THE FATAL SISTERS:
AN ODE

By the Same.

Now he flourishes to lower,
(Haffe, the loom of Hell prepare,
Iron fleet of arrowy flower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the daisy warp we strain,
Weaving many a folder's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grimy texture grow
('Tis of human entrails made,
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gazing Warrioar's head.

Note—The Valkyries were female Divinities. Servants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies Chieftains of the plain. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands, and in the thron of battle fated such as were found in the laudier of the brave, where they attended the banquet, and served the de.

Parted heroes with horns of meat and ale.

How quick they wheel'd, and flying, behind them float
Sharp fleet of arrowy flower
Milton's Paradise Regain'd.
Shafts for flutes, dicht in gore,  
Shoot the trembling cords along
Sword, that once a Monarch bore.
Keep the tulle clote and strong
Mide black, terrific Maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda see,
Join the wayward work to aid:
Tis the woof of victroy.
Ere the ruddy fun be set,
Pikes must thiever, jaylins ring,
Blade with clatterin buckler meet,
Hauberck craft, and helmont ring.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.
As the path of Fate we tread,
Wailing thro' th' enfanguin'd field;
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful King your shield.

They
We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

O.D.E.
They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound;
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow sleep,
Strains of Immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death;
Sisters, cease, the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.
Scotland, thro' each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.
UPROSE the King of Men with speed,
And faddled'ed his coal-black fleece;
Each bedeke her fable fed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN: AN ODE
BY THE SAME.

Silent, hence with spurts of speed,
And faddled'ed his coal black fleece;
Each bedeke her fable fed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

And faddled'ed his coal-black fleece;
Down the yawning deep he rode,
That leads to Hel's drear abode.

Him the Dog of darkness spied,
His faggots large, with carnage fill'd;
Foam and human gore dethall'd:

Hear the low, and fangs that grin;
And long purrs, with fruitlets yell;
The Father of the powerful foil.

Nithheim, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it presided Hel, the Goddess of Death,