THE FATAL SISTERS: AN ODE.

BY THE SAME."

Now he2 form begins to lower,
(Hafta, the loom of Hell prepare,)  
Iron fleet of arrowy flower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

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

See the griffy texture grow
('Tis of human entrails made),
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gapping Warrior's head.

Note.--The Valkyrina 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 throng of battle, led the Host of the brave, and conducted them to Valhalla, the Hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave, where they attended the banquet, and served the part for the deceased heroes, with horns of mead and ale.

How quick they wheel'd; and flying behind them flet
Sharp fleet of arrowy flower, Milton's Paradise Regain'd.

Milton's Paradise Regain'd, Shak's.
Shafts for shuttle, dip in gore, sword, that once a monarch bore, keep the tiffle close and strong.

Mila, black, terrific Maid, sang, and Hilda, Join the wayward work to aid:
{Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must thiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberck craft, and helmet 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 paths of fate we tread,
Wading thro' the embattled field,
Gondola, and Geir, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war)
They, whom once the desart-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntles Earl is laid,
Gord with many a gaping wound;
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his lots shall Eirin weep,
Lest again his likeness see;
Strains of immortality!

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

Hail the talk, 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 tenour of our song,
Scotland, thro' each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.
THE DESCENT OF ODIN: AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

UPROSE the King of Men with speed,
And saddled strict his coal-black steed;
Down the yarning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the Dog of darkness spied,
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd:
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The Father of the powerful spell.

*Niflheimr, 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 Hela, the Goddess of Death.