ellide; this ship plays a prominent part in the Sâga. The accent should be placed on the second syllable, and the final *e* forms a third, except, of course, when altered for rhythmic purposes.

⁴⁹ Aegir (or Hler), brother to Air and Fire, representing the third element—Water. He is the Northern Neptune, and reigns over the North Sea. The Edda relates that he paid a visit to Asgard, the capital of Walhalla, where the Aesir entertained him at a banquet, seating him near Brâga. Aegir invited them back to his own seat on the Isle of Hlesey, and there feasted them in return; but Lokè, who was present, infamously abused all the guests, and thus spoiled the feast. Aegir's wife is Rana, who is as vicious and treacherous as he is good and mild.

^{49B} The attention of the reader is called to line 3, p. 24, where he will find that Thorsten's seat of honor was between two statues, representing Odin and Freyr, which is also the seat of honor in Walhalla.

CANTO IV.

FRITHIOF WOOING INGEBORG.

 OUD echoed the halls with lusty strain,
His ancestor's praise is the Skald's refrain ;⁹
Their strains are bringing
No joys to Frithiof, he hears not their singing.

Earth again has donned her mantle green,
Merrily swimming the dragons are seen ;
The moon sails gleaming
O'er groves where Frithiof of Ing'borg is dreaming.

How joyously, erst, the hours had sped,
When cheerful King Halfdan to table he led,
With Helga austere ;
And with them, like sunshine, did Ing'borg appear,

He sat at her side, her soft hand he pressed,
A responsive pressure her love confessed ;
His eyes bent with pleasure
On her form so queenly, so dear beyond measure.

They whispered then of the happy day,
When the dew of morn on their life yet lay;
Of childhood's gay hours,—
To high-minded souls a garden of flowers.

She brought him greetings from dale and park,
From names he had cut in the birch-tree's bark,
Willow-leaves faded,
Which North-land's famed heroes' barrows had shaded.

“At court I feel not so happy as here,
For Halfdan is childish and Helga austere;
The royal brothers
Heed but the homage and incense of others.

“There's no one,”—here she blushed like a rose—
“In whom I both care and grief could repose
In these halls so stately,
I long for the vales, where we roamed so lately.

“The doves, which at home were fed and reared,
Have flown away, by the hawk were they scared.
Two are remaining;
Take one, whilst I am the other retaining.

“The dove will at all times seek her mate,
They yearn for each other, both early and late,
Under her pinions
A message she'll bring to her mate's dominions.”

Thus sat they enraptured the whole of the day,
Conversing long after the sun's last ray ;
As western breezes
Sigh, after the song of the nightingale ceases.

Now, with her absence, all joy has fled
From his heart, and sorrows reigns there instead,
The blood is stealing
To his face, and sighs his love are revealing.

His troubles and dreams he writes to his love,
And the message confides to the tender^{49*} dove,
Alas ! but too tender,
She stays with her mate, and heeds not the sender.

But Björn liked not these manners so strange,
And wondered what made the young eaglet change?
' Why is he sighing ?
His breast have they pierced, and his wings been tying ? '

" What ails thee ? Have we not all we need,
Abundance of cheer, and brown foaming mead ?
The Skalds are singing,
Loud in the hall, where their music is ringing.

" For liberty does the charger neigh ;
The falcon's wild shriek is : for prey ! for prey !
But Frithiof chases
Shadows and mists, cares and sorrows he raises.

“ Ellid’ rests not on the sea’s blue waves,
Her anchor she tugs, and for freedom craves.
Ellid’, ho ! steady,
Frithiof loves peace, and for fight is not ready !

“ Strawdeath⁵⁰ is also death, and I fear,
Like Odin, my skin I must graze with a spear ;
Should this fail, however,
Then Helia’s welcome will fail me never.”

Then Frithiof the dragon’s anchor raised,
With Ellid’ the foam-covered billows chased,
No hindrance heeding,
Straight on, to the sons of the king then speeding

On Bela’s hillock they sat that day,
Judging the people in kingly array,—
To Helga addressing,
With loud ringing voice, his suit he was pressing,

“ Ye princes, I love your sister fair;
From ye do I ask the bride in your care,
The union, indeed,
Was doubtless by Bela, your father, decreed.

Nourished together, in Hilding’s care,
We grew up from childhood, a happy pair ;
The crowns, which ascended,
Freyâ with love-knots together had blended.

“ My father, true, was no Jarl,^{50*} nor king,
 Yet the Skalds his praise and memory sing;
 That he was no craven
 The bautastones³ tell, where his deeds are 'graven.

“ 'T were easy to win me crown and land,
 But I'd like to live near my country's strand,
 The people defending;
 My blood both for peasant and king be spending.

“ On Bela's mound, where we stand, he'll hear,
 My prayers, which are sounding far and near;
 For Frithiof pleading,
 Your father above is now interceding.”

But up rose Helga, and thus spake with scorn,
 ‘ The sister is not for the bonds-man¹⁷ born.
 With honors laden,
 A prince may but woo Walhalla's fair maiden.

‘ What though thou 'rt called the first of the strong;
 Show strength to the rabble, win maids with thy tongue,
 But Odin's fair daughter
 Shall ne'er by a boaster be led to the altar.

‘ I need thee not to protect the land,
 But will guard it myself, with my own strong hand;
 A man I require
 In my household,—there serve as I may desire.’

“ Never !” he thundered, with flashing mien,
“ My own man am I, as my father has been ;
Fly from the scabbard,
Thou ‘ Brother-of-lightning,’ be thou no laggard.”

Bright flashed the sword in the light of the sun,
In blood-red flames there the runes on it shone.
“ Thou, Angurwadel,
Art nobler by far than princeling in cradle.

“ If peace did not reign on Bela’s mound,
My sword should hew thee, vile king, to the ground ;
This lesson I’ll teach thee :
Take heed that, when flashing, my sword does not reach
thee !”

’Thus spake he, and with one mighty stroke,
Cleft Helga’s gold shield, which hung on an oak ;
He cleft it asunder,
Its clang re-echoed like clashing of thunder !

“ Well hit ! my good sword, now lie and dream
Of far higher deeds, till then, runic gleam,
Keep thou from burning ;
Home, o’er blue billows, now let us be turning.”

NOTES TO CANTO IV.

^{49*} Messages were sent to an absent person on a piece of bark or a small piece of polished wood. Some of these epistles are said to be still extant, and Renhelm, in his Notes on the Thorsten Sâga, quotes the following love epistle:—"I should love better, young maid, to repose on thy bosom, than to possess the riches of the three Indies."

⁵⁰ Odin, perceiving his end to be near, assembled his friends and champions, and wounded himself with the point of his sword, in order to be able to go to Walhalla, where only those who die by the sword are permitted a seat with the gods. This is called Geirsodd (by the point of the sword). Those who are not killed by the sword, which is called Straw-death, are held in Helia's sway.³¹ See Note on Walhalla.

^{50*} Jarl, a Governor, equal to our Earl, a name which came to us from the Saxons.

CANTO V.

KING RING.

AND King Ring pushed away his chair made of gold;
There listened delighted
To the words of their king, the champions bold,
Like Baldur¹⁰ of old
Pure and pious;—like Mimer's³⁵ his wisdom was cited.

His country a grove, fit for gods to reside,
Where peace e'er reposes;
For war-horse did ne'er o'er its green valleys ride;
On every side
Spread were green meadows with blossoms of roses.

On the Ting-stone,²⁰ as mild as firm in command,
Justice was holden,
And peace paid each season the debts of the land;
With bounteous hand
Was scattered on green fields, the corn ripe and golden.

Many black-breasted snakes, with wings white as foam,
Homewards were riding.
From hundreds of ports were their cargoes brought home ;
O'er billows they roam,
In their breasts wealth for the wealthy abiding.

And freedom and peace in alliance there dwelt,
High in dominion. -
The king was beloved, equal justice he dealt
To each man, who felt
Free, in his presence, to speak his opinion.

Thirty winters in quiet and joy had he spent,
Northland defending,
And none left the country in discontent ;
For him pray'rs were sent
By the people, each night, to Odin ascending.

And up rose King Ring from his chair made of gold,
His people, delighted,
All listened to what their king would unfold
To young and old.
When, sighing, he thus their attention invited :

“ In the Folkwang⁵¹ there sits my queen, pure and fair,
In purple bowers !
Where her ashes were laid, now the grass groweth there ;
Perfumed the air,
Which breathes o'er her tomb, from the brook's fragrant
flowers.

“ I shall not find, like her, one so good and so fair,
So loved, not another ;
To Walhalla she went in Odin’s care ;
But, united in pray’r,
Both the children and land now call for a mother.

“ Oft to this hall would King Bela repair,
When south winds were blowing ;
A daughter he left, and my choice is the fair,
The lily rare,
On whose cheeks morning’s rose-blush is glowing.

“ I know she is young, and youth seems best made
Flowers to gather ;
Whilst to seed have I grown, and time has now spread
Snow on my head,
Flakes scattered by storms in winterly weather.

“ But if from one honest, though frosted his hair,
She scorn not the proffer,
And would to his children a mother’s love bear,
His throne also share,
Autumn to spring then right gladly would offer.

“ Take gold from the vaults, and take gems from the shrine,
To the maiden be speeding ;
And follow with harp-sounds, ye Skalds of mine,
Brâga³⁴ Divine
Courtship will ever with music be leading.”

Away went the swains, a tumultuous throng,
With presents laden ;
The Skalds followed after, in line broad and long,
With hero-song ;
Thus came they to Bela's two sons and the maiden.

Two days were they feasting, they feasted three ;
And on the fourth morning,
They sought from King Helga to learn his decree,
For, whate'er it be,
Home to their king must they now be returning.

But Helga was offering falcon and dove,²²
Calling on Vala,⁵²
With his priests, and imploring the gods above,
In sacred grove,
The fate to reveal of the daughter of Bela.

Yet the lungs²² remained silent to all intent,
And Vala denied ;
Till, frightened, King Helga refused his consent,
This message he sent :
" By the god's high decree man must ever abide."

Then Halfdan laughed loudly, and carelessly said,
" The feasts are now over ;
If Grey-beard himself had but come here instead,
I should have been glad
To have helped on his horse so gallant a lover !"

Embittered, the envoys then went on their way,
The message bearing
Full of scorn to their king, but tranquil and gay
Thus did he say :

“ His name to avenge will King Grey-beard be daring.”

And with blade flashing brightly he struck his gold shield,⁵³
On the linden-tree glowing ;
Many dragons came swimming ; and on the blue field
Gay wings were revealed ;
Plumed helmets, in west winds, were waving and bowing.

And heralds were sent to King Helga's domain,
Who thus said with ire :

“ King Bela is mighty, 'twill cost many slain ;
With Baldur fain
In seclusion must now the young sister retire !”

In the temple she sits now, so fair to behold,
Her sorrows growing ;
And there she weaves, with silk and with threads of gold,
But tears of despair
On her bosom, like dew on the lily, are flowing.

NOTES TO CANTO V.

⁵¹ Freya's castle, and the dwelling of lovely and virtuous women.

⁵² Vala (Wala) is the prophetess, and Voluspa the inspiration of the prophets. Besides divinations, auguries, and incantations, the Celts had their oracles, like the Greeks, which, like theirs, were delivered *vivâ voce* by the gods.

⁵³ An act of defiance, a declaration of war; a custom also found amongst the Gauls.

CANTO VI.

FRITHIOF AT CHESS.*

BJÖRN and Frithiof chess were playing,
And their men they were arraying ;
Queen o'er Pawn and Castle reigning,
Stood on gold and silver squares.
In stepped Hilding. Frithiof greeted :
"Be thou on the High-chair seated,
Whilst the mead-horn thou art draining,
Watch thou how the combat fares !"

Hilding answered : " ' Helg' is sending
Prayers to thee, that thou defending
May'st the country, loudly asking
For its champion, Frithiof, bold.' "

* It would seem strange that the game of Chess should have been one of the pastimes of the sea-roving Vikings, but for the knowledge that Chess is notably a game of Eastern origin, and that, with the customs of the East, the love for this interesting and intellectual game must have been very prevalent amongst the Northern nations. It must also be remarked that Tegnèr, like Shakspeare, occasionally indulged in some "legitimate" puns, when they assisted the conversation ; in this Canto he freely makes use of them. The pawn in Swedish is *bonde*, or peasant, farmer. The rook is a *tornet*, or tower ; thus in the alternate dialogue of this Canto it gives Frithiof the opportunity of not directly refusing Hilding's request for assistance to the princes, but by indirectly addressing Björn, as if in reply to the moves of the game. It will be found by the two succeeding Cantos that, though Frithiof refuses all aid, he is roused by Hilding's allusion to Ingeborg, with whom he has a pleasant moonlight meeting, and who prevails on him to make overtures for a reconciliation with Helga.

Frithiof, then: " Björn, be thou guarded,
 Or with mate thou'lt be rewarded;
 Though the check my knight is masking,
 May the pawn prevent, behold!"

" ' Son, the princes be not scorning,
 Scorn is ne'er the wise adorning;
 'Gainst thee strength the kings may gather,
 Though 'gainst Ring they may be weak.'"
 " Björn, I see the Castle's tower,
 Now is placed within thy power;
 But the Castle storms can weather,
 In his own home peace will seek!"

" " In Baldur's grove sits Ing'borg mourning,
 And on thee her eyes are turning;
 Cannot *she* thy pride be moving,
 Maid, with tears her blue eyes laved?"
 " Björn, the Queen dar'st thou be checking,
 And my best-beloved attacking?
 Her since childhood was I loving,
 At all costs she must be saved!"


" " Deeply, Frithiof, am I grieving,
 That thy fost'rer must be leaving
 Thee without a single token,
 Answered but with puppet-play!"

Tenderly his friend embraces,
Frithiof, then, his hands he places
On his shoulder: "I have spoken
What my heart resolved this day!

"Ride to those who thee consulted,
Since my honor they insulted,
Say all bonds and ties they sever,
And in vain my land does call!"
"Well! thy own time art thou bidding,
And thy wrath I am not chiding;
Odin¹² shield us now as ever!"
Hilding said, and left the hall.

CANTO VII.

FRITHIOF'S HAPPINESS.

“  HILST Bela's sons are now despairing,
To gather hosts with lance and shield,
To Baldur's grove am I repairing,
There is my world, my battle-field.

From there I shall not look on sorrow,
On earthly care, on prince's ire,
But shall repose, in one long morrow,
At Ing'borg's breast, there quench love's fire.

“ And while his purple rays is shedding
The sun upon the blossoms warm,—
As roseate gauze a veil is spreading,
O'er Ing'borg's breast, but sweeter charm,—
Till then shall I, the shore exploring,
Impatiently roam by the strand,
Shall dream of her I am adoring,
And write her loved name in the sand.

“ How slow the moments now are chasing,
Ah! Delling's son,⁵³ why ling'rest thou!
Is it so long since thou wert gazing
On groves, and on the mountain's brow?

And is not in the West there dwelling
A maiden, longing for thy sight,
With love for thee her bosom swelling,
And waiting thee from morn till night?

“ At last ! of his long journey tired,
He to his golden hall repairs,
Where evening, by his gold-rays fired,
Rose cushions for the god prepares.
Now all in harmony is breathing,
The waves and skies their love express ;
Hail, night ! thou art the earth now wreathing
With dew-gems from thy bridal dress.

“ How silent now the stars are moving,
Thus youth steals softly to his maid.
Fly, Ellid' ! be thy swiftness proving ;
Ye flowing billows, lend your aid !
To kindly gods are we now steering,
For yonder lies their shady grove ;
There Baldur's temple is appearing,
Wherein the Goddess dwells of Love.^{53*}

“ Ah, joy ! the ground now am I treading,
And ye, oh banks ! I greet anew ;
Kiss ye, oh, flow'rets ! which are spreading
The winding path with white and blue.
Thou moon ! with smiling rays art gleaming
On woods and temple-heights above,

And, softly resting, art thou dreaming,
Like Saga⁴¹ in her nuptial grove !

“ Who taught thee, fount, in thy white marble,
To tell the flowers the love I feel ?
Who taught, ye nightingales, to warble
The songs which from my bosom steal ?
Her lovèd image, Elfins zealous,
With evening-rose paint on blue cloth,
But Freya,² of her powers jealous,
Blows it away in envious wrath !

“ Yet may in air her vision vanish,
For bright as hope she here appears ;
Her fresh young beaming face will banish,
With love's reward, my tender fears.
My loved one, come ! let me be pressing
Thee to the heart that loves so warm ;
Joy of my soul, let me caressing,
Hold thee for ever in my arm !

“ Chaste as the lily, tall and slender,
Sweet as the rose in summer time,
Like Freya,² coy, and yet as tender,
A goddess pure, and as sublime !
Embrace me, sweet one ! that the glowing
Of my own fire may stream through thee ;
Let heav'n and earth, together flowing,
Vanish at our souls' melody !

“ No danger fear, ah ! do not tremble,
 Björn with his sword well guards the way,
His men for combat will assemble,
 In need, against a world's array.
I, too, would battle 'gainst all powers,
 As I embrace thee, sweet one, here ;
With joy soar to Walhalla's bowers,
 If thou wilt there be my Valkyr' !⁵⁴

“ Why whisperest thou of Baldur raging ?
 Rules he not with a gentle hand ?
The pious god no war is waging,
 For love like ours is his command !
The god whose brow with light is glowing,—
 His manly breast and faithful heart
With love for Nanna⁸ overflowing,
 The pure and chaste will never part.

“ Here stands his image, silver beaming,
 His benign presence looking down,
And from his glances there are streaming
 No chidings, nor one angry frown.
Unto the god our prayers addressing,—
 Sweet perfumed incense on the shrine,—
With heartfelt homage seek his blessing,
 On such chaste love as mine and thine !

“ My love springs not from earthly fire,
 Its archetype from heaven it claims,

And back to heaven longs to retire,
 Its glow to burn with heavenly flames.
 Ah! would that in that brighter morning,
 I dwelt, released from earthly harm,
 As victor with the gods sojourning,
 With my pale^{54*} maid within my arm!

“ When other champions forth are riding
 To war, through silver gates of fame,
 Let me, enraptured, be abiding
 With thee, and love's caresses claim.
 When Walhall's maids the horn are bringing,
 With frothy mead, to shady grove,
 To thee let me alone be singing,
 The whisp'rings of my tender love!

“ And there a hut let me be building,
 Upon a cape with deep blue bay,
 And, when the sun the grove is gilding,
 Repose 'midst fruit and flow'rets gay.
 For though the heaven's orb of fire
 Illuminates Walhalla's dome,
 In blissful love should we retire,
 Away from gods to shaded home.

“ The stars I'd weave in garlands blushing,
 'Neath hair which on thy bosom flows;
 In Vingolf's⁵⁵ halls we'll dance, till flushing,
 My lily pale a rosebud grows.

And when I then with thee retire
Unto the temple of our love,
Brâga³⁴ himself will sound the lyre
To lull to sleep the rustling grove.

“Hush! in the grove the thrush is twitt ring,
His songs hail from Walhalla's strand.
See! the moon o'er the sound is glitt'ring,
Down she looks from the shadow land!
And song and moonlight are proclaiming
Love's world is free from every care;
That world would gladly I be claiming,
With thee alone, my Ing'borg fair!

“Ah! do not weep, yet life is streaming
Through my blue veins; ah! do not weep;
Man loves in his ethereal dreaming
To roam upon the starry deep.
Aye! but thy arms need'st thou be raising,
If thou but turn'st to me thine eyes;
On thy sweet charms the truant gazing,
Will soon return from azure skies!

“‘Hush! hush! the lark!’ No, she is wooing,
In fragrant mead, her chosen love;
Thou hear'st the dove as she is cooing,
For her loved mate, in shady grove.
The happy ones! to them is bringing
The day no parting, ling'ring fate;

High over clouds their love is winging,
Free, free, towards the heaven's gate!

“ ‘ See! morning dawns!’ No! Vårdka's⁵⁵ tower
Is yonder flaming from the east;
Whilst night remains in cosy bower
May we on faithful love yet feast.
Day's golden star, come not at present,
Sleep on, may Ragnaröck⁵⁷ thee wake;
Linger a while in slumber pleasant,
For Frithiof's and for Ing'borg's sake!

“ In vain all hope! whilst love reposes,
The morning breeze blows from the west:
Fresh as thy cheeks the eastern roses
Awaken from refreshing rest.
The sky-borne songsters raise their voices
In chorus to the new-born day;
Life stirs, while sea and earth rejoices,
Twilight and love will float away!

“ He rises now in all his splendour,
Ah! Sun, my daring wish forbear;
To thee all homage do I render,
And feel that Deity is near!
Ah! who like thee, in pride ascending
Can emulate thy stately might;
Like thee, his course be upwards wending
Through victory to realms of light!

“ Before thine eye I place this flower,
The fairest treasure North has seen ;
Guard her with all thy might and power,
Thy counterpart on earthly green !
For like thy rays her soul untainted,
Her eye as clear as azure air ;
The gold which on thy brow is painted
Has gilded too her silken hair !

“ Loved one ! farewell ; a night more cosy,
A longer one awaits us now ;
One kiss upon thy lips so rosy,
And yet another on thy brow !
Repose ! bright dreams, refreshing slumber,
All ripples from thy soul expel ;
And fan love's flame, and like me number
The fleeting hours, farewell, farewell !”

NOTES TO CANTO VII.

⁵³ Delling's Son, the Day. Delling is the Dawn. By his union with the Night, Day was born, light and beautiful as his father. Alfader took both mother and son, and placed them on the heavens, where he gave them chariots and horses, with which to course alternately round the earth.

^{53*} The goddess of love—Freya.

⁵⁴ Valkyrias (see Note 4 on Walhalla). They are the goddesses of battle and the chase, and it is their mission to select the fallen heroes from the battle field, and to convey them to Walhalla, where they serve them with meat and wine.

^{54*} The word pale, is used by the Scandinavians much like the word fair in English, meaning clear, white in complexion. Thus, Baldur, the fair, is generally called pallid, pale, white.

⁵⁵ Vingolf, one of the dwellings of the goddesses in Walhalla, used by the gods occasionally at great festivals.

⁵⁶ Vårdka is a lighthouse.

⁵⁷ Ragnaröck: the Twilight, the dawn of the gods; the day of judgment; the most poetical picture in the Edda. When the end of the world arrives, as decreed by Alfader, a new and better world will arise out of the waves, the lost tablets will be found on the Ida valley, and gods and men will live in peace, Lokè being for ever banished.

A fuller description of the fall of the Asa gods at Ragnaröck, and their regeneration, will be found in the appended abstract of the Northern mythology, to which the reader's attention is specially invited.

CANTO VIII.

THE FAREWELL.

INGEBORG.

NOW dawns the day, yet Frithiof cometh not—
'Twas yesterday that summoned was the Ting,
Upon my father's mound—place fitly chosen,
There to decide his daughter's trembling fate.

How many prayers has it cost my lips,
How many tears, alone can Freya² tell,
To melt hate's ice in Frithiof's stormy breast,
To coax at last from his proud heart the promise
Once more his hand to proffer in forgiveness!
Alas! like steel is man, and for his honor,
As he his pride will call, he careth not
To break a loving heart that trusts in him.
The loving woman chained to stony breast
Is like the lichen, which blooms unobserved,
And feebly clings unto the rugged cliff
In trembling fear, by tears of night but nourished.

Ah! yesterday my fate has been decided,
And over it the evening sun has set;

Yet Frithiof cometh not ; the stars, alas !
Are fading one by one, and with them, too,
Fades every hope within my trembling breast.
And wherefore should I hope ? Have I not angered
The gods ? Offended them with earthly love ?
Baldur the pure, to whom I was entrusted,
By me has been defiled. Not pure enough
Is earthly love to near the gods' abode,
And joys profane may not approach too close
The sacred dwellings of the Pow'rs divine.
And yet, where have I erred ? How can the god
Be angry with a maiden's faithful love ?
Is she not chaste, like Urda's⁵⁸ silver well,
As innocent as Gefion's⁵⁹ morning dreams ?
The sun turns not his eye from lovers true ;
Even the starry Night, Day's mourning widow,
Listens with pleasure to their vows of love ;
Then how can love, thus innocent and chaste,
A crime be in the temple's sacred home ?
Frithiof I love, have always lovèd him,
As far as thought's sweet memory will reach,
This love has grown with me entwined in one,
And I call not to mind when first it dawned.
With me it grew, e'en as the golden fruit,
Unconsciously, grows round the ripening kernel,
And glows a ruby-ball upon the tree ;
Thus even have I ripened round love's kernel,
My body being but the outer husk

Of my deep love within. . Forgive me, Baldur,
It was a heart so loving and so true
Which to thy halls I brought, and true alone
Shall I return it to its home, and pass
O'er Bifroust's⁶⁰ iris-bridge, and place myself
With that true love before Walhalla's gods!
There shall I stand an Asa-child like them;
Like them my love will mirror in bright shields,
And soar with out-spread pinions to the blue
Unbounded space, into Alfader's arms,
From whence it sprung. Ah! wherefore dost thou frown,
With thy high forehead in the dawning grey?
For in my veins are flowing, as in thine,
The ancient Odin-blood. What wilt thou, kinsman?⁶¹
Can I then sacrifice my sacred love,
Is it not worthy of the highest heaven?
Gladly will I life's fortune sacrifice,
Lay it aside, just as a queen may doff
Her purple garment, and yet be a queen
As she had been before. Decided am I,
Walhalla shall not for her daughter blush,
Bravely I'll meet the stern Norns¹³ face to face,
As hero meets his foe!—Here Frithiof comes!
How pale, how wild his looks! All now is over;
With him I see the wrathful Norns¹³ appear.
Be strong my soul!—— Welcome, though thou art late;
Determined is our fate, I see it written
Upon thy brow!

FRITHIOF.

And seest thou likewise there
The blood-red runes, which tell of scorn and insult,
Also of banishment ?

INGEBORG.

Be calm, oh Frithiof !
And tell me what has happened ; my own fears
Have long ago prepared me for the worst.

FRITHIOF.

Unto the Ting I came, there, on the mound,
And round its sloping sides, shield close to shield,
And swords in hand, stood Northland's men assembled,
Up to the summit crowned. Upon the Ting
Dark, like a thundercloud, stood Helga there,
The pallid man of blood with gloomy look.
And near him, sitting, was the full grown child,
Halfdan, who was but playing with his sword.
Then stepped I boldly forward, and spake thus :
" The war is raging at the country's borders,
And danger threatens now the realm, oh, king !
Give me thy sister, and to thee I'll lend,
My arm for battle, it may useful grow.
Let ill will be forgotten 'twixt us two,
No rancour can I bear to Ing'borg's brother ;
Rescue thus both, oh, king ! thy golden crown

And thy own loving sister's tender heart.
Here is my hand, I swear by Asa-Thor^{61*}
Again shall I not friendship proffer thee!"
Then clamoured loud the Ting; with thousand swords
Upon a thousand shields applause was ringing.
The clouds resounded with the clash of arms
And drank with eagerness the cry for Right!
"Ah! give him Ingeborg the slender lily,
The fairest blossom blooming in our vales.
Young Frithiof is the best sword in the country;
Give him then Ingeborg, the blossom fair."
Our fost'rer, Hilding, with his silver beard,
Advanced and spake with words of pow'rful wisdom,
And vig'rous language, which like sword-clash rang.
E'en Halfdan, who on sword was resting, rose
And interceded both with looks and prayers.
But vain were all requests, naught could prevail;—
Thus sterile fall the sun's warm golden rays
On barren soil, from whence no germ can spring.
Unmoved and stern remained King Helga's face,
Looking to human prayer a chill, blank, No!
"To bondsman born," he scornfully began,
"I might give Ingeborg, and yet methinks
It ill becomes, who sacrilege committed,
To woo the noble-born, Walhalla's daughter.⁶¹
Didst thou not violate the peace of Baldur?
Meet Ing'borg in the grove at dead of night,
When day his blushing face hid at your meeting?"

Dost thou deny it, Frithiof? 'Aye or Nay?'”
Then from the crowd was heard a mighty shout,
“ Say No! and we shall trust thee on thy word,
And woo for thee, for thou art Thorsten's son;
Say only No! and Ing'borg is thy bride.”
“ The fortune of my life hangs on a word,”
I said, “ But be thou not afraid, Prince Helga,
No lie shall I commit for Walhall's joys,
Nor shall defile my lips for bliss on earth.
Thy sister I did see, and in the temple
Conversed I with my bride at evening shade,
But, ne'ertheless, I broke not Baldur's peace.”
No more I said, for terror seized the crowd,
Those near me shrunk as stricken by the plague;
And when I looked around, blank superstition
Had tied each tongue, and ashy pale were cheeks
Which lately had been flushed with hopeful joy.
Thus Helga conquered: and with sullen mien
And rugged accents, passionless and hollow,
As Vala low in Vegtamquida⁶² sang
Of Aesir's fall and Helia's victories,^{62*}
Thus spake he darkly: “ ‘ Banishment or death
On crimes like thine our father's laws decree.
But leniently I'll deal with thee, like Baldur,
Whose sanctuary thou hast but now defiled.
On western seas a clust'ring wreath of isles⁶³
Lies, governed by our vassa', Jarl Angantyr,
Who, long as Bela lived, did not forget

To send his tribute, now long overpassed ;
 Hie, then, o'er yonder sea, and fetch our due ;
 This penance may'st thou suffer for thy crime.' ”
 And then he added, with a covert sneer,
 “ ‘ Close fisted, say they, is the Jarl Angantyr,
 And rolls like Fáfner's dragon⁶⁴ on his gold.
 But art thou not our modern Fáfnersbane ?⁶⁴
 And far more manly would this deed appear,
 Than out of Baldur's grove to lure a maiden.
 Next summer shall we greet thee back again
 With honor, and, 'bove all, with tribute laden ;
 But with it not, thou art dishonor'd henceforth,
 And outlawed from this country for thy life ! ’ ”
 This was his sentence, closing quick the Ting.

INGEBORG.

And what hast thou resolved ?

FRITHIOF.

Is there a choice ?
 Am I not bound to do thy brother's bidding ?
 Does not my honor hang on his demand ?
 I must redeem my honor, though the Jarl
 Were hiding his vile gold in Naströnd's⁶⁵ floods.
 This very day I sail !

INGEBORG.

And wilt thou leave me ?

FRITHIOF.

No! No! I cannot lose thee, thou must follow.

INGEBORG.

That may not be!

FRITHIOF.

Hear me before thou answerest.

Thy sapient brother, it appears, forgot
That Angantyr to Thorsten Vikingson
Was equal friend with Bela, and may yield
Freely what I demand, but should he not,
Then have I, here, a pow'rful steel persuader
Hanging at my left side, which must convince him.
Then send I his fond money to Prince Helga,
And with it both our fates redeem for ever
From th' off'ring knife of the vile hypocrite.
But we ourselves, my Ingeborg, shall hoist
Ellida's sails upon the distant seas;
They'll bear us to some hospitable shore,
Where we'll find refuge for our banished love.
What do I care for Northland, for a people,
Which at a priest's mere words grows pale, and dares,
In cruel wantonness, assail my heart,
The sanctuary, the calix of my being.
I swear by Freya they shall not succeed!
The slave alone will to the clod be tied,

The soil on which he lives, but free am I,
Free as the mountain air! The hallowed dust
Which forms my father's and King Bela's mounds,
One handful will we take of it, 'tis all
We shall require of our unthankful shores.
My lovèd one! a brighter sun shines there,
Than here, with his pale lustrous rays, oh, Ing'borg!
Gleaming upon the snow-crowned mountain peaks;
A lovelier and purer sky reigns there.
And from the blue impervious dome of heaven,
At summer nights the stars beam slanting down,
Upon a tender pair in laurel groves!
My father Thorsten, when on his adventures,
Was often cruising by these distant shores;
And when, at winter's eve, his toils completed,
By the red light of his own flick'ring hearth,
He would relate to us tales of the Greeks;
Of their blue seas, their isles, and verdant groves,
Mirror'd on smooth, on gently flowing waves.
A mighty people once had dwelt in them,
And with them in their temples dwelt their gods.
But now they stand neglected—grass is growing
Upon deserted paths, and moss is cov'ring
Ruins which tell of former ages' grandeur;
And wreathed with climbing ivy are their pillars;
And, all around the soil, spontaneous, springs
All that man needs, rich harvests without sowing;
The golden fruit amongst the foliage glows,

And purple grapes are clust'ring on the vines,
Luscious and ripe, as are thy own sweet lips.
There, Ingeborg, we to ourselves shall build
A brighter North, and fill the temple's ruins
With earthly happiness and blissful peace :
There gladden with our love the mighty gods.
And should, perchance, a skipper pass the isles
With slackened sail—for there no storms will rage—
At sunset's purple glow, and turn his gaze
Upon the banks, he will upon the shrine
Behold the new-born Freya of the Greeks—
Aphrodite they call her there—will gaze
On golden locks, which with the breeze are playing ;
On eyes e'en brighter than the southern sky !
And all around us gradually will rise
A world wherein Ljus-Alfirs^{65*} will be dancing,
Within the temple's halls ; their glowing cheeks
As beautiful, as if on northern snow-fields
The South her freshest roses had been scatt'ring.
Ah ! Ingeborg, how near the gods have placed
Earth's brightest happiness to loving hearts,
If they but boldly grasp the proffered boon ;
It follows willingly, and builds to them
A Vingolf⁵⁵ here upon this chilly earth.
Come, hasten ! Every word we now are speaking
Delays our happiness. Faithful Ellide
Spreads out her wings in joyous readiness,
Whilst the fresh breeze is showing us the way

Which will for ever lead us from these shores !
Dost hesitate ?

INGEBORG.

I cannot follow thee !

FRITHIOF.

Not follow me ?

INGEBORG.

Ah ! Frithiof, thou art happy ;
Thou dost not follow, but thou lead'st the way,
E'en at the dragon's prow, and at the helm
Art firmly steering with thy own strong will,
Far, far away, across the foaming billows !
But oh ! far different is it with me here :
My fate is resting in the hands of others,
Who, unrelenting, will not leave their prey.
To mourn and grieve, to pine in ling'ring suffering,
Is the sole freedom of a royal maid !

FRITHIOF.

Art thou not free ? Is not thy father sleeping
Beneath the mound ?

INGEBORG.

Helga ! alas ! thou knowest
To me is in my father's place ; my fate

On him is resting, and King Bela's daughter
Steals not her happiness, though within reach.
What is a woman, severed from the bonds
With which Alfader knits her feeble being
To man's strong essence? But a slender lily,
Which falls and rises with the tossing waves,
Till some rude mariner, with ruthless keel,
Rides over her and breaks her fragile stem!
Such is her destiny, and yet as long
As with her roots she firmly grasps the sand,
She keeps her bloom, glad in the borrowed light
Of her pale sisters glittering on high,
Herself a star upon the billows floating!
But when she tears herself away, she drifts,
A withered leaf, upon the chilly waste.
Last night, ah! 'twas a heavy, troubled night,
I had been waiting anxiously for thee,
And mournful thoughts, begotten of the gloom,
Black-tressèd children of the night, were passing
Over the wakeful eye, which tearlessly
Did burn, and Baldur the pale god was looking,
With frowning brow, upon thy troubled maid.
Then I resolved to stay, obedient off'ring
Unto the altar of my brother Helga.
But it was well I did not hear thee then,
Telling of happy isles built in the clouds,
Where everlasting sunshine is surrounding
The quiet world of flowers, and of love.

Who feels not sometimes weak? Childhood's sweet dreams,
Which long ago were hushed, arise again,
And whisper in my ears, with music sweet,
Sounds like the voice of a dear sister's love.
No! then I heard thee not, I did not hear
The sweet alluring sounds, the sonorous voice.
Ah! Northland's daughter courts not southern skies;
She is too pale for roses of the south;
Impervious to its warmth would be her heart;
It would but scorch beneath the sun's hot rays,
And ever longingly her eyes would turn
Towards the north star, which here mildly gleams,
As Heaven's sentry on our fathers' graves.
My noble Frithiof will not, cannot, leave
His lovèd country which he ought to guard,
Nor cast away his yet unsullied honor
For aught so trifling as a maiden's love!
A life in which the sun from year to year
Weaves each succeeding day in equal fashion,
In lovely, yet in everlasting sameness,
May suit a timid maid, but not a hero.
A life so calm and even would but weary
The higher soul, and well I know thy mind:
Thou feelest best when the tempestuous storm,
Like foaming steed, is riding on the surge,
Or when upon the Dragon's narrow plank
With life and death canst battle for thy honor.
The happy isles, by thee so lovely painted,

Would be to thee a tomb of deeds unborn ;
 And with the shield, thy mind, so chivalrous,
 Would also rust. No ! this may never be !
 Her Frithiof's fame would Ingeborg not steal
 From the heroic songs of Skalds away.
 My hands shall ne'er thy bright renown efface.
 Be wise, my Frithiof ; in submission bend
 To the high Norns ; let us our honor save
 Out of the shipwreck of our troubled life,
 Although we cannot save life's happiness !
 'Tis therefore we must part !

FRITHIOF.

Why must we part ?
 Because a sleepless night unstrung thy mind ?

INGEBORG.

Thy honor and my own must I be guarding.

FRITHIOF.

On love of man the maiden's honor rests.

INGEBORG.

Man only loves as long as he esteems.

FRITHIOF.

Caprice will never his esteem command.

INGEBORG.

The sense of right is woman's privilege.

FRITHIOF.

But yesterday it jarred not with our love.

INGEBORG.

Nor does it now—it but condemns our flight.

FRITHIOF.

Necessity commands our flight; ah! come.

INGEBORG.

Necessity commands but what is right.

FRITHIOF.

High stands the sun, and time flies swiftly by.

INGEBORG.

Alas! for me the time has fled for ever.

FRITHIOF.

Consider well before thy last resolve.

INGEBORG.

All is considered well—this is my last.

FRITHIOF.

Then fare thee well, thou sister of Prince Helga !

INGEBORG.

Ah ! Frithiof, must we then in anger part ?
Hast thou no look of kindness to bestow
On her, the dear companion of thy youth,
The hapless maiden whom thou once didst love ?
Dost think I stand on roses, and resign
Life's happiness with smiles upon my lips,
And, without anguish, rend from out my breast
The hope that grew together with my being ?
See ! ev'ry joy I felt, its name was Frithiof,
And what was great and noble in man's life,
Before mine eyes took Frithiof's manly features.
Ah ! do not darken this bright imagery,
Nor harshly treat her, feeble as she is,
Who sacrifices all she loveth best
On earth, and in Walhalla's happy plains.
Oh ! heavy is this sacrifice, my Frithiof,
And worthy all thy sympathy and care.
I know thou lovest me, I know that well,
Since first the daylight dawned upon my soul ;
And Ing'borg's memory will follow thee
In after years, wherever thou may'st go ;
Until at last the clash of arms will blunt
Thy grief, and waft it o'er the foaming billows.

And though upon the champion's bench thou'lt give
Brief thoughts to her who liveth far away,
Yet sometimes in the quiet of the night
The bygone days will o'er thy memory flit ;
A wan, pale face, may be, will haunt thee then,
And thou wilt know it well. It brings thee greetings
From old belovèd regions—'tis the image
Of the pale maiden left in Baldur's grove.
Repel it not, though careworn it may look,
And mournfully, but whisper in her ears
A kindly word, which the cool wafting breeze
Will bring to me upon his faithful wings ;
My only solace will it be, and comfort.
Naught else is here, that could divert my anguish ;
For all around reminds me of my loss.
The temple's dome and halls but speak of thee,
And, 'stead of frowning, Baldur will assume
The lovèd features of thy well known face ;
And if my looks are wand'ring o'er the waters,
There swam thy keel, and wound its steadfast way
On to the banks, where longingly I waited.
And when I wander in the grove, there stand
The trees, upon whose bark you carved my name ;
Which as the bark expands, the runes will vanish—
So says the legend, meaning death to me.
And if where last I saw thy form, I ask
The day and night, no answer cometh back ;
And e'en the sea that bore thee only answers

Here at the strand, with melancholy sighs !
 And with each sunset, bathing in the seas,
 I send thee greetings from the distant shore,
 The swift-winged messengers of heav'n will carry
 The wailings of the maiden left behind.
 Thus in the lonely bower shall I sit,
 The widow of life's pleasure, draped in black,
 And weave the broken lily in the carpet,
 Until the spring with fresher lilies clothes
 The carpet newly woven for my grave.
 And when I tune my harp to soft-toned strains—
 The mournful dirge of my unbounded sorrow—
 Oh ! then, as now—the bitter tears will flow !

FRITHIOF.

Oh ! Ing'borg, thou hast conquered, weep no more
 Forgive my anger. It was nought but sorrow
 Which for the moment clothed itself in wrath ;
 But see ! she cannot wear this cloak for long.
 Thou, Ing'borg ! art my better, nobler Norn ;
 A noble mind will best teach what is noble,
 And none to teach wisdom's necessity
 Like thee, thou Vala⁵² pale, with lips of roses.
 Yes ! to necessity will I submit,
 Will leave thee, dearest, for a little space,
 And take Hope with me o'er the western seas ;
 Yes, take it even unto Helia's gates.
 The spring's first day will bring me back to thee,

And Helga, too, will see me back again.
My vow redeemed, accomplished his demand,
The crime appeased of which I'm now accused ;
And then I ask, nay, then demand the bride,
At open Ting, amongst the glitt'ring arms,
Of Helga not, of Northland's people only ;
They are the Royal maiden's rightful guardians.
Who then refuses thee with me shall reckon !
Meanwhile, farewell ; be true, forget me not ;
And, in remembrance of our early love,
This arm-ring take ; it is a noble work,
And on its gold the heaven's marvels 'graved,
The noblest work of which a faithful heart !
How lovely does it now thy arm encircle,
A glow-worm winding round a lily's stem.
Farewell, loved one ! farewell, my suff'ring bride,
A few more months and all will then be well.

* * * *

INGEBORG.

How jubilant he looks, and full of hope ;
His dauntless sword he places on the breast
Of the opposing Norns, and says, Go hence !
Poor trusting Frithiof, they will never yield,

They go their way and laugh at Angurwadel.
How little dost thou know my gloomy brother;
Thy open hero's mind can never fathom
The depth of his dark soul, and the deep hate
Which still burns in his envious breast. This hand
He'll ne'er give thee: he'd sooner give his crown
As prize, would sooner yield his life, and would
To Odin sacrifice his youthful sister,
Or to old Ring, with whom he battles now.
Where'er I turn no glimpse of hope appears,
Though I rejoice it reigns in thy strong breast.
My sorrows will I keep within my heart.
May all the kindly gods now follow thee!
Meanwhile, thy arm-ring here will tutor me
To count the dreary months, o'erheaped with troubles.—
Two—four—six; then, perchance, may'st thou return
To find, alas! that Ing'borg is no more.

NOTES TO CANTO VIII.

⁵⁸ The Urda-well is the well of time, at the eastern root of the tree Yggdrasil, where the Norns hold council on the fate of man.

⁵⁹ Gefion, the Goddess of Purity and Innocence.

⁶⁰ Bif-roust bridge is the rainbow: it connects heaven with earth, and over it the gods repair to man's abode, and the fallen heroes pass on their way to Walhalla.

⁶¹ What wilt thou, kinsman! In the original, Frände, cousin. It will be remembered that Bela, like all Northern heroes (see Note 12), carries his genealogy back to the Asa-gods; Ingeborg, with swelling pride, reverts to this as she soars with her faithful love to higher regions.

⁶² Wegtamquida, the Song of the Wanderer. Odin in disguise of Wegtam (the wanderer) calls upon Vala, the prophetess, in Helia's castle, to know the fate of Baldur, who had been troubled by dreams. The prophetess, roused from her death-sleep, predicts the end of the Aesir. She gives her answers unwillingly, and periodically bursts out with, "Now shall I be silent." This is one of the songs of gods in the Elder Edda.

^{62*} At Ragnaröck (see note 57) Lokè unites himself with Helia and her children, the Fenris Wolf and the Midgard Serpent, to battle with the Asa-gods, commanded by Odin, who has to succumb to the Fenris Wolf, whilst

Thor is conquered by the Midgard Serpent, and Tyr and the Dog Garmur both fall together whilst fighting. Vidar, however, revenges his father, and kills the Fenris Wolf, and Haimdal and Lokè also fall together in combat. The Norns alone remain behind.

⁶³ The Orkney Isles.


⁶⁴ Fåfner is the name of the dragon who lay in wait at his Golden tower, and was killed by Sigurd Fåfnersbane, son of Sigismund of the Nibelungenhed.

⁶⁵ Naströnd. The strand of the River of Death, which flows round Nifhaim, Helia's castle.

^{65*} There were two kinds of Elfins, the Ljus-Alfers, the light Elfins, the good spirits, and Svart-Alfers, the black or evil spirits.

CANTO IX.

INGEBORG'S LAMENT.

UMMER is past,
Storms on the sea the autumn has cast;
Yet, glad, with the storms would I stray,
Far, far away!

Long did I stand,
Watching the sails leave the Northern strand.
Ah! happy sails; o'er Frithiof ye wave,
Ye fly with the brave.

Thou, Ocean blue!
Storm not, but guard him, faithful, and true.
Light him, ye stars, ye celestial bands,
To distant lands.

Thou blooming Spring!
Frithiof's return, but not Ing'borg's wilt bring;
Neither in vales, nor halls will she meet him,
Nowhere will greet him.

Low, in the ground,
Cold lies she, pale, and heav'nward bound ;
A sacrifice was she bled to death,
By Helga's breath !

Falcon he left,
Mine shalt thou be, of thy master bereft ;
I'll feed thee myself, thou huntsman rare,
High in the air !

Thou, on his hand,
With outspread wings, embroidered shalt stand,
Wrought of silver thy pinions behold,
Talons of gold.

Freya² once took
Wings of the hawk, for Odur to look ;⁶⁶
She roamed in infinite space above,
Seeking her love.

Her wings to me
Would bring no help, would not set me free ;
Death alone will bring me relief,
From care and grief.

Huntsman, thou free !
Fly on my shoulder, look on the sea.
Ah ! as far as our strained eyes may roam,
He comes not home.

When laid to rest,
Should he return, fulfil my behest ;
Greet him from his bride, then here sleeping,
Frithiof, when weeping.

NOTE TO CANTO IX.

⁶⁶ Freyâ, the Goddess of Love, is represented by the northern poets as a maiden, but some of the legends relate, how she is the spouse of Odur, with whom she lived in great happiness, till, by the Norns' decree, suddenly, Odur left her without assigning any cause, and with him all joy seemed to depart. The leaves fell from the trees, the flowers withered, for her the sun shone no more; loudly she lamented night and day, until the arrival of spring; then she no longer could bear her grief, and she determined to search for her husband. Adopting many disguises, amongst others that of a hawk, she roamed from place to place, from heaven to heaven, until she met him at last, sitting in green groves, with the golden fruit glowing on the branches, and the myrtle and the orange blossoms perfuming the air. In sweet embrace she wept tears of joy, which by Odin were turned into gold, and thus it is that in the Skalda (see note 39*) the poets call gold the tears of Freyâ. A similar legend is told of Menglada and Swipdager, in the song of Fjölsvinnsmâl, in the elder Edda.

CANTO X.

FRITHIOF ON THE SEA.

BUT, in furious mood,
Helga, at the strand,
Bade the ready brood

Of Trolls⁴⁷ do his command.

Lo! Darkness 'neath the heaven is coiling;
Night is battling with the storms;
In the deep the waves are boiling,
Hissing foam the surface forms.
Lightning, from the clouds, is flashing
All aglow, a blood-red streak;
Round the rocks the waves are dashing,
And the gulls in terror shriek.

“Hard the wind is blowing,
Wings of storm I hear
Whistling in the distance,
But we tremble not.
In the grove rest safely
Ing'borg, think of me,
Lovely in thy weeping,
Sunshine in thy smiles.”

Now black elfins came
 With Ellid' to fight;
 It was chill cold Ham,
 It was snowy Hejd.⁶⁷

Loose now are the storm's grim fetters,
 Sinking down the yawning gap,
 And the angry whirlpool scatters
 Ran's³⁸ pale victims to her lap.
 All the terrors are uniting
 With the shadows of the night;
 And the wicked Trolls⁴² inciting
 Death and nature on to fight.

“Pleasanter the gliding
 On the rippling waves,
 When the moon was smiling
 Over Baldur's grove.
 Warmer far, my Ing'borg,
 Beating was thy heart,
 And thy bosom whiter
 Than the frothy spray.”

Now Salundrö'⁶⁹ rears
 'Bove the whitened foam,
 And the helmsman steers
 To the haven's home.

But what is a Viking fearing,
 When his keel is stout and strong?

Sporting with the storm, he's steering
At the helm with merry song ;
Firmer but the sails he's tying,
Deeper cuts he through the foam,
"Westward ho !" his voice is crying,
Carried far as billows roam.

" Yet a little longer
With the storms we'll fight ;
Storms and Northmen gladly
On the Ocean meet.
Ing'borg would be blushing
If her hawk returned,
With his pinions drooping
At the storm's first signs."

Louder storms the sea,
Deeper opes the gulf,
Through the tackle free,
Storm howls like a wolf.

But though furious waves are heaving,
And the tempest shrieks abaft,
Fearless through the floods is cleaving
Ellid', built by Aegir's craft.
Through the billows is she darting,
Like a meteor quick and light,
As on cliffs wild goats are starting,
By the huntsman put to flight.

“ Sweeter far embracing,
 In the grove, my bride,
 Then in storms be tasting
 Salt foam, dashing high.
 Sweeter far the holding,
 In my arms, the queen,
 Than the helm be grasping,
 Steady, in the storm.”

Grisly, bitter cold,
 Snow-storm now is whirling ;
 Upon deck, and hold,
 Sleet and hail is hurling.

Darkness now all mid-deck covers,
 Murky powers in full might,
 As in tombs of dead there hovers,
 Terror, gloom, and darkest night.
 Weird-like now the billow washes,
 Nearer to the eddy draws ;
 Grey-white, like the glow of ashes,
 Opes the grave its fearful jaws.

“ Cushions blue holds ready,
 Ran’,⁶⁸ deep in the gulf ;
 But thy snow-white pillows,
 Ing’borg, wait for me.
 Built by gods, Ellide
 Will yet last awhile ;

Gods our keel are steering,
Quickly tow'rds the strand."

O'er the starboard high,
Angry billows lashing,
Drench them, as they fly,
Hull and deck both washing.

Frithiof from his arm untwining,
Now his gold ring, three marks weight,—
Baldur's gift,—the charm is shining,
As the orb at Ake-thor's gate;⁷⁰
Breaks in many parts the treasure,—
Cunning dwarfs the work had done—
To the crew, in equal measure,
He allots them one by one.⁷¹

"Gold rings are we taking
When we woo the bride;
No one to blue Rana⁶⁸
Rides with empty hand.
Chill are all her kisses,
Airy her embrace,
But, with golden treasure,
Sea-bride do we hold."⁷¹

With renewed sway
Stormwind shrieks again,
Tears the mast away,
Cracks the helm in twain.

Deeply, by the billows buried,
 Now the ship begins to fill,
 To the pumps all hands are hurried,
 But the sea scorns all their skill.
 All to Frithiof is revealing,
 Death is fighting near at hand,
 Yet above the roar is pealing
 Loud his voice, clear his command.

“To the helm, Björn, hasten,
 Grasp it with thy paws;⁷³
 Storms like these are never
 Sent by Walhall's gods;
 Trolls must here be working,
 Sent by caitiff Helg',
 Leagued with darkness powers;—
 I will go aloft.”

Like a marten hies,
 Quickly, up the mast;
 From its vantage spies
 He around the vast.

Lo! like a loosened island gliding,
 Black and fearful, swims a whale;
 On his back two sea-trolls riding,
 Lash him through the howling gale.
 Hejd,⁶⁷ in ice-bear's form appearing,
 White as snow his shaggy coat;

Ham,⁶⁷ as osprey, storms is rearing,
Beats his wings with shrieking note.

“ Now, Ellide, show,
Whether thou still bearest
Courage in thy breast,
Breast of oak so sturdy ;
Listen to my voice,
If the gods have built thee,
Dash the monster whale
With thy keel of copper ! ”⁴⁶

Lo ! it hears Ellid’
Well her chief’s behest,
Bounds, with furious speed,
On the monster’s breast.

Ho ! a blood-red streak is reeking
From its wound, high in the air,
And the monster plunges, shrieking,
Down the gulf’s dread slimy lair.
Quick, like lightning, sends two lances,
Frithiof at the goblin pair,
One the osprey strikes, it dances,
By the other struck, the bear.

“ Well hit, brave Ellidê,
Not so soon will rise
Helga’s spectre monster,
From the reddened slime.

Nor the sea much longer
 Ham and Hejd will haunt;
 Bitter is the biting
 Of the cold, blue steel."

Now subsides the storm,
 Clears up more and more,
 Only breakers form,
 As they near the shore.

Suddenly, with kingly splendour,
 Smiles the sun's majestic blaze;
 Waves and hills their homage render,
 And all nature joins in praise.
 As with gold the peaks he tinges,
 Ling'ring on the glitt'ring ground,
 To the view his purple fringes
 Show the banks of Effjo-sound.

"Did Ing'borg's prayers mount,
 Maiden pale, to Walhall',
 Bent on lily knees,
 In the sacred temple?⁷³
 Did her weeping eyes,
 Sighs from swan-white bosom,
 Touch the Asa-gods?
 Thanks to them and praises!"

But Ellidê's keel
 In the water low,

Wearied now does feel
From the monster's blow.

Still more wearied feel the number
Of the hands on board, I ween,
Upright almost do they slumber,
As they on their weapons lean.
On his mighty shoulder, carries
Stoutly Björn his comrades four;
Eight bears Frithiof, never tarries
Till he sets them safe on shore.

“Nay! ye need not blush,
Ocean mighty Viking,
And 'tis hard to fight
Against Aegir's daughters.⁴⁹—
On its golden stand
Now the meadhorn cometh;
With it cheer your hearts,
Ing'borg's Skål⁷⁴ be sounding!”

NOTES TO CANTO X.

⁶⁷ Ham and Hejd. The Trolls under Helga's command, two names expressing the terrors of the sea. Hejd, is check, frost, counteraction, repulsion. Hamn, ghost; Hamn-glaim (Hamn-glömska), shadow, oblivion.

⁶⁸ Rana, the spouse of Aegir (see note 49) the hostile power of the sea. In her malice she seizes sailors in her net and drowns them; hence to ride to Rana means to be drowned.

⁶⁹ Salundarö, the Hebrides.

⁷⁰ Ake-Thor, is meant for Thor; the Ake here stands like Asa as surname. Ake is probably derived from *Akta*, esteem, or more likely from *Æku*, chariot *Æku-Thor*, Thor the Waggoner. Ake-thor's orb is the sun, poetically expressed.

⁷¹ The throwing of the gold into the sea was intended as a sacrifice to appease Rana; the Scandinavians also held to the idea, that they must not repair empty-handed to the next world.

⁷² Paws. In allusion to the name of Björn signifying bear.

⁷³ In answer to Ingeborg's prayers in Canto IX.

⁷⁴ Skål, pronounced Skoll, literally cup, similar to the German *Schale*; it has the same meaning as the English word toast.

CANTO XI.

FRITHIOF WITH JARL ANGANTYR.

NOW must I tell how seated
Was the Jarl⁷⁵ Angantyr,
In fir-wood hall he treated
His men with goodly cheer;
In joyous mood there glancing
Upon the sea so blue,
Where like gold swans was dancing,
The sun on glitt'ring dew.

Outside the hall stood guarding,
On watch, old Halwar there;
With zeal the main was warding,
The horn, too, had his care.
In one thing ever steady,
When empty was the cup,
He never spake, but ready,
For more he held it up.

Now loudly was he crying,
Whilst hurling in his horn,

“ A ship am I espying,
On foaming billows borne.
The crew seems tired and wearied,
Scarce can they reach the shore;
Pale warriors now are carried
By giants, tall as Thor.”

Then for the crew, defiant,
The Jarl looked on the sea;
“ Ellid’ is there,—the giant
Can only Frithiof be.
The lofty brow, and bearing,
Looks much like Thorsten’s son;
Such giant-form, such daring,
North only boasts of one.”

Then from the banquet table
Rose Atlé, Viking bold,
Black-bearded Berserk,^{84*} sable,
Grim was he to behold.
“ Now,” cried he, “ do I wonder
How far the tale is true
That, steel-proof,⁷⁶ Frithiof yonder,
Ne’er yet for life did sue.”

And with him up were springing
Twelve champions, full of ire,
Their clubs about them swinging,
And sparkling flame and fire.

To shore they all were tearing,
Where Ellid' rested tired,
And Frithiof's cheerful bearing
His crew with hope inspired.

"Thy life the Norns now offer,"
Shouts Atlé, in his boast,
"To thee the choice I proffer
To fight, or quit the coast ;
And if thou shouldst surrender—
Lest worse might thee befall—
My friendship do I tender,
To lead thee to the hall."

"Before I think of yielding,"
Frithiof, in wrath, replied,
"Whilst I a sword am wielding,
Our prowess must be tried."
And steel on steel then clashes,
Blows heavily are laid,
Each rune like light'ning flashes
On Angurwadel's blade.

And heavy sword-thrusts shower
And death-strokes thickly hail,
Cleft are, with mighty power,
Both shields and coats of mail.
The champions, strong and steady,
Their ground stand, firm and fast,

Till Angurwadel, ready,
Breaks Atlé's blade at last.

"With swordless foe I measure,"
Said Frithiof, "not my brand;
But if it gives thee pleasure
We'll battle hand to hand."
As floods on floods when dashing
They 'gainst each other storm;
Steel breasts on steel are clashing,
As form is clutching form.

As bear with bear they tussle,
Upon the cliff of snow,
Or fierce, as eagles wrestle,
With angry sea below.
And oaks are often shattered,
And cleft in two the rock,
Their fragments widely scattered,
Forsooth, by less a shock.

In streams their sweat is flowing,
And cold their hearts now beat;
Like dust the stones are blowing
Around them in the heat.
With awe, the issue waiting,
Near them the warriors stand;
Northmen are yet relating
That fray, famed through the land.

Fierce Atlé now is reeling,
Low on the ground he lies;
Then Frithiof quickly kneeling
Upon his foeman, cries,
“If I had not forsaken
My good sword in the strife,
Its keen edge should have taken,
Black Berserk, now thy life.”

“Let this thy mind not trouble,”
Said Atlé, proud of heart,
“Go, fetch thy keen-edged bauble,
I shall not hence depart.
Each one of us must follow,
To Wallhall’s plains some day;
Thy turn may come to-morrow,
Though it be mine to-day.”

Frithiof, to anger yielding,
His foeman’s word now proved,
The sword on high is wielding,
But Atlé lies unmoved;
This touched the hero, tender,
He quickly sheathed his brand,
To Atlé did he render,
With kindly word, his hand.

With zeal then, Halwar swinging
His snow-white staff anon,

Cries out, "The fray is bringing
No joy to any one.
Long since the dainty dishes
Upon the table smoke;
Cold grow the meats and fishes,
With thirst I almost choke."

The champions, thus agreeing,
Entered the banquet door,
There Frithiof much was seeing
He ne'er had seen before.
Of rough planks joined together
The walls were not, nor bare,
But hung with gilded leather,
Embossed with foliage rare.

No glaring flames here greeted
The hearth-stone on the floor,
But marble chimneys heated,
Stood opposite the door.
No soot the ceiling fringes,
No draft nor smoke was there,
The doors had bolts and hinges;⁷⁷
Of glass the windows were.

Torches were not inviting
The toper to his horn,
But chandeliers were lighting
The nights into bright morn.

Whole on the table, steady,
Roasted, the buck was seen,
Gold-hoofed, for leaping ready;
His horn was garnished green.

Behind each champion, beaming,
A maid stood, lily-white,
E'en as the stars are gleaming
Behind a cloud at night.
Brown silken hair was flowing,
And eyes of sparkling blue,
And coral lips were glowing,
Like roses gemmed with dew.

On silver chair was bending
The Jarl, in all his pride,
His helmet flashes sending,
Gold armour at his side.
And silver stars were glowing
Upon his costly gown,
Which, gracefully, was flowing
With ermine falling down.

Advancing, with three paces,
He rose to meet his guest,
Whom, warmly, he embraces,
And begs him to take rest.
"Here many horns were lifted
By Thorsten night and day;

Thou honored son, so gifted,
Accept our welcome, pray!"

Then filled to overflowing
The horn with Sik'lö's wine,⁷⁸
Deep purple was it glowing
With foam like frothy brine.
"To thee we're welcome bringing,
He said, "to this our land,
Let Thorsten's skål⁷⁴ be ringing
With glass in every hand."

A bard the harp is sounding,
He came from Morven's land;⁷⁹
And softly are resounding
Tunes, strung by Gaelic hand;
And then, in song Norræna,⁸⁰
Sang deeds of Vikingson,
Skald, who in the arena,
The contest fairly won.

Then news the Jarl demanded,
Of kinsmen in the north;
Gracefully Frithiof blended,
Wisdom with modest worth.
And faithfully he stated
To the Jarl, all he knew;
Like Sâgâ,⁸¹ he related,
And gave to each his due.

And then the youth narrated
His ventures in the gale,
Of Helga's trolls frustrated,
And how he fought the whale.
Then cheered the champions loudly,
Angantyr smiled with glee;
And all applauded, proudly,
The hero of the sea.

And then they hear him render
Homage to Ing'borg fair.
His love for her so tender,
So faithful and so rare.
And many tears were flowing
On cheeks of rosy hue,
And bosoms warm were glowing,
To press his own so true.

At last he told his mission,
The youth, with open face;
The Jarl, in quiet submission,
Sat list'ning with much grace.
"Tribute I ne'er give freely,
My men and I are free;
Skål will I drink to Bela,
But ne'er he governed me.

"And if his sons are lusting
To make themselves my lords,

They must, like men, be trusting
Their luck in their good swords.
Half ways shall we be meeting ;--
Yet Thorsten's friends are mine !"
Then, to his daughter greeting,
He quietly made a sign.

Uprose the lily tender,
Graceful from golden chair,
A queenly figure, slender,
As good as she was fair ;
And on her cheek reposes,
In dimples, Astrild⁸² sly,
As with the leaves of roses,
Will toy the butterfly.

She hastened to her bower,⁸³
And fetched a knitted purse,
On which a lake and tower
Were wrought with trees and furze.
The moonrays brightly beaming,
On lakes the sails behold ;
The clasp with rubies gleaming,
The tassels were of gold.

The purse was, by the maiden,
Laid in her father's hands,
Who quickly had it laden,
With coins of foreign lands.

“Take freely of my treasure,
And spend, at will, its cheer;^{7,84}
And may it be thy pleasure,
To pass the winter here.

“Courage is e'er prevailing,
But strong the winter's gale;
The trolls, I ween, are sailing
Again, upon the whale;
Ellid' not always dances
So blithely and so light;
Not always reach the lances,
The troll-whale in the fight.”

Thus were the toppers laughing,
Jesting till daylight shone,
Wine were they freely quaffing,
Yet sober every one.
A skál⁷⁴ they drank to Angantyr,
Before they went to rest;
And Frithiof, at the Jarl's desire,
Remained their winter-guest.

NOTES TO CANTO XI.

⁷⁵ Jarl, a governor, something like a viceroy, but somewhat more independent. From this word our Earl is derived.

⁷⁶ "That, steel-proof, Frithiof yonder,
Ne'er yet for life did sue."

He wonders whether, similar to Achilles or the Sigfried of the Nibelungenlied, or indeed to the god Baldur, he had, by magical art, been made invulnerable, so as to prevent any arms from hurting him.

⁷⁷ It is stated that, even at the present day, the doors of the houses in Northern Scandinavia are provided with wooden bolts only.

⁷⁸ "Sikelö," Sicily.

⁷⁹ Morven lies in the Highlands of Scotland, Ossian's home.

⁸⁰ Norraen-tunga, the old northern language.

⁸¹ Sâgâ, the goddess of history, the Clio of the North, the Swedish word Saga, a tale, deriving its name from her. She dwells in Walhalla, in the castle of Sœquabeck, (see note 41) where she drinks wine with Odin, and informs him of the events passing on earth. Thus sings Odin, in the disguise of Grimnis, in the Grimnis-mâl, one of the songs of gods of the elder Edda, verse 7:

* "Sœquabeck is the fourth;
Cooling floods flowing for ever,
There Odin and Sâgâ drink daily
Godly bliss from bright golden bowls."

* The translator in all cases where he has given extracts of the Elder Edda has attempted, as near as possible, to imitate the old Scandinavian alliteration.

^{82*} Astrild is the northern Cupid, though his name is not met with in either of the Eddas.

⁸³ In the original, Jungfru-bûr, the maiden's bower, a room set apart for ladies.

⁸⁴ A polite way of acceding to Frithiof's demand for tribute, without loss of dignity.

^{84*} Berserk (bare mailed); with this name are all warriors designated, who are inspired by a wild fury. The name is derived from Arngrim, the grandfather of Hervor, famous for having, by incantations, roused her father Angantyr from the grave, to demand from him his sword Tyrfing (as will be further described in one of the notes to Canto XXIII). According to the Sagas he was a renowned warrior who went into combat without any armour, from which he received the name of Berserk. Thus, armed with his wild fury alone, he fought the King of Holmgard (Russia), who was a giant and a magician, and obtained from his fallen foe the sword Tyrfing. He afterwards married the daughter of this King, and by her he begat twelve sons, all as wild and of the same furious spirit as their father. Hence, Berserk fury means a brave but uncontrolled, wild, and turbulent courage.

CANTO XII.

THE RETURN.

AGAIN Spring perfumes the balmy air,
Green fields are covered with flowrets rare;—
Now Frithiof, with thanks, his host is leaving,
With Ellid' again the main is cleaving.
In joy is dancing the merry horse,
On silv'ry foam o'er the azure course.
With tunes of numberless nightingales
West winds are gently fanning the sails.
Aegir's daughters,⁸⁵ clothed in veils of blue,
Dance round the rudder in frothy dew.
Ah! sweet it is, when, from distant lands,
The sails return to their own green strands,
Where on well known hearth the smoke is curling,
Sweet childhood's dreamworld in clouds unfurling
To boyhood's haunts,—to the purling springs,
To mounds of the sire, where the ivy clings;
Where thoughts of the happy past are thronging,
And the faithful bride on shore is longing.

Six days he sails ; on the seventh, a streak
Of blue uncovers the distant peak ;

It grows till, beyond the deep-blue verge,
Green meadows, islands, and rocks emerge.
His meadows gaily smile as of yore,
His forests, his cliffs, he hails once more;
He hears the roar of the fall that dashes,
Adown the white cliffs, whose bosom it washes,
He welcomes the bay, and gently nods,
When sailing past the seat of the gods,
Where many a night, in sweet caress,
With Ing'borg he'd spent in happiness.
She sees him not, nor knoweth besides,
How near her, on blue billows, he rides,
Departed, perhaps, from Baldur's fane,
She stays with Helga in grief and pain,
Weaving with silk, or playing the lyre ;
When lo ! there soars from the temple's spire,
His falcon, settling with outspread pinion,
On Frithiof's shoulder, his old dominion.
He flutters and beats his snow-white wing ;—
No coaxing the falcon down will bring ;
His beak in Frithiof's ear he is hiding,
As if some secret he were confiding ;—
Perhaps from his bride, his Ing'borg pale ;
But none could make out his uncouth tale.

Gaily now Ellid' the cape is rounding,
Light as the doe on meadow is bounding ;

Through well-known billows the keel now sails,
His own shores, joyfully, Frithiof hails ;
Then rubs he his eyes, and o'er them places,
His hands as shade ; then the strand he faces ;
But much as he looks, with open eyes,
Framnäs, his home, he nowhere espies.
Where once stood the court, cinders are twirling,
Bleak, at the strand, are ashes now whirling ;
The flue alone stands raised in the dust,
As warrior's bones stand on barrows thrust.
He leaps from his ship, and shoreward dashes,
To find his house but a heap of ashes,
His father's halls, the home of his youth !
When up leapt, suddenly, Bran,⁸⁶ the uncouth,
His faithful dog, so brave and so good,
Who with him fought the bear in the wood.
He leapt with joy, ran faster and faster,
With grizzly muzzle to greet his master.

His milk white courser, without a speck,
With legs like a deer, and swan-curved neck,
With long and gold-tasseled flowing mane,
Next joyfully cantered up the lane.
The courser, by him so often fed,
Besought his accustomed share of bread.
But Frithiof, now poorest in the land,
Can offer naught but an empty hand.

Homeless and houseless, in sadness, stood
He there, and looked on the blackened wood,
When Hilding, his fosterer, he espies,
Who welcomes him back with lacklustre eyes.
“At what I behold scarce can I wonder ;
When the hawk is flown, his nest they ’ll plunder.
A kingly exploit, and heroic both ;
Thus Helg’ for ever will keep his oath.
O’er ruins laid bare ride the Erick’s-gate,⁸⁷
In fear of gods and in human hate !
But why should I vex myself with care ?
Give me but news of my Ing’borg fair.”
“List then,” said Hilding, “to my sad tale,
Though comfort none will the news avail.
Scarce hadst thou sailed when Ring did arrive,
To one of our shields his glittered five ;
In the Disar-vale that day they fought,
Blood-red the foam which the river brought.
Mirthful as ever, Halfdan but jested,
Though true in battle as man was tested ;
And o’er him held I my guarding shield,
His courage I proved upon the field.
But not for long King Helga defended
His country ; he fled—then all was ended.
When on his flight the Asa-son came
To Framnäs, he raised a blood-red flame,
And after that his army disbanded ;
Then Ring fair Ing’borg as bride demanded,

Her hand alone would his wrath appease,
Or else both crown and land he would seize.
Heralds were passing from either side,
But Ring at last took home the bride."

" Ah ! woman, woman !" then Frithiof said,
" The first device crafty Lokè⁸⁸ bred,
Was a lie, which in false woman wrought,
To sport with the heart of man he taught,
With sparkling eyes, which ever ensnare,
With snow-white bosom, cheeks soft and fair ;
Her eyes but hiding crocodile tears,
Like ice in spring her faith disappears ;
With ruby lips, and with dancing smiles,
And faithless heart, she ever beguiles !
Yet dear wast ever thou to my heart ;
Ah ! false one, e'en now how dear thou art !
Since first on my eyes thy beauty shone,
My thoughts were of thee, of thee alone !
Whatever of great and good I wrought,
Thy love, and thy praise was all I sought.
As two plants grow on one stem together,
When Thor beats down one in stormy weather
The other will fade ; when one grows green,
Green leaves on its mate will soon be seen ;
Thus were we both joy and sorrow sharing,
And only for each other were caring.
Alone am I now, thou mighty Var,⁸⁹
Recording oaths with a golden star,

On slate of azure, oaths which are plighted,
Thou only records oaths to be slighted.
What mockery to write in the skies,
When writing naught but falsehood and lies.
With lies thy tablet is full, behold !
Wherefore then spoil thy pencil of gold ?
A fiction 's Baldur's Nanna I vow,
No faith ever rests on human brow.
On falsehood alone man's soul is bent,
Since Ing'borg her voice to perjury lent,
A sweeter voice than the breath of flowers,
Sweeter than harpsounds from Brâga's bowers.
No more shall I hear its accents spoken,
No more shall I heed the vows she's broken.
Ye dancing storms alone shall now follow,
And blood be drinking from ocean's hollow.
Where harvests of graves the sword has sown,
In vales, on hills shall live but alone.
And should a King come across my path,
I'll spare him, thinkest thou, in my wrath ?
Or if, in the fray, I chance to meet,
With a trusting youth, who scorns deceit,
I'd cut him down for compassion's sake,
Lest his simple heart the lad may break ;
That ne'er, like me, he may be betrayed,
Despised, and scorned by a faithless maid !”

“How it 's seething in the blood of youth,
Age's snow alone his heat may soothe ;

Then Hilding, calmly, to Frithiof said,
She ne'er betrayed thee, wrong not the maid.
Scorn not the pure one, she e'er was true ;
Thy angry wrath to the Norns is due,
The Norns, who unmoved, send man his doom,
Like lightning from a thundercloud's gloom ;
Silent she suffered without complaint,
Like Vidar⁹⁰ the god, the silent saint ;
As the turtle dove her mate is mourning,
When to the grove without him returning.
To Hilding alone did she impart,
The deepfelt pangs of her troubled heart.
The sea-fowl thus diveth, quickly speeding,
Deep in the waters, to death there bleeding,
Away from the day, that, in the night,
She there may hide her wounds from the light.
Thus she her sorrows from day concealed ;
And to me alone her grief revealed.
" A victim am I, she calmly said,
With winter green and snowdrops arrayed.
To bring back peace to king Bela's land,
Have they been pledging his daughter's hand !
I cannot die, I cannot be freed,
A sterner doom has Baldur decreed ;
From sorrow and care all rest denied,
A lingering death awaits the bride.
But the maiden's grief to none reveal,
Pity would deepen the wound I feel.

Her anguish must Bela's daughter hide;
But Frithiof greet from the mourning bride!"
On the nuptial day, ah! woe is me,
That so dark a day, I e'er should see,
When, white as snow, on a coal black steed,
The heart-sore bride to the doom they lead,
The skalds their nuptial lyrics singing,
And white-robed maidens their garlands bringing.
She rode on her courser pale and proud,—
A spirit upon a thunder cloud.
I led from her seat the lily mine,
And took her straight to the altar's shrine,
Where, in the temple, she firmly cried
Her "yes" to Loffna;⁹¹ and when the bride,
In fervent accents, to Baldur prayed,
Then wept all eyes, though tranquil the maid.
Just then the king thy armring espied,
And, angrily, snatched it from the bride,
On Baldur's image the jewel clasping,
Whilst I, with fury, my sword was grasping;
Small value on the King's life I laid;
But Ing'borg whispered, "Put up thy blade,
Alfader judge! with him am I pleading,
Though Helg' might have spared my heart thus bleeding."

Alfader will judge; said Frithiof with gloom,
"I too shall gladly hasten his doom.

Is this not Baldur's midsummer-feast ?⁹²
 No doubt, at midnight, the crownèd priest,
 Stands in the temple, and there is praying,
 With lips that were his sister betraying ;
 Hands dipped in blood, incendiary-king,
 To Baldur pale thy perjuries sing,
 With thy willing priests around thee thronging ;
 I too, to judge thee, am also longing !”

NOTES TO CANTO XII.

⁸⁵ Aegir's daughters, the waves.

⁸⁶ This dog's name may be met with in Ossian.

⁸⁷ Ericks-gate, from Ricks-gata, a journey through the realm ; the procession of a King through his country after his coronation.

⁸⁸ Lokè, the Northern Lucifer, originally Odin's brother, and at first good, like him, dispensing light and warmth, but, in his cunning cleverness, he oversteps the bounds, and, as a glowing spark is fanned into a flame, and the flame swelling into an all-devouring conflagration, thus Lokè grew from good to corruption, until he became the personification, the Principle of Evil. He thus plays a great part in the Northern Mythology, and is the arch-enemy of the Asa-gods, and for ever inciting them to mischief. At

last the Gods, in fear of his great evil powers, tied him to three rocks with the intestines of his own sons. Over his head they hung a serpent sputtering poison over Lokè's face, but his faithful wife, Sigyn, sits near him and gathers the poison in a cup. This cup she is obliged to empty periodically; at that time the poison falls on his head, and then, when Lokè, in disgust, shakes himself, the earth quakes. He thus remains tied until Ragnaröck (see Note 57), when he will take the field against the Aesir with his offsprings, Helia, the Fenris Wolf, and the Midgard Snake. But Lokè is the mere tool of the higher Nornir, directed by Alfader, in order to prepare the destruction of the Asa-gods, from which the regeneration of a better world was to arise. He ever advises them with evil counsel, apparently for their best, but always for his own wily and wicked ends. Thus, he began sowing the seeds of evil after the first battle between the Asa and Vana-gods had ended. An armistice had been agreed upon, a good understanding arrived at, but the eyes of the Aesir had been opened to the fact that their castles in Walhalla, their columned halls, and blooming groves were not safe from the attacks of the Vanas (the Air-gods) and the Hrymthurses (the giants of Jotunhaim), so they repaired to the tree Yggdrasil (see Note 35, and also the Northern Mythology) in council. It was then arranged to build a wall round Asgard, their principal castle in Walhalla, to be raised as high as the Heaven, and with towers which in strength would defy eternity, so that no enemy could ever reach their plains. As they were yet deliberating in what manner this scheme could be worthily carried out, a man appeared of lofty bearing but of hideous looks; he offered, alone and unaided, except with the assistance of his horse Swadilfari, to complete the wonderful work in the space of three winters, stipulating for the gift of the sun and moon, and the hand of Freya, as his reward. At first the gods hesitate to grant such a demand, but, at the advice of Lokè, they agreed with the man, who gave himself out as being a smith, well ac-

quainted with his art and cunning in the craft, and promised to give him all three, provided the work was completed in a single winter. And here it was that the first seed of evil was laid, for it was expected, under Lokè's promptings, that the work could never be entirely completed in the stipulated time of a single winter, and that the part left uncompleted could easily be finished by the Aesir themselves, thus treacherously designing to overreach the stranger, who would forfeit his stipulated price. But on the first day of winter, when the smith began his work, the Asas, to their horror, saw the horse fly with the swiftness of the storming winds, and, as if they were so many loads of feathers, carry whole rocks of granite; and how his master as quickly joined them together and built them up high beyond the clouds. And the gigantic wall quickly rose, strong and firm as a mountain. With every day the work progressed visibly, and when the winter was at its eve, when all but three days had expired of the time, there stood the work shining like polished steel, all perfect and completed, with the exception of the gates and archways. It seemed an easy task now, for such a work-master, to keep his time punctually. Then the Asa-gods took fright at the thought of losing the loveliest of their goddesses, and that Walhalla would sink into the darkness of chaos by the absence of sun and moon. Again Lokè whispered his evil counsel, and again the gods devised treachery, so when the next day came, and with it the workman and his horse Swadilfari, Lokè, changed into the shape of a beautiful mare, met them near the wall; then the steed, not listening to the voice of his master, furiously ran after her, in hot pursuit, over fields and through streams, smashing the chariot and tearing his harness in shatters, whilst his master, faintly, must follow as best he can, panting and sweating. When at last, late at night, he had caught the runaway horse, they were both so tired that they had to rest the whole of the following day. Then he went before the wall, and finding that he could not complete his task and that

he had been overreached, he was overcome with fury. With frightful curses he called the Asas traitors, and hurled rocks upon rocks at them, and he himself grew to giant's height. Then the gods perceived that he was one of the Hrymthurses, and that they had called to their aid the enemy from Jotunhaim. Loudly they called for Thor the mighty. Amidst the peal of thunder and the flash of lightning the god appears, wielding his hammer Mjölner, and hurling it at the giant he shattered his skull into atoms;— and back sank the Hrymthur to the realm of mist from whence he came. But in Jotunhaim, henceforth, they were gathering strength for the battle at Ragnaröck, the day of judgment, when all treachery and broken faiths will be fearfully punished.

Lokè's name is derived from *Lux*, light, the same as Lucifer, the light-bringer. He is sometimes represented, as in the sketch above, living with the Asa-gods with his wife Sigyn, who bore him two sons, Wali and Narvi, and sometimes in Helhaim, with Angurboda (the herald of anguish), who bore him the three terrible children, Fenris the Wolf, Helia, and the Jormungandur (the Midgard-ormur, or earth-snake).

⁸⁹ Var, (Vara, Wara). She is enumerated in the Edda as the ninth of the goddesses. She is wise, and fathoms everything. She listens to the vows of the betrothed and records them, and punishes those who break their pledges.

⁹⁰ Vidar (Widar) the Taciturn, he wears thick long snow-shoes and is the strongest god next to Thor. His tongue is tied until, at Ragnaröck, he calls the Fenris-Wolf from his lair.

⁹¹ Loffna, the eighth of the enumerated goddesses, mild and lovely. The German word loben (to praise) derives its


name from her. She is so kind and mild that she is permitted to smooth the difficulties which lovers have to encounter. She also attends to their nuptial vows.

⁹² The greatest feast in honor of Baldur.

CANTO XIII.

BALDUR'S FUNERAL PILE.

[NOTE.—It should be remarked, in order to fully understand this and Canto XXIV., and indeed the whole of the Poem, that Tegnèr, strictly adhering in the Frithiof's Saga to the old Icelandic tradition, contrived, at the same time, to bring the greater and most important parts of the northern myths before the eyes of the reader like a chain of events. Those fond of the northern lore may be enabled to study almost the whole of the contents of the Eddas in his Poem. In the first Canto the reader is introduced to the most important gods and goddesses; in the second to the song of Havamâl, in the third to the Völuspa, &c., &c.; but in this and in Canto XXIV. some of the most stirring incidents are included. Baldur's death, the prelude to the fall of the Asa-gods, is the symbol of Good opposed to Evil, and his death—the burning of the pile—denotes Lokè's victory, the funeral pile of virtue.]

 HE midnight's sun,⁹³ with blood-red ray,
Paints mountain-top and lawn;
It is not night, it is not day,
It is a mystic dawn.

See! burning now is Baldur's pyre—
Sun's image on the hearth,—
Soon will its glowing flames expire,
And Hödur⁹⁴ reign on earth.

And in the Sun-god's temple there,
 Raking the fiery brands,
Are hoary priests with silv'ry hair,
 And flint-knives in their hands.

With crown and staff there stands the king,
 Serving the altar's shrine;
When hark! at midnight, weapons ring
 Through Baldur's grove divine.

“Ho! Björn, be quick, and guard the gate,
 Encompass it about;
Hew down who would escape his fate,
 Let no one in or out!”

Pale grows the king, too well he knows
 The voice, that rings so loud;
'Tis Frithiof, who with fury glows,
 Dark as a thunder cloud.

“The tribute here, at thy command,
 O'er eastern waves it came;
Take it! and then unsheath thy brand,
 We fight at Baldur's flame.

“With shields behind, and breasts quite free,
 Thus equally we fight;
The first blow, king, belongs to thee,
 The second is my right!

“Vain to the door thy scared looks roam,
I've caught thee in thy lair ;
Of Framnäs think, my burning home,
And of thy sister fair!”

The purse of gold, of ample weight,
Regardless of the place
In which they stood, he flung it straight
Into King Helga's face.

Blood followed quickly from the blow,
He reeled, then down he went,
Prone at the altar, lying low,
This king of Thor's descent.

“Canst thou not bear thine own gold's weight?
Thou despicable thing!
My good sword 's spared the loathsome fate
Of slaying such a king.

“Be still, ye priests, with cold flint-knives,
Pale princes of the moon ;
My thirsting blade would speed your lives
To Helia's mist-realm soon.

“Pale Baldur, thee I mean no harm,
Frown not on me, and chide ;
The ring, thou bearest on thy arm,
Was stolen from my bride !

For thee not was this jewel rare
E'er fashioned by Vaulunder, ³⁹
'Twas stolen from my Ing'borg fair,
Take hence the stolen plunder!"

Fiercely he strove, with all his might,
The bracelet to regain ;
But to the arm it clung so tight,
His efforts were in vain.

Foaming with rage, and baffled sore,
He tugged with frantic ire :
The sacred image toppled o'er,
And fell upon the pyre.

It burns ! the red flames mounting fast,
Rafters and roof ignite ;
Both Björn and Frithiof stand aghast,
Soul stricken at the sight.

"Unclose the doors, let all be freed,
No guard we now require ;
The temple burns, for water speed,
Roll oceans o'er the fire !"

Now from the temple to the strand,
A living chain extends ;
The floods are reached, and every hand
Assistance gladly lends.

High above all, there Frithiof stands,
A god of Rain appearing ;
And calmly issues his commands,
Death courting, but not fearing.

But all in vain ! they can't withstand
The fire so fiercely glowing ;
Gold's dripping on the reeking sand,
And molten silver flowing.

All now is lost, red through the hall,
The chancicleer takes flight :
Upon the highest roof of all,
He flaps, and crows for fight.⁹⁵

From frosty north the winds now blow,
Increasing the disaster ;
The grove is parched ;—the burning glow,
They strive in vain to master.

Above, below, and all around,
The fire is madly blazing,
Now in the air, now on the ground,
Its forkèd tongues upraising.

Tall trees are crackling in the flames,
From root to crown they pierce,
No human pow'r is there, that tames
Fell Muspel's sons⁹⁶ so fierce.

A flaming sea is Baldur's ground,
 Where purple billows flow ;
 The sun appears, but lakes and sound.
 Mirror the ruthless foe.

A holocaust the holy fane !
 Now ashes mark its site.
 And Frithiof o'er his deed profane,
 Weeps in the morning light.

NOTES TO CANTO XIII.

⁹³ Midnight's sun. On Tornea, and at other places upon the Arctic circle, when the days are at their longest, the sun never sets. The deep purple glow of the sky, during that time, is described as of a peculiar kind and effect.

⁹⁴ Hödur is Baldur's blind brother, who, incited by Lokè kills, his brother with the misletoe spear. He is the symbol of darkness and ignorance, (see note 10,) as opposed to Baldur, the god of Purity and Light.

⁹⁵ The original Swedish lines run thus :

“ Allt förloradt ! Ur halfbränd sal
 “ eldröd hane sig svingar,
 “ sitter på takets ås och gal,
 “ flaxar med lösta vingar.

To those not acquainted with the Edda this verse would seem obscure. When Ragnaröck, the twilight of the gods

begins (see note 57), the blood-red cock (hane) Fjälär, of Helhaim crows loud and shrilly, at the very same time that the black-red cock Gullincambi crows in Walhalla, to announce the beginning of the fight between the Asa-gods and Lokè's offsprings. The flying of the fiery-red cock is therefore here meant as a challenge of the bitter strife of the elements.

³⁶ Muspel's sons, the flames. Long before the creation of the Northern world, before that of Helhaim, there was in the south the Flame World, called Muspelhaim. Here Surtur reigned with his flaming sword.

CANTO XIV.

FRITHIOF OUTLAWED.

NOTE.—Although increasing to the translator the difficulties of his task, Tegnèr has, very happily, it must be admitted, with each Canto chosen a rhythm, which brings before the reader's mind the peculiar spirit of its contents. In this Canto, in the short lines of the old Northern songs, he imitates the wild mood raging in Frithiof's breast as he becomes an outlaw, but on that account it is necessarily somewhat obscure in expression; it may therefore assist the reader to read the following

ARGUMENT OF THE CANTO.

Frithiof, aghast at the sacrilege he committed, condemned by "public opinion," at the instigation of Helga, flees the country. Full of remorse and self-accusation, he addresses the smoke of the still reeking temple of Baldur, which he had, unwillingly, yet owing to his violence to Helga, been devastating, and bids the cloudy volumes rise to the God and accuse him of the sacrilege. He then, addressing his ship, Ellide, as his best friend, excuses his deed by complaints of his own home having been burnt down by Helga, and also by Ingeborg's broken plight. Bursting out in a wild song, he expresses his longings for a roving life, full of adventures and battles on the sea, where he might finally find his grave. As he sails from the shore he is overtaken by Helga's fleet, which, however, is defeated by a clever device of Björn, who in the previous night had been boring holes in the enemy's vessels. These are all sunk with the whole of their crews, Helga alone escaping to a rock, from where he attempts to send an arrow towards Frithiof. But his bow breaks. Frithiof generously spares his life, and, free now from pursuit, he leaves the shore. As the sun lights upon the peaks, and west-winds gently play with the sails, he bids farewell to his native country with an eloquent song.

QN ship deck, hark !
 At midnight dark,
 Frithiof walks grieving,
 His bosom heaving.

He finds no rest
 Within his breast ;
 The temple's brand
 Reeks at the strand.

“Thou temple's reek !
 Fly high and seek
 Walhalla's plains,
 Where Baldur reigns.
 The white one's wrath⁹⁷
 Call on my path !
 Fly ! and tell yonder
 With voice of thunder,
 ‘The temple's round
 Burnt to the ground.
 Baldur the good,
 Whose image stood
 Majestic there,
 Beyond compare,
 My hand alone
 Has overthrown ;
 Burnt like a weed
 By my rash deed.

Then through the grove
The fire did rove,
Secure till then
From wrath of men ;
Nor let the heather
Rot in the weather.'
What all have seen
Must thou not screen,
But tell the tale
To Baldur pale.⁵⁴
Thou misty reek
The mist-god seek !⁹⁸

“ Famed will he be
Who banished me ;
'Twill honor bring
To the *mild* king,
Whilst, outlawed, I
From hence must fly !
To fate I yield.
O'er the blue field,
On ocean's foam
Henceforth I roam !
Ellid, thy fate
No longer wait,
We now are hurl'd
Where ends the world.

Rock, then, and swing,
With outspread wing,
On frothy wave,
Thou, Dragon brave!
Some drops of blood
Will do thee good.
It matters not
What now our lot;
Where billows foam,
There our new home.

“ Since burnt the hall,
My home, my all,
My groves and park,
By Helga dark,
Ellid, must thou,
My North be now,
Since I from home
Am doomed to roam.
Be thou my bride,
With jet-black hide,
Since I was left,
Grieved and bereft
By her in white
With blue eyes bright.

“ Thou deep blue sea!
Art ever free;

No king's excess
May thee oppress !
Thy King is he
Who's ever free,
Who never pales
In stormy gales ;
Though heaves thy chest,
Thy foaming breast,
Thy deep blue waves
The hero braves ;
On thee his prow
Cuts like a plough,
Ploughs furrows white
Of silver bright.
When on thy blue
Blood falls like dew,
When dragons, fleet,
In combat meet,
Then shields and mail
Will fall like hail,
Harvests of gold
Thy breast will hold.
Be true to me,
Thou friendly sea,
I'll follow well
Thy heaving swell.
My father's mound
Stand firm and sound,

Around it lave,
Thou friendly wave!
Be tomb to me,
Thou deep blue sea;
On thee I sail
In fog and gale,
Till I shall sleep
Down in the deep!
Be thou my life
Till ends my strife;
Ah! thou deep sea,
Be grave to me!"

Thus wildly singing,
Whilst west winds springing,
Ellidê hails
To rock the sails,
Known shores now leaving,
Troubled, and grieving;
Then gently rolls,
Through rocks and shoals,
To-day e'en found
To guard the ground.

But vengeance wakes—
Prince Helga's drakes,
In number ten,
Appearing then,

In hot pursuit,
From shore they shoot.
Loud cry they all,
“Now will he fall;
But one more blow
Then will he go,
The strong young Thor
Will fight no more.
Walhall’s son soon
Beyond the moon,⁹⁹
From where he’s hailing
Will then be sailing.”

Whilst thus they boast
An unseen host,
Head over heel,
Upsets the keel
Of Helga’s drake.
Down in his wake
Follows the fleet,
Rana to greet;⁶⁸
Down to the grave
Below the wave.
Helg’ in the sound
Was nearly drowned,
But from the wrack
Swam safely back,

And on the shore
He stood once more.
The rest of the crew
Were drowned in the blue.

Then Björn with glee
Laughed loud ; said he,
“Thou Asa-blood,
The trick was good !
Your watch, while sleeping,
I, slyly creeping,
Played ye these pranks,
And bored your planks.
Ran⁶⁸ in her fold,
With custom old,
Give ye good fare
And keep you there !”

Now, 'scaped the flood,
King Helga stood,
With angry brow,
Bending his bow,
(Steel cast and round,)
On rocky ground.
He could not feel
How strained the steel,
When, with a clang,
The steel-bow sprang.

But Frithiof weighed
His lance, and said,
"Death-eagle clasp
I, in my grasp.
Should this I send,
Thy life would end ;
Down wouldst thou fall,
Renown and all.
But never fear,
My trusty spear
Seeks not thy blood ;
'Tis far too good
For such vile knave.
'Twould rather grave
Runes on a shield
Upon the field,
Where heroes fight
For might and right.
But thy vile name
Of Niding fame,¹⁰⁰
Nail to the stake
Where caitiffs quake.
To Rana⁶⁸ down
Went thy renown ;
Thy honor, King,
No more will ring
In thy own land ;
But scorned shalt stand.

For mischief's seeds
Are all thy deeds! —
Rust broke just now
The steel, not thou,
For higher game
Than thee 'twill aim."

Then took an oar,
That stood of yore
In Gudbrand's vale¹⁰¹
A fir-tree hale ;
A second pulled
He then, and sculled
With might and speed,
Till, like a reed,
As on they went,
The oars then bent.
Now west winds blow,
And billows flow,
The sun relights
The mountain-heights ;
His gold rays play
Round Ellid gay,
Which rocks and swings
While Frithiof sings:

"Thou, Haimskringla's brow,¹⁰²
Now far from home,

From thee, Northland now,
I'm doom'd to roam.
On thee all my woes,
All joys did dwell;
Mother of heroes,
Farewell, Farewell!

“And thou, Moon, so bright,
Walhalla's throne,
Thou, Eye of the Night,
Midsummer's sun!
Thou, Heaven so clear,
I love so well,
Thou, North-Pole dear,
Farewell! Farewell!

“Farewell, all ye peaks,
Where honor reigns,
And ye, purple streaks
Of Akethor's plains;¹⁰³
Farewell, ye blue waves,
I know so well,
And, ye rocks and caves,
Farewell, Farewell!

“Farewell, thou dear mound,
At the blue bay,
Where perfumes abound,
Of blossoms gay,

Where Saga decides,
Righteous and well,
What earth there fain hides
Farewell! Farewell!

“Ye forests, where sing
The birds so gay;
Thou silvery spring,
Where I loved to play;
Ye comrades, so dear,
I loved so well,
And shall love for e'er,
Farewell! Farewell!”

“Bereft of my bride,
Burnt down my home,
O'er the ocean wide,
Outlawed, I roam;
In my father's hall
No more to dwell,
Friends, country, all,
Farewell! Farewell!”

NOTES TO CANTO XIV.

⁹⁷ Baldur. See note 54.*

⁹⁸ Here is also Baldur meant, in allusion to his having descended to Helia's realm, the land of mists.

⁹⁹ "Beyond the moon," namely, to Walhalla, politely meaning, "We'll send thee to a happier land."

¹⁰⁰ "Of Niding fame." Niding is a coward, a wretched felon. The lines are original:

"Niding stäng
der det namn hänger."

Literally translated: The pillory on which thy name hangs.

¹⁰¹ "Gudbrand's vale." Gudbrand is a province in Norway.

¹⁰² Haimskringla's brow. Poetical expressions for the North. Haimskringla means the earth. Haim, home. Kringla, round.

¹⁰³ Akethor's plains, the heavens, Walhalla; see note 70.

CANTO XV.

VIKING'S BALK.*



OW he's sailing about
On the desolate sea,
Far and wide does he rove like a hawk ;
For the champions on board,
Wrote he laws just and good,
Wilt thou hear, then, the bold Viking's balk ?

“ On the ship spread no tent,
Nor yet sleep in the house,
With the foe of thy land lurking nigh.
On thy shield, Viking, sleep,
With thy sword in thy hand,
All uncovered, beneath the blue sky.

“ Mjolner's shaft, when wielded¹⁰⁵
By the conquering Thor,¹⁵
Is but short, Freyr's³² sword but an ell ;

* The laws of the old Scandinavians were cut on wood, each chapter on a beam, or plank (balkr, German Balken, and even in English balk). From this the Scandinavians give to their law-codes the name of *balk*. See also note 3, on Runes.

Hast thou courage, advance
Within reach of the foe,
There a short blade will serve thee full well.

“When the storm rages loud,
Then uphoist thou more sail,
Gaily dance on the boisterous wave.
Let it go, let it go!
Only cowards strike sails;
Before striking, go down to thy grave.

“Keep the maiden on land,
She is best from the ship;
Were she Freya, still guile would be there;
Be not fooled by her wiles,
There's deceit in her smiles,
In her tresses of gold lurks a snare.¹⁰⁶

“Fond of wine is Walfader,¹⁰⁷
There's no harm in the cup;
But take care that thy sense thou dost keep;
He who stumbles on land,
Yet his feet will regain;
Rana⁶⁸ drags him, at sea, down the deep.

“Should the merchant approach,
Then protect thou his ship,
For which tribute to thee must he pay

Thou art Lord of the sea,
He but slave of his gains;
And thy steel worth his gold any day.

“ Let the booty be shared,
By the casting of dice,
And complain not how meagre thy fare;
Takes the Viking no part—
For no dice does he throw—
He seeks honor alone as his share.

“ Be with vict'ry content,
He who peace should demand
Is defenceless, and free should he live;
Know! Walhalla takes charge
Of the pray'r of the weak;
Only tyrants no quarter will give.

“ If Viking you meet,
Shun no battle with him,
And during the fight do not flinch;
For established the law,
Which time never can change,
Thou art lost if thou'rt yielding an inch.

“ Viking's prize is the wound,
Which adorneth the man,
When it stands on his brow, or his breast;

Let it bleed without care
Till the battle is won,
If you wish to continue our guest."

Thus the law wrote he down,
And by land and by sea,
He increased in renown ev'ry day;
There was never his like
On the steel-breasted sea,
And the champions were proud to obey.

But Frithiof himself
At the rudder would stand,
And he sadly would look on the spray:
"Ye are deep, oh! ye waves
But below ye rests peace,
Whilst no calm reigns above in the day.

"Does he frown, the white god? ⁹⁷
Let him draw but the sword,
And my breast his keen weapon would find
But he sits in the clouds,
And sad thoughts sends he down,
Which for ever are dark'ning my mind."

When the combat draws near,
Then his spirits soar high,
As the eagle flies up to the blue;

His brow then looks clear,
And his voice rings aloud,
As he stands right in front of the crew.

Thus advancing he sailed,
Ever crowned with success,
Little heeding the waves' treach'rous wiles;
Passing cliffs and blue bays,
Till he breathes the mild air,
That there wafts round the Greeks' sunny isles.

And now when the groves
From the floods he saw rise,
With the temples of heroes of old;
What he thought, Freya both,
And the Skalds know full well,
And the lover alone can unfold.

"Ah! here are the temples,
The islands and bowers,
Which my father described erst so well,
To this country I asked
My loved Ing'borg to fly
That in happiness here we might dwell."

"Is not peace reigning here,
In these beautiful vales,
Does not history dwell in their marble?"

Arc the rustling blue billows
Not whisp'ring of love,
Arc not bride songs the birds joyful warble ?

“ Where art thou, my lost bride,
Hast forgotten me quite,
For the gray king, who sits in my stead ?
All my life would I give,
Could I see thee once more,
Ere the grave closes over my head.

“ Three long years now have passed,
Since my home I last saw,
And to Saga's proud halls bade adieu ;¹⁰⁸
Are its meadows still green,
Do the cliffs yet rise high,
To the vault of the heaven's clear blue ?

“ Late I planted an elm
On my father's green mound ;
Does it thrive, does its foliage spread ?
Who takes care of thee now ?
Ah ! kind earth give thee strength,
And the heavens rain dew on thy head !

“ But why should I toss
Any more on the waves,
Dealing slaughter, and tribute demand ?

I have glory enough,
 And gold I detest,
 The vile dross never touches my hand !

“ See! the flag on the mast,
 How it points to the North,
 To the fatherland where I was born ;
 I will follow thee, breeze,
 In thy heavenly course,
 To the beautiful land of my morn ! ”

NOTES TO CANTO XV.

¹⁰⁵ Mjölner is the name of Thor's hammer or club (see Note 15). When thrown it kills all it comes in contact with, and then returns by itself to Thor.

¹⁰⁶ “ In her tresses of gold lurks a snare, ” It is almost impossible to give here Tegnèr's play of words in these lines:—

* “ Ty den gropen på kind är den
 falskate grop, och ett nät är den
 flygande lock ”

gropen, the dimple, being akin to grop the hole, the pitfall, and ett nät having the double meaning of a snare, and a net for the hair.

* For the dimple on chin is the false one's pit, and a net her loose flying curls.

¹⁰⁷ Walfader, one of the names of Odin, like Alfader, the latter designation meaning the father of all, and Walfader, from Wal choice, as he chooses the fallen heroes which are worthy of Walhalla.

“Fond of wine is Walfader,
There is no harm in the cup,”

alludes to verses xii. and xiii. of Havamâl.

XII.

Oblivion's heron hovers o'er carouse,
And steals away all senses;
On me too fell his feathers,
In Gunlöd's house and grotto.

XIII.

I drank, drank more than overfull
In cunning Fjalar's fjäll.*
Sweet 'tis to drink the inspiring draft,
So thou keepest clear thy sense.

This is an allusion to the Draught of Inspiration which Odin drank from the mead reached to him by Gunlöd. This is the Saga:—

Kwasir, a man jointly created by the Vanas and Asas, was full of wisdom, and beloved both by the gods and man. Wherever he came the wild passions were softened and the morals improved. But two mis-shapen, cunning dwarfs, (they were brothers), who had no love in their black hearts, were jealous of his wisdom and loving gentle powers. They invited him to a feast, where they treacherously killed him. His blood they gathered in three vessels, the kettle Odrörir (the inspirer), and the cups, Sôn (the atonement), and Boden (the offering). With the blood they mixed some honey, and brewed from it a mead which gave to those who

* Fjäll, a rock.

drank it the gift of song and eloquence. Now the dwarfs committed many outrages and crimes, which, at last, roused Suttung, one of the giants whose uncle had been murdered by them, to bitter revenge. He bound the dwarfs and was on the point of tying them to a rock that there they might die of hunger, when the dwarfs offered him the mead of Kwasir's blood as ransom. He accepted the offer, and hid the vessels filled with mead in a rock, where he placed them in the charge of his lovely daughter, Gunlöd. Odin receiving news of this by his faithful ravens, Hugin and Munin, resolved to acquire the costly potion, even at great personal danger, in order that both Asas and men might refresh themselves with it, and spread wisdom and song over the whole of the world. Disguised as a simple wanderer he went to Jotunhaim, where, in a field, he saw some men mowing hay. With a stone he sharpened their scythes, which made them cut so much better and quicker, that the men wished to possess themselves of it; then he threw it amongst them, and they fought for it, and killed each other. On went the wanderer to the dwelling of Baugi, a brother of Suttung, and was harboured there. In the evening his host complained that his men had been slain whilst cutting hay; then Bölwerker (the worker of evil), as Odin called himself, offered to do their work if Baugi would help him to his brother's mead. This was agreed upon, though the host told him that he had no control over his brother. In the winter Bölwerker, having fulfilled his promise, went, accompanied by Baugi, to Suttung, who, however, showed them the door. Then Bölwerker gave Baugi his gimlet, Rati, to bore an opening in the rock. The giant went hard to work, and, after a while, he said he had got the hole through. But Bölwerker blew into it, and the chips flew outside. Then he knew that Baugi intended to over-reach him: he made him go on, and at the next time the chips blew inwards. Quickly Bölwerker, in the shape of a worm, slipped through the opening safely from Baugi, who vainly thrust at him with the gimlet.

Inside now, clad in his star-spangled robe, a picture of manly beauty, stood the god before Günlod, the maiden, who smiled on him friendly, and gladly granted his request for harbour and three draughts out of the tankards. He emptied all the three vessels, Odrörir, Sôn, and Boden, and became drunk, and over-drunk, with love-bliss, mead, and poetry. Quickly he changed into an eagle, and, on music-swelling wings, soared high to the godly dwelling. But Suttung had heard the beating of his wings, and his eagle robe being near him, he threw it on his mighty shoulders, and soon nearly reached Odin. With awe looked the other Asa-gods down on them, and, afraid that he might be overtaken, they placed a number of vessels on the threshold of their dwelling to receive the precious liquid. As Odin, being overladen, reached Asgard with much trouble, he discharged the mead plentifully into the ready bowls. Since then Odin liberally dispenses the Draught of Inspiration out of Odrörir, both to gods and man, when they are worthy to sing, on harp and lyre, the deeds of the gods and heroes.

¹⁰⁸ "The Saga's proud halls." Saga, the Goddess of History, is also its representation, as contained in the Legends of the Scandinavians, and Frithiof proudly points to the North as the home of the Sagas.

CANTO XVI.

FRITHIOF AND BJÖRN.

FRITHIOF.

BJÖRN, I'm weary of the sea's roving course,
The waves are but restless comrades in fight ;
See ! Northland's high cliffs, the snowy, the white,
They draw me towards them with mighty force.
Happy who e'er has remained in his home,
The home where his father's ashes are laid ;
Banished from Northland, too long did I roam,
Too long have I rested, too long I delayed.

BJÖRN.

Blame not the sea, ah ! so glorious and true,
Freedom and happiness dwell in its breast ;
Free from all ease and voluptuous rest,
Who loves not to roam on its waves so blue !
When agèd, and stricken, and tired I grow,
Then may I, like grass, take root in the ground ;
But now I'll live on the sea's crystal glow,
On shipboard enjoy the storm's whistling sound.

FRITHIOF.

Yet, with the ice, have we drifted to land,
The billows are frozen all round the keel,
Tired of the weary, long winter I feel,
Here, amongst rocks, on the desolate strand.
Once more at Yule-feast,³¹ I'd like to rejoice,
Visit King Ring and his wife, erst my bride ;
How glorious to list to her musical voice,
Gaze on her beauty, and rest at her side.

BJÖRN.

Ah! now do I see; King Ring is to feel,
Like lightning, the Viking's revenge and his ire ;
At midnight his court and throne wouldst thou fire,
Whilst burning the King, the Queen would'st thou steal!
Or think'st thou he'd better in combat die ?
Would'st rather with him the Holm-walk¹⁰⁹ thou ride,
Meet him on ice, and in battle defy ?
Say it, and ready I am at thy side.

FRITHIOF.

Name not the war cry! no blood would I shed;
In peace with the King would fain I abide,
He is not guilty, nor yet is the bride,
But the gods who sent their wrath on my head.

See, little have I to hope on this earth ;
 But one last farewell to my earthly love
 Seek I to give, then return to my hearth,
 As soon as spring blossoms adorn the grove.

BJÖRN.

Ne'er shall I, Frithiof, thy folly forgive,
 To moan, and to groan for woman, though fair ;
 For one that is lost, a thousand are there
 In the world, with smiles and wiles do they live.
 Wilt thou, and quickly I'll fetch of the ware,
 And bring thee a shipload from Southern skies ;
 Then dice shall we throw, and honestly share
 These roses and lambs, and feast on their eyes.

FRITHIOF.

Björn, in council thou'rt wise, valiant in fight,
 Joyous and frank art thou ever, and gay ;
 Well known to thee are both Odin and Frey,³²
 But unknown to thee is Freya's² great might.
 Do not thou raise, pray, the wrath of her ire,
 All who are breathing subdued are the same,
 Both man and the gods alike feel her fire,
 And slumb'ring sparks are e'er fanned by her flame.

BJÖRN.

Consider it well, pray, go not alone.

FRITHIOF.

Alone I'm not, at my side is my blade.

BJÖRN.

Ah! think of how Hägbart's¹¹⁰ life was betrayed.

FRITHIOF.

To him who is caught no mercy is shown.

BJÖRN.

Fallest thou, brother, revenge thee I shall,
A blood-eagle¹¹¹ cut I on Ring then, know.

FRITHIOF.

It needs this not, Björn, the chanticleer's crow
Hears he no longer than I,—so farewell!

NOTES TO CANTO XVI.

¹⁰⁹ The Holm-walk (holmgång), a duel, so called from holme, the Swedish for a small island, to where the Vikings generally repaired for such a purpose.

¹¹⁰ Hägbart and Signè are the Northern Abélard and Heloise. Their faithful love is sung by almost all the Scandinavian bards, and Oehlenschläger has dramatised the subject. Hägbart loved the Danish Princess Signè, but was rejected by her brothers, and had to flee the country. But soon the Viking returned in disguise; he was recognised, however, and thrown into prison, and sentenced to death by the Ting. At the time of his execution Signè, as preconcerted, also committed suicide.

¹¹¹ "A blood-eagle cut I on Ring then, know." It will be remembered, from Canto III, that Björn and Frithiof had pledged themselves to revenge each other in death. To carve, or cut the blood-eagle, was called *Skära blodörn*, a cruel and ancient revenge for bloodshed, committed upon the most intimate friend; it was effected by cutting the shape of an eagle upon the enemy's back, in such a manner that the spine was divided from the ribs.

CANTO XVII.

FRITHIOF WITH KING RING.

AT Yule-time,^{31*} drinking mead, sat King Ring upon
his throne,
And with him sat the queen, like a rosebud, freshly
blown ;

Like blooming spring and autumn together sat they there :
He was the waning autumn, she spring, so fresh and fair.

When, presently, there entered a man, a stranger quite,
Drooping and faint, from head to foot clad in a bearskin
white.

Upon his staff were leaning his feeble, trembling hands,
But taller than all others, as upright there he stands.

Upon a bench he rested, which stood against the door,
There, where the poor then sitting, as now and heretofore.¹¹²
The courtiers all looked down on him, and sneeringly they
scoffed,
And pointed with their fingers, derisively, and laughed.

Then straightway rose the stranger, fire flashing in his eyes,
Up steps he to a courtier, and takes him by surprise,
And quietly he places that young man on his head :
The others all keep silent—so we should in their stead.

“What is the tumult yonder, what wrangling do I hear?
Come hither ancient pilgrim, come hither without fear,
And truly tell to me, then, thy country and thy name ;”
Thus Ring unto the stranger, who from the corner came.

“Thou’rt asking many questions, but I will answer thee ;
My name can be no matter, it but belongs to me ;
My country’s name is Sorrow, my manor is Despair ;
From Wolves I last came hither, where I had sport and fare.

“In former days with joy on the dragon did I ride,
His wings were strong, and safely we ploughed the ocean
wide ;
Now lies he, lame and crippled, and frozen near the land ;
Old have I grown and helpless, burn salt upon the strand.¹¹³

“I came to see thy wisdom, famed far and wide, I’m told ;
With scoffing have they met me, for scorn am I too old,
Then did I take a coxcomb, and turned him on his head,
Forgetful of thy presence, forgive me, King !” he said.

“Full rightly didst thou serve him,” replied the good old
king,
“To thy old age due honour and welcome should we bring

Throw off then thy disguise now, and show thyself quite free,
Disguise but spoils the pleasure, and thou shouldst joyous be."

Then, casting from his shoulders the bearskin, rough and
white,

The old man was transfigured into a youth of light;
And from his open forehead, and down his shoulders flowed
His golden, curling tresses, which in the sunlight glowed.

In his blue velvet mantle now stands he there in pride,
A girdle, worked with silver and jewels, at his side;
Upon it had the artist embossed a shady wood,
And on the hero's baldric a lively hunt scene stood.

His arms were ornamented with golden rings of might,
And, at his side, the weapon was glitt'ring in the light;
His eagle glances calmly he sent around the hall,
Handsome was he like Baldur, like Thor as strong and tall.

And quickly rose the blood to the pale cheeks of the queen,
The glow of Northern lights thus on snow-white fields is
seen;

And like two water lilies, upheaved by ocean's swell,
With uncontrolled emotion, her bosom rose and fell.

Now came the time of pledges; to silence blows the horn,—
For it was the feast of Freyr,¹¹⁴—and in the boar was borne;
Garlands on back and shoulders,¹¹⁵ his mouth held apples gay,
Thus, with his knees bent under, he filled the silver tray.

And now King Ring uplifted, with pride, his hoary brow,
And, touching the boar's forehead,¹¹⁴ he spake aloud this

vow :

“ Frithiof, thee will I conquer, though strong, as was this
boar,

Thus help me, Freyr and Odin, and thou too, mighty Thor.”

Uprose the stranger quickly, smiling with scorn and grim,
A flash of hero's anger illuminating him ;

Upon the table struck he his sword, with mighty ring,
That, from their oaken benches, made all the champions
spring.

“ Sire King, I pray thee, listen to the vow which here I
swear,

I likewise know this Frithiof, true friend is he and rare,
Defend him will I ever, though I the world must fight ;
So help me all the Nornir,¹⁴ my sword and my good right !”

“ Thou'rt speaking boldly, said the King, but I will not
complain,

For free is speech, wherever the old King Ring may reign.
Pour out the wine, my queen, then, the horn fill with the best,
And thou, oh ! noble stranger, remain our winter guest.”

Then took the royal lady the cup, which near her stands,
The horn once graced a bison, she took it in her hands ;
It stood on legs of silver, its brim with gold was bound,
On it, in runic letters, old legends there were found.

With down-cast eyes the horn for her guest she trembling
fills,
As graciously she passed it some of the wine she spills ;
As purple rays of evening on lily blossoms shine,
Thus, on her small white hands, glow the ruby drops of
wine.

And from the noble lady the guest the horn took gay ;
Two men could not have quaffed it, men of the present
day ;
But smilingly the cup then, with one long draught he
drained,
Unto the queen's amazement, for not a drop remained.

The skald the harp then sounded,—at table sat he too,—
The hall with love-songs filled he, so tender, and so true ;
Of Hägbart and his Signè,¹¹⁰ of lovers' sweet delight,
With son'rous voice he melted breasts under armour's
might.

Einherien's¹¹⁶ honours sang he, of Walhall's happy plain,
Of heroes' deeds and prowess, wrought both on land and
main ;
Each hand the sword was grasping, all eyes were kindling
fire,
And freely round the hall, went the horn at heart's
desire.

Bravely the champions drank, to the king and to his house,
They drank more than they wanted at midnight's late
carouse.

Away they went to sleep, free from sorrow and from care ;
But Ring, the hoary sire, to fair Ing'borg did repair.

NOTES TO CANTO XVII.

¹¹² Sir Walter Scott describes a similar custom amongst the Anglo-Saxons.

¹¹³ The burning and boiling of salt is an occupation of the poor on the North Sea coast. Salt being of great importance to the northern nations, as is the case at the present day.

¹¹⁴ Freyr's feast, at Yuletime (see note 31*), especially set apart for this god, when the sacrificial boar is brought whole upon the table. The King would solemnly lay one hand upon the back and the other upon the head of the animal, and then implore success to his enterprises ; his warriors doing the same after him.

¹¹⁵ "Garlands on back and shoulders, his mouth held apples gay." Who is not reminded of the present custom at Christmas, of ornamenting the porker with holly, his mouth holding an orange ?

¹¹⁶ Einheriens, the heroes in Walhalla, see note 4.

[NOTE.—The translator is here reminded by the gentleman who superintends the printing of this work, of the imposing ceremony of the boar's head, bedecked with bays and rosemary, and other-

wise adorned, being carried in procession to the high tables of the dining hall of Queen's College, Oxford, heralded by a characteristic chaunt. The boar represents Gullinbursti (the golden-haired boar) belonging to Tyr, and which at one time was the symbol of the sun, the golden bristles representing the sun's rays. It may be here remarked that there are many other customs and festivities which, though they seem natural to British soil, are simply Northern remnants; such, for instance, as the raising of the Maypole, and other festivities on May-day, and the claiming of the fitch of bacon at Dunmow. This custom may also be traced even to the south of Germany, with this difference only, that, whilst in England the fitch of bacon is claimed by the happy couple which, for a year and a day, had lived in connubial bliss without a quarrel, in Germany it was claimed by him who could prove that he was the master in his house. It is told that the fitch of bacon which hung at the Red Tower of Vienna was once claimed by a young husband, who, when he was half-way up the ladder to fetch it, perceiving that the sun was so hot as to make the bacon drip, returned and took off his new coat, remarking that if the coat got greasy he would be well scolded by his wife. Of course he had to go home without the luscious bacon. There are many other customs and ceremonies which may all be traced to a Northern origin; and though it would lead too far to enumerate them, it would be well to keep the fact in mind when reading the Northern mythology.]

CANTO XVIII.

THE SLEDGE DRIVE.



ING RING and the Queen to the banquet drive;
At the sea's bright mirror of ice they arrive.

"Drive not over ice," then cries out the guest;
"It will break, and the bath is cold at best."

But Ring said, "a King does not easily drown,
On shore let him walk who fears the sea's frown."

The guest looks on Ring in a dark, angry mood,
But quickly the skates on his heels he shoed.

Swiftly, like storm-winds, the courser fled,
Like the flash of lightning he onwards sped.

"Strike out, says the King, my brave charger good
Let's see whether thou art of Sleipner's¹¹⁷ blood!"

They fly, like unfettered storms on the sea;
The King listens not to his Queen, not he.

And the guest, on his skates, he ne'er stands still,
But forwards and backwards passes at will.

His skates write runes¹¹⁸ on the ice he bestrides,
And over her own name fair Ing'borg now rides.

Thus hurried they over the icy glow ;
But Rana,⁶⁸ the false one, is lurking below.

She cleaveth a hole through the icy crown,
And she draws the sledge through the crevice down.

Fair Ingeborg's cheeks now grow pale and white,
But the guest hurries on with all his might.

His skates he plants firm on the icy plain,
And dauntlessly seizes the steed's bushy mane.

With a single pull, and both sledge and steed,
From the cool embrace of Rana⁶⁸ are freed.

“ This feat will I honor, the King cries out,
No better could Frithiof have done it, the stout !”

Then turned they back to the halls of the King,
And with them the stranger remained till spring.


NOTES TO CANTO XVIII.

¹¹⁷ Sleipner, Odin's horse, was of great swiftness, it had eight legs, and was the foal of the horse Swadilfari, mentioned, in note 88, as assisting the Hrymthur in the building of the wall round Asgard.

¹¹⁸ Naturally the Northern nations are very proficient in skating.

CANTO XIX.

THE TEMPTATION.

PRING returns, midst green leaves singing,
Birds bask in the sun's bright glance;
Gaily, tow'rds the mighty ocean,
Loose again, the streamlets dance.

From its bud the rose is blushing,
Red, like Freya's cheeks, and coy;
Vernal breeze the human bosom,
Fills again with hope and joy.

For the hunt the king is ready,
Queen, too, joins him in the chase;
Glitt'ring stands the court assembled,
Pleasure beaming in each face.
Bows are ringing, quivers rattle,
And the coursers paw and neigh;
On the wrist the hooded falcon,
Shrilly screams now for his prey.

Yonder comes, in all her splendour,
Ingeborg, a queen indeed;
Like a star on spring cloud beaming,
Sits she mounted on her steed.

“ Gaze not on her, half like Rota,¹¹⁹
 Half like Freya, tall and fair;—
 On her purple hat waves graceful,
 Sky-blue feather in the air.

“ Gaze not on her eyes’ bright heaven,
 Gaze not on her golden locks;
 Gaze not on her form so beauteous,
 Bosom sweet, where Astrild⁸² rocks.
 Gaze not on the rose and lily,
 Which, by turns, her face adorn;
 List not to her voice of silver,
 Sweeter than the breath of morn.”

Tally ho! Now cheer the huntsmen,
 As o’er mount and vales they pour;
 Merry sounding are the bugles,
 Falcons high to Odin soar.
 And the deer now fly in terror,
 Seek the shelter of their lair,
 But, with flushing cheeks, Valkyria¹²⁰
 Follows with her outstretched spear.

Hoary King no more may follow
 Where the chase grows wild and mad;
 Near him only now rides Frithioff,
 In a silent mood and sad.

Musings dark, and full of sorrow,
Fill his breast with grief and care;
And where'er his heart is turning,
Gloom and trouble enter there.

“ Ah! Why did I leave thee, ocean?
To my welfare was I blind;
Cares rise not on rolling billows,
Scattered are they by the wind.
Was the Viking sad, would dangers
There invite to merry dance,
And ail gloom and sadness vanish
At the armour's glitt'ring glance.

“ In these peaceful vales I perish,
Here I languish, here I pine,
Like a dreamer, never waking
From some grief he can't define;
Grove of Baldur ne'er forgetting,
Nor the troth she pledged to me;—
Still my Ing'borg was not treach'rous,
'Twas the angry gods' decree.

“ They the human race are hating,
Looking grimly on earth's joys,
And my rose bud were compelling
Into winter's frosty choice.

For the rose what cares the winter?
 Ne'er can he her beauty prize;
 But his breast so cold and chilly,
 Rose and leaf encrusts with ice."

Thus laments he, whilst approaching,
 Now, the forest's solitude;
 Dark and still between the mountains
 Elm and birch there shade the wood.
 Now the king 'lights from his charger,
 "Fresh and cool flows here the breeze,
 Let me rest, for I feel weary,
 Sweet is slumber under trees."

"Here, oh king! must thou not slumber,
 Wet and cold here, lurking, hide;
 On the grass sleep is but heavy,
 Let our chargers homeward ride."
 "Unasked, like a god, approaches
 Slumber often; will the guest,
 When his aged host is wearied,
 Grudge him then a little rest?"

Frithiof quickly doffs his mantle,
 Spreads it under shady trees;
 And the king his head is resting,
 Safely, on the hero's knees.

Thus, when vict'ry has decided,
Sleeps the hero on his shield,
As an infant, gently rocking,
To its mother's arms will yield.

As he slumbers, hark ! there twitters
Jet-black bird from slender bough—
“ Frithiof, whilst the King is sleeping,
Gain the bride with one strong blow :
Take the Queen, thine is she only,
Who to thee her bride-kiss gave ;
Human eye is not beholding,
All is quiet as the grave.”

Hark ! another bird now warbles,
Snow-white, from a sturdy bough,
“ Though no human eye is near thee
Odin's eye will watch the blow.
Coward ! wouldst thou murder slumber,
Monarch, who no weapon wears ?
Know, whate'er the blow may gain thee,
It no hero's honor bears.”

Thus the birds alternate warble ;
But his sword, takes Frithiof sage,
Throws it far away with horror,
'Midst the thickest foliage.

Quick flies black bird back to Naströnd,¹²¹
 Whilst the other lightly wings,
 Skywards, up to Odin's regions,
 And the air with harp-sounds rings.

Instantly the king awaketh.

“I slept soundly, on my word;
 Softly in the shade we slumber,
 Shielded by a faithful sword.
 But thy sword—where is it, stranger?
 Where is Light'ning's brother, say?
 What could part ye, who have never
 Parted been a single day?”

“For my sword I am not caring,
 North has plenty yet to spare;
 See! the tongue of steel bites sharply,
 And no words of peace will bear.
 Spirits dark dwell in the dagger,
 Hatched in Niff'lhaim's²² loathsome air
 They respect not sacred slumber,
 Lured are they by silver hair.”

“Noble youth, I was not sleeping,
 But, to prove thee, feigned I rest;
 For the prudent is not trusting,
 Man or blade without a test.

I soon knew thee as bold Frithiof
 When thou camest to my side;
Long since has the king discovered
 What the cunning guest would hide.

“Why, in false disguise, come stealing,
 Nameless, thou into my place,
But to tear the bride, so lovely,
 From the old man’s cold embrace?
Honor, Frithiof, never nameless,
 At the feast, sits down a guest;
Bright, as polished steel, it shineth,
 Open-browed, and bare-laid breast.

“Fame was speaking of fierce Frithiof,
 Dread to man and gods alike;
Shields would cleave he, burn the temple,
 Or, as easy, Vikings strike;
Soon, thought I, with spear of battle,
 Would he come into my land;
But he came, wrapt up in tatters,
 Beggar’s staff within his hand.

“Why art thou thy eyes averting?—
 Ring, too, once had youthful bloom;
Life is strife but from beginning,
 Youth is like a Berserk’s fume; 84*

Shields must cleave he, and break lances,
Till his wildness is upset ;
I have proved thee, and forgiven,
I can pity and forget.

“ Look thee ! agèd I am growing,
For my fathers do I pine ;
Take my realm, thou youthful hero,
Ing’borg take, for she is thine.
Meanwhile, be my son belovèd,
Dwell with me as heretofore ;
Champion be thou, without weapon,
Shield to me, as once before.”

“ Never,” Frithiof answered sadly,
“ Did I steal as thief to thee ;
If of queen I meant to rob thee,
Who could have prevented me ?

“ I to see her was but longing,
Once more, ah ! but once again.
Woe to me, the flame was fanning,
Which I tried to quench in vain.

“ Far too long with thee I’m dwelling,
I must bid thee farewell now ;
For the wrath of gods is resting,
Unappeased, upon my brow.

“ Baldur with his golden tresses,
Who, with love, looks down on all,
Hates but me alone, and, ruthless,
Cast me from my father's hall.

“ Yes! in wrath, I fired the temple,
‘ Wolf in the temple ’ am I called ;
And my name the children frightens,
By the nurse's tales enthralled.

“ By the land that bore him sentenced,
Was its son away then cast ;
Without home am I, and peaceless,
Restless in my own torn breast.

“ On this earth, so fair and verdant,
Now, alas! no pleasures live,
Hot it burns, where'er I'm going,
And the trees no shadows give.

“ Ingeborg is lost for ever
To King Ring in wedlock bound ;
And the sun no more is shining,
Darkness reigns now all around.

“ Therefore, onwards, upon billows,
Let us fly, my dragon, good ;
Bathe again, thy breast so sable,
In the welcome briny flood.

“Raise thy pinions to the heavens,
Plough the ocean’s wide expanse;
Fly, as far as waves are rolling,
And as far as stars will glance.

“Let me hear the tempests whistle,
Thunder storms shall be my rest;
When the din around me clashes,
Then shall peace reign in my breast.”

NOTES TO CANTO XIX.

¹¹⁹ Rota, one of the Valkyrias, she, with Gudr and Skulda (the youngest of the Nornir), rides towards the battle fields to chose the fallen heroes, worthy of Walhalla. See Note 4.

¹²⁰ Ingeborg is here meant for the Valkyria, alluding to her being compared with Rota. See previous Note.

¹²¹ Naströnd, the terrible hall in Niffelhaim, (the Helhaim of Helia, see Note 11) it is a fearful place, far away from the sun, where only frosts, mists, and darkness reign, full of serpents, who fill it with flowing venom, through which the dwellers of the land of shades have to wade under terrible sufferings.

¹²² Niffelhaim (Nifelhel) the Helhaim of Helia. See previous Note.

CANTO XX.

RING'S DEATH



KINFAX,¹²³ the glowing
Goldwaves adorning,
Draws spring sun more brilliant than ever
before.

Purple are flowing
Rays of the morning,
Now in the King's hall, o'er ceiling and floor.

Enters now grieving,
Frithiof, care bringing,
To the pale King and to Ing'borg's sad heart,
Throbbing and heaving,
Now is he singing,
With a faltering voice, his sad song of depart.

"Sea-horse¹²⁴ is laving
In billows so blue,
Longing, with wings spread, to fly from the strand.
Spring air is waving,
Away with my crew,
Now must I sail from the friend and his land.

“ Ing’borg, as gift take
 My arm-ring so rare,
 Sacred remembrance of moments, so bright.
Take it for my sake,
 My last earnest prayer,
 Never again will my shade cross thy light.

“ No more shall I see
 The smoke rise again,
 Smoke of the hearth, that life’s breath to me gave ;
The Norn’s¹⁴ stern decree,
 On waves of the main,
 Force me to seek there, my home and my grave.

“ Approach not the strands,
 When moonlight is playing ;
 Nor when the stars glitter bright in the night.
Bleached bones to the sands,
 Perchance, may be straying,
 Of Frithiof the Viking, banished from sight.”

Then sang the old king,
 “ No good it is bringing,
 When like a maid whines the steel-breasted heart.
Hark ! death beats his wing,
 And low now is singing ;
 What does it matter ? all life must depart.

“ The Norns, while we live,
 Our fortunes command;
 Neither by sighs, nor by scorn are they won.
 To thee do I give
 My queen and my land,
 Take her, and guard both herself and my son.

“ With joy did I reign
 From treachery free,
 And peace loved I much, with garments so bright;
 Yet cleft I in twain
 Strong shields on the sea;
 On land was I known e'er foremost in fight.

“ Now freely I'll bleed
 Geirsodd⁵⁰ by a dart;
 To Norseking is straw-death⁵⁰ pitiful fare;
 But little I heed,
 From hence to depart;
 Gladly shall I to Walhalla repair.”

Runes then he traces
 For Odin the bright;
 Death runes became they, on breast and on arm;⁵⁰
 See! how it graces
 His beard snowy white,
 Blood flowing on silver, scarlet and warm.
 o

“ Bring then the gold-horn,
 Let Skals sound aloud,
 Skåls to thee, North, thou beautiful land;
 Ever the ripe corn,
 And thoughts wise and proud,
 Loved I, and good works I wrought with my hand.

“ Vainly 'mongst the wild
 Comrades of slaughter,
 Sought I for peace, but none ever could find;
 Now, smiling so mild,
 Beckons the daughter
 Of heavenly rest,¹²⁵ to Walfader¹⁰⁷ kind.

“ Hail! to ye godly priests,
 Dwellers of Walhall',
 Now earth is fading, with thee shall I rest;
 I haste to your feasts
 At Gjållerhorn's ¹²⁶ call,
 Where Asa-gods crown with gold-helm the guest.”

Thus, ready to die,
 He takes Frithiof's hands,
 Ing'borg's he presses before he is gone;
 He breathes his last sigh,
 His soul then ascends—
 Upwards it soars to Alfader's throne.

NOTES TO CANTO XX.

¹²³ Skinfaxi, the steed drawing the sun-chariot. The younger Edda (Gylfaginning) relates thus: There was a Hrymthur of the name of Narvi, who dwelt in Jotunhaim; he had a daughter whose name was Night, black and dark, like all her race. She was married to Nagelfari, and they had a son Audur. She was also married to Onar, and bore him their daughter Jörd (Hjerta, the earth); and yet another husband had she, Delling (Dawn), of the Aesir race, and to him she bore a son Day, light and lovely like his father. Alfader was so much pleased with the birth of Day that he took mother and son, and placed them in the heavens, and gave them two coursers and two chariots to alternately drive round the earth. Night precedes her son with her steed, Hrymfaxi (Frost, Rime-maned), the foam of whose bit bedews the earth every morning. Day's steed is Skinfaxi (the Light-maned), whose mane lights the earth with its brilliant gold.

¹²⁴ Sea-horse, Ellide.

¹²⁵ With this stanza the translator has taken great liberties, but it must be confessed that it is somewhat obscure :

* " Fåfångt bland vilda
blodiga drotter
sökte jag Friden, hon flyktade hän.

* Literally :—

Vainly amongst the wild
Bloodthirsty comrades,
Sought I for peace, which fled but from hence,
Now stands the mild
Daughter of sepulchres,
Waiting for me with knees of the gods.

Nu står den milda
ätthögens dotter
väntande på mig vid Gudarnas knän :”

ätthögens dotter, literally translated, is the daughter of the tomb (sepulchral mound).

The whole of this canto, which in the original sounds like a song, is a favourite part with the Scandinavians. It must be confessed, however, that it offered insuperable difficulties to the translator to render its smooth-flowing cadence, together with the rather obscure meaning, agreeable to English ears; he has, however, attempted his best.

¹²⁶ Gjällerhorn is the trumpet of Haimdall, who guards the Bifroust bridge (see note 60). He sounds it when one of the fallen heroes crosses the bridge on the road to Walhalla. With it he also calls the Aesir to arms at Ragnaröck.

CANTO XXI.

RING'S DRAPA.²⁷

NOTE.—Owing to its alliteration, the following, like Canto XIV., will appear somewhat obscure; it may therefore be useful to head it also with a short argument.

Ring being dead, he is seated with his horse, Gångare, in the walled sepulchre, and the canto relates his reception in Walhalla by the Asa-Gods. As he is riding over the Bifroust-bridge, which gracefully bends down for his reception, the gates of Walhalla open, and the gods are seen there, ready to receive him and to grasp his hand. Thor is away from home, reviewing his army, but in his place Walfader (Odin) does the honour of the court. Freyâ, as the Goddess of Plenteousness, crowns him with a wreath of wheat ears, and Frigga, as the Goddess of Industry, ties it together. Whilst Vanadis (another name for Freyâ, as the Goddess of Love) listens with delight, Brâga, the God of Song and Poetry, is singing his praise, and comparing his wisdom and his prowess with that of the Asa-gods.



HRONES in the hillock,¹²⁷

Ring, high and hoary; ‘

Sword at his side hangs,

Shield on his arm.

Gångare, goldmaned,¹²⁸

Gaily is prancing,

Pawing with gold hoof

Ground of the grave.¹²⁷

Now to Walhall's realm
 Ring brave is riding ;
 Bifroust is bending,
 Bows for him low.
 Walhalla waiting
 Widely then opens ;—
 Hands of the Asas
 Holding his own.

Thor from home absent,
 Holding review now,
 Walfader¹⁰⁷ for him
 Will reach the wine.
 Freyâ there winds him
 Wreath of gold wheat-ears,
 And Frigga braids them
 With bright blue bands.

Brâga,²⁴ the hoary,
 Harp high is sounding
 Sweet then and soothing,
 Soft breathes the song.
 Vanadis¹²⁹ list'ning,
 Leans on the table,
 Goddess so lovely,
 Glowing with glee.

“ Loudly the swords ring,
 Swing over steel-helms ;

Billows are flowing,
 Blushing with red.
 Strength that was given
 By gods so gracious,
 Burns like a Berserk,^{84*}
 Bites in the shield!

“Therefore wast loved thou
 Thane by the Asas;
 Peace didst defend thou,
 Dangers avert.
 Calm, sensible strength,
 Beautiful image;
 Incense refreshing
 Rose to our realm.

“Words full of wisdom
 Walfader utters,
 Sitting with Saga,⁴¹
 Soequabeck's maid.⁴¹
 Thus King, thy words were
 Wisdom displaying,
 Deep drawn from Mimer's³⁵
 Murmuring well.

“Forsete⁴⁴ friendly
 Disputes adjusteth,
 Righteously reigning,
 Round Urda's well.

Thus judging justly
On seat of judgment,
Badest thou banish
Blood's vengeful hate.
"Sparingly scatt'ring
Silver wast never,
Days glow of Dwarfs,¹³⁰ or
Dragon bed thou.
Gladly thou gavest
Gifts mild and gracious ;
Soothing, thy lips soon
Sufferings ceased.

"Welcome we sing thee,
Heir of Walhalla,
Long will yet North love,
Live will thy fame.
Brâga the brimful
Wine cup is bearing ;
• Nornirs now nearing,
Peace-heralds hail !"

NOTES TO CANTO XXI.

¹²⁷ It has been explained in Note 29 that the dead heroes were seated, fully equipped, in their tombs, sometimes, as in this instance, upon their horses.


¹²⁸ Gångare (the swift goer) is Ring's horse, and was buried with him.

¹²⁹ Vanadis, from vâh, beautiful, and dis, goddess, is another name for Freyâ.

¹³⁰ Days glow of Dwarfs, and Dragon-bed, are both poetical expressions for gold; the former because the dragon Fâfner, in order to guard his gold, was for ever rolling upon it, the latter because gold served as light to the dwarfs who dwelt deep in the earth.

CANTO XXII.

THE KING-ELECTION.

 O TING! to Ting! the herald's wand¹³¹
Goes gaily decked;
King Ring is dead, now must the land
A King elect.

The bönd the sword takes from the hall,
Its steel is blue,
And with the blade he strikes the wall,
To prove it true.

The boys, with glee, look at it straight.
Bright gleams the steel;
Two lift it up, for one the weight
Does heavy feel.

The helmet polishes the maid,
Gleaming a blaze;
And blushes then, for it repaid
Her with her gaze.

At last he takes the mighty shield,—
A sun of blood!—

“All hail! thou champion in the field,
Thou bönd so good.

“There rests alone in thy free breast
Thy country’s name;
In peace art thou its staff and rest,
In war its fame.”

They gather round with clash of shields;
And all across,
Beneath the sky and open fields,
Their tents they toss.

High on the Ting-stone²⁰ Frithiof stands,
With him Ring’s heir;
There places he his horny hands
On golden hair.

Then all the warriors murmur loud;
“Too young, by far,
To judge us, and to lead us proud
Into the war.”

But on the shield, the boy now tossed¹³²
Frithiof’s strong hand:
“Here stands the heir of him we lost,
Hope of the land!

“ See ye not Odin’s image bright,
On brow so fair ?
Upon the shield he feels as light,
As bird in air !

“ Forsete,⁴⁴ Baldur’s sublime son,
Hear thou my oath ;
Fail me ! should I forsake this one,
Or break my troth.”

Upon the shield looks blithe and deft,
Like King on throne,
The boy, as hawk looks up the cleft,
Towards the sun.

But tedious now time seems to frown,
Hot grows his blood ;
With kingly courage leapt he down,
And upright stood.

Then clamoured loudly all the Ting,
In joyful strain,
“ Thee do we choose, grow up like Ring,
Thou shield-borne swain.

Jarl Frithiof, reign thou in his stead,
Till strong his mind,
And for thy bride, we pray thee, wed
His mother kind.”

“As suitor can I not abide,”
Thus Frithiof's voice;
“Choose ye your king, and I the bride
Of my own choice.

“Away must I to Baldur's grove,
For there awaits
The stern decree of Norns above,
At sacred gates.

“A word with those shield-maidens free,¹³³
Speak there I will,
Who build beneath Time's ancient tree,¹³³
And further still.

Still frowns the god with golden hair
And pallid hue;¹³⁴
He tore the bride from me, and there
Again I'll woo.”

The Prince then press'd he on his knee,
And kissed his brow;
And over yonder heath they see
Him vanish now.

NOTES TO CANTO XXII.

¹³¹ The herald's wand; a staff which, cut with runes, was sent from house to house, as a circular message. This is a custom still prevailing in the Highlands of Sweden, and no doubt is of Eastern origin. During the Indian rebellion, a kind of cake, with some secret signs, was sent from hut to hut, spreading the rebellion wherever it was sent. The staff was called Budkafle, the messenger's staff.

¹³² It was an old Northern and Germanic custom to raise the king elect upon a shield.

¹³³ Shield-maidens; the Norns (see note 14), so called because they, as Valkyrias, bear the fallen heroes upon shields to Walhalla; and, to understand the stanza, it should be noted that they dwell at the northern root of the Yggdrasil—the Tree of Time—a description of which will be given later on. The well, nourishing the root, is called the Urda well, after the eldest of the Nornir, who represents the past.

¹³⁴ "The god of golden hair, and pallid hue." Baldur is here meant.

CANTO XXIII.

FRITHIOF ON HIS FATHER'S MOUND.

“**H**OW glorious smiles the sun; his rays are beaming
On ev'ry blade, they skip from green to green;
His golden image is on oceans streaming,
His glitt'ring glance on ev'ry dew-drop seen.
How red it is upon the mountains streaming!
Ah! that is blood on Baldur's altar screen.
Soon will the night with her dark tresses flowing
Thy gold-rays hide, which on the waves are glowing.

“But first the home which of my haunts redounds
Shall I salute, where I my childhood spent;
The woods where still the air with song resounds
And the same flow'rets waft their fragrant scent;
Around the wells—where by the cliff rebounds
Yet the same wave on which, alas! I went.
Of fame it sang to me its roundelay,
But from my vales it took me far away.

"I know thee well, thou stream on which I floated,
 A hardy swimmer, on thy waves deep blue ;
 Thee, valley, to the lovers e'er devoted,
 Where we our troth had pledged so firm and true ;
 Ye birch trees all, where I my love denoted
 On willing bark, where her loved name I drew ;
 Your silver stem by green-leaved crown is shaded,
 Changed only I, whilst none of ye have faded.

"But are ye all the same ? where are the bowers
 That graced my home ? the temple at the strand ?
 Ah ! sweet were childhood's vales o'erspread with flowers,
 Till-over them there passed the sword and brand.
 Man's hate, the wrath of the superior powers,
 Now tell the wand'rer of the blighted land.
 Fly, wand'rer, from yon heap, black and decaying,
 In Baldur's grove are beasts of prey but straying.

"A tempter is this earthly life defiling ;
 Yea ! Nidlögg¹³⁵ grim, who hails from realms of night,
 Who hates all light, is pious strife reviling,
 That battles in the hero's breast with might ;
 The weak is he with wicked wiles beguiling,
 The strong does he with treachery requite.
 When he succeeds, when flames o'er temples gather,
 "He claps his coal-black hands with glee together.

"Art thou, oh Baldur ! then my off'ring scorning ?
 Does no forgiveness dwell in Walhall's sky ?

From fallen foe the human wrath is turning,
 The flowing blood appeases gods on high.
 They say 'bove all is mildness thee adorning,
 Thy will make known, then ! naught can I deny ;
 From sacrilege my mind was e'er recoiling,
 Cleanse, then, the stain which still my shield is soiling."

"The weight take off which all my hopes is dashing,
 The darkened shadows of my soul expel ;
 A whole life's honor let the stain be washing
 Of but one fault ;—this prayer do not repel.
 I tremble not, though round me lightning's flashing
 Should rage, in Hel's dread eyes could I gaze well ;
 To thee alone, pale god, my knees are bending,
 I fear alone the vengeance *thou* art sending.

"Here sleeps my father ; is the hero resting ?
 Ah ! he has gone to Odin's happy fields,
 There, on the Idavale,¹³⁶ with gods contesting,
 And quaffing mead by the gay clash of shields.
 Thee, guest of Aesir, is thy son requesting,
 With gods to plead, to whose decree he yields.
 He does not come with runes, or signs of galder,¹³⁷
 Only with prayers, to soothe the frowning Baldur.

"Art silent, grave ? Yet once strong Angantyr
 Came from his mound, aroused by Hervor's prayer,¹³⁸
 The sword was good—yet little her desire,
 If I with Tyrfing¹³⁸ my demand compare ;

Forgiveness of the gods I hold far higher,
 Than were the best sword in the world my share
 Ah! do but intercede, I am despairing,
 A noble mind cannot their wrath be bearing.

“ Still art thou silent? Hear the billows singing,
 Sweet is their prattle in the blowing breeze;
 Freight them with soothing sounds! Loud storms are
 ringing;
 Fly with their wings, and whisper from yon trees.
 Ah! may the western golden clouds be bringing
 To me peace-heralds in their glowing frieze;
 No words? No signs art to thy son thou giving?
 How mute, how cold the Dead are to the Living.”

Now sets the sun; the evening breeze is sighing
 And softly lulls the child of earth¹³⁹ to rest;
 The ruby glow with purple flames is vieing
 To wreath with roses now the flaming west;
 And when the rays on hill and vale are dying,
 The golden image of Walhall' is pressed.
 Then, suddenly, o'er western waves is flowing
 A vision which with gold and flames is glowing.

Known as a mirage is this heav'nly wonder,
 Though sweeter far its name sounds in Walhall';¹⁴⁰
 It slowly soared o'er grove of Baldur yonder,
 Rolling upon the green, a golden ball,

Glowing above the sky, and glowing under,
A golden sea wherever glances fall ;
Then on the ground it rested in repose,
Where, brilliant in the light, a temple rose.

Image of Breidablick;¹⁴¹ the walls are rearing
High upon cliffs, bright with a silv'ry gleam ;
Of dark blue steel the pillars are appearing,
One single gem the altar does but seem.
Upon the dome the glitt'ring stars are steering
Their clear, bright course, as on the heav'nly stream.
And high, on golden thrones, the gods were seated
In azure robes, as they thus Frithiof greeted.

And lo ! bent on their shields with runic writing,
The sublime Norns stand at the open gate ;
Three rosebuds were they looking, and inviting
To their own urns the slow approaching fate.
Whilst Urda's¹⁴ eyes upon the runes are lighting,
To the new temple Skulda¹⁴ pointeth straight,
And now, as Frithiof from his trance recovered,
Vanished the vision which on high had hovered.

“ This then your will, ye maidens of Time's fountain,¹³³
'Tis thou, oh ! father, who has sent this sign,
' Restore the sacred temple on the mountain,
Where erst it stood, but grander in design ;

To future ages then be fame recounting,
Atonement for the hasty deed was thine.'
Renewed with hope the outcast's heart is swelling;
With Baldur pale again may I be dwelling.

"I hail, ye stars, which high above are sailing,
Again I look with pleasure on your light;
Thee, flaming glow,¹⁴² which from the North is hailing,
Thou! erst a temple burning in my sight.
Oh! mound renew thy green; with songs regaling
Arise, ye waves! in all your former might;
Here shall I slumber, on my shield be dreaming
Of *Man* atoning, and of *Gods* redeeming."

NOTES TO CANTO XXIII.

¹³⁵ Nidhögg is the hideous dragon, who, with myriads of worms gnaws at the root of the ash tree Yggdrasil (see North. Myth. § 11). He is the symbol of corruption, and the gnawing at the ash tree represents him undermining the innocence of man. Yet will the tree not wither until the final combat (Ragnaröck), when Life, Time, and the World will perish; thus is Death gnawing at the flowing Life, which he can never destroy, as from it, like the tree, new buds and sprigs are ever shooting forth afresh.

¹³⁶ The Idavale (Idavöller) is the lovely green valley on which the gods assemble with the Einheriens (see note 4) for their tournaments and games. Here on its perfume-breathing fields will the long lost golden tablets be found again at the renovation of the world. The holy Aesir will return here, purified by Surtur's flames, and will now dwell in everlasting peace, for Lokè's might and the realm of Evil is destroyed for ever, and Darkness changed into Light. Then will Baldur and Hödur walk arm in arm, in Love united, reconciled by Love.

¹³⁷ There were two kinds of magical incantations. By the aid of seids (from *sjudar*, to boil), and of chants (*galder*, crowing).

¹³⁸ Hervor is the daughter of Angantyr (see note 84*). She, by magical incantations caused her father to rise from the grave to give her the sword which had been buried with him. He gives it to her with the greatest reluctance, and predicts that it would kill her whole race. It will be remembered from the note alluded to above, that Swafurlarmi, king of Russia, was killed by the Berserk Arngrim, who took from him his sword Tyrting. Two dwarfs, whose life

Swafurlarmi had spared, wrought this weapon by magical spell, deep below the ground. It was flashing flames, its hilt was of gold, and the blade was full of magical runes. From Arngrim this sword came to Angantyr, who had only one child, a daughter, wild and furious as all the race of the Berserks. Ambitious and imperious, she wanted to rule over all, even if she must wade through slaughter and bloodshed. With Tyrfing she hoped to accomplish her wild schemes, and being well versed in magic, she resolved to get the sword from her father by powerful incantations. Arrived at the sepulchral mound in the middle of the night, with the mistletoe staff in her hand, she drew mystic circles on the tomb. Lightning flashed, thunders rolled, the earth heaved and cleft a chasm, but the woman knew no fear. She went on with her incantation; up rose Angantyr, ghastly white, besmeared all over with blood, a horrible apparition, and spake as follows :

“Hervor, dread daughter, why dost thou call,
 With runic wailing waking the dead?
 Mad screamer, madly stamping and beating,
 With fury wild, at the gates of the grave.
 Woe art thou calling, woe on thyself;
 I was not buried, not bedded by father,
 I was not buried, not bedded by friend.
 Two there where who Tyrfing were taking,
 Living were they when earth's life I left;
 To one of the two is Tyrfing now true.”

But she answered:—

“Thou tellest not truth, with thee is the sword,
 By Odin I swear it who keeps thee below;
 Why shouldst thou withhold from thy child then the brand?”

He then warns her that her race would be killed by the

sword; but what does she care? She answers, "I ask thee not, oh! thou noble King, what after me my sons may begin."

At last he reaches her the sword with words like these:—

"Farewell, then, thou daughter, the brand I give thee;
 Twelve death-blows each blow of the blade will be dealing,
 If firmly thou'rt griping the only good gift
 Which Arngrim's wild sons were leaving behind."

Thus, this wild song, than which, in horror there are but very few like it in the Northern legends.

¹³⁹ The child of earth. Man.

¹⁴⁰ A mirage is called "Hägring" in Swedish; certainly not a very euphonious name, which the poet may well wish to change for a better term.

¹⁴¹ Breidablick (Breida, far extending and blick, glance) Baldur's sacred castle, which must not be defiled by any sacrilege.

¹⁴² Since the burning of the temple, the Northern light, to the imagination of Frithiof, appeared like the flames of the temple; but, now that his breast is appeased, its glow reappears in all its former natural beauty.

PREFACE TO CANTO XXIV.

IN the note prefacing Canto XIII. the translator alluded to Tegnèr's evident intention of bringing in this poem almost the whole of the Northern Mythology before the eyes of the reader, and nowhere has he succeeded so well as in the present Canto. A very clever critic, treating of this poem, which he rightly called Tegnèr's best production, and whose notice, otherwise, was highly favourable throughout, satirically remarked that the "Sermon" of the High Priest, as he styled his masterly address, must have formed part of Frithiof's atonement. It was a witty and cutting remark; but his wit must have forsaken him when he read this Canto, which is, indeed, a masterpiece of eloquence and of the most elegant construction. In it Tegnèr gives the reader a sight into the beauties of the Northern mythology—a small opening, as it were, at the end of a dark lane, but full of such transcendent light, that the gazer must involuntarily be carried on by a desire to view that brighter world which lay beyond the lane, and well rewarded would he find himself in the Walhalla of the Asa-gods. His object, also, was to show in luminous robes the similarity of the Northern mythology with the religion of the present civilized world—that it formed but one of its links. Its teachings of a better world—of a reward for the brave, and a punishment for the coward in the realm of mists; its doctrine of forgiveness; its legends of the creation, of the destruction and the regeneration of the world, were, though as yet in a crude state, the shadows which precede the day. A full insight into the Northern mythology and its Sagas is certainly required to understand the beauties of this Canto, and many parts of the whole poem. The translator, therefore, calls the reader's attention to the appended abstract; but he may be pardoned in giving here a short review of Frithiof's life, together with an argument of the present Canto.

The life of Frithiof, the brave, the strong, had been embittered by the refusal of Ingeborg's hand, and her succeeding marriage with King Ring. In his fury he attacked Helga, the cause of all his grief, in Baldur's temple. By accident he upsets the image of the god, which, falling on the flames of the altar, sets the building on fire, and devastates the sacred fane. Banished and outlawed, his home burnt down, he roves as one of the Vikings, over distant seas. He becomes feared

and renowned, but finds no rest. He is loved by his companions, and respected by all nations; still his turbulent breast finds no peace. At last he resolves to visit his first and only love;—to see Ingeborg once more, though in disguise, to soothe his pangs, and then to retire for ever. But his love is only fanned by his visit; he is recognised by King Ring, who tests his honour, and proves him strong and virtuous. They become friends, and, on his death-bed, Ring offers him his realm and the Queen; but he merely waits to see the young son elected; and, though called upon by the clamour of the people to reign over them, and wed their queen—the still blooming Ingeborg—he refuses. No; as yet his soul is restless. The burner of temples, the outlawed, must first find peace in his own breast before he can wed her, for whom his life had been one waste, one sacrifice. He must visit his home, his childhood's haunts, the green fields, the springs, the groves where he played with the friend of his childhood;—he must weep on his father's grave. Perhaps the Norns will be appeased and restore rest to him. There, on the tomb of his father, we find him next. He, Thorsten, is now happy; he has repaired to Walhalla; he feasts with the gods and tilts with the Einheriens. “Ah! speak for me to the gods,” Frithiof exclaims;—but no answer comes. “How cruel,” he again cries out, “the dead are to the living; they respond not to our prayers, and yet the living will sometimes weep for those who are bereaved; and the gods will be appeased with sacrifice! No answer yet?” . . . See!—over yonder sloping hills, what golden floods are spreading out before his gazing eyes! In brilliant light appear the castles of the fairy Morgana—a mirage;—and as its ruby glow strays over hills, and vales, and meadows, and lingers on the soft evening landscape, it gradually takes shape. Columns and walls arise, the pillars gleam with blue of steel; an altar of one huge and burning ruby; a dome; a vault, with glittering stars on azure sky, make their appearance; and lo! a noble temple has arisen on the purple flaming horizon. *That* was the sign!—“A temple build upon the ground of the old ruins.” There, in glowing letters, was it plainly written. And now behold the fane (in Canto XXIV.), much lovelier and loftier than before; built of stones, with steel and bronze, where, formerly, it was mere wood; even the fencing of the grove was now of steel, “with golden helmets, like a band of warriors guarding the sanctuary.” And, as he stands and contemplates the noble work, the choir appears; a throng of lovely virtuous virgins, in robes of white, and flowing golden hair. They dance and sing, and soft melodious tunes awaken him to newer life. Down into dark oblivion sink his stormy battles, and brighter visions of his happy childhood appear before his eye. Again his heart beats warm, he feels as pure and simple as before he had to face the struggles of

stern life, and as if he now could fold within his arms the world—embrace both friend and foe. His steel breast melts, and tones his heart to softer tunes. And now the High Priest enters, and, with a masterly address, he greets the hero-builder of the fane. And if it be “a sermon,” as the critic once maintained, how sweet, how lovely would it sound upon the lips of the ministering pastor of to-day. He does not upbraid; he was but expecting him; he tells him *all* youth will roam over the world’s wide expanse to cool the boiling blood. Strength must spend itself against the rocks; and what, if in his Berserk rage, he bites furiously in the shield of steel, sooner or later, when the froth of the overflowing spirits should have vanished, he will return a wiser man. And will not even Walhalla’s gods their strength spend just the same? Often would Thor repair to the giants, the Hrymthurses, and wield his steel hammer against the enemies of the Aesir. Yet Lokè reigns there still. Never will Evil yield to mere strength of arms, only where strength with piety is combined, there will it rise in victory, and will, like Ymer’s lifeless body—of which the earth was formed when it was warmed to life by the sun’s streaming rays—turn, when the light of grace shines on it, into a lovely field of blossoms. But strength, when unaccompanied by piety, remains a mere weak reed, and Hödur (Ignorance) will kill his brother Baldur (Light) within the heart of man, and lay it there in ashes—like the temple. Then, with a picture taken from the “Völuspá,” the priest proceeds to explain the twilight of the gods, the fall of the Aesir, and their regeneration. For earth is a mere faint image of Walhalla; what takes place here, preceded there in a greater measure only, as it becomes the gods. And here below reigns Good in every heart; but, near the Good, there also Evil dwells, and between the two, between Baldur and Hödur, there Lokè—ever busy—keeps up the strife until the day dawns of the regeneration both of Walhalla and its gods above, and earth and Askur’s race below. God charges himself with the redemption of the dead; but the living must seek it in his own breast. “With atonement the gods will be appeased,” pursues the priest, “and peace be found within thy breast; but not with sacrifice alone, not with mere cold stone canst thou atone. No!—forgive thy foe; then only will the temple’s structure avail thee as a sacrifice. If thou canst not forgive, then will the temple have been built in vain.” And here the priest, in a prophetic trance, relates of yet another Baldur living in the South, a virgin’s son, whose battle cry was Peace—whose sword was Love. Pious he lived, and dying he forgave; and, at some future date, when he—the priest—should to his rest have turned, then will the teachings reach the Northern shores, and illuminate the heart of man with what has hitherto been left obscure.


It would be useless further to follow the events. Suffice it here to say that, upon Baldur's altar, Frithiof renews his friendship with young Halfdan, and is there also joined by Ingeborg, his bride; and thus the Canto, and with it a poem, ends, which will remind the reader of the Eddas and its Songs of Gods.

Again, he seems to listen to the goddess Saga, as she is sitting in her crystal grotto, beneath the cooling silver well. Again, he seems to follow Vala, as she commands both high and low of Haimdall's race, to watch devoutly the unrolling of the world's grand picture; and as he stands enthralled, and sees the shadows vanish, and the light appear, the tunes of Brága's golden harp still seem to whisper melodies in his enraptured ear. Alas! he heard his swan-song now. The Northern Homer will no more resound the harp; Walhalla loves the hero-bard too well, and there he now is singing at the feet of the God of Songs himself; whilst, smilingly, Iduna* reaches him the golden apples.

* It will be remembered that Iduna, the spouse of Baldur (the God of Songs), is the goddess of immortality reaching the golden apples (immortality) to the Asa-gods and Einheriens.

CANTO XXIV.

THE ATONEMENT.

OMPLETED now, stood Baldur's temple. All
around
Were steel-clad glitt'ring spears, where erst mere
wooden stakes

Had fenced the grove; there guarded they—a warrior band,
With pointed golden helmets on their metal brows,—
The newly risen sanctuary. Of giant stones,
By daring art together joined, the dome was built.

Colossal thus, as for eternity, it stood,
A sublime fabric, like Upsala's¹⁴³ sacred fane,
Walhalla's counterpart, by North rebuilt on earth,
With proudly tow'ring walls, high over granite rocks,
It mirror'd on the radiant waves its lofty brow;
And, like a lovely garden border, round about,
Was Baldur's grove with its fresh perfume-spreading breeze,
Filled with the songs of birds,—a happy seat of peace.
Of bronze, and lofty was the gate; on pillars two
The vaulted dome was borne on shoulders broad and strong;
Within the fane in splendour hung it thus on high,

Above the shrine, seeming a giant shield of gold.
 And opposite the gate the sacred altar stood,
 Hewn of a single block from Northland's quarries brought,
 Round which there were meand'ring sacred runic signs¹⁴⁴
 Of wisdom full, of Vala,¹⁴⁵ and of Havamâl;¹⁴⁶
 But in the wall above, a hollow niche was seen,
 Where golden stars were glitt'ring on the azure ground;
 There throned the silver image of the pious god,
 Benovolent and mild, as on the heaven's vault
 The silver-shining moon smiles on her golden train.

The temple's splendour thus.—In couples entered now
 Twelve virgins, clad in flowing robes of silver woof,
 With roses on their virgin cheeks, and roses too
 In virtuous hearts. Before the image of the god
 They danced, around the newly-consecrated shrine,
 As vernal breeze is rocking on the silver-well,
 As elfins skip upon the glitt'ring new-mown grass,
 When morning's dew-drops still begem the em'rald blades.
 And, whilst they danced, they sang a sacred hymn of praise,
 Of pious Baldur, and how all beloved he was.
 How he was struck, and fell by Hödur's fatal spear;¹⁰
 And at his fall how heaven and earth were weeping tears.
 The song seemed not as if it came from human breast,
 But breathing music from the hall of Breidablick,¹¹¹
 Or, like the maiden's thoughts, when, dreaming of her love,
 She, in the silent night, lists to the quail's clear call,
 When, on the Northern oaks, the moon its silver spreads.

Enthralled and spell-bound Frithiof stood, bent on his
 sword,
 And looked upon the dance ; then passed before his mind
 The happy guileless troop, of childhood's early dreams,
 With skyblue eyes, and gladness on their youthful cheeks,
 Their golden tresses flowing down unto their waists ;
 Familiarly they smiled upon their childhood's friend,
 And greeted him from regions of the happy past.
 Then, like a cruel shadow, sank his Viking life,
 With all its battles deep into black gloomy night ;
 It seemed to him as if, a living bautastone,²⁸
 He stood, with fragrant flowers wreathed upon his grave.
 And as the song was swelling, upwards soared his soul
 From this terrestrial vale, on high to Valaskjalf.¹⁴⁷
 Then human vengeance melted, also human hate,
 As will the winter's icy armour of the rock,
 When spring-sun's rays its brow are greeting with their
 glow.
 Then poured into his hero-heart a sea of peace,
 It seemed to him as if he felt the throbbing pulse
 Of nature beating at his heart, as if he could
 Haimskringla's orb¹⁴⁸ enfold in brotherly embrace ;
 As if with all his foes he lived in happy peace,
 In peace with all the world beneath the god's clear eye.

* * * * *

And now the high priest of the sacred god appeared,

Like him, august, though not as handsome, and as young,
A heavenly grace shining upon his lofty brow,
With long and silv'ry beard, which to his girdle fell.
An unknown rev'rence then touched Frithiof's hero-breast,
Down sank the helmet's eagle wings, and down too sank
Frithiof before the holy priest, who spake these words:
"Welcome, son Frithiof, here. See! waiting was I thee;
For youthful strength will wander far o'er land and sea,
To vent the humour which in youth will ever boil,
E'en as a Berserk grimly biting shield of steel,^{148*}
Who must at last, when tired, to better sense return.
Thus Thor, the strong, would often go to Jotunhaim,¹⁴⁹
Yet in defiance of his belt, and hammer's strength,¹⁵
Does Utgård-Lokè¹⁴⁹ still sit there upon his throne.
For Evil, being strong itself, ne'er yields to strength;
Yet a mere toy is piety without such strength,
Fitful as sun-beams play on Aegir's¹⁵⁰ heaving breast,
And rise and fall again upon its rolling waves,
A trembling picture only, without hold or ground.
And where no piety exists strength spends itself,
As on the rock the sword; like a life's wild debauch,
When on the tankard's brim oblivion's Hägher¹⁵¹ hangs,
But, shamefaced, blushes when awakened from carouse.
All strength is but of earthly mould like Ymer's¹⁵² corpse,
In which the waters represent the boiling veins,
With sinews which are forged of strong and tempered ore,
And bears no fruit, but cold and sterile does it lie
Till piety's celestial light has shone on it.

But then the corpse will stir with renovated life,
 Then will with em'rald green the glitt'ring grass be decked,
 And into purple bloom the flow'ring buds will burst,
 The barren dust change to a lovely tapestry,
 Where on the tree the crown waves proudly up on high,
 With golden glitt'ring fruit shining on drooping branch,
 And man and beast will drain the mother's willing breast.¹⁵³
 Thus will it also be with Askur's¹⁵⁴ sturdy race.
 Alfader placed two weights into the scales of life,
 Of equal balance—even—when they are at rest;
 Their names are Godly Piety, and Strength on Earth.
 Mighty and strong is Thor when girded he for war,
 With Megingjard¹⁵⁵ tied round his rock-firm hips, he strikes;
 And wise is Odin when from Urda's silver¹⁵⁶ stream
 He quaffs, or when his birds¹² bring tidings to the god
 From the fresh verdant fields of Haimskringla¹⁰² below.
 Yet both the gods turned pale, and half extinguished was
 The lustre of their crowns when pious Baldur fell;¹⁰
 For Baldur was the tie which held the heav'nly wreath
 Of Walhall's gods.¹³³ The greenleaved crown fast withered
 then

Upon the Tree of Time,¹⁵⁷ and all its splendour paled.
 The root felt Nidhögg's¹³⁵ sharpened tooth, unfettered were
 The Pow'rs of Night; the Midgard-ormer's¹⁵³ pois'nous tail
 Struck out in mighty ringlets, loud the Fenris howled:¹⁵⁸
 Blood-red at Muspelhaim¹⁵⁹ there glittered Surtur's¹⁶⁰ sword.
 Since then, wherever eyes may turn, there reigneth strife;
 Throughout the whole creation sounds the clash of shields,

And as in Walhall' crows the gold-combed chanticleer,¹⁵⁹
 So also, in the misty realm of Helia, crows
 His mate, black-red, in shrilly notes, prepared for fight.
 Before that dark and gloomy hour peace reigned on earth,
 And peace reigned also in the halls of gods above,
 Both in the breasts of men, and breasts of gods alike;
 For all that happens here below, erewhile, has passed,
 Though in a greater measure, on the plains above.
 For earth is but Walhalla's puny counterpart;
 The heaven's light is mirrored upon Saga's shield¹⁶¹
 In runic lore.—A Baldur¹⁶² lives in ev'ry heart;
 Think of the time when peace was reigning in thy breast,
 When happy yet, and chaste, thy life ran calm and smooth,
 As soothing as a bird's sweet dreams at summer eve,
 When west-winds lull the flow'rs in verdant beds to sleep;
 Then Baldur's purity as yet lived in thy soul,
 Thou Asa-son, thou wand'ring scion of Walhall'.
 Yet Baldur lives in ev'ry infant's guileless breast,
 For Helia e'en must render back her lawless prey,
 As soon as new-born child the earthly life beholds.
 But near the pious god, in ev'ry breast of man,
 There also Hödur¹⁶³ will be found, the child of night;
 In darkness clad is Evil born, as night surrounds
 The bear's young cubs; whilst Good is robed in rays of
 light.

See! coal-black Lok', the tempter, who is active e'er,
 Will safely guide blind Hödur's¹⁶³ murd'rous hands to pierce,
 With slender lance the breast of Walhall's best-loved god;
 q

Fierce hate then wakes, and violence will seize its prey ;
 The sword, a hungry wolf, prowls over mount and vale,
 And dragons wildly swim upon the reddened sea.
 For Piety now, like a feeble shadow, sinks
 Dead with the dead, in Helia's ghastly realm of shades ;
 And Baldur's sacred fane in ashes lies, and ruins.
 Thus is the Asa-life mirror of mortals here,
 Both are creations of Alfader's mighty thoughts,
 Unchangeable : what was, what is, and shall be e'er,
 As Vala's song¹⁴⁵proclaims in words profound and wise ;
 A song which is the lulling cradle-song of time,
 And sings alike its drapâ in prophetic tune ;
 For in that song re-echoed are Haimskringla's deeds,¹⁴²
 And man will find in it the Saga of his life.
 Dost understand or not its meaning ? does she ask.¹⁴⁵

* * * * *

“Thou would'st atone! know'st thou the import of the
 word ?

Look in my face, heroic youth, and turn not pale ;
One only reconciles on earth, his name is Death.
 Time is the turbid outflow of eternity,
 Which, purified, flows to its source from whence it came,
 And earthly life is shade but of Alfader's throne.
 When thou art reconciled, alone canst thou atone,
 When purer thou returneth to Alfader's breast.
 The godly Aesir too once fell, and Ragnaröck⁵⁷

To them is their atonement-day, a blood-stained day,
On Vigrid's spacious battle field,¹⁶⁴ there do they fall;
And yet not unrevenged, for Evil falls and dies,
Whilst, purified, the Good will uprise from its fall,
Out of its crucible to everlasting life.
And though the wreath of stars upon the heav'ns will
fade,¹⁶⁵
And though the earth will sink into its floods again,
She will, but with renewèd life, and loveier far,
Raise from the floods her head with fragrant blossoms
crowned.
And then new stars will wander with their lustrous sheen,
And beam with smiles upon the renovated globe;
Then, on her ever verdant hills, will Baldur reign
O'er new-born Asa-sons, and men of purer race.
The golden runic tablets that were lost, will then,
At dawn of time, be found upon the Idavale,¹⁶⁶
By Walhall's newborn youths, there glitt'ring in the grass.
Death is but the ordeal of fallen goodness here,
Is the atonement, of a better life the birth,
Which from its furnace, purified, flies to its home,
On wings of innocence to everlasting life,
Plays guileless there, like babe upon his father's knees.
Behind yon distant hills lie Gimle's¹⁶⁷ verdant gates,
There only can the *real* good be found, but soiled
And tarnished all that dwelleth here below the stars.
And yet has life its sacrifice already here,
A gentle prelude to the higher life above,

Like the sweet prelude of the Skald, when he the harp
 With well-versed fingers tunes for Brâg'-inspirèd song;
 At first he breathes full low, then louder sounds his tune,
 Until his hand strikes mighty strains on golden strings,
 Alluring long since buried wonders from the grave,
 And opening Walhall's glory to th' enraptured gaze.
 Earth is the mere faint image of the heavens on high,
 And life the entrance-hall to Baldur's fane of light.
 Unto the gods on high are many off'rings raised,
 The noble steed is led to them, as sacrifice,
 With golden saddle, purple bridle on his neck;
 This symbol is of deep import, for blood's the sign
 Of the bright purple dawn of all atonement days.
 But *symbols* are not deeds, and they can not atone,
 Nor can the guilty deed by others be redeemed.
 Atonement of the Dead is in Alfader's charge,
 But with the Living rests alone in man's own breast.
 One sacrifice I know far dearer to the gods
 Than sacrificial incense; 'tis the off'ring cup
 Of the wild hate that burns in thy revengeful breast;
 Canst thou not blunt its edge, if thou canst not forgive,
 Then, youth, remain away from Baldur's sacred fane;
 Then will the temple thou hast built avail thee naught.
 Stones are no sacrifice to Baldur, and alone
 Where peace reigns here below atonement will be found.
 When with thy foe thou'rt reconciled, and with thyself,
 Then also art thou reconciled with Baldur pure.

* * * * *

"A Baldur once dwelt in the south, a virgin's son,
 There by Alfader sent the mysteries to clear,
 Which are in runic signs writ on the Norns' black shields;
 Peace was His battle-cry, and Love His glitt'ring sword,
 And, like a dove, sat virtue on His silver helm;
 Pious His life and thoughts, and dying He forgave.
 'Neath distant palm trees stands His grave in rays of light.
 His word, 'tis said, is wand'ring now from vale to vale,
 Is melting hardened hearts, lays hand on friendly hand,
 And builds a realm of peace upon redeemèd earth!
 I know not well His words, but in my better hours
 I felt a dawning and a teaching of His love,
 And ev'ry heart must feel its influence like me.
 Some day His teachings will our country reach, and then
 Soar high with pinions of a dove o'er Northland's hills.
 But on that day there will no North exist for us,
 For oaks will rustle over tombs of the Forgot.'
 Thou happier race! thee do I greet, for thou wilt drink
 The rays of the new light out of the radiant cup.
 Hail! hail to thee! if then the clouds it will disperse,
 Which hitherto has veiled life's sun with vap'ry mists;
 But then despise not those, who faithfully have sought
 The godly truth, with eyes for ever fixed on high;
 Alfader is but one, though many are his priests.

"Thou hatest Bela's sons; why shouldst thou hate the
 kings?

Because the sister's hand denied they to the bönd?¹⁶⁷*

The sister, Seming's¹⁶⁸ progeny of Odin's blood!
 Proud are they that their ancestors ascend on high
 To Walhall's throne. Birth is but chance, is thy reply,
 And is not worth! Ah, noble youth! man is not proud
 Of worth; fortune makes proud alone. All that is best
 Is but the gift of gods. Art not thou proud thyself
 Of thy heroic deeds, and thy superior strength?
 And didst thou give to thee that pow'ful gift thyself?
 Were not the sinews, which were woven in thy arms,
 Like oaken roots, there wrought by mighty Asa-Thor?⁷⁰
 I ask thee, is it not the courage of that god
 Which beats so vigorous beneath thy armoured breast?
 Is not the fire which sparkles in thy eyes sent thee
 By mighty Thor? The sublime Norns already sang
 Thy hero life upon the morning of thy birth.
 Respect thou other people's pride as thou dost thine.
 Thou knowest Helga now is dead."—"King Helga dead!"
 Frithiof here interrupted him, "when, how, and where?"
 "Know then that while this temple thou wert building here,
 He was at war in Finland. There, upon a rock,
 An ancient temple stood of Jumalâ,¹⁶⁹ the god.
 Closed and deserted had it been for ages past,
 But o'er the gate a curious rotten image hung,
 Of great antiquity, and ready to fall down;
 But none dared venture near it, for the legend went
 From race to race, that he who entered first its shrine
 Should Jumalâ¹⁶⁹ behold. This legend Helga heard,
 And in blind hatred went he up the ruined stairs,

To overthrow the temple of the hated god.
The gate was locked, and rusty was the heavy key,
Then grasped he furiously the tender bars, and shook
The pillars of the gate.—A fearful crash was heard,
The image fell, and in its fall it dashed and killed
Walhalla's son, who, face to face, the god beheld.
A messenger last night brought these sad news to me,
And Halfdan sits alone now on his father's throne.
Reach then to him thy hand, and offer thus thy hate
On Baldur's shrine; this sacrifice demands the god,
And I, his priest, as token that thou scornest not
The god of peace. If thou refusest friendship's hands,
Then both, the temple's structure and my words, are vain!"

He ceased; and Halfdan entered now the sacred fane;
There on the threshold halted he, with tim'rous look,
As silently he gazed upon the dreaded foe.
Then was it Frithiof laid aside the steel-mailed hate;
He on the altar placed the flaming, golden shield,
And, of all weapons free, advanced then to the foe:
"Whoever," spake he then with kindly, friendly voice,
"Will offer first the hand of peace in this our strife,
He is the nobler of us two. Helg' is no more,
Alas! then let us two as brothers meet again."¹⁷⁰
And, blushing, Halfdan now to Frithiof went, and drew
The steel-glove from his arm; and hand in hand was placed;
In fond embrace they pledged their troth, firm as a rock.
Then took away from him the hoary priest the ban,

Which lay a *Varg-i-veum*¹⁷¹ on the outlawed man ;
And while he yet was speaking Ingeborg appeared,
In bridal dress and flowing ermine ; in her train
A troop of maids, as stars surround the shining moon.
With tears in lovely eyes she sank on Halfdan's breast,
Who pressed her to his heart, then tenderly he placed
The blushing bride on Frithiof's faithful hero-breast.
There, over Baldur's altar, then she gave her hand
To the dear childhood's friend, so ardently beloved.

NOTES TO CANTO XXIV.

¹⁴³ Upsala; the capital of the province of the same name in Sweden, the chief place of worship of the Scandinavians. Its name is derived from its famous temple (Upp, high, lofty; Salir, halls—the lofty halls), which was very imposing and of great magnificence, gilded both inside and outside. The present cathedral is equally famous, and was commenced in 1258 and finished in 1435. It should also be mentioned that the widely-famed library of the town contains, amongst other valuable manuscripts, that of Snorre Sturleson's Edda.

¹⁴⁴ "Round which there were meand'ring sacred runes." Such runic writings were cut round the altars of the Scandinavians in the shape of a serpent, which encircles them, the sentences commencing at its head.

¹⁴⁵ Vala; see note 52. The song here alluded to is the *Völuspá*, which is a poetical record, and the groundwork of the Northern Mythology, and very properly placed at the head of the Edda. It exists, unfortunately, only in fragments. The Vala* (the prophetess) commences the song by commanding devout attention, and then, relating the myth of the creation, quickly passes over to the corruption of the world by the three daughters of the Hrymthurses; she lifts the veil of the history of the Aesir in *Walhalla*, and finishes with *Ragnaröck*, the twilight of the gods, the destruction of the world, and its regeneration. Occasionally she exclaims "Know ye the meaning of this?" alluding to the threatened approach of the twilight she herewith prophecies. The song is written with the alliteration of the old Scandinavian rhythm, and the following attempt at translating the 56th and 57th stanzas may give an idea of its style:

56. Dark grows the sun ; deep down
 The earth sinks in the sea ;
 The smiling stars grow dim,
 Vanish from Heaven's vault !
 Volumes of flowing fire,
 Flames flaring to the heaven,
 Wind round the World's tree,
 Raging round crown and root.
57. Again I see arise
 A new earth from the floods ;
 Green grow again the leaves,
 Green grows again the grass.
 The floods are falling fast ;
 The eagle even flies,
 Flies round the rising rocks,
 Finds fishes for his food.

* May not the word veil be derived from it ?

¹⁴⁶ Havamâl (see note 24), which is also called the Song of the High One, is the sixth song of the gods in the Elder Edda. Its sayings may be compared with the Book of Proverbs. Who is not reminded of the following verses taken from the Book of Proverbs, x. 13, 14, 19—

“In the lips of him that hath understanding wisdom is found.”

“Wise men lay up knowledge; but the mouth of the foolish is near destruction.”

“In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin; but he that refraineth his lips is wise”—

when he reads the following lines in Havamâl—

V. 26. “The ignorant man in company
Is wise when he keeps quiet;
No one knoweth then that he knows naught,
As long as he avoids to talk;
Though he who knows but little, little knoweth
Even when and how to hold his tongue.”

V. 53. “Man must be moderately wise,
But better not too wise;
He lives the happiest of life
Who well knows what he knoweth.”

V. 54. “Man must be moderately wise,
But better not too wise;
The wise one’s heart is seldom happy
If he happens to be too wise.”

¹⁴⁷ Valaskjalf (the dome of stars), is one of Odin’s castles in Walhalla, brilliant with silver; in it there is the throne Hildskjalf (the trembling-gate, or terror of nations), on which he thrones with Freyâ, and from where he can look over the whole world and survey the doings of man.

¹⁴⁸ Haimskringla’s orb, the earth (see note 102).

^{148*} “E’en as a Berserk grimly biting shield of steel.”

A full description of the Berserk is given in note 84*; Maurer considers the rage of a Berserk to be his transformation into some furious animal, without adopting its form, so that he howls like a wild beast, opens his jaws, stretches his tongue, gnashes his teeth, foams at the mouth, and bites in the shield; at the same time his strength rises to an immoderate height; he fancies himself invulnerable to fire and sword, and in his fury he spares nothing that comes in his way. When the fit is over he feels all the weaker for his fury, and almost powerless; finally, on being called by name, he will return to his natural state, just as the somnambulist awakes by the same means from his trance.

¹⁴⁹ Jotunhaim (the home of the giants), is situated at the extreme end of the world, called Utgārda (the outskirts), where the Hrymthurses (frost giants) or Jotuns, the enemies of the Asa-gods, dwell. Jotun signifies mighty eater; and Jutland, no doubt, derives its name from Jotun. Here Lokè reigns, and is called Utgārda-Lokè (see Note 88 on Lokè). The land is cold and barren, and surrounded by icebergs.

¹⁵⁰ Aegir's breast, the sea (see note 49 on Aegir).

¹⁵¹ Hägher, a heron.

“When on the tankards brim oblivion's Hägher hangs.”

Again, an imagery taken from Havamâl, stanza 12:—

“Oblivion's heron o'er carousals hovers,
And steals our senses;
In Gunlöd's house, in Gunlöd's grounds
His feathers fell on me.”

These lines will be better understood by reading the legend narrated in Note 107.

¹⁵² Ymer; the enormous giant, of whose body the earth was formed; the symbol of materialism. As yet all was

chaos, there was no night, there was no day; there existed but the bottomless abyss, Ginungagap; over it dwelt Alfader, the invisible being without a beginning and without end. He mused, and, whilst he thought, his musings created the world. There, in the North, (the realm of ice,) rose Niffelhaim, the land of mists, and in the South, was Muspelhaim (the home of flames). In Niffelhaim was flowing Hvergelmir, the roaring boiler; and from it were streaming many rivers with chilly waves, which soon congealed into icy crystal. Up piled these ice-floes, one upon the other, to the height of mountains, and drifted towards Muspelhaim. There the rays of the land of flames shone upon them, and with their beneficial warmth melted the crust of ice, and formed from the barren ice-clods the mighty monster Ymer, or Oergelmir (the leavening loam); terrible of appearance, of either sex, who procreated the Hrymthurses. To nourish him Alfader created the cow Audhumbla, which, having no other pasture than the rocks, licked the briny crust and from it brought the god Buri to light, who also self-producing, procreated the giant Bör. With Bestla, a daughter of the Hrymthurses, Bör had three sons, Odin (the spirit), Wili (the will), and We (the sanctuary). These three immediately waged war with Ymer and his race; they killed the giant, and of his body they made the earth, of his blood the sea, of his skull the heaven, and of his brains the clouds. For a fuller description of the creation of the world, the reader is referred to the Northern mythology, paragraphs 10 and 11.

¹⁵³ "And man and beast will drain the mother's willing breast." These and the previous lines refer to the creation, destruction, and regeneration of the world, for a description of which the reader is again referred to the Mythology.

¹⁵⁴ Askur and Embla were the first man and woman, formed of the ash and the elm tree.

¹⁵⁵ Meginjard, Thor's girdle, the symbol of strength; with it, girded round his waist, Thor redoubled his strength.

¹⁵⁶ Urda's well. Here the Norns dwell, and pour its waters over the World's Tree, the Yggdrasil, and at this well Iduna guards the golden tablets, with which she one day vanishes and is transferred to Helhaim. This event is the first presage which the gods receive of the approach of Ragnarök: as in Hrafnagaldur, or Odin's raven song, verses 6 and 7:

“ In the dark vale dwells the prescient goddess
Sunk down the well from the tree of the world;
Of the race of the Alfes Iduna named,
And of Iwald's children the youngest.

“ Heavy to her is the sinking down
Banished beneath the green-leaved tree;
Accustomed to dwell in pleasant dwellings,
No pleasure she finds with Narvi's dread daughter.”

¹⁵⁷ “ Upon the tree of time.” The Yggdrasil (see note 133). A full description of this tree, which represents life, death, and regeneration will be found in paragraph 11, of the Mythology appended.

¹⁵⁸ Midgard's-ormer; the serpent which encircles the whole of the earth is one of the three dread offspring of Lokè with Angurboda. At Ragnarök it will rise from the depth of the sea, and assist in the destruction of the world. The Fenris wolf is another of Lokè's offsprings.

¹⁵⁹ Surtur reigns over the southern world, called Muspelhaim, alluded to in note 152. He guards his realm with the sword of flames. He too will ride forth with Muspel's sons and destroy the world with his all-burning fire.

¹⁶⁰ The gold-combed chanticleer. This is the "hane" in Walhalla, alluded to in Note 95, who, together with the cock in Helhaim, proclaims the beginning of the strife with his loud and shrill crowing.

¹⁶¹ Saga's shield; history.

¹⁶² Baldur represents innocence as well as light.

¹⁶³ It would be well for the reader to refer to note 88, of the Mythology for a full description of this episode.

¹⁶⁴ Vigrid's field is the battle-field where the Aesir and Lokè fought the final battle at Ragnaröck. Its extent is stated in the Edda as being 100 square leagues.

¹⁶⁵ "And though the wreath of stars upon the heavens will fade." At Ragnaröck the sun and stars will vanish. These, and the following lines, are again taken from a description in the Völuspâ (see also note on Ragnaröck and its description in the Northern Mythology).

¹⁶⁶ The Idavale is the field upon which the gods assembled or their tournaments with the Einheriens, and here the regenerated Asa-gods will return with renewed youth when the new world arises out of the floods. Then, also, will the runic tablets—which, no doubt, contained their laws—be found again by the new race. The *lost* tablets symbolically represent the corruption of the world.

¹⁶⁷ Gimle, the highest heaven of all, and the abode of the pure and pious.

^{167*} Bönd. In the original Odalbönd (see note 17 on bondsman). Odal is similar to the German word Adel (noble); Odalbönd is something like the English Squire.

¹⁶⁸ Seming, one of Odin's sons, who reigned over Norway.

¹⁶⁹ Jumalâ; a Finnian god, and in Finland this name is still given to the Supreme Being. Here, too, the Saviour is called Jumalâ Poyke.

¹⁷⁰ "Helg' is no more, alas! then let us two as brothers meet again." The translator hopes that Tegnèrs' shade will forgive him this interpolation; but he thought it due to the importance of this canto, and indeed it was probably self understood by the poet, that Frithiof should, at least, indirectly, imply that he forgave Helga. To forgive Halfdan alone, who really had never injured, but on the contrary, in one instance, actually interceded for him, would, to the translator's mind, seem too weak a point, after the vigorous speech of the priest. It may be noticed here that the priest was very far advanced in enlightenment—in fact, a model priest in tolerance; and that, judging from his allusion to the Southern Baldur, his times, at least, were eminently open for the reception of Christianity.

¹⁷¹ Varg-i-veum, wolf in the sanctuary, is the name given to one who committed sacrilege, and was excommunicated by the priests.



A B S T R A C T
OF THE
NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

I.

It would appear strange, but nevertheless it remains a fact much to be regretted, that so little of the lore and mythology of the Northern races should be popularly known in a country which counts amongst its descendants offsprings of Hengist and Horsa, who traced their genealogy proudly backwards to Thor and Odin; in a country which still calls its weekdays after the Northern gods and goddesses, and which has many monuments still extant pointing towards the relationship of its peoples with that of the Scandivanian races. And yet its scions may well be proud of the blood which is still flowing in their veins, of the Vikings, who are no others than descendants of the Asa-heroes. In grandeur, and heroic conception, the Aesir favourably compare with the gods and heroes of Homer and Virgil, whilst their mythology rises far above that of the Greeks and Romans; and it was due to this very fact, of their mythology so closely resembling the Divine dispensation in many particulars, that it was not until the end of the tenth century that Christianity found its way amongst the hardy Northern races. Their idea, especially, of a life hereafter, of a dwelling for the brave in Walhalla, and the abode of cowards in the realms of chilly mists and shadows in Helhaim, satisfied all the wants of the higher soul, in a nation which considered prowess and courage as the greatest

of virtues, and weakness and cowardice as the greatest of vices. To quote Maurer,* the Asa-lore was to the Northern nations the light which cleared for them every question deeply moving the breast of man. In them the belief was firmly rooted in a higher world, in a power which arbitrarily ruled the fate of man and the destiny of the world; in the individual continuation, after death, in a future state of life. Thus, when the new teachings reached the North, its people were already provided with that for which a religious breast is longing most. Besides, to the plain sense of the heathen, there was much that was contradictory in the new doctrine. He could not understand why the Chieftain who was adored by his followers, had first to be nailed to the cross before His teachings were to take root. And again he found it absurd that a virgin should have borne a child, and yet be adored as a goddess, and though his own lore was full of many, even much grosser absurdities, yet these had been so familiarised to his mind, that he saw nothing impossible in them.

II.

Then again, the creation of the world, its destruction and regeneration, as described in the Eddas,† are pictures so closely resembling the Mosaic records that they might have been taken for so many leaves cut out of the book which guided the teachings of the disciples of the new lore. They had drifted to the North, in the land where the chilly waters had frozen into frosty ice; there they illuminated, like the sparks from Surtur's flame-world, the gloom which had

* *Bekehrung des Norwegischen Stammes zum Christenthum.* Vol. II.

† For an English translation of the younger and parts of the elder Edda refer to Mallet's *Antiquities* (C. Stewart, Edinburgh, 1809), which may be perused with great interest. Still, it must be admitted that, in its Northern explorations, the English literature is lagging far behind that of Germany, where the Brothers Grimm, leading the van, were followed by so many worthy pilots, amongst whom, perhaps, Karl Simrock ranks the highest. Those acquainted with the German language will, no doubt, find the reading of his *Handbuch* and his translations of the Eddas an everlasting source of pleasure.

reigned over the icy crystal, and which now, melted by their glowing light, warmed into flowing life, though still surrounded by some of its drifting blocks of ice.

III.

It would be impossible to give in a short abstract, such as is here contemplated,—and which is merely intended to explain the imageries of Tegnèr's poem,—an adequate conception of the beauties which illuminate the Eddas, and to illustrate the meanings of its myths. It can only be a pen-and-ink sketch with, here and there, a few strokes introduced for shade and light. Still, it will be attempted to bring to view, at least, such an outline of the "Book of Northern Lore" as may give a pretty fair idea of its contents.

IV.

The first dawn of the Northern Mythology was, no doubt, like all other myths, hailing from the light of the Eastern nations. The adoration of Baldur as the Sun-god, the conception of Hödur as the personification of Darkness, the dwelling for the Good, the realm of shades for the Evil; the creation of the world, its destruction and its regeneration, the personal attributes of the gods, the myth of the ash-tree, all point alike to an Asiatic origin and growth, which, when transplanted to the North, became indigenous to its adopted soil with many additional blossoms which it had acquired in its transit.

V.

It is not within the compass of this essay to trace the history of the Northern nations back to its remotest period; most probably towards the approachment of our present era their religious rites were those of the Druids. Their veneration of the oak tree, their belief in the mystic properties of the mistletoe, their altars in woods and groves, surrounded by large stones, the bearings of their priests,

have all the stamp of resemblance to what is known of the rites of the Druids. At that time the name of their highest god was Wodin (Odin).

VI.

About the year 70 B.C.,* a famous valorous chieftain, Sigge son of Fridulph, who, according to the Sagas, came from Romaburg in Asia, after having conquered many nations reached Reitgotaland (now Jütland), which he subdued and gave to his son Skjöld. His fame reaching Gylfa, King of Swithiot (Sweden), and being invited to his court, he very soon arrived there with a large retinue, settled in the country, and had homage paid him by its people. When he had fortified the boundaries and introduced wise and just laws in the land, he placed his son, Yngwi, as governor over the same, whilst he himself continued his wanderings until he reached the ocean. There, in Norway, he reigned, and to him succeeded his son Seming, whilst the Asas who had come in his train settled down in the land and wedded the daughters of its princes. Sigge had six sons, Skjöld, Seming, and Yngwi, who governed the Northern countries; and Wegdegg, Beldegg, and Sigge, who reigned over the Saxons and Franks. But he himself, wise, and endowed with supernatural gifts, introduced new laws and rites into the conquered lands, and gave himself the name of Odin, and as such was adored like the god of that name.

VII.

The oldest records of the Northern Mythology are contained in the Icelandic Edda,† a collection of the poetic Scandinavian traditions and songs, compiled by Sämund Sigfusson, called the Wise. It may be divided into two

* The version given here is that of Snorre Sturleson, whilst Saxo Grammaticus considers Odin to have been a great magician. Simrock rejects both these theories. It should, however, be noticed that the names of Har, Jafenhar, and Thridi already occur in the *Völuspá*, and that of Ganglari in *Grimnismál*, as some of Odin's names.

† The word Edda is most likely derived from *ätte* (ancestral), and means the great-grandmother, as may be gathered from the *Rigsmál*, alluded to, of the *Elles Edda*.

parts—the songs of gods, headed by the *Völuspâ* (the groundwork of the whole of the Mythology, but existing only in fragments), and the songs of heroes, headed by the *Song of Vaulunder*; between these the *Song of Rigsmâl* and the *Hyndlulied* belong to both the gods and heroes. This collection is popularly known as the *Elder Edda*, in contradistinction of the work compiled by *Snorre Sturleson*,* which is called the *Younger Edda*, and is merely an explanatory compilation, in prose, of the *Elder Edda*, containing three parts—

- (1) *Gylfaginning*, or *King Gylfa's* blindness;
- (2) *Brâgaradhur*, or *Brâga's* sayings; and
- (3) *The Skalda*, the poet's legends or sagas.

Whilst *Brâga's* sayings and the *Skalda* may be considered the apocryphal part, recording the traditional legends, *Gylfaginning* may be styled the canonical part of the Mythology of the Northern nations. It consists of a number of chapters or revelations, in the shape of dialogues between *Gylfa* and the three gods, *Har*, *Jafenhar*, and *Thridi*.

Gylfa, King of *Swithiot*, having heard of the wisdom displayed by *Odin* and the *Asas*, and being much impressed by their rites and customs, disguised himself as the wanderer *Ganglari*, and went out in search for information to *Asgard*, the dwelling of the gods. Seated there upon three thrones the gods *Har*, *Jafenhar*, and *Thridi*† reply to all his questions, and reveal to him the doings, customs, and rites of the gods in *Walhalla*, and of *Lokè* and his offsprings in *Helhaim*.

VIII.

The dialogues open with a picture of the creation of the world, which, in sublimity, almost approaches the Mosaic

* The well-known author of *Haimskringla*.

† *Har*, the High; *Jafenhar*, the Even-as-High; and *Thridi*, the Third, are evidently adopted names of the powers used by *Alfader* for his revelations. They are probably intended for the *Norns*, the Past, the Present, and the Future.

poetry, and the imagery of which, indeed, may have been taken from the chapters of Genesis, with additions from Pagan Mythologies. The world was created by Alfader, the Supreme Being of all, the god above all other gods, who existed before time, and who will exist for all times hereafter. It may here be remarked that there seems to be a vast space—an abyss of time and being—between the Alfader in the third dialogue, and Odin with the other gods created in the sixth; the one in the third being supreme over all, and far above the Odin, who also, amongst others, bore the name of Alfader.* The world consisted of different strata of congealed vapors, one above the other, formed of air, ether, fire, frost, ice, and fog. The habitable earth was called Manhaim, of which the centre point, considered by the Northern nations as being their own part of the world, was called Midgard (the earth-burgh), and is surrounded by mountains and rocks. In the body of the earth there dwelt the *dvergars* or dwarfs; they are the Svartalfers, the Vulcans of the North, and prepare in their subterranean forges the precious gems and metals; their realm is called Svart-Alfhaim. Upon the earth, with man, there dwell other beings, partaking both of the attributes of gods and man, who direct the course of nature, and cultivate the land. The ocean divides the dwellings of Man from those of the Hrymthurses, or Jotuns (giants), and is governed by Aegir, who, with his spouse Rana, begot the lovely maids of the waves, the guardians of the shipwrecked. At the bottom of the ocean there coils Lokè's fearful offspring, the Midgard Serpent, Jormungandur,† which encircles the whole earth. At the other end of the ocean, opposite Midgard, there dwell the Jotuns, whose realm is called Jotunhaim; barren, cold, and surrounded

* The Alfader in the third dialogue has eleven other names, which are quite different to those given so abundantly to the Odin of the sixth, and which are enumerated in the twentieth dialogue.

† The swallower of the earth.

by ice-bergs. The capital of Jotunhaim is Utgård,* where Lokè reigns. Thus, the earth formed a living whole, the body of an all-nourishing deity, called the World-mother Jörd (Hjerta, earth).

IX.

Just above the earth, high over the clouds, is the world of the gods called Godhaim, and the space between, where storms gather and clouds roam, is called Vanahaim, and is the dwelling of the Vana-gods (the air or wind gods). The whole upper world, as well as the earth, is lighted in the day by the sun, preceded at night by the moon and the stars; for the time was considered to commence with the night. The sun is covered by the shield Swalin (the cooler), without which the ocean would dry up, and the earth be burnt to cinders. Sun and moon course with the greatest rapidity over the heavens, being incessantly pursued by the two wolves, Sköll, (the scald), and Hati (the grudge), the former ready to swallow the sun, and the latter the moon, should they ever overtake their prey. From Godhaim a bridge is thrown across to Manhaim, called Bifroust, (the rainbow); over it the gods must pass when they visit the earth, and the fallen heroes (Einherien) must cross it on their way to Walhalla. Situated in Godhaim is Asgard, the capital of the Asas, with its golden and silver palaces. Every Asa has his attribute and office over which he has absolute control. The gods meet daily in council under the tree Yggdrasil, to deliberate over the welfare of the world, and the fate of man, and to provide and guard against their enemies, the Jotuns. Around Asgard are lovely fields and groves called the Idavöllur; here the gods hold their tournaments with the Einherier,† as the fallen heroes are called, who are chosen for their prowess to dwell

* The outskirts.

† Terror champions.

in Walhalla, for they will have to assist the Aesir in their final battle with Lokè and his offsprings. Above Godhaim, and over the stars, is Gimle, the Etherworld, the dwellings of the Pious and Virtuous. So pure and so much above the other heavens is this world, that no record exists of its happy plains. Between Gimle and Asgard, is the world of the Light Alfes, called Ljus-Alferhaim, and above these worlds is Muspelhaim, the heaven of flames, where Surtur reigns with his flaming sword, and from where, at Ragnaröck, the twilight of the gods, he will ride forth with Muspel's sons to destroy the world with their purifying fire.

X.

The dwelling of distress is called Helhaim, or Niffelhel (the hall of mists) under the sway of Helià the terrible daughter of Lokè and of his wife Angurboda (the herald of anguish). It is situated at the extreme end of Jotunhaim, and is a long, chilly place, where all who do not fall in battle dwell with evil doers. Outside Helhaim is Niffelhaim, the world of indolence and torpidity, where mists, frosts, and darkness reign, and where the Hrymthurses* (the frost giants) dwell ever since the creation of the world. Here too is Naströnd, where all evil beings must wade through loathsome venom, in unutterable sufferings. Over Niffelhaim reigns Hrymur, who at Ragnaröck will steer the vessel Nagelfari, and call on the Hrymthurses to unite themselves with Lokè and his children, against the Asa-gods, on the day when the final combat rages, and when both Asas and Hrymthurses will fall, and the whole world be destroyed by Surtur and his legions (Muspel's sons). But although the gods will perish, and although the sun will be eclipsed, and the stars fall from the heavens, Gimle, the seat of the Pure will remain peaceful and undisturbed for ever.

* The name is derived from hrim, equal to the English word rime, and thurs, thirst.

XI.

Over the whole of the world extends the enormous ash tree, Yggdrasil, encircling heaven, the earth, and the dwelling of the Hrymthurses. On its crown cluster the golden stars as fruit, on its leaves hang the clouds, and from these gently drops the sweet dew from which the bees obtain their honey. An eagle, whose piercing eyes reach everywhere, is perched high upon the branches, and a squirrel is continually running up and down, carrying backwards and forwards the ill words passing between Nidhög and the eagle. Four stags run between its branches to eat the fragrant blossoms upon them, whilst another stag, called Eiktyrnir, is grazing on its branches, and from his horns the waters continually flow back into Hvergelmir, representing time flowing back to eternity; with these also is a goat called Haidrun, from whose udder flows the mead with which the Einherien are served. The tree has three roots, reaching far and wide; one to the Asa-gods, the second to the Hrymthurses, where erst, before the creation of the world, Ginungagap, the gulf of chaos, stood; and the third to Niffelhaim, where it is nourished by the serpent pool Hvergelmir and gnawed at by Nidhög and myriads of worms. Under the root, which reaches to the Hrymthurses, is the well of Mimer, with its flowing waters, which inspire all who drink of them with wit and wisdom. Its owner is Mimer (Memory), full of the wisdom which he daily inhales from its pellucid liquid. Once, the Edda relates, Alfader (Odin) came to him for a draught from his well, but Mimer, recognising the god, stipulated first for one of his eyes as a pledge. Thus, says the Völuspâ, v., part 21-22:

“All I know, oh! Odin,
Even where left was thine eye,
At the well-known well of Mimer;

Mead drinks Mimer there daily
 Out of the pledge left by Odin—
 Know ye well what this means?"

Under the third root, which reaches to Walhalla, is the sacred Urda-well, where the Norns daily water the tree, mixing with the liquid some of the dung which is scattered around it; and here is the grotto where the Nornir dwell. The tree is the symbol of good in everlasting strife with Evil. It was created with the very beginning of the world; its roots represent the course of creation, which Nidhögg, the tempter, is for ever undermining, but which the Norns, by watering, prevent from withering; for its destruction means also the destruction of the world. Thus, at Ragnaröck the tree will fade, and, losing both bark and leaves, will die; but time will pass on and then, with renewed green, it will again shoot forth branches, lovelier and fresher than ever before.

XII.

But before the beginning of time, before the tree, the earth, and the waters were created, before Asa-gods and man existed, there was Alfader, the Everlasting, the Unchangeable. Beneath him, sinking down in itself, was the abyss Ginungagap, in which, without motion, without form, lay the first germs of the creation. There was no light then, nor the shade of darkness; there was no ground, for all was bottomless, all was chaos; the stars were mixed with the earth, the air with dust, water with fire, light with darkness; invisible was the heaven's dome, no rocks were then seen towering towards the sky, no oceans rolling their billows, and all around, and all about was naught but a vast emptiness.

Thus sings the Vala, in v. 3 of the Völuspá :—

“ At first there was the age*
 When naught was there but nothing :
 Then was there seen no sand,
 Then was there seen no sea,
 Nor briny billows flowing ;
 No earth existed then,
 Nor heavens high above,
 Nor growing was there grass ;
 All, all, one awful abyss.”†

Then Alfader looked down upon this bottomless space, and with his all-powerful glance he created life. He filled Ginungagap, the gulf, and parted its depth in two ; on one side he placed the North, on the other the South ; then he separated light from darkness, Muspelhaim from Niffelhaim. There, for a long space of time, between these two, lay a fermenting mass, lighter than night, but darker than light.

Now, many ages before the earth was created, there existed Niffelhaim ; in its centre is a well called Hvergelmir.‡ out of this twelve rivers flow, called Eliwager,§ whilst in the South there was the world called Muspelhaim, light and flaming, burning all who are not dwelling there. Over it reigns Surtur with his flaming sword, with which, at Ragnaröck, he will set the world in flames. Now, when the floods of Hvergelmir were flowing too far from their source, they congealed into a mass of ice ; and when the mass ceased flowing and became firm and motionless, the vapours which arose from the venom settled on its crust, and also froze into

* I prefer the reading of the younger Edda of the first two lines to that of the elder Edda where they read thus :—

“ At first it was the age
 When Ymer lived.”

† Here again the reading in the original seems obscure, the last two lines reading thus :—

“ Yawning abyss and grass nowhere.”

But then Ginungagap, the gulf of chaos, wanted filling up ; it would seem almost as if a comma was left out between the words *abyss* and *and*, in which case the reading would become perfectly clear.

‡ The roaring kettle.
 § The foreign billows.

ice, one crust heaping on another, until the mass reached Ginungagap. As the side of the gulf which lay towards the North was filled with heavy ice-blocks, and whilst snow-drifts and storms were raging there, some sparks from Muspelhaim* flew to the Southern side of it and made it warm and mild; and when the rime came in contact with the heat, so that it melted into liquid, these received life and strength from him who sent the heat; and out of this molten mass there arose the giant Ymer,† who by his children, the Hrymthurses, is called Oergelmir, the patriarch. He was not good, but bad like all the race that sprung from him. During his sleep there grew out of his left arm man and woman, while his right foot with his left procreated a son with six heads, from whom all the other Hrymthurses (the Ice-giants) were descended. At the same time, and when the ice was melting, Alfader created the cow Audhumbla,‡ from whose udder there were flowing four rivers of milk which nourished Ymer. The cow licked the briny rocks of ice, and on the first day the hairs of a man were seen, on the second a head, and on the third there arose, light and beautiful, strong and powerful, the god Buri, whose son Bör married Bestla, the daughter of the giant Bölthorn. By her he had three sons, Wodin, Wili, and We. These three killed Ymer, and drowned the whole race of the Hrymthurses in his blood, Ymer's grandson, Bergelmir, alone escaping, taking shelter with his wife on a ship. Bergelmir afterwards became the progenitor of the new race of the Hrymthurses.

XIII.

The three brothers, Wodin, Wili, and We, carried the dead body of Ymer to Ginungagap, where they moulded

* How easy for the uncultivated mind (and the more uncultivated the more poetical generally are the ideas formed) to take the outbreaks of the volcanoes, with which the North abounds, for fiery sparks sent from the Southern World.

† The Roaring.

‡ Rich in juice.

the earth of his flesh; of his bones they made the mountains, of his teeth the rocks, of his skull the heaven, and of his blood the oceans and rivers. Out of the hairs grew the trees; whilst the brains, thrown up in the air, dissolved into dark clouds. After that the three gods took the sparks and rays which were emitted from the world of flames, Muspelhaim, and placed them in the space above and the space below, and created with them the sun, the moon, and the stars,* and they assigned to them their places, and regulated the times and the seasons. The rays of the sun warming the cold stones and the earth, there sprouted forth roots, and plants, and trees. And Odin also created the dwarfs out of the dust of the earth, and of these he placed one at each end of the four corners of the heavens: Austri to the east, Vestri to the west, Sudri to the south, and Nordri to the north. And other dwarfs were created, cunning and clever in their craft, who erected forges and wrought the metals into works of art; and gold became so plentiful that all works and furniture were made of that metal. That was the golden age which, however, also brought with it the three daughters of the Hrymthurses, the Fates, who were henceforth weaving the fatal threads for Ragnaröck, as explained in the *Völuspâ*, v. 8:—

They† pleasantly played in the court and threw dice,
 And wanted not that was wrought of gold,
 Till three of the Thurses' daughters came,
 Rich in might of the giant's realm.

* According to the Younger Edda, sun and moon were created in a different manner, namely, thus: There was a man named Mundilföri (the axle-swinger), who had two lovely children, and he called his son Moon, and his daughter Sun, whom he married to a man named Glenr (lustre). But the gods, angry at the presumption, took brother and sister and placed them on the heavens, and made the Sun lead the horses driving the sun-chariot which the gods had formed of the sparks from Muspelhaim. The horses' names were Arwaker (early awake) and Alswider (ever quick), and under their withers they placed two bellows called Ironcooler. Mani guides the pace of the moon, and reigns over New-light and Full-light, and before the sun they placed the shield Swalin (the cooler), or else the mountains would burn and the oceans dry up.—
 [NOTE.—With the Scandinavians and Germans the sun is female and the moon male.]

† The gods.

These dwarfs withdrew into the interior of the mountains, and from them sprang the race of the Svart-Alfers. But the creating powers chose heaven for their own dwelling-place, high above the clouds, where they built Asgard and many other cities. Over this there was another heaven called the Clear Blue, and over that yet a third called the Boundless: in this latter there is the city of Gimle, the dwelling of the pure and luminous gods. A bridge was carried across, towards the earth, called Bifroust (the Rainbow).

XIV.

After the completion of this bridge, the gods passed over it, and descending to the earth they found there two trees at the strand, of which they formed the first man and woman—Askur (the ash tree) and Embla (the elm tree). Odin gave them life and soul, Wili understanding, and We gave them their blood and their complexion.* They are the progenitors of the human race, which from henceforth lived at Midgard. There the gods girded the earth by the ocean, to divide it from Jotunhaim, and to guard man from the attacks of the Jotuns. At the North pole they placed the giant Hrasvelgur (the corpse glutton), with Eagle-wings, who sends to earth its storms, winters, and frosts; and at the South they placed Swasudur (the mild south), who brings summers and springs. Thus we have the living world completely formed in a compact whole: heaven and earth are created, life is developed, times and seasons run their equal course, and there remain but the introduction to the reader of the powers who are to guide nature in working its mysterious ways, and which rule over the fate of the world and its living beings; and

* According to the Elder Edda, *Völuspá*, 17-18, the human race was not created by the three sons of Bör, but by another trilogy of gods—Odin, Hoenir, and Lódhur; who are often mentioned in the Mythology, and probably represent Odin, Baldur and Lokè, or Air, Water and Fire.

although Simrock truly says that it is not the gods which have created man, but rather that man has created to himself his gods, it is equally true when, speaking upon the same subject, he says that "though the myths are not reality, yet are they nevertheless true;" and again, further on, "With this life all does not end. Death is not death for ever; and, as a renewed spring succeeds the winter (the death of nature), so it is hoped redemption will follow death; the gates of the dwelling of darkness may be burst open. And it is just this lesson which the German myths* and legends contain."

XV.

During the creation of the world Wili and We had assisted their brother, but after all was completed Odin alone remained to reign in the heavens. He married Frigga, who knows the fate of all men, though she does not reveal it to them. Odin has also a great many other names which, as the Edda explains, he partly gave to himself on his wanderings, and were partly given to him by the many nations who all adore him in their own manner and language. He is surrounded by the other gods, who all follow and obey him like children. The name of his palace is Gladhaim (the home of gladness), the most imposing castle in Asgard. He presides over the banquets of the gods, where two wolves and two ravens sit on either side of his knees and shoulders. The wolves are called Geri and Freki, and are fed by him with the solid food placed before him, and which he himself does not require, as the wine which he drinks serves him also for food. The ravens, Hugin (spirit) and Munin (memory) whisper in his ears all the events which are passing on the whole of the world, and this makes him omniscient. His throne is called Lidskjalf (the terror of

* Which are the same as, or similar to, the Northern myths and Sagas. The above quotations may be found in pages 2 and 3 of Karl Simrock's *Handbuch der Deutschen Mythologie*, Adolph Marcus, Bonn 1874, vierte Auflage.

nations), and he shares it alone with his wife Frigga, who is also called Jörd, representing the earth and fertility. With her Odin begat his son Thor, and with Rinda (the winter earth) he begat Vali. The glow of his glance—he has but one eye left, representing the eye of the world (the sun), having pledged the other with Mimer—fructified the nine daughters of the waves, and then there arose from the ocean his third son Haimdall, brilliant and light as the glance which created him. His son Vidar was borne by Gidur, the symbol of time, and his five other sons, Baldur, Brâga, Hermodur, Tyr and Hödur were all borne by Frigga. Above these Asa-gods stand, ruling and disposing of their fates, the maiden Nornir, the Parcæ of the Northern nations, and to whose decree even Odin has to submit. But they themselves are merely the handmaidens of the Alfader of the opening pages of the Edda.

XVI.

It was said, in § 14, that the Asa-gods descended over the Bifroust bridge to the earth, where they mixed with men in different forms, but otherwise their dwelling was in Asgard, which was divided into two parts, Walhalla (the hall of the chosen, from Wal, choice), the seat of the gods, and Vingolf (probably from vãn, handsome), the seat of the goddesses. Outside Asgard was Thrudhaim, Thor's abode, with the palace of Vilskirnir, which has 540 large and beautiful halls; and at the heaven's side of Bifroust was Himminbjörg, Haimdall's castle. Daily the gods ride to the ash tree Yggdrasil, where they hold justice, and assemble in council. Their recreations consist in tournaments, and however deep the wounds they receive from each other, they immediately heal again after their jousts are over, and, unhurt and full of pleasure, they then repair to their feasts. Here they feed on the boar Saerimnir, who is roasted and eaten every day without diminishing in size. Odin's

council consists of the following gods, Thor, Baldur, Njörd, Freyr, Tyr, Brâga, Haimdall, Vidar, Vali, Uller, and Forsete.

XVII.

Thor is the first born of Odin, and, next to Baldur, is the greatest favourite of the gods. He fights all their battles, is strong, simple, and goodnatured; he is the god of thunder, the symbol of strength. There are many legends extant of his prowess and adventures amongst the Hrymthurses, whose cunning is often too much for him. In his possession is the hammer Mjölner,* the formidable weapon which shatters all that it comes into contact with, and which, with his steel gloves, he wields with great effect against the giants of Jotunhaim; and when he girds round his hips the baldric Megingjard, his mighty strength is redoubled, and nothing can withstand him. With the steel gloves he also sends forth flashes of lightning. His two he-goats, Tan-gnioster and Tan-grisnir (the tooth-grinder and tooth-gnasher), are drawing the chariot in which he drives, flashing fire and flames around him; he is also called Asa-and Ake-Thor. His wife is Sif, whose hair Lokè had treacherously shorn, which, however, Thor compelled him to replace with hair made of gold, so cunningly wrought by the dwarfs that it grew like real hair on her head.† With Sif, Thor had a son called Thrud (strength), and he had also two other sons, Modi and Magni, by his wife Jarnsaxa (iron stone).

XVIII.

The next son of Odin and Frigga is Baldur, the great favourite of both, gods and man, dwelling in the castle of Breidablick (the far glittering). He is the handsomest of

* Is this word derived from Mjöll, fine snow; beating into powder?

† It appears that even in Walhalla the lovely goddesses knew how to wear chignons.

the Asa-gods and the personification of manly beauty ; his mildness and wisdom are praised by all alike ; whatever he says is well said, whatever he does is well done. His face is bright with a halo shining from it, and his hair glitters like shining gold. Equally light and brilliant are his eyebrows, from which the lightest of blossoms, a kind of camomile shrub, is named Baldur's eyebrow. His death was predicted by the Vala to be the prelude to the fall of the Asa-gods, and that is the reason why Lokè's wiles are always directed against him, and also why he succeeded at last in inciting his blind brother Hödur to throw the mistletoe dart at him. This being the most important episode in the history of the Asa-gods, a detailed narrative of the event may be found interesting.

XIX.

Baldur, once, was troubled with heavy dreams, in which his life was threatened. On communicating them to the other gods, they held a council, to deliberate upon the evil augury. Then Odin rose from his throne, and said, "Well have I anxious thoughts and forebodings, but I will go to Helhaim to wake the Vala from her death sleep, and make her answer my questions respecting the fate of the world." With these words, he saddled his horse Sleipner, and flew, as if on eagle wings, northwards to Niffelhaim. There he arrived, after having wandered through clefts and dark caves, and over chasms and hollows, to the Gnypa-cave, just before Helia's realm, and was met by the terrible dog Garmur, whose lair it was, and who glared at him with wide open jaws, the blood sweat streaming down his neck and back. Loudly yelling, he stood in the road, but Odin passed by on his way to the well-known gates of Helhaim, merely uttering a few magical words. He arrived at the mound where Vala had long been lying in her death sleep, and descended from his mare. As he stood at the tomb, the mound shook and

trembled as he loudly sang the incantation which wakes the dead from their sleep, thus—

ODIN.

“Arouse, Vala, from thy death-sleep! arouse from the tomb which has kept thee resting so long! Three times shall I beat my rune-staff against thy dwelling, that thou mayest not rest on thy bed of mouldering dust until thou hast truthfully answered me all my questions.”

Three times he touched the tomb with his staff; then the ground trembled, the rocks heaved, and the earth opened! Forth came Vala reluctantly from her abode, with the pallor of death on her face, and her body clad in cerements of the grave. With hollow tones she asks—

VALA.

“Who is it troubles me? Who rouses me, and makes me leave my bed? Long since has snow covered my mound, and rain and dew have fallen on it!”

ODIN.

“Wegtam* am I, the son of Waltam; † tell me, whose are the benches covered with rings? Whose are the beds covered with gold?” ‡

VALA.

“For Baldur the Good stands the horn ready filled, that here in Helhaim he may drink it to the grief of the Asas. I spoke compelled, and now I shall be silent!”

WEGTAM.

“Thou must not be silent till I know all, and what is the

* Well acquainted with the way.

† Well versed in battle.

‡ From the beds being covered with gold, the benches with rings, and the mead horns ready filled, in order to adequately receive Baldur, Simrock very properly infers that, besides punishment, there must also have been rewards dealt out in Helhaim.

meaning of the dark forebodings that trouble my soul. Speak then, Vala, and tell me the name of him who sends Baldur down to Hel's realm?"

VALA.

"The brother sends the brother, the dark sends the light to Helhaim. Hödur will send Alfader's begotten down, even to where Helia reigns. I spoke compelled, and now I shall be silent."

WEGTAM.

"Thou must not be silent till I know all, for yet would I know who will revenge the death of Baldur, and who will bring the murderer to his doom?"

VALA.

"In the west will a son by Rinda be borne,* who will not wash his hands, who will not comb his hair till he has brought to his doom the murderer of Baldur. Compelled I spoke, but now shall I be silent!"

WEGTAM.

"Thou must not be silent till I know all, for yet would I know the name of the woman who refuses to weep?† Once more reply before thou returneth to sleep."

VALA.

"Thou art not Wegtam, as I had thought; Odin art thou, the creator of all!"

ODIN.

"Thou art not Vala, who knoweth all; thou art but the mother of three Hrymthurses!"‡

VALA.

"Ride home now, Odin, and proclaim it aloud, none again

* Vali.

† The woman is Thöck, Darkness, see later on in this paragraph for an explanation of this line.

‡ The three Hrymthurses here meant are the women who first introduced gold into Asgard, and who were thus the first cause of the fall of the Aesir.

will come to visit me till Lokè shakes off his fetters, till Ragnaröck its destruction commences !”

Meanwhile it was arranged, by those who had remained behind in council, that Frigga should enjoin all things not to injure Baldur. Fire, water, metals, stones, earth, trees, sickness and poisons, as well as animals, birds, and worms, had to pledge themselves not to injure Baldur. By these means the gods imagined they had made him invulnerable.

One day, after their usual tournaments, they placed Baldur in their midst, the others all standing round in a circle, and shooting, cutting, and throwing stones at him, whilst the halls rang loud with their mirth, for whatever they threw at him fell harmlessly by, and there stood he unhurt, radiant in all his beauty and joy. When Lokè saw this he felt his opportunity had arrived. In the shape of an old woman he went to Frigga, who was seated in her bower at Fensal, and hearing the merry laughter, she, on seeing the woman, asked her whether she knew what the Asas were doing to cause them such mirth? Then answered she, that Baldur stood smiling in the midst of the gods who were all cutting and throwing at him, but that he stood unmoved, for nothing seemed to hurt him. This pleased the goddess, and she answered—“It is well said, for all that is in heaven, and on the earth, stands pledged not to injure my son Baldur, the bringer of light and joy!” “I fancy,” said the old woman, in reply, “thou must have unnecessarily troubled thyself if thou hast pledged all things, for how could the sweet innocent blossoms and the fragrant flowers ever injure Baldur.” “Yet gladly took I the trouble,” again replied Frigga, “and all alike joyfully did my command; I only passed over the mistletoe, as it was too weak and tender, and really too insignificant a plant, growing out of the mist.”* “Thou didst quite right,” observed again the woman, with a lurking smile, “for the flowers

* Mist has the double meaning of mist and dung. Mistletoe is derived from *mistel*, mist-stem.

might have killed him with their poisonous scent, but the mistletoe, which grows and bears fruit only in cold winter, could not possibly harm him." With these words the woman left the much-pleased Frigga and wandered upon a lonely road, until she arrived at the oak which stood before the gates of Walhalla, and on which the mistletoe grew. Here she threw off her disguise, and Lokè, in his own lofty but wicked form, cut a twig off the mistletoe, and with many incantations he shaped it into an arrow. "Thou art young," he sneered, "yet let me see whether thou are not stronger than the whole of the godly Asa-wreath." With a demoniacal smile on his face he now re-entered the hall, where the gods were still assembled, and just when their mirth was at its highest; all were laughing with glee except Hödur, who stood apart, unable to join in the game. "Thou art idle," said Lokè to him, "and yet thou couldst easily hit thy brother if thou wouldst try." "Am not I blind," said Hödur, "is not the sun clad in darkness for me, and are there any joys in Walhalla for him who is struck with night? Night, dark, gloomy night, wherever Hödur wanders!" "Not so," said Lokè, "thou art stronger and cleverer than all the rest. Look! here is a javelin; thy brother Baldur stands straight before thee; throw but steadily, and thou wilt shame them all." With these words, hoarsely spoken, he placed the dart in Hödur's hands, guiding it at the same time. Quick, before he could well think it over, he flung it from him, straight to Baldur's heart, who fell! The deed was done—the brother had killed the brother. Dark grew the sun, the earth trembled, the blood deluged the ground. Aghast and thunderstruck, there stood the gods. When they had recovered from the shock they wept bitter tears, which mingled with the blood trickling on the already reddened ground, and was glowing purple in the gloom. Who has done the deed? they were asking of each other. But what need to ask? there Hödur stood, all by himself, conscience stricken, forsaken even by Lokè,

who had slunk away from him. Darkness reigned now within as well as without; darkness in his soul, as he stood in the midst of maledictions, threats, and the din of clashing swords. Then suddenly there appeared Odin, who had just returned from Vala, calm and composed, prepared for the fulfilment of his forebodings, the days of Ragnaröck passing before his mind. Sad, but with dignified demeanour, he bade the Asa-gods cease their lamentations, for the deed was done, the Nornir's woof had been commenced. Quietly they raised Baldur's body, and clad the remains of their beloved brother in robes of white, and silently they prepared the funeral pyre; and they took his body to the sea and placed it in the ship Hringhorn, which after some delay they succeeded in getting away from the strand. Then, when Nanna, Baldur's wife and the daughter of Nep, saw this, it broke her heart, and she too was placed on the funeral pyre, and descended with Baldur to Helhaim. Meanwhile Frigga had joined them with reddened eyes, but tearless and resolved. "Who," asked she, "is ready to ride to Helhaim, and demand back her prey from Helia?" Forthwith Hermodur, the swift, volunteered to be the messenger. It would lead too far to give a detailed description of the results of his ambassage; suffice it to say that Helia promised to release Baldur, provided none were found who would not weep for him; but Baldur accompanied him back to the gates and sent his ring Draupnir to Odin as a keepsake, and Nanna sent a cloak and other gifts to Frigga, and a gold ring to Füllu, and when Hermodur returned to the Asas they sent their messengers over the whole of the world, and all things wept. On blossoms and leaves hung the tears like crystals, and like dew they glittered on the stones, the earth was covered with their limpid drops as with pearls; all things, dead and living, wept in sacred grief. Then the messengers went back to Helhaim to redeem Hödur's victim. On the road they had to pass a dark cave, where sat a giantess in dread

hideousness like Helia herself; her name was Thöck (darkness). As the messengers explained their errand and asked her to weep for Baldur, she answered with scorn and sneers, "No good has Baldur been to me either dead or alive. Thöck will weep no tears for him!" They begged, they beseeched, they tried to persuade her, but all in vain; and Lokè and Helia were victorious, for the wicked sorceress was no other than Lokè in disguise.*

XX.

The third, in importance, of the Asa-gods is Brâga, the god of Songs. Poetry is called Brâgur after his name, and Poets Brâgurmen. His wit and wisdom keep him in possession of the magic runes which are written on his tongue. Old and hoary, yet of an imposing figure, with a long, snowy white beard flowing down unto his waist, he sings with ever youthful fire. His spouse is Iduna, the goddess of immortality, who holds in her possession the golden apples, which she now and then reaches to the gods and Einherien, for the renovation of their youth.

XXI.

Another of the gods is Njörd, living at Noatum, he rules over the storms and winds, calms the sea, and soothes the raging fire; fishermen and sailors call upon him for his aid. With his riches he could satisfy all comers. He was at one time dwelling at Vanahaim, but the Vanas exchanged him as hostage for Hönir, Odin's brother. Njörd's spouse

* Saxus Grammaticus gives a different account of Baldur and Hödur. According to him, Hödur loved Nanna, the daughter of Gevar, a Norwegian king and his foster father, and as his songs could inspire all hearts with joy or grief, hate or love, he soon gained the favour of Nanna. But it happened that Odin's son, Baldur, one day saw Nanna when bathing, and, struck by her beauty, his heart inflamed with love, and consumed with a longing desire. From this time a war arose between Baldur and Hödur, and whilst the first had been made invulnerable, and although he is assisted in his battles by Odin and Thor, on the other hand Gevar finds Hödur a magical sword which had to be obtained from a satyr named Mimring (a name which calls to mind that of Mimer), with which he wounds Baldur.

is Skadi, daughter of the giant Tjassi, who had been killed by the Aesir. Now Skadi, as indemnification, had demanded one of the gods for her husband, and the arrangement arrived at was, that she should choose from amongst them, but that she was only permitted to see their feet; seeing a pair which she considered the perfection of beauty, and thinking they could belong only to Baldur, she said "This one I choose; Baldur is faultless." But it happened to be Njörd. The union, however, does not seem to have been a happy one, for she preferred to stay in her old home, amongst the rocks of Thrymheim, whilst Njörd preferred the sea, so they agreed to remain alternately, nine nights at Thrymheim, and nine at Noatum, but the arrangement lasted only for a short period, and she is now staying for ever in her own mountains, where she loves to hunt and to skate. By her Njörd had two children, a son Freyr, and a daughter Freyâ, both beautiful and mighty; but Skadi took Uller for her second husband.

XXII.

Freyr is the symbol of plenteousness; he rules over rains and sunshine; the harvests are placed under his care, and he is the protector also of the Ljus-Alfers. To him belongs the golden-haired boar Gullinbursti, formerly the symbol of the Northern sun, and he is also the owner of the ship Skidbladnir, which can be folded up like a cloth; it represents the clouds. He thrones in Alfheim with Gerda, the daughter of the giant Gymer, with whom he fell in love in the following manner. The Hrymthurses had for a long while been holding the earth in their fetters, and covered it with a heavy crust of ice. Freyr, anxious for those under his care, and fearing they would be unable to gather in their grain in time, if the frost giants stayed much longer, went abroad to look out for means to meet the enemy, but he saw nothing but tumult and heavy snow storms; then he mounted Lidskjalf, the throne from where Odin surveys the doings of the world,

and, gazing all around, his eyes suddenly rested on a form radiant with beauty, a maiden so lovely and beauteous, that he thought he had never gazed on sweeter form; her face and bare white marble arms shone like lustrous sun-rays, and heaven and earth seemed brighter where she stood. But quickly she vanished in the house of her father Gymer, the giant. Then Freyr felt how heavily he had been punished for his presumption in seating himself upon the throne reserved only for Alfader; he had been struck with a hopeless and unquenchable love. He grew gloomy and reserved, and appeared no more at the feasts of the gods. Then, his father, Njörd, called Skirnir the servant of Freyr, to advise, and, if possible, to help him. Skirnir went to Freyr and offered to woo the maiden, whose name was Gerda, if his master would present him with his sword, which fought by itself without being wielded by any one. Arrived at Gerda's hall, which was surrounded by fiery flames, over which he dauntlessly rode on Freyr's steed, he tried to persuade her to follow him, but she firmly refused all offers of gifts till at last Skirnir, losing his patience, was swinging his sword with terrible incantations, threatening her with all sorts of affliction. Then, terrified, she promised to meet Freyr in Barri's green groves. She kept her promise, they met, and she followed him to the Asas. Their union represents the nuptials of the earth, just waking from its winter-sleep, with blooming spring.

XXIII.

Another Asa, the god of war, strong and powerful, and as wise as he is courageous, is Tyr. Without him no battle may take place; combats and the chase are his only amusements, although he has but one arm, he having lost the other in a courageous act of self-sacrifice. He was the keeper of the Fenris wolf, and he alone dared feed him. Now, the gods being afraid of this formidable offspring of Lokè, wished to fetter the wolf. For this purpose, they

presented him with a strong chain of iron, and Fenris, knowing his strength, permitted himself to be tied by it, but the moment that he stretched himself the chain broke like a reed, so they offered him a second chain, of double the strength of the first. The wolf, after some hesitation, allowed himself to be chained again, feeling that his strength had redoubled since he broke the last, and so, no sooner had he stretched himself again, and beat the chain against the rock than he burst it asunder. Then the gods went to the cunning dwarfs, who wrought them a chain, made of six threads, consisting of the sounds of a cat's tread, the beards of women, the roots of mountains, the sinews of bears, the voice of fishes, and the saliva of birds. This the gods now again offered to the wolf, who, seeing its slenderness, was afraid of treachery, and that the chain might have been wrought by magical art, but he also considered that the gods would lose their dread of his prowess if he seemed at all afraid. So he permitted them to bind him, with the understanding that one of the Asa-gods should place his arm into his open mouth, so as to guard against treachery. Tyr alone ventured to sacrifice himself, and fearlessly placed his arm in the monster's throat, whilst the others tied him with the magical cord. Then the wolf stretched himself, but the further he stretched the stronger the cord seemed to grow, and they all laughed loudly, except Tyr, for he had lost his arm.

XXIV.

Haimdall, the warder of Asgard, borne by the nine daughters of the waves,* has several other names. He is called the White-Asa, on account of his fair complexion, also Hallinskidi, and Gullintani, the golden teeth. His steed is named Gulltop, the golden haired. He dwells at Himminbjörg, the heaven's burgh, situated at that end of

* See § 15.

the Bifroust bridge which is nearest Asgard, and which he has to guard against the attacks of the Hrymthurses. He requires less sleep than a bird, and can see for a hundred leagues both by day and night; he has such a sensitive ear, that he can hear the grass grow in the fields, and the wool on the sheep's back. His trumpet is called Gjäller-horn,* the sounds of which, when he blows it, all the world can hear. He will blow it at Ragnaröck, to assemble the Asa-gods for the final combat; his sword is Höfut, or head. Once he descended to the earth, and there, under the name of Riger, established the three castes, the noble, the free, and the slaves, as sung in the Rigsmål of the Elder Edda. Hermodur, the Swift, is the flying messenger of the Asa-gods, and the Einherien are conducted under his charge to Odin's throne.

XXV.

The other Asa-gods require less notice. Forsete, the son of Baldur and Nanna, adjudges all disputes; he is the god of unity, peace, and concord. His palace is Glitner, with glittering silver roof and golden pillars. Uller is a son of Sif, and stepson of Thor, and a brother of Baldur, the best archer, the patron of the hunt, and watching all duels, he dwells in Ydalir, the frosty winter heaven. Vali, or Ali, † a son of Odin with Rinda, ‡ is the revenger of Baldur; his palace is Valaskjalf. Vidar, the taciturn, is the strongest Asa next to Tyr, and all the gods trust in him in their battles. He is the son of Odin with Gridur, the giantess, and has thick, heavy iron shoes on his feet, with which he

* Representing the quarter of the moon.

† He is the Asa alluded to by the Vala, as the revenger of Baldur on Hödur. To him was dedicated the carnival, which took place about the middle of February, when six maidens who did not release themselves by presents were placed before the ploughs, and had to draw them in procession. From this custom, no doubt, Valentine's day is derived.

‡ The winter-earth. Rinda having the same meaning as crust.

can crush everything; he dwells at Landwidi, the wide land. Hödur has already been mentioned in connection with the murder of Baldur;* he is the personification of Darkness and Ignorance.

XXVI.

Frigga, Odin's spouse, is the chief of the Asa-goddesses; she dwells in her palace Fensal, bright with gold and jewels. Next to her in importance is Freyâ, the goddess of love. She is the sister of Freyr, and daughter of Njörd. Her husband is Odur, who leaves her for a while, and their reunion forms an interesting episode, which will be found related in Note 66, of the Frithiof's Saga. She possesses the magnificent necklace Bresingamen, the symbol of the wreath of stars on the heaven. Throning in her palace Folkvangur, she there receives the pure women, and smiles upon the fallen heroes as they pass to pay her homage, and there she also assembles and unites those who have faithfully loved on earth, but whose fates had been parted. She has two graceful and lovely daughters, Nossa and Gersemi, both names signifying jewel, or gem, who belong to Freyâ's train of love goddesses, of which three more are enumerated; Sjöfna,* who moves the hearts to tender love; Lofna,* the goddess of the bridal nights, who smoothes all difficulties besetting lovers; and Vara, the goddess of betrothals, who records all plighted troths. Besides these, there are other Asa-goddesses. Eyra, the goddess of the healing art, who also heals the wounds of the Einherien in Walhalla; Gefion, the goddess of purity; Füllu, Frigga's maid, whose casket she carries, and whose confidential companion she is; her loose flowing hair tied by a band of gold. Syna,§ in whose care are the keys of the halls of the god-

* § 19.

† From to sigh.

‡ Praise.

§ To avert, to defend.

desses, which she closes upon those who are not to be admitted. She has also the charge of those who have disputes, and records their oaths. Hlyn,* or Lina, is the goddess of sympathy; in her charge are the troubled and bereaved, whose griefs she shares. Snotra,† the sensitive, the goddess of wit. Nanna, the faithful, whose heart broke when she saw Baldur on the funeral pyre, and was then burnt with him, and joyfully accompanied him to Helhaim. And last, but not least, must be mentioned Saga, the goddess of history, who dwells in Soequabeck, the flowing lake, where Odin visits her to drink wine out of golden cups, and to listen to her legends, and the history of times passed by. Faithfully and truthfully she relates all events, and justly judges the deeds of fallen heroes; but for a long while those who listened to her would simply relate to others her marvellous tales, forgetting much and adding more, until, at last, Odin bethought himself of the means to preserve her wise sayings, and he accordingly invented the runes. Since then her words are gathered on stones, and recorded on tombs, and on altars, on the bark of the trees, and the skin of animals, all of which loudly proclaim her lore.

XXVII.

There now remain such Beings to be described, who are inferior to the Asa-gods, but who stand higher than man. The first in importance is Aegir‡ or Hler, the ruler of the sea, born by the primary matter of the elements, and brother to air and fire. His seat is on the isle of Hles-ey§ and his wife is Rana,|| the malicious power of the waters, of the race of the Hrymthurses. She sends the storms on the sea, and drags boats and sailors down into her net, which always lies ready at the bottom of the ocean.

* To lean.

† Snout, *very* expressive.

‡ From Agis terror.

§ In the Cattedgat.

|| Rana is prey, spoil.

A great favourite of the Asa-gods is Mimer, the owner of the well of wisdom at the Northern root of the ash-tree Yggdrasil, full of wisdom which he inhales with the waters he drinks out of the well. His enemies are the Vanas, the air-gods, who killed him, and sent his head in defiance to Odin, who had it embalmed, and used it as his oracle.

XXVIII.

Finally, there are those Beings who, with their evil influence, direct the fates of gods and man, and who are the means, employed by the higher Nornir, to cause the dreaded Twilight of the gods to approach with its days of conflagration and destruction. The chief of these is Lokè, who, in the primeval times, dwelled amongst the Asa-gods under the name of Lodur, or Logi, he was the brother of Odin, the god of fire, and then of a beneficial influence, but like that great power, which, when it becomes too powerful, overwhelms its master, so it became too mighty in Lokè's hands, and at the same time the snare by which he fell; and, as good once fallen from its height becomes more evil than evil itself, so Lokè gradually became the embodied principle of evil. Handsome in figure, and clever, but evil in mind, he walks amongst the Asa-gods as their evil counsellor, ever contriving deceit and fraud, undermining the innocence of the gods, and thus preparing the way for that day when Surtur will destroy the world with his all-devouring legions, the flames. At last Lokè succeeds in inciting Hödur to kill his brother, and now, with Baldur's death, the prelude to Ragnaröck commences. The gods, in sad anger at the fall of their favorite, and baffled in their efforts to regain the god of light from Helia's realm, banish Lokè for ever to Niffelhaim. Here he now reigns with his wife Angurboda* and his three terrible children, the Fenris wolf, Jormungan-

* The herald of anguish.

dur,* the serpent, and Helia, at whose aspect all life is chilled into deadness. There Alfader, sad, and foreboding evil, sees him play with the monsters, he sends Hermodur, his messenger, to the Asa-gods to command them to bring Lokè and his brood before him. With Tyr at their head, they cross the Bifroust bridge and pass over the stream Ifing into the land of the Hrymthurses. There stood Lokè, haughty and defiant; but as Tyr raised his arm to strike him he succumbs, and follows the Asas to the throne of Alfader. Here Helia, under the reproving eye of the ruler of all, grew to a terrible height; lightning flashed from her hollow eyes, she stretched her arms wider and wider, as if she wanted to crush the god, whilst Jormungandur reared herself like a winding column, with the venom flowing from her fearful jaws, so that all the Asas retired in fear. But Alfader firmly grasped both the monsters, and threw them far away from Asgard, into boundless space. Away flew Helia the length of nine days' journey, over caves and gulfs, round ice-covered rocks, into the lowest depth of Helhaim; but the serpent fell into the ocean. When the wolf saw them thus flung away, he loudly howled, so that he could be heard in the land of the Jotuns, but, powerless to resist, he was led away, outside Asgard's gates, by Tyr, who brought him his daily food; and whilst Jormungandur had to remain in the deep until Ragnaröck, Helia returned to Naströnd, the implacable enemy of the gods, the personification of Death, reigning there in the land of mists, over cowards and evil-doers.

XXIX.

Much of Lokè's character may be gathered from Note 88 of the Frithiof's Saga. After Baldur's death, as described in § 19., he falls deeper and deeper, a kind of reckless raving seems to take possession of him, until he becomes

* The earth devourer.

intolerable to the Asa-gods. Once Aegir, who had been hospitably entertained by the Asa-gods at Asgard, had invited them in return to his seat at Hles-ey. The Asas, still mourning the death of Baldur, had gladly accepted the invitation, hoping to forget their grief at the gay feast, where the horn would be filled with the foaming mead; consequently they appeared at the festival in their richest attire, with an imposing retinue of Ljus-Alfers and other friendly beings. There was Odin, with his glittering gold-helm; Frigga, the queen of heaven, with her azure flowing robes; Freya, radiant with her necklace Presingamen, the wreath of stars; the golden curled Sif, Bråga, Njörd, Haimdall, and all the rest of the Asa-gods and goddesses. a brilliant assembly; only Thor was absent, being on one of his journeys to the Hrymthurses. The hall was brilliantly decorated, its crystal sparkling like diamonds, whilst through its transparent walls the wonders of the ocean could be seen playing, and swimming like so many gems dancing in the gold of the sun-rays, when the long train of guests arrived. Behind, softly treading like a cat, was Lokè stealing along, but when attempting to enter the hall, Funafeng, the door-keeper, held his staff across and said, "No chair is placed for thee in Aegir's halls; go back to Angurboda, and stay with thy fell offsprings there." Furiously Lokè raised his hand and felled Funafeng to the ground. A tumult followed, the Asas grasped their swords, but Lokè had escaped. Quiet had been restored, and they sat down at the feast, where all was arranged in the most hospitable manner. Songs resounded, skåls rang loud, and the meadhorns filled themselves with the most exquisite beverage. But, when the feast was at its highest, Lokè stealthily returned, and this time he was admitted. Then every eye was gazing on him, and all became suddenly still and silent. Like an outcast he stood there alone, and Bråga reproached him and bade him begone. But, without replying, boldly he stepped forward to the table, and asked Odin whether he was unmindful of the

times when they had mixed their blood, and had sworn an everlasting fraternity. Not in vain did he speak, for Odin commanded Vidar to see him seated, and to reach him the horn. High raised Lokè the cup and spake, "Skål to ye gods and goddesses all, but confusion to Brâga, who refused the horn to the thirsty." Then replied Brâga that he would give all his treasures, his sword, his steed, and his ring, if no new calamities were to befall them by the Evil-doer. "Thou art but poor of treasures," said Lokè in return, "thou needest not a sword, but only a steed, for no one flees faster from his foes than thou!" One reply begat another, and Lokè showered his terrible abuse on all the gods, and vile accusations on the goddesses. At last Frigga, stung by his blasphemies, cried out, "If I had but my son Baldur here, he would soon silence thy foul mouth!" "Know," said he, "oh! my queen, that it was I who gave the mistletoe to Hödur with which he sent thy son, Baldur, to Helhaim!" A loud cry of anguish from Frigga was the only reply, and the Asas rose, swords in hand, shields on their arms, when a loud clap of thunder shook the hall, and Thor appeared amongst them, swinging his hammer, Mjölner. But Lokè, addressing him, said—"It is the last time ye gods will assemble here in festive array, for know, your destruction is at hand, though I shall now make way to the stronger!" Quickly he changed to a salmon and slipped into the rushing waters, pursued by the angry Asas, for they were now determined to punish him and make him harmless for ever after. At last, after many escapes, he was caught by Thor. Then the gods took him to a cavern and placed there three rocks, and they caught Lokè's sons, Vali, Nari, and Narvi, and changed Vali to a wolf, who in that shape tore his brother Narvi to pieces, and with the intestines of Narvi they tied Lokè to the three rocks.*

* The meaning of this myth is obvious. As Lokè had fallen by his own evil devices, so he was also tied with the bonds from his own loins. See also note 88 of the Frithiof Saga.

XXX.

But not for ever. For though Lokè was now far away, the seeds of evil which he had sown were bearing fruit. With Baldur innocence had fallen, and the time was now approaching fast when Surtur's flames were required to exterminate the degenerating Asa, and man-world. Nearer, and nearer approached the long prophesied Twilight of the gods, and there came a time which brought a hard and severe winter, called the Fimbul winter. Heavy snow-falls drifted from all quarters, and brought with them storms and sharp, freezing winds, and the sun lost all his power. And three more winters like this one came without any summers between them. But before that time the world had passed through three years of woe and bloodshed: brother killed the brother, the son his father, the father his son, and friend the friend, and all ties and bonds were torn asunder. And the wolf Sköll swallowed the sun, and Hati swallowed the moon, and the stars were falling from the heavens; the earth heaved and the mountains cleft, the trees were uprooted, and the rocks crumbled into dust. The whole world was raging, and misfortunes followed misfortunes, for injustice, terror, impiety, and enormities were the order of the day. And now the time had arrived. The Fenris wolf tears himself loose from his fetters, the oceans flow over their shores, as the Midgard serpent rises from its depths, swelling to a fearful height and strength. The gods once more meet for combat. The giant Hrymur steers Nagelfari, the death-ship, built of the nails of the dead; on he sails with the Hrymthurses, carrying huge rocks. The Fenris comes, leaping on with open jaws, of which the lower part touches the earth and the upper part the heavens; if there were more space he would open them wider still. His eyes are glaring, and his nose emitting fire. The Midgard serpent coils its enormous tail and beats the waves to mountain heights, sputtering his venom all

over the oceans and poisoning the air. The heavens cleave in two, and out ride Muspel's sons, commanded by Surtur, the all-devouring, the burner of all. Under him the Bifroust bridge breaks down and vanishes in the floods. In Helhaim crows Fjalar, the blood red cock, pronouncing the commencement of the final battle. Lokè unites himself with Helia and the Frost-giants to meet the Asa-gods. In Walhalla Haimdall blows the Gjällerhorn, and near him crows Gullincambi, calling on gods and Einherien to arm themselves. They hasten to Vigrid's vast fields, and are led forth, commanded by Odin, who, with his golden helmet, and fully equipped in armour, his sword Gungir in his right hand, encounters the Wolf. At Odin's side is Thor battling with the serpent, and Freyr opposing Surtur; and the dog Garmur, who till now had been chained to the Gnypa cavern, gathers strength and bursts his chains. Tyr attacks him and both fall together in the combat. Thor slays the Midgard-ormer, but is himself killed by the poison with which she had covered him. Odin fights for a long while, but at last succumbs to the Fenris. Then Vidar, to revenge his father, on his part attacks the Wolf, and placing his iron shoes in his mouth he tears his jaws in two and kills him; but he too had received his death wound. Haimdall fights with Lokè, and both fall grappling breast to breast. Then the sun turns black, the earth sinks into the ocean, the stars fall from the heavens, and smoke is reeking. Surtur, with his flaming sword, sets the earth on fire, and all remaining life is burnt in the universal conflagration.

* * *

And Alfadar, who reigns over all, now steps forth from his dwelling to hold judgment.

* * *

XXXI.

Years, ages pass by, no one counted the time, then there

arose out of the waves a new earth. Trees and flowers were shedding their perfume, like newly glittering blossoms after a heavy shower, and in the quiet valley where erst stood Urda's well, and where Odin and Mimer were wont to converse of the mystic lore of the past and the future, came forth from Hobdmimer's* woods two children of the earth, Lif and Liftrhasur, youth and maiden. There they stood, innocent and guileless, beauteous and lovely, like the redolent flowrets, and like them just wakened from their chaste dreams. They had fled into the woods on the day of destruction, and were there nourished by the dew of the morning till they fell asleep. Aroused from their slumbers, like the flowrets, by the warming rays of the sun, they stood there, marvelling at what they beheld. Around them were groves with verdant trees, on which the fruit was glowing like rubies, and flowers which seemed to gleam and to laugh with joy and mirth, the birds fluttering around them with feathers vieing with their own brilliant colors, and with songs which, resounding in the woods, made the green leaves rustle with swelling glee. Spring breath pervaded all nature; and all around, each single dew-drop, which begemmed the emerald blades, bore the image of the heavens in its liquid diamonds. The fields were covered with the ripe, golden corn, which no human hand had sown, and the vines were clustering with grapes, on which the azure sky had settled to sip from them the luscious juice, and now was resting on them, unwilling to leave the intoxicating treat; and beasts of the fields, too, were grazing on the rich pasture, and glittering snakes were playing harmlessly in the grass, but Lokè's brood could be seen nowhere. And Lif and Liftrhasur liked well the fresh-blooming country, and they remained in it, and built huts and married, and they became the parents of many children, whose race now covers the earth. And high above, too, in Asgard, a new race

Mimer.

of Asa-sons are dwelling now; and they repair again to the Ida-valley, where they find, glittering in the grass, the long lost golden tablets. Vidar and Vali again wander on its verdure, unhurt by Surtur's flames; and Thor's sons, Modi and Magni,* play with the hammer, Mjölner. Broken, now, is Lokè's power, for lo! arm in arm yonder, are Baldur and Hödur, seated together in brotherly converse, and man and gods, on earth and in the heavens, rejoice at this beautiful sight.

* Modi, courage; Magni, strength; two very expressive names.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX

AND

REFERENCE TO NOTES, WITH GLOSSARY.

Abbreviations.—N, note.—p, page.—s, Section or Paragraph of the Mythology.

- Aegir; the ruler of the sea. N. 3, p. 27; N. 15, p. 29; N. 49, p. 39; s 8.
- Aegir's breast; the sea. N. 150, p. 227.
- Aegir's daughters; the waves. N. 85, p. 123.
- Ake-Thor; Thor. N. 70, p. 101; s 17.
- Akethor's orb; the sun. N. 70, p. 101.
- Akethor's plains; the heaven. N. 103, p. 147.
- Alfader; the supreme god. N. 13, p. 11; N. 53, p. 66; N. 57, p. 66; N. 152, p. 228; s 8, 11, 12, 19, 22, 28, 30.
- Alfers; elfins. N. 40, p. 38.
- Alfhaim, or Alphaim; Freyr's castle. N. 40, p. 38; s 22.
- Ali; see Vali.
- Angantyr; Hervor's father. N. 84*, p. 114; N. 138, p. 205.
- Angurboda; Lokè's wife. N. 158, p. 229; s 10, 28, 29.
- Angurwadel, or Brother of Lightning; Frithiof's sword.
- Arngrim; the Berserk. N. 84*, p. 114; N. 138, p. 205.
- Asas, Aesir; the gods in Walhalla. N. 11, p. 10; N. 14, p. 11; N. 25, p. 21; N. 35, p. 37; N. 38b, p. 38; N. 49, p. 39; s 10, 11, 16, 18, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.
- Asgard; the capital of Godhaim. N. 49, p. 39; s 7, 9, 13, 15, 16, 24, 28, 29, 31.
- Askur; the first man. N. 154, p. 228; s 14.
- Astrild; the Northern Cupid. N. 82*, p. 114.
- Audhumbla; the cow nourishing Ymer. N. 152, p. 228; s 12.
- Austri; dwarf at the east of heaven. N. 19, p. 20; s 13.
- Baldur, or Balder; The god of Light. N. 8, p. 9; N. 10, p. 10; N. 12, p. 11; N. 42, p. 39; N. 54*, p. 66; N. 62, p. 87; N. 162, p. 230; s 4, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30, 31.
- Balkr; code of laws. N. 3, p. 8; p. 149 (Note at foot).

- Barri's grove; where Gerda met Freyr. *s* 22.
- Parrows; mounds. N. 28, p. 21.
- Baugi; brother of Suttung. N. 107, p. 156.
- Bautastone; monuments. N. 3, p. 8; N. 28, p. 21.
- Bela; king of Sweden, Ingeborg's father. N. 61, p. 87.
- Beldegg; one of Odin's sons. *s* 6.
- Bergelmir; the Noah of the Scandinavians. *s* 12.
- Berserk; a furious warrior. N. 84*, p. 114; N. 148*, p. 226.
- Bestla; Bör's spouse. N. 152, p. 228; *s* 12.
- Bifrost-bridge; the rainbow. N. 60, p. 87; *s* 9, 13, 16, 24, 28, 30.
- Björn; Frithiof's friend. N. 72, p. 101.
- Djörn Blatand; first owner of Angurwadel. N. 38, p. 37.
- Blatand, the blue tooth; king of Denmark. N. 38, p. 37.
- Blodörn, or Bloodeagle; a cruel revenge upon an enemy. N. 111, p. 162.
- Boden; one of the vessels holding the mead of inspiration. N. 107, p. 155.
- Bölthorn; a giant, father of Bestla. *s* 12.
- Bölwerker; one of Odin's names. N. 107, p. 156.
- Bönd or Bondsman; an esquire. N. 17, p. 20; N. 167*, p. 239.
- Bör; Odin's parent. N. 152, p. 228; *s* 12.
- Bråga; the God of Songs. N. 5, p. 9; N. 34, p. 37; N. 49, p. 39; *s* 15, 20, 29.
- Brágaradhur; Bråga's sayings. *s* 7.
- Brågur, Brågurmen; poetry, poets. N. 34, p. 37, *s* 19.
- Bran; Frithiof's dog. N. 86, p. 123.
- Breidablick; Baldur's castle. N. 141, p. 207; *s* 12.
- Bresingamen; Freyâ's necklace. *s* 26, 29.
- Bretland; Great Britain. N. 45, p. 39.
- Brother of Lightning; Frithiof's sword Angurwadel.
- Buri, the father of the god Bör. N. 152, p. 228; *s* 12.
- Day's glow of dwarfs; gold. N. 130; p. 193.
- Delling; the dawn. N. 53, p. 66; N. 123, p. 187.
- Delling's son; day. N. 53; p. 66.
- Disar-hall; a castle of the goddesses. N. 21, p. 20.
- Dragon; name given to ships. N. 46, p. 39.
- Dragon's bed; gold. N. 130; p. 193.
- Drapâ; a funeral song. N. 27, p. 21.
- Draupnir; Odin's ring. *s* 19.
- Dvergars; dwarfs, workers of art. N. 36, p. 37, *s* 8.
- Edda; the Northern Mythology. N. 24, p. 21; N. 39*, p. 38; N. 49, p. 39; N. 57, p. 66; N. 62, p. 87; N. 66, p. 91; N. 143, p. 224; N. 145, p. 225; *s* 3, 7, 15, 24.
- Eiktyrnir; stag on the Yggdrasil. *s* 11.
- Einherien; the heroes in Walhalla. N. 4, p. 9; N. 5, p. 9; N. 116, p. 168; *s* 9, 19, 24, 26, 30.
- Eliwager; the river flowing from Hvergelmir. *s* 12.
- Ellidê; Frithiof's ship. N. 48, p. 39.

- Embla; the first woman. N. 154; p. 228; s 14.
- Erdandi; the Norn of the present. N. 14, p. 11.
- Ericksgate; the King's procession. N. 87, p. 123.
- Eyr, Eyra; the goddess of the healing art. s 26.
- Falcon's lungs; from which the priest's prophesied. N. 22, p. 20.
- Fafner; the dragon. N. 64, p. 88; N. 130, p. 193.
- Fafnersbane; son of Sigfried. N. 64, p. 88.
- Fenris, or Fenrir; the wolf in Helhaim. N. 12, p. 11; N. 62*, p. 87; s 23, 28, 30.
- Fensal; Frigga's bower. s 19, 26.
- mbul; the winter preceding Ragnaröck. s 30.
- Fjälär; Helhaim's cock. N. 95, p. 134; s 30
- Fjölsvinnsmál; a song of gods of the elder Edda. N. 66, p. 91.
- Folkwangur; Freyá's castle. N. 51, p. 54; s 26.
- Forsete; the god of peace. N. 43, p. 39; N. 44, p. 39; s 16, 25.
- Framnäs; a cape, Frithiof's domain. N. 30, p. 36.
- Frände; a cousin. N. 61, p. 87.
- Freki; one of Odin's wolves. s 15.
- Freyá, the goddess of love. N. 2, p. 8; N. 53, p. 66; N. 66, p. 91; N. 147, p. 226; s 21, 26, 29
- Freyr (Frey): the god of spring-sun. N. 7, p. 9; N. 31, p. 37; N. 32, p. 37; s 11, 21, 22, 25, 30.
- Freyr's feast; at yule feast. N. 114, p. 168.
- Friday; called after Freyá. N. 2, p. 8.
- Frigga; Odin's spouse. N. 6, p. 9; N. 10, p. 10; s 15, 18, 19, 26, 29.
- Fru (fruier, frau); a lady. N. 2, p. 8.
- Funafeng; Aegir's doorkeeper. s 29.
- Füllä; Frigga's maid. N. 6, p. 9; s 19, 26.
- Galder; an incantation. N. 137.
- Gandwick; the Baltic. N. 33, p. 37.
- Gangare; Ring's horse. N. 128, p. 193.
- Gard; a domain. N. 1, p. 8.
- Garmur; Helhaim's dog. N. 62*, p. 88; s 19, 30.
- Gefion; the goddess of innocence. N. 59, p. 87; s 26.
- Geirsodd; the self-wounding at death. N. 50, p. 46.
- Gerda; Frithiof's spouse. N. 7, p. 9; N. 40, 38; s 21.
- Geri; one of Odin's wolves. s 15.
- Gersemi; one of the love goddesses. s 26.
- Gidur; the goddess of time. s 15.
- Gimle; the ether world. N. 167, p. 230; s 9, 10, 13.
- Ginungagap; the abyss of Chaos. N. 152, p. 228; s 11, 12, 13.
- Gjällerhorn; Haimdall's horn. N. 126, p. 188; s 24, 30.
- Gladhaim; Odin's castle. s 15.
- Glitner; Forsete's castle. N. 43, p. 39; s 25
- Gnypa; the cave before Helhaim. s 19, 30.
- Godhaim; the god world. N. 4, p. 9; s 9.
- Golden apples; given by Iduna for immortality. N. 5, p. 9.
- Gridur; a giantess, one of Odin's wives. s 25.

- Grimnismâl; a song of gods in the elder Edda. N. 81, p. 113.
- Gröningasound; Jutland. N. 37, p. 37.
- Gudbrand; a province in Norway. N. 101, p. 147.
- Gudr; one of the Valkyrias. N. 119, p. 182.
- Gullinbursti; Tyr's boar, the old symbol of the sun. N. 115, p. 169; s 22.
- Gullincambi; Walhalla's cock. N. 95, p. 134; s 30.
- Gullintani; another name for Haimdall. s 24.
- Gultop; Haimdall's horse. s 24.
- Gungir; Odin's spear. s 30.
- Gunlöd; the lovely keeper of the draft of inspiration. N. 107, p. 155; N. 151, p. 227.
- Gylfa; King of Sweden. s 6, 7.
- Gylfaginning; revelations of the Northern Mythology. s 7.
- Gymer; a giant, Gerda's father. N. 7, p. 9; s 22.
- Hägbart; the Northern Abelard. N. 110, p. 162.
- Hägher; the heron of oblivion. N. 107, p. 155; N. 151, p. 227.
- Hägring; a mirage. N. 140, p. 207.
- Haidrun; goat on the Yggdrasil. s 11.
- Haimdall; guardian of the Bifrost bridge. N. 62*, p. 88; s 15, 16, 24, 29, 30.
- Haimskringla; the earth. N. 102, p. 147.
- Haimskringla's brow; the North. N. 102, p. 147.
- Haimskringla's orb; the earth. N. 148, p. 226.
- Halfdan; Ingeborg's younger brother. N. 170, p. 231.
- Hallinskidi; another name of Haimdall. s 24.
- Ham, (ghost); a troll. N. 67, p. 101.
- Hamlet; Hamlet's-heath. N. 28, p. 21.
- Hanver; daughter of king Hringur. N. 38, p. 37.
- Har; one of the three gods revealing the Northern Mythology. s 7.
- Harvest-Ting; the autumnal court of justice.
- Hati; the wolf pursuing the moon. s 9, 30.
- Havamâl; an Icelandic poem. N. 24, p. 21; N. 107, p. 155; N. 146, p. 226; N. 151, p. 227.
- Hebrides; Salundarö. N. 69, p. 101.
- Hejd (check); a troll. N. 67, p. 101.
- Helga; Ingeborg's elder brother. N. 170, p. 231.
- Helhaim; Helia's realm of shades. N. 4, p. 9; N. 11, p. 10; s 1, 7, 10, 19, 26, 28, 30.
- Helia; Lokè's daughter reigning over Helhaim. N. 4, p. 9; N. 11, p. 10; N. 42, p. 39; N. 50, p. 46; N. 62, p. 87; N. 62, p. 87; N. 65, p. 88; s 10, 18, 19, 28, 30.
- Heligoland. N. 44, p. 39.
- Hengist and Horsa; descended from Odin. N. 38B, p. 38; s 1.
- Hermodur; Walhalla's messenger. s 15, 19, 24, 28.
- Herta, (Hjerta); another name for Frigga, representing the earth. N. 6, p. 9; s 8, 15.
- Hervor; daughter of Angantyr the Berserk. N. 84*, p. 114; N. 138, p. 205.
- Hilding; Frithiof's and Ingeborg's foster father.

- Hildur**; a valkyria, the goddess of war. N. 26, p. 21.
- Himminbjörg**; Haimdall's castle. s 16, 24.
- Hler** (Aegir); refer Aegir.
- Hles-ey**; Aegir's seat. N. 49, p. 39; s 27, 29
- Hlidskjalf**, see Lidskjalf; Odin's throne. N. 147, p 226; s 15, 22.
- Hlif** and **Hliftrhasur**, refer **Lif** and **Liftrhasur**.
- Hnossa**(**Nossa**); **Freyâ's** daughter. s 26.
- Hobdmimer**; **Mimer's** wood after the regeneration. s 31.
- Hödur**; **Baldur's** brother, symbol of darkness. N. 8, p. 10; N. 10, p 10; N. 94, p. 133; s 4, 15, 18, 19, 25, 28, 29, 31.
- Hömir**; **Odin's** brother. s 21.
- Höfüt**; **Haimdall's** sword. s 24.
- Holmgang**, **Holmwalk**; a duel. N. 109, p. 162.
- Holmgard**; **Russia**. N. 84*, p. 114.
- Horsa**; descended from **Odin**. N. 38B, p. 38; s 1.
- Hrafnagalder**; **Odin's** Raven-song. N. 156, p. 229.
- Hrasvelgur**; **Giant** producing winter. s 4.
- Hringhorn**; the ship in which **Baldur** was burnt s 19.
- Hringur**; **Hanver's** father. N. 38, p. 37.
- Hrymfaxi**; the steed drawing the moon. N. 123, p 187.
- Hrymthurses**; the **Frost Giants**. N. 145, p. 225; N. 149, p. 227; N. 152, p. 228; s 8, 10, 11, 12, 17, 22, 24, 27, 28, 29, 30.
- Hrymthurse's** daughters; the **Fates**. s 13, 19.
- Hrymur**; the **Giant** steering **Nagelfari** at **Ragnaröck**. s 10, 30.
- Hugin**; one of **Odin's** ravens. N. 12, p. 10; s 15.
- Hvergelmir**; the river under the **Yggdrasil**. s 11, 12.
- Hyndlulied**; song of the **Edda**. s 7.
- Idavale** (**Ida völlum**); **Walhalla's** valley. N. 4, p. 9; N. 57, p. 66; N. 136, p. 205; N. 166, p. 230; s 9, 31.
- Iduna**; the goddess of **Immortality**. N. 5, p 9; N. 34, p. 37; N. 156, p. 229; s 19.
- Jafenhar**; one of the three gods revealing the **Northern Mythology**. s 7.
- Jarl**; a **governor**. N. 50*, p. 46; N. 75, p. 113.
- Jarnsaxa**; one of **Thor's** wives. s 17.
- Jörd** (**Hjerta**) N. 6, p. 9; s 8, 15.
- Jormungandur**; the serpent encircling the world. N. 12, p. 11; N. 158, p. 229. s 8, 28.
- Jotunhaim**; the realm of the **Frost Giants**. N. 15, p. 11; N. 149, p. 227; s 8, 10, 14, 17.
- Jotuns**; **Giants**. N. 149, p. 227; s 8, 9, 14, 28.
- Jumalâ**; a **Finnian** god. N. 169, p. 231.
- Kwasir**; the father of **poetry**. N. 107, p. 155.
- Lådulas**; the **Swedish King Magnus**. N. 18, p 20
- Landwidi**; **Vidar's** dwelling. s 25.
- Lidskjalf**; **Odin's** throne. N. 147, p. 226; s 15, 22.
- Lif**; the first man after the **Regeneration of the World**. s 31.
- Liftrsur**; the first woman after the **Regeneration of the World**. s 31.
- Lina** (**Hlyn**); the goddess of **sympathy**. s 26.
- Ljus-Alferhaim**; the dwelling of **light elfins**. s 9.

- Ljus-Alfers; the light elfins. N. 65*, p. 88; s 22.
- Lodur; Lokè. s 28.
- Lofna; the goddess of the bridal nights. N. 91; p. 126; s 26.
- Lokè, Logi; the Lucifer of the North. N. 10, p. 10; N. 11, p. 10; N. 12, p. 11; N. 49, p. 39; N. 57, p. 66; N. 62*, p. 87; N. 88, p. 123; N. 149, p. 227; N. 158, p. 229; s 7, 8, 9, 10, 17, 18, 19, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.
- Lungs; from which the priests prophesied. N. 22, p. 20.
- Magni; one of Thor's sons. s 17, 31.
- Magnus; a Swedish king. N. 18, p. 20.
- Manhaim; the dwelling of man. s 8, 9.
- Megingjard; Thor's girdle. N. 155, p. 229; s 17.
- Menglada. N. 66, p. 91.
- Midgard; the centre of the earth. N. 62*, p. 87; s 8, 14, 30.
- Midgard's Serpent; see Jormangandur. N. 62*, p. 87.
- Mimer; the owner of the well of wisdom. N. 35, p. 37; s 11, 15, 27, 31.
- Mimer's Well; the well of wisdom. N. 35, p. 37; s 11.
- Mistletoe. s 19.
- Mjölner; Thor's hammer. N. 15, p. 11; N. 105, p. 154; s 17, 29, 31.
- Modi; one of Thor's sons. s 17, 31.
- Morven; in Scotland. N. 79, p. 113.
- Mounds (Barrows). N. 28, p. 21.
- Munin; one of Odin's ravens. N. 12, p. 10; s 15.
- Muspelheim; the realm of flames. N. 152, p. 228; N. 159, p. 229; s 9, 13.
- Muspel's Sons; the flames. N. 96, p. 134; N. 159, p. 229; s 9, 10, 12, 30.
- Nagelfari; Helhaim's vessel. s 10, 30.
- Nanna; Baldur's spouse, personification of faithfulness. N. 8, p. 9; s 9, 25, 26.
- Nari; one of Lokè's sons. s 29.
- Narvi; another of Lokè's sons. s 29.
- Narvi; a giant, father of the night.
- Narvi's daughter; night. N. 156, p. 229.
- Naströnd; the land of shades. N. 65, p. 88; N. 121, p. 182; s 10, 28.
- Nidhögg; the dragon gnawing at the Yggdrasil. N. 135, p. 205; s 11.
- Niding; a coward. N. 100, p. 147.
- Nidrud; a King of Sweden. N. 39, p. 38.
- Niffelheim; the land of shades. N. 11, p. 10; N. 65, p. 88; N. 121, p. 182; N. 152, p. 228; s 12, 19, 28.
- Niffelhel. See Helhaim.
- Njörd; the god of rain. s 16, 21, 22, 26, 29.
- Noatum; Njörd's residence. s 21.
- Nordri; the dwarf of the Northern Heavens. N. 19, p. 20.
- Norns, Nornir; the Fates. N. 14, p. 11; N. 58, p. 87; N. 66, p. 91; N. 156, p. 229; s 11, 15, 19, 28.
- Norrän-tunga; the old Northern language. N. 80, p. 113.
- Oblivion's Heron. N. 107; p. 155.
- Odin (Wodin); the highest of the Asa-gods. N. 3, p. 9; N. 6, p.

- 9; N. 10, p. 10; N. 12, p. 10; N. 24, p. 21; N. 25, p. 21; N. 35, p. 37; N. 38b, p. 38; N. 50, p. 46; N. 62, p. 87; N. 62*, p. 87; N. 66, p. 91; N. 152, p. 228; *s* 1, 6, 8, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.
- Odin's birds; the ravens. N. 12, p. 10.
- Odin's eye; the sun. *s* 11.
- Odin's halls; the heavens. N. 29, p. 36.
- Odrörir; the vessel holding the draft of inspiration. N. 107, p. 155.
- Odur; Freyâ's husband. N. 66, p. 91; *s* 26.
- Oergelmir; the patriarch Ymer. N. 152, p. 228; *s* 12.
- Orkney Isles. N. 63, p. 88.
- Ragnarök; the twilight, the destruction of the world. N. 57, p. 66; N. 62*, p. 87; N. 145, p. 225; N. 158, p. 229; *s* 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 19, 24, 28, 30.
- Rana; Aegir's spouse, the mischievous spirit of the ocean. N. 49, p. 39; N. 68, p. 101; N. 71, p. 101; *s* 8, 27.
- Ravne God; one of Odin's names. N. 12, p. 10.
- Reitgotaland; Jutland. *s* 6.
- Renovation; of the world. *s* 31.
- Riger; one of Haimdall's names on earth. *s* 24.
- Rigsmâl; song of the elder Edda. *s* 7, 24.
- Rinder; one of Odin's wives, the winter earth. *s* 15, 19, 25.
- Ring; King of Norway.
- Rota; the Valkyria of the chase. N. 119, p. 182.
- Runes; the old Northern letters. N. 3, p. 8; N. 34, p. 37.
- Runestaff; see Runes. N. 3, p. 8; *s* 19.
- Saerimnir; the Boar in Walhalla. *s* 16.
- Sâga; the goddess of History. N. 41, p. 38; N. 81, p. 113; N. 108, p. 157; *s* 26.
- Sâga's Halls; for the North. N. 108, p. 157.
- Sâga's Shield; for History. N. 161, p. 230.
- Sâlundarö; the Hebrides. N. 69, p. 101.
- Sâmund Sigfusson; compiler of the elder Edda. *s* 7
- Seids; Incantation. N. 137, p. 205.
- Seming; a son of Odin. N. 168, p. 230; *s* 6.
- Shield Maidens; the Norns. N. 133, p. 198.
- Sif; Thor's wife. *s* 17, 25, 29.
- Sigge; son of Fridulph, the conqueror who was deified as Odin. N. 3, p. 9; N. 38b, p. 38, *s* 6
- Sigge; one of Odin's sons. *s* 6.
- Sigismund; of the Nibelungenlied. N. 64, p. 88.
- Signè; the Northern Heloise. N. 110, p. 162
- Sigurd Fafnersbane; son of Sigismund. N. 64, p. 88.
- Sigyn; Lokè's faithful wife. N. 88, p. 124; *s* 6.
- Sikelö; Sicily. N. 78, p. 113.
- Sjofna; one of the love goddesses. *s* 26.
- Skadi; Njörd's wife. *s* 21.
- Skal; drinking a toast. N. 74, p. 101; *s* 29.
- Skalda; the art of poetry. N. 39* p. 38; N. 66, p. 91; *s* 7.
- Skalds, (Skalders); the Northern bards. N. 9, p. 10; N. 39*, p. 38.

- Skidbladnir; Freyá's ship. *s* 22.
 Skinfaxi; the horse drawing the sun. N. 123, p. 187.
 Skirnir; Freyá's servant. *s* 22.
 Skjöld; one of Odin's sons. *s* 6.
 Sköll; the wolf pursuing the sun. *s* 9, 30.
 Skulda; the Norn of the future. N. 14, p. 11; N. 119, p. 182.
 Sleipner; Odin's horse. N. 117, p. 172; *s* 19.
 Snake; name given to ships. N. 46, p. 39.
 Snorre Sturleson; compiler of the younger Edda. N. 39*, p. 38; N. 143, p. 226; *s* 7.
 Snotra; the goddess of wit. *s* 26.
 Soequabeck; Sága's seat. N. 41, p. 38; N. 81, p. 113; *s* 21.
 Sogne-fjörd; the seat of Frithiof's home. N. 30, p. 36.
 Són; the vessel holding mead of inspiration. N. 107, p. 155.
 Steel gloves; with which Thor sends out lightning. N. 15, p. 11.
 Strawdeath; dying a common death. N. 50, p. 46.
 Sudri; the dwarf at the Southern Heaven. N. 19, p. 20; *s* 13.
 Sun-house; the phases of the moon. N. 39, p. 38.
 Surtur; the god of flames. N. 159, p. 229; *s* 2, 9, 10, 12, 28, 30.
 Suttung; Gunlöd's father. N. 107, p. 156.
 Svart-alfers; the evil elfins. N. 65*, p. 88; *s* 8, 13.
 Svart-alfhaim; the black elfin world. *s* 8.
 Swadilfari; the Hrymthur's horse, Sleipner's sire. N. 88, p. 124; N. 117, p. 172.
 Swalin; the shield of the sun. *s* 9.
 Swasudur; the giant bringing summer. *s* 14.
 Swipdager; Menglada's husband. N. 66, p. 91.
 Swithicd; Sweden. *s* 6.
 Syna (Syn); Vingolf's doorkeeper. *s* 26.
 Talfraed; a great hundred. N. 31, p. 36.
 Tan-gnioster; Thor's goat. *s* 17.
 Tan-grisnir; Thor's goat. *s* 17.
 Thöck; the sorceress. *s* 19.
 Thor; the god of thunder. N. 11, p. 15; N. 70, p. 101; *s* 15, 16, 17, 25, 29, 30.
 Thorsten Vikingson; Frithiof's father. N. 38, p. 37.
 Thridi; one of the gods revealing to Gylfa the Northern Mythology. *s* 7.
 Thrud; Thor's son. *s* 17.
 Thrudhaim; Thor's residence. *s* 16.
 Thrudwang; Thor's castle. N. 16, p. 11.
 Thrymhaim; Skadi's home. *s* 21.
 Thursday; called after Thor. N. 15, p. 11.
 Ting-stone; on which the council was held. N. 20, p. 20.
 Tjassi; giant, Skadi's father. *s* 21.
 Tree of time; the Yggdrasil. N. 157, p. 229.
 Trolls; goblins. N. 47, p. 39.
 Tuesday; called after Tyr. N. 62*, p. 88.
 Twilight. See Ragarnöck, the destruction of the world.
 Tyr; the god of war. N. 62*, p. 88, N. 115, p. 169; *s* 15, 23, 28, 30.
 Tyrfing; Angantyr's sword, given to Hervor. N. 84*, p. 114; N. 138, p. 205.

- Uller; Skadi's second husband representing winter. *s* 16, 21, 25.
- Upsala; town and temple. N. 143, p. 224.
- Urda; the Norn of the past. N. 14, p. 11.
- Urda-well; belonging to the Norns. N. 58, p. 87; N. 156, p. 229. *s* 11, 31.
- Utgarda; the outskirts of Helhaim. N. 149, p. 227. *s* 8.
- Utgarda Lokè; Lokè in Helhaim. N. 149, p. 227.
- Vala; the prophetess. N. 52, p. 54; N. 62, p. 87; N. 145, p. 225; *s* 12, 18, 19.
- Valaskjalf; Vali's castle. N. 147, p. 226; *s* 25.
- Vali (Ali); revenger of Baldur. *s* 15, 25, 29, 31.
- Valkyrias; attending the heroes in Walhalla. N. 4, p. 9; N. 54, p. 66.
- Vanadis; another name for Freyâ. N. 129, p. 193.
- Vana gods; the air gods. N. 35, p. 37; *s* 9, 21, 27.
- Vanahaim; the realm of winds. *s* 9, 21.
- Var (Vara); the goddess of plighted troths. N. 89, p. 126; *s* 26.
- Vardka; a light tower. N. 56, p. 66.
- Varg-i-veum; excommunication by the priests. N. 171, p. 231.
- Vaulunder; a famous worker of art. N. 39, p. 38; *s* 7.
- Vestri; dwarf of the Western heaven. N. 19, p. 20; *s* 8.
- Vidar; the god of taciturnity. N. 62*, p. 88; N. 90, p. 126; *s* 15, 25, 29, 31.
- Vifel; one of Frithiof's ancestors.
- Vigrid's field; the field of the final battle. N. 164, p. 230; *s* 30.
- Viking; father of Thorsten.
- Vikingers; Northern sea-kings. *s* 1.
- Vikingson; Frithiof's father.
- Vilskirnir; one of Thor's castles. *s* 16.
- Vingolf; the Walhalla of the goddesses. N. 55, p. 66; *s* 15.
- Völuspâ; the poetical record of the Northern Mythology. N. 10, p. 10; N. 52, p. 54; N. 145, p. 225; *s* 7, 11, 12, 13.
- Walfader; Alfader. N. 107, p. 155.
- Walhalla; the seat of the gods. N. 4, p. 9; N. 25, p. 21; N. 49, p. 39; N. 50, p. 46; N. 54, p. 66; N. 55, p. 66; N. 60, p. 87; *s* 1, 7, 9, 11, 15, 19, 26, 30.
- Waltam; one of Odin's names. *s* 19
- Wali see Vali.
- We; Odin's brother. N. 152, p. 228; *s* 12, 13, 14, 15.
- Wegdegg; one of Odin's sons. *s* 6.
- Wegtam; one of Odin's names. N. 62, p. 87; *s* 19.
- Wegtamquida; song of the wanderer. N. 62, p. 87.
- Wili; one of Odin's brothers. N. 152, p. 228; *s* 12, 13, 14, 15.
- Wodin (Odin). Refer Odin.
- Worldmother; the earth. *s* 8.
- Ydalir; Uller's castle. *s* 25.
- Yggdrasil; the world-tree. N. 35, p. 37; N. 58, p. 87; N. 156, p. 229; N. 157, p. 229; *s* 9, 11, 16, 27.
- Ymer; the patriarch giant. N. 152, p. 227; *s* 12, 13.
- Yngwi; one of Odin's sons. *s* 6.
- Yuletide; Christmas. N. 31*, p. 36.

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