NOW he form begins to lower,  
(Hafte, the loom of Hell prepare,)  
Iron fleet of arrowy flower  
(Hurles in the darken'd air.)

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

See the grizzly texture grow  
(Tis of human entrails made,)  
And the weights, that play below,  
Each a gaping warrior's head.

Note—The Valkyries were female Divinities, Servants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies Chieftains of the slain. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the midst of battle, seated such as were killed or slain, and conducted them to Valhalla, the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave, where they attended the banquet, and served them the meat and ale. How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them floated  
Sharp fleet of arrowy flower  
Milton's paradise. Regain'd.
Shafts for fluttes, dipp'd in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a Monarch bore,
Keep the tithe close and strong.
Miltia, black, terrible Maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda see,
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.
Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must thrieve, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk, 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,
Waiting th'o' enfang'd field,
O'er the youthful King your shield.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)
They
We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger shall live.
They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
O'er the plenty of the plain.

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

Long his laws shall Eirin weep,
Never again his likeness see;
Longs for trains in sorrow deep;
Strains of Immortality.

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun;
Silence, the web of death;
Silence, 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.
Silens, hence with spurts of speed:
Each bedire her fable freed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

**The Descent of Odin: An Ode.**

*Uprose the King of Men with speed,*
And faddled frait his coal-black fleed;—
Down the yawning deep he rode,
That leads to Hela’s drear abode.
Him the Dog of darknens spied,
His haggry throat he open’d wide,
While from his jaws, with carmague fill’d:
Foam and human gore diptill’d:
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long purrues, with fruitlets yell,
The Father of the powerful foell.

*Notheim*; 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 battle; Over it presided Hela, the Goddess of Death.