

NUMERO DE TORNO



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R U N I C O D E S

FROM THE

NORSE TONGUE.

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R U N I C O D E S

FROM THE

N O R S E T O N G U E.

ΣΟΦΙ—

—AN EN ΜΥΧΟΙΣΙ ΠΕΡΙΔΩΝ.

PIND. PYTH. 6.

BY THOMAS JAMES MATHIAS.

A NEW EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE curious remains of the most remote Northern Antiquity are taken from the Treatise of Bartholinus on the causes of the contempt of death among the Danes.

They are attempted from the originals, in that manner which Mr. Gray conceived as best adapted to transfuse the wild spirit of Norse poetry into the English language.

Numeros animosque fecutus
ARCHILOCHI, *non verba.*

The literal Latin translation of the two first Odes is subjoined, for the satisfaction of those who may wish to observe how the radical positions and ideas may be expanded in conformity to the genius of these prophetic scriptures of the North^a.

^a For a farther account of this Mythology, the Northern Antiquities of Mr. Mallet (translated in two volumes octavo) may be consulted.

O D E I.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS;

OR,

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.

ARGUMENT.

THE Twilight of the Gods, in the Northern Mythology, is that period when Lok, the Evil Being, shall break his confinement; the Human Race, the Stars, and the Sun, shall disappear; the Earth sink in the Seas, and Fire consume the Skies: even Odin himself, and all his kindred Gods, shall perish.

The following ODE contains a Description of the Events which, according to this dark Mythology, will precede the Destruction of the World.

R U N I C O D E S.

O D E I.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS;

OR,

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.

FROM the chambers of the East,
In robes of terror grimly drest,
Ymir^b hath his course begun,
Rival of th' unwearied sun.
Now, in many a glist'ring wreath,
Above, around, and underneath,
The serpent dread^c of dateless birth,
Girds the devoted globe of earth;

^b From Ymir were descended all the families of the giants.
EDDA.

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

And, as charm'd by pow'rful fpell,
 Ocean heaves with furious fwell.
 The plumed monarch whets his beak,
 Seeking where his wrath to wreak ;
 Till on the plain with corfes ftrew'd
 He fates his maw with bleeding food :
 While the veffel's^d floating pride
 Stems duration's rounding tide.

Trace again the folemn rhyme ;
 From Orient's ever-teeming clime
 I fee them come^e, an evil race,
 Bold in heart and ftern in face ;
 In turbulent array they fwEEP,
 Beneath them groans the burthen'd deep ;
 Fierce they rufh, yet all obey
 Monarch Lok's refiftlefs fway.
 Gaunt and wild with favage howl,
 Mark the wolfifh Fenris prow ;
 With him ftalks a furious train,
 Panting for th' enfanguin'd plain :

^d In the poetry of the North, the earth is ftiled, “ The
 “ veffel that floats on ages.” I have made ufe of this para-
 phrafe for the *Nagel fara*, or fhip of the Gods, here mentioned.

^e The Mufpelli, a fort of Genii.

Is Beliep's brother left behind ?

No :—he flies on wings of wind.

Knowst thou what is done above ?

No more in halls of joy and love
 The favour'd guests, profuse of soul,
 Drain the skull or nectar'd bowl :
 What Genii shake that nodding frame ?
 These are deeds without a name.
 Struck with elemental jar,
 Gods themselves come forth to war :
 From the many-mansion'd dome
 Giant tenants loosen'd roam,
 And around each rock-hewn cell,
 With heaving groan or fearful yell,
 Declare what uncontrolled pow'r
 Presiding rules the mortal hour :
 These no acts of joy and love—
 Knowst thou now what's done above ?

From the regions of the South
 Surtur^f bursts with fiery mouth ;

^f The prince of the Genii of fire.

High o'er yonder black'ning shade
 Gleams the hallow'd sun-bright blade,
 Which in star-bespangled field,
 Warrior Gods encount'ring wield.
 From Vengeance' red celestial store
 Ministers of ruin pour ;
 Caverns yawning, mountains rending :
 Conscious of the fate impending,
 Ydrasil's prophetic ash
 Nods to the air with sudden crash :
 Monstrous female forms advance,
 Stride the steed, and couch the lance :
 Armed heroes throng the plain,
 Harbingers of Heia's^g reign ;
 And see, from either verge of Heav'n,
 That concave vast asunder riv'n.

Why does beauteous Lina^h weep ?
 Whence those lorn notes in accent deep ?
 A day of war !—prepare, prepare :
 Aloft in distant realms of air,

^g The Goddess of Death.

^h The spouse of Odin.

Mark the murd'rous monsterⁱ stalk
 In printless majesty of walk.
 Odin fearless meets the shock,
 While Heav'n's high tow'rs around him rock ;
 Though arm'd in panoply divine,
 He yields, and owns the fated sign ;
 To the mansions drear he turns —
 In vain the beauteous Lina mourns.

Glowing with paternal fire,
 Generous rage and fierce desire,
 See Odin's offspring, Vidar bold,
 His fanguine course unfault'ring hold.
 In vain 'gainst him in fell accord
 Giant forms uplift the sword ;
 He locks his foe in iron sleep,
 And stamps the filial vengeance deep.

Think not yet the measure full,
 Or the sword with carnage dull ;
 Lodina's glory, heart and hand,
 Joins the fight and takes his stand.

ⁱ The wolf Fenris, by whom Odin was slain.

Lo ! in many a horrid turn,
 Crest that glistens, eyes that burn,
 The lordly serpent rolls along,
 Nor fears the brave, nor heeds the strong :
 But hark, 'twas Fate in thunder spoke ;
 Vidar deals the daring stroke,
 Lays the death-doom'd monster low,
 And triumphs o'er his burnish'd foe.

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

Signs abroad portentous low'r ;
 'Tis Defolation's fatal hour :
 Fiery shapes the æther wing ;
 Surtur calls ; they know their king.
 Dark encircling clouds absorb
 The lustre of light's central orb ;

^k Immediately previous to the destruction of the world, the Edda supposes that the Stygian Dog, named Garmar, will be unbound.

Conscious stars no more dispense
Their gently beaming influence,
But bursting from their shaken sphere,
Unsubstantial disappear.

No more this penfile mundane ball
Rolls through the wide æreal hall ;
Ingulphed sinks the vast machine.

Who shall say, **THE THINGS HAVE BEEN !**



O D E II.

THE RENOVATION OF THE WORLD,

AND

FUTURE RETRIBUTION.

ARGUMENT.

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

O D E II.

THE RENOVATION OF THE WORLD,

AND

FUTURE RETRIBUTION.

NOW the Spirit's plastic might
Brooding o'er the formless deep,
O'er the dusk abyss of night,
Bids Creation cease to sleep.

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

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

- “ Pour the sparkling beverage high ;
 “ Be the song with horror fraught :
 “ Lab’ring¹ earth, and ruin’d sky,
 “ Fix the soul in solemn thought.

 “ Odin next inspire the verse,
 “ Gor’d by the relentless fang^m ;
 “ Æther felt the conflict fierce,
 “ Dying groan and parting pang.

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

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

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

¹ Alluding to the preceding Ode.

^m Fenris, by whom Odin was slain.

“ Ask you whose the scepter'd fway ?

“ 'Tis to lordly Balder giv'n :

“ Mark him there in bright array

“ Stalking through the halls of heav'n.

“ Hoder holds united reign ;

“ Latest times their strength shall prove,

“ Monarchs of the bleak domain.

“ Knowst thou now what's done above ?

“ Is it blest delusion's hour ?

“ Rolls mine eye in frenzied trance ?

“ Beams of glory round me show'r ;

“ Troops of radiant forms advance.

“ Founded on that firm-set rock,

“ Rising view the dome of goldⁿ,

“ Fix'd secure from wintry shock :

“ There the good, and there the bold.

“ High in tracts of troubled air

“ Justice waves her awful sword :

“ Vice appall'd, with hideous stare,

“ Shrinks ere spoke the dooming word.

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

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

“ In Nastronda’s • northern plain
 “ Hark, th’ envenom’d portals ope :
 “ Respite there is none of pain,
 “ Cheerless all, without a hope.

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

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

“ Knowst thou now what’s done above ?
 “ Knowst thou now the deeds of Night ? ”
 They spoke : the feast of joy and love
 Glow’d on Inda’s glist’ring height.

• The place of punishment for the wicked.

ODE III.
DIALOGUE
AT THE
TOMB OF ARGANTYR.

ARGUMENT.

HERVOR repairs to the tomb of her Father Argantyr, at the dead of night, and invokes his spirit to deliver up the magical sword, TRIFINGUS, which was buried with him.

O D E III.

D I A L O G U E

AT THE TOMB OF ARGANTYR P.

HERVOR.

THY daughter calls : Argantyr, break
The bonds of death ; she calls, awake :
Reach me forth the temper'd blade
Beneath thy marble pillow laid,
Which once a scepter'd warrior bore,
Forg'd by dwarfs^q in years of yore.
Where are the sons of Angrim fled ?
Mingled with the valiant dead.
From under twisted roots of oak
Blasted by the thunder's stroke,
Arise, arise, ye men of blood,
Ye who prepar'd the vulture's food ;
Give me the sword and studded belt,
Armies whole their force have felt ;

^p See Hickes's *Thefaurus Septentrional.* Vol. I.

^q Dwarfs or *Nani*, in the northern sense, answer to Cyclops: - *Hickes's Thefaurus.*

Or grant my pray'r, or mould'ring rot,
 Your name your deeds alike forgot :
 Argantyr, rouse thee from thy rest ;
 Hear, and grant thy child's request.

ARGANTYR.

Daughter, I hear the magic found
 That wakes the tenants of the ground :
 Why callst thou thus ? What dire intent
 Is within thy bosom pent ?
 No friendly hand, no parent, gave
 My bones to rest in hallow'd grave ;
 To me no sacred rite was paid ;
 Here by barbaric hands convey'd,
 In this mansion cold, forlorn,
 My gloomy ghost shall ever mourn.
 Think not by unceasing pray'r
 Hence the charmed sword to bear ;
 For know, above in realms of light,
 Trifingus is another's right.

HERVOR.

Ha ! my fire, what words accurst
 Have from the lip of falsehood burst ?

Thou

Thou knowst with thee in darknefs laid
 Sleeps the consecrated blade :
 Yield it, 'tis th' appointed hour,
 Or dread avenging Odin's pow'r.

ARGANTYR.

With awe my words prophetic hear ;
 Hervor, 'tis for thee I fear :
 The fates have seal'd thy offspring's doom ;
 Trifingus brings them to the tomb.

HERVOR.

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

ARGANTYR.

Maid, thy warlike soul I blefs,
 Who rov'ft by night in armed drefs,
 With spell-wrought helmet iron proof,
 And garments wove in myftic woof ;

* Argantyr here prophecies the death of the future fons of his
 yet virgin daughter, Hervor.

Who dar'ft in thrilling accents call
The dead from their fepulchral hall.

HERVOR.

No more this idle converfe hold ;
Once I thought thy fpirit bold :
Give me forth the radiant brand ;
Hear, and grant my juft demand.
Know, my fire, th' appointed hour,
And dread avenging Odin's pow'r.

ARGANTYR.

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

HERVOR.

I tremble not—the flame, though bright,
Is but ineffectual light,
That plays around the buried corfe
With meteor glare devoid of force :
I'll grasp the fword in terror drest,
And give thy gloomy fpirit reft.

ARGANTYR.

Rash virgin, to thy pray'r I yield :
 Lo TRIFINGUS stands reveal'd !
 Blazing like the noon-day fun.—

HERVOR.

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

ARGANTYR.

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

HERVOR.

I must to my ships repair ;
 Battle is the warrior's care :
 If in the purple fount of life
 They steep the steel in mortal strife,
 By no ignoble stroke they fall,
 And sink with joy to Odin's hall.

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

ARGANTYR.

Hie thee hence from death's domain,
 With rev'rence keep Hialmar's bane ;
 Touch but the blade, a warrior dies,
 There quick-speeding poison lies ;
 Thou art of a race divine,
 Take the gift the gods assign.

HERVOR.

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

ARGANTYR.

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

HERVOR.

Now, in the filence of the tomb,
Dwell undifturb'd till final doom :
I muft tread my deftin'd road,
And fpeed me from this drear abode ;
For here, as ftill my fteps I turn,
Flaky fires around me burn.

O D E IV.

AN INCANTATION.

FOUNDED ON

THE NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

HEAR, ye Rulers of the North,
Spirits of exalted worth ;
By the silence of the night,
By subtle magic's secret rite ;
By Pèolphan murky King,
Master of th' enchanted ring ;
By all and each of hell's grim host
Howling demon, tortur'd ghost ;
By each spell and potent word
Burst from lips of Glauron's Lord ;
By Coronzon's awful power ;
By the dread and solemn hour,
When Gual fierce and Damael strong
Stride the blast that roars along ;
Or in fell descending swoop,
Bid the furious spirit stoop
O'er desolation's gloomy plain,
Haunt of warriors battle-slain.

Now

Now the world in fleep is laid,
THORBIORGA calls your aid.

Mark the fable feline coat,
 Spotted girdle velvet-wrought ;
 Mark the fkin of gliftening fnake
 Sleeping feiz'd in foreft brake ;
 Mark the radiant chrystal ftone,
 On which day's fovereign never fhone,
 From the cavern dark and deep
 Digg'd i'th' hour of mortal fleep ;
 Mark the crofs, in myftic round
 Meetly o'er the fandal bound,
 And the fymbols grav'd thereon,
 Holieft Tetragrammaton !
 Now while midnight torches gleam,
 Rivals of the Moon's pale beam,
 On ocean's unfrequented fhore
 Some mofs-grown ruin filvering o'er,
 I fcatter round this charmed room
 The fragrance of the myrrh's perfume,
 And bending o'er this confecrated fword,
 Confirm each murmur'd fpell, each inly-thrilling word.

O D E I.

CREPUSCULUM DEORUM,

SEU

INTERITUS MUNDI.

BARTHOLINUS DE CAUSIS CONTEMPTÆ MORTIS APUD DANOS. L. II. C. 14.

Hrymr ekr austau, &c.

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

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

Quid novi apud Deos geritur ?
Quid apud Genios ?
Fragore perfonat totus gigantum mundus.
Dii in foro versantur ;

Gemunt

Gemunt nani
 Ante lapidearum habitationum ostia,
 Lapideorum meatuum gnari;
 Nostin' adhuc quid rei geritur?

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

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

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

Tum prodit magnus
 Filius Lodinæ;
 Incedit Odini filius
 Ut cum lupo (seu fratre lupi Iormungando) dimicet;

Magnâ audaciâ
 Occidit midguardicum anguem.
 Viri omnes
 E mundo evacuabuntur.

Latrat Garmus valde
 Ante Guipensê antrum ;
 Rumpentur catenæ,
 Et prouet lupus.
 Progreditur passus novem
 Fyorginæ proles,
 Tristis ab angue
 Mala facere non timido.

Nigrefcit sol ;
 Immergitur mari tellus :
 Disparefcunt e cælo
 Serenæ stellæ :
 Sævit ignis
 Sub sæculi extremitatem ;
 Lambit ascendens flamma
 Ipsum cœlum.

O D E II.

NOVI MUNDI EXORTUS.

BARTHOLINUS UT SUP.

Ser hon uppköma, &c.

VIDET illa emergere
Alterâ vice
Terram e mari
Valde viridem ;
Labuntur aquæ ;
Supervolat aquila,
Quæ in montibus
Pifces capit.

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

Ibi deinde
Mirabiles orbes
Deaurati aleatorii
In gramine invenientur,
Quos olim poffederant
Rector deorum,
Et Odini progenies.

^t Indæ. V. Lect.

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

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

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

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

Domum stare videt
 A sole remotam
 In Nastronda^u;
 Fores boream spectant;
 Diffillant veneni guttæ
 Intro per fenestras:
 Hæc contexta est domus
 Spinis serpentinis.

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

^u The Gothic Hell is termed Niflheim. In Goranson's Latin version of the Edda, Hist. 1ms, is the following passage: "In medio Niflhemii est fons nomine Hvergelmer. Hinc profluunt amnes hisce celebrati nominibus Angor, Gaudii Remora, mortis Habitatio, Celerrima Perditio et Vetusta, Vagina, Procella Sæva, Vorago, Stridor et Ululatus, Late Emanans, Vehementer Fremens, portas inferni alluit.—This is evidently the Platonic Inferno in Virgil.

O D E III.

HICKES THESAURUS SEPTENTRIONALIS, Vol. I. p. 193.

Metro haud multum diffimili carmina sua scripsit Scaldus ille, auctor libri, cui titulus HERVARER SAGA (quem edidit cl. Olaus Verelius) ut constat ex dialogo illo inter Hervarem et Argantyrī patris sui manes, à quo ad tumulum stans, ut TRIFINGUM gladium cum eo sepultum daret, rogat.

HERVOR.

WAFNADU ARGANTYR, &c.

HERVOR.

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

ARGANTYR.

Daughter Hervor, full of spells to raise the dead, why dost thou call so? Wilt thou run on to thy own mischief? Thou art mad, and out of thy senses, who art desperately resolved to waken dead men. I was not buried either by father, or
other

other friends. Two which lived after me, got Tírfing, one of whom is now possessor thereof.

HERVOR.

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

ARGANTYR.

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

HERVOR.

I do by enchantments make, that the dead shall never enjoy rest, unless Argantyr deliver me Tírfing.

ARGANTYR.

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

HERVOR.

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

ARGANTYR.

The death of Hialmar lies under my shoulders; it is all wrapt up in fire; I know no maid in any country, that dares this sword take in hand.

HERVOR.

HERVOR.

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

ARGANTYR.

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

HERVOR.

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

ARGANTYR.

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

HERVOR.

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

ARGANTYR.

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

HERVOR.

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

ARGANTYR.

A R G A N T Y R.

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

H E R V O R.

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

F I N I S.



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E5M3 tongue

Runic odes from the Norse tongue.

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