

SONGS OF THE GODS.

The Challenge of Thor.

I AM the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer !
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I for ever !

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations.
This is my hammer,
Miölner the mighty ;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it !

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it
And hurl it afar off.
This is my girdle ;
Whenever I brace it
Strength is redoubled !

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens
In flashes of crimson
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations !

Jove is my brother ;
Mine eyes are the lightning ;

The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder,
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still is it Thor's Day!

Thou art a God too,
O Galilean!
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet or Gospel,
Here I defy Thee!

LONGFELLOW.

Tegner's Drapa.*

I HEARD a voice that cried,
• Balder the Beautiful
• Is dead, is dead!"
And through the misty air
Passed like the mournful cry
Of sunward sailing cranes.

I saw the pallid corpse
Of the dead sun
Borne through the Northern sky.
Blasts from Niffelheim
Lifted the sheeted mists
Around him as he passed.

* The Song of Tegner, a Swedish poet.

Songs of the Gods.

And the voice for ever cried,
 "Balder the Beautiful
 Is dead, is dead!"
 And died away
 Through the dreary night,
 In accents of despair.

Balder the Beautiful,
 God of the summer sun,
 Fairest of all the Gods!
 Light from his forehead beamed,
 Runes were upon his tongue,
 As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air
 Bound were by magic spell
 Never to do him harm;
 Even the plants and stones—
 All save the mistletoe,
 The sacred mistletoe!

Hœder, the blind old God,
 Whose feet are shod with silence,
 Pierced through that gentle breast
 With his sharp spear, by fraud
 Made of the mistletoe,
 The accursed mistletoe!

They laid him in his ship,
 With horse and harness,
 As on a funeral pyre.
 Odin placed
 A ring upon his finger,
 And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship !
It floated far away
Over the misty sea,
Till like the sun it seemed,
Sinking beneath the waves.
Balder returned no more !

So perish the old Gods !
But out of the sea of Time
Rises a new land of song,
Fairer than the old.
Over its meadows green
Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again,
O ye bards,
Fairer than before !
Ye fathers of the new race,
Feed upon morning dew,
Sing the new Song of Love !

The law of force is dead !
The law of love prevails !
Thor, the Thunderer,
Shall rule the earth no more,
No more, with threats,
Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,
O ye bards of the North,
Of Vikings and of Jarls !
Of the days of Eld
Preserve the freedom only,
Not the deeds of blood.