

## HYMN TO WODEN.

GOD of the battle, hear our prayer !  
 By the lifted falchion's glare ;  
 By the uncouth fane sublime,  
 Marked with many a Runic rhyme ;  
 By the " weird sisters " <sup>1</sup> dread,  
 That, posting through the battle red,  
 Choose the sláin, and with them go  
 To Valhalla's halls below,  
 Where the phantom-chiefs prolong  
 Their echoing feast, a giant throng,  
 And their dreadful beverage drain  
 From the skulls of warriors slain :  
 God of the battle, hear our prayer ;  
 And may we thy banquet share !

10

Save us, god, from slow disease ;  
 From pains that the brave spirit freeze ;  
 From the burning fever's rage ;  
 From wailings of unhonoured age,  
 Drawing painful his last breath ;  
 Give us in the battle death !  
 Let us lift our glittering shield,  
 And perish, perish in the field !

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Now o'er Cumri's hills of snow  
 To death, or victory, we go ;  
 Hark ! the chiefs their cars prepare ;  
 See ! they bind their yellow hair ;  
 Frenzy flashes from their eye,  
 They fly—our foes before them fly !

Woden, in thy empire drear,  
 Thou the groans of death dost hear,

30

<sup>1</sup> Valkyriæ, or choosers of the slain. See Gray's "Fatal Sisters," *et cet.*

And welcome to thy dusky hall 31  
 Those that for their country fall !

Hail, all hail the godlike train,  
 That with thee the goblet drain ;  
 Or with many a huge compeer,  
 Lift, as erst, the shadowy spear !  
 Whilst Hela's inmost caverns dread  
 Echo to their giant tread,  
 And ten thousand thousand shields  
 Flash lightning o'er the glimmering fields ! 40

Hark ! the battle-shouts begin—  
 Louder sounds the glorious din :  
 Louder than the ice's roar,  
 Bursting on the thawing shore ;  
 Or crashing pines that strew the plain,  
 When the whirlwinds hurl the main !  
 Riding through the death-field red,  
 And singling fast the destined dead,  
 See the fatal sisters fly !  
 Now my throbbing breast beats high— 50  
 Now I urge my panting steed,  
 Where the foemen thickest bleed.  
 Soon exulting I shall go,  
 Woden, to thy halls below ;  
 Or o'er the victims, as they die,  
 Chaunt the song of Victory !

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