



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### **Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

PROPERTY OF  
*University of  
Michigan  
Libraries*  
1817

---

ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS









# ODIN SAGAS





170

216

ODIN SAGAS.



# ODIN SAGAS,

AND

**Other Poems.**

*PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.*

MANCHESTER :

J. E. CORNISH, 16, ST. ANN'S SQUARE.

---

MDCCLXXXII.

828  
024

Un. Lib  
gift of  
Mrs Henry Heald  
1-18-50

3-24-50 MFP

**CONTENTS.**

	PAGE.
<i>A Plea for Tolerance</i> . . . . .	7
<i>Odin Sagas. I.</i> . . . . .	9
<i>Haddon Hall</i> . . . . .	29
<i>Love Song of Prince Suñasird</i> . . . . .	32
<i>Odin Sagas. II.</i> . . . . .	34
<i>Arabian Chimes</i> . . . . .	40
<i>Three Muses and Mercury</i> . . . . .	42



## A PLEA FOR TOLERANCE.

ADDRESSED TO LADIES.

THE sailor speaks of the sea, when he reaches the  
land and his homestead :

The merchant vaunts to his housefolk, the profit  
he reaps from his ventures :

The soldier points to his wounds, as he sits with  
his kin in his cottage,

And tells of sieges and battles, of marches, retreats,  
and advances :

The parson babbles of sermons ; the ploughboy aye  
of the furrow.

Each tells his kin and his kith of his own particular  
calling.

Fair Women shine by the hearthstone while man  
goeth forth to his labour ;

Bravely the household duties, cares, and worries,  
they cope with ;

Cheerful and bright at even, with gladness they  
greet the breadwinner ;

B

111

Gladly list while he pompously speaks of the news  
from the mart or the senate ;  
Their own troubles thrust out of sight, even feed  
his conceit with their praises.  
Such sweetness and patience with man, doth a  
woman show husband or father.  
Yes, women were made to be kind, and with whole  
soul believe in their Heroes :  
This is their fairy ideal, so oft rudely shattered to  
fragments.  
And now let me seek your indulgence, and ask you  
to grant me some patience :

If e'er my discretion o'er-runs the bounds I have  
hitherto set it,  
And babbles away like a brook, with ceaseless mo-  
notonous murmur,  
Of Sagas and Runes and the Heroes, or Princes,  
Magicians, and Fairies ;  
Forgive me ; remember my calling ; these things  
are my hobby, fair ladies.

H. L.



## ODIN SAGAS.

### I.

#### ARGUMENT.

How the Asen, strong and turbulent, dwelled in the South-east. How they awaited only the Hero to stir them up and lead them forth to conquer new lands. How Odin was born the Hero and gave them a religion and a prophecy. How Odin led them forth, and how they halted by a great sea, and, finally, how they settled in Northern Europe. How Odin mysteriously died and the people vaguely believed he was himself a God.

### I.

Down the far Ages,  
In the dim past,  
Blank was the world-sheet ;  
Flameless the peoples ;  
Awaiting the Thinker,  
The Hero, the Wise King,  
The Kindler of Nations.

## II.

(Thus had it not been  
Ever and ever.  
Dim old Traditions  
Yet lingered on weirdly  
Of leaders, God-given,  
Of Greatness and Glory,  
All lost for their sins.  
Who were they, these lost ones ?)

## III.

Lived then the Asen  
At dawn of the ages,  
Great men and wild men,  
Brave in the Battle :  
Strong men, yet children,  
Waiting for Odin,  
God-sent from Heaven  
To waken his people  
From primeval sleep.

IV.

Then were the Asen  
Destined for Rulers,  
Growing, increasing,  
Many things learning,  
Grazing their cattle,  
Working in metal.

V.

To the South-eastward,  
Where the Sun comes from,  
Dwelt there this people,  
Dwelt there, increased there,  
Lusty and strong.

VI.

Small was their birth-land,\*  
Too small for Heroes.

\* Possibly some central Asian oasis.

Feuds were there many,  
 Desperate, bloody.  
 " My land, not thy land,"  
 Cried each to other ;  
 With sword and sharp war-axe  
 Smiting his fellow,  
 Too hasty for law.

## VII.

Thus while his Nation  
 Was harried with blood-feuds  
 Grew up the Hero,  
 Odin, the Wotan,  
 The God of the Norsemen.

## VIII.

Odin grew : thinking.  
 Nature all mystery ;  
 What did it mean ?  
 Why was he put there ?  
 Why was he born at all ?

Where had he come from ?  
Where was he wending to  
After his death ?

IX.

What did the Winds mean ?  
The Snow and the Frost too ?  
The Lightning, dread Thunder,  
The Storm and the Sun-shine,  
The Moon and the Stars ?  
Questions like these, alas !  
No man could answer.

X.

Strong man was Odin,  
Fear never knew him,  
But light now had struck him,  
Dazzling, confounding :  
Awe laid him low,  
For God had he found.

## XI.

Yes ! Odin the Warrior,  
The Mighty in Battle,  
Prone on the earth lay,  
Lest he should die :  
Glimpses had reached him  
Of God and His Might.  
All blind to conceive him,  
To know him, to love him,  
He grasped but half truth.

## XII.

Nature lay open there,  
Open for Odin  
To show to his people.  
A sense of man's weakness,  
His frailty and sinning ;  
Of Almighty Power  
Outside and beyond us  
Had smitten his heart.

## XIII.

The Storm and the Thunder,  
The Iceberg, the Ocean,  
Frost, Wind, and Lightning ;  
What were they, save Gods ?

## XIV.

From th' heart the mouth speaketh,  
So spoke out Odin.  
What he was his Gods were,  
Though mightier, stronger :  
    Fond of the Battle,  
    Fond of the War-song,  
    Fond of the Feast,  
    And the humming brown Ale.

## XV.

Then summoned Odin  
A Thing\* of his people :  
And thus he addressed them—

\* Thing, i.e., Parliament.

## XVI.

“ Freemen and Warriors !  
“ Ye know I was chosen  
“ First among Heroes  
“ Because I was fairest \*  
“ And tallest and strongest,  
“ And crowned thy King :  
“ So blest by the Gods.  
“ Then who could be fitter  
“ Than I, the Gods' chosen,  
“ To speak of new tidings,  
“ Worthy of Warriors,  
“ Awful, soul-stirring,  
“ Of Gods and their deeds ?”

## XVII.

“ Words the Gods spoke to me,  
“ Words for my people,  
“ Oh how shall I tell you,  
“ My brothers, my people,

\* A fair complexion, the Aesen considered a mark of good birth.



“ Of Beings Almighty ;  
“ Of Gods who o’er-rule us,  
“ Who death deal, who life give ?  
“ Oh how shall I speak ?”

XVIII.

He ceased ; gazing upward ;  
And prayed for a space.

XIX.

“ Gods above, below, around us,  
“ Spirits floating in the air  
    “ Give me sway.  
“ Souls of all my warrior fathers,  
“ Sun and Moon and Starry hosts,  
    “ Help my say.”

XX.

Then, turned to the Freemen,  
Eyes flashing wildly,  
Hair streaming loose, cried.

## XXI.

" Hast heard not, my brothers,  
" Strange voices and whisp'rings  
" In mists on the mountains ;  
" In thunder and wind-blasts ;  
" In air ; on the waters ?  
" In fire and in frost too ?  
" Hast seen not dim forms,  
" In clouds hurry past us  
" On fell and on plain ?  
" Trembling, hast seen such  
" In weary night watches ?  
" By tarns on lone hill sides ?  
" In Woodlands, pale-lit  
" By the misty cold moon ?  
" Know these for thy Gods."

## XXII.

Odin ceased speaking.  
Screamed the hoarse ravens,\*  
Odin's news carriers,

\* Ravens—It was said Odin taught all languages to two ravens and that they told him each night the news of the whole world.

Wheeling in circles :  
Awe fell on all men  
And silence intense :  
On Baldur\* and Loki,  
On Thor and on Tyri,  
On Frey and on Vali,  
On Modi and Magni,  
And no man there spoke.

XXIII.

Then Odin contiqued  
In thunderous tones,  
Eyes flashing, hair streaming—

XXIV.

“ My brothers, all listen.  
“ Our land is too small,  
“ We will conquer yet more.  
“ Ye wat of the Giants,  
“ Great in all warfare,  
“ To Westward and Northward  
“ These will we fight,  
“ Let us conquer or die.

\* Odin's companions.

## XXV.

“ Yet list what the Gods say  
“ Beyond and above us.  
“ On lands where the footfall  
“ Of strange dusky warriors  
“ Is heard now in war-tramp,  
“ Your children shall spread,  
“ Shall build them fair cities.  
“ The prows of your war-ships  
“ Shall flash in far waters,  
“ Till round the great earth  
“ All lands are thy home.  
“ And blood of each warrior  
“ Spilled in the field,  
“ Shall feed but the grain  
“ That your seed shall consume.”

## XXVI.

Great was the Shouting,  
The clangour of weapons :  
Every eye fire flashed.

Loud rose the war cry—  
“ To Battle ! Red Battle !  
“ Let Odin live ever !  
“ Westward ho ! Westward !  
“ To Jotunheim\* lead us !  
“ The Gods fight for Odin,  
“ Great Odin our Lord ! ”

## XXVII.

So it was settled,  
Once and for ever :  
The clans marched away,  
O'er deserts, o'er mountains,  
Pine clad, or sand-duned.  
Fighting with Giants,  
On gory red war-fields,  
With axe-gleam and sword-flash,  
They marched ever on ;  
Following Odin  
Wherever he led.

\* Jotunheim, i.e., Giant's home.

## XXVIII.

One noontide they halted  
Beside a sea land-bound,  
Halted for rest ;  
Tents pitched at even,  
Slept through the night time.  
In the dark-watches  
Shouts rose around them  
And clangour of arms.

## XXIX.

Next day at dawning,  
Surrounding the Heroes  
In sinuous lines,  
A great army lay.

## XXX.

With shouts the glad Asen  
Prepared them for battle,  
And rushed on their foes

With Bersirker\* joy.  
From Sunrise to Sunset  
They fought hard and fiercely  
Till, weary with striving,  
Both lay down and slept ;  
Slept in their armour  
On turf red with blood.

## XXXI.

Other days dawning  
Saw them still fighting ;  
Neither clan won.  
Then, with a truce-flag,  
A chieftain came riding,  
Niörd the Vanir,  
And asked for Great Odin,  
Addressing him thus—

\* Bersirker, i.e., One who makes a vow to fight with nothing but his shirt on—One gone mad with the joy of battle.

## XXXII.

“ We know, Mighty Odin,  
“ How you and the Asen  
“ Are wondrously strong.  
“ We Vanir are brave too,  
“ Mighty, war-loving.”

## XXXIII.

“ We love the Red Battle ;  
“ Cherry blood flowing ;  
“ Merry Swords flashing,  
“ Brain-biters, bone-breakers,  
“ The gore-slipp'ry field.  
“ Tis Sport fit for Heroes  
“ Fighting you Asen.”

## XXXIV.

“ We honour your prowess,  
“ Sharp swords and grim axes.  
“ And if you so wish it



“ We'll brothers, not foes be,  
“ And share all with you—  
“ Say ! shall we be friends ?”

XXXV.

Niörd ceased : to him Odin  
Spake wise words and smooth  
Like oil on mad waters.

XXXVI.

“ It is well ; it is wise ;  
“ We will join and be one,  
“ One people henceforward  
“ In peace and in war.  
“ To the home of the Sun,  
“ Where he sleepeth at even  
“ In gold and bright purple,  
“ We'll go find new homes  
“ And rare treasures untold.”

## XXXVII.

" Westward home ! Westward home !"  
Cried the Heroes to Heav'n,  
Mid clangour of arms  
With thundering shout.

## XXXVIII.

So Odin and Niörd  
Set out with their people,  
And marched ever on  
Till they came to the hills.  
Then slipped to the Northward,  
Far to the Northward,  
Ere they could cross.

## XXXIX.

Weary with wandering  
They came to the Baltic,  
The shores of the sea.

There they all settled  
Northward and Southward :  
Built them snug hamlets  
In dales of the mountains :  
Ploughed up the valleys,  
Sowed there and reaped there,  
Lived there in peace.

## XL.

Odin made laws there,  
Governed his people,  
Beloved by his Gods.  
Invented the war songs,  
Runes strangely weird.  
Beginning of all things  
He taught to the people,  
And how all things end.  
Then passed he away,  
As shadows at night  
Melt into the gloom.

## XLI.

Others came after him,  
Kings of the Aesen,  
All of his blood,  
While fast the years rolled.  
Tales began spreading  
That Odin was God :  
God the Allfather.

H. L.

## HADDON HALL.

1.

O'ER Haddon, old secluded home  
Of Vernon's proud and royal race,  
Romantic pile, I love to roam ;  
Its quiet quaint plaisance to pace.

2.

Such memories sweet around it cling :  
Each terraced path, each echoing room,  
Each calls to mind the Peak's stern King  
Or graceful Dorothy's fair bloom.

3.

Alas ! she loved full strong and true  
A comely Knight of Rutland's line :  
In vain the maid would often sue  
Her father's leave for her design.

## 4.

But he was stern and proud and old,  
And saw it not with kindly eye ;  
'Twas all in vain, his looks grew cold,  
Nor did his looks his mien belie.

## 5.

Sir John, for so was called her swain,  
Forbore but ill to urge his suit,  
And Dorothy so torn in twain  
Stood doubtful, which in time bore fruit.

## 6.

For doubt in cases such as these  
Full oft means only "yes" delayed.  
A lady wooed, spite locks and keys,  
Will not for long remain a maid.

## 7.

There came a day, when stately crowds  
Trode every gaily lighted room  
Of Vernon's house ; and night, that shrouds  
All things, hid one act more in gloom.

8.

Deep in a wood a black steed stood ;  
And on the road a man well cloaked ;  
A shadow hid beneath a snood,  
Slipped through a casement left unyoked.

9.

A random kiss, a quick embrace,  
A shower of sparks, a horse's neigh ;  
And Haddon lost its choicest grace,  
Nor Vernon more could say her nay.

H. L.

■

*THE LOVE SONG OF PRINCE SUÑASIRA  
OF KOORDISTAN TO THE PRINCESS  
LLALOO OF CACHMERE.*

**SUNG UPON AN ISLAND IN ONE OF THE LAKES OF CACHMERE, WHERE  
HE HAD FIRST SEEN HER.**

1.

LLALOO, princess of my heart,  
Wounded sore by love's keen dart,  
Fear not; fancy nothing bad  
E'er can harm thee: be not sad!  
Koordistancee's Prince is near.

2.

Met we once upon this isle  
Sacred hence: no spell nor wile  
Black enchanters e'er invent  
Touch thee, or thy joys prevent.  
Koordistancee's Prince is near.



## 3.

From my home in far-off lands  
Strayed I to thy sunny strands.  
Mountains snow-capped, erst my guide,  
Now alone art thou my bride.  
Suñasirá loves thee well.

## 4.

Did the mountains whisper soft ?  
Soared thy name on winds aloft ?  
Ere I saw, I learned, thy grace,  
Llaloo, loved, I knew thy face.  
Suñasirá loves thee well.

## 5.

See ! the clouds all crowding, black,  
Dim the stars and I must back.  
Stars may fade and sunbeams too,  
Ne'er our love, sweet bright Llaloo.  
Suñasirá loves thee well.

H. L.

## ODIN SAGAS.

### II.

#### THE COMING OF ODIN.

##### ARGUMENT.

**Chaos — The Beginning — Introduction of Order into Chaos. Division of Heat and Cold into Niflheim and Muspelheim, the frost home and the fire home. A spark touching the ice results in the creation of the Evil principle. A cow appears and feeds the Evil Giant, and by licking the ice produces the first of the Heroes or Gods. Hatred of the two races—giants and heroes.**

### I.

ONCE there was an age of Chaos,  
When no order ruled in Ether ;  
When no laws stood universal ;  
When all things were all confounded,  
Drawn, repelled, by strange caprices.  
Chance and Fortune ruled the atoms,  
Moved the atoms, helpless atoms,  
Without knowledge, power, or willing.  
Then the Sun his circuit knew not,

Then the Moon her orbit found not,  
Of the Stars none ran their courses.  
Ice spheres hurtled down the air-deeps,  
Hurtled down to meet some star,—strayed,  
Breaking both to fire and frost flakes.  
Now were dashed in countless fragments  
Sun and Moon and Stars and Planets.  
Dimly seen through roaring steam clouds  
Rolled some mighty globe of matter,  
Travelled heavily the air-paths,  
Travelled through the roaring Chaös,  
Slow, majestic, glowing redly  
To be cracked and spoiled and broken  
By some strange, unkenned misfortune.  
Thus were all things in rude Chaös.

## II.

Came a time when laws existing  
Smote the heat and cold asunder,  
With a gulf agape between them ;  
Gulf so deep, so drear, so awful,  
It was named the gaping chasm,  
Ginunnagap, the Gap of Gaps there :  
Awful was the Yawning Chasm.

## III.

To the Northward lay the Frost-gloom,  
Lay the ice-wrecks, white and glittering,  
Stretching North in glooming shadows,  
Shadows dappled o'er with greyness,  
Merging into endless darkness.  
Such was Nifeheim the Frost-home.  
In the centre of the Frost-gloom  
Seethed and roared a mighty cauldron—  
Cauldron called of old Hvergelmir.  
From whose midst twelve rivers flowing—  
Twelve strange waters flowing Southward,  
Flowing o'er Ginunnagap's edge,  
Fell in freezing, rolling ice-waves,  
Fell with loud reverberations,  
Fell through slow and endless ages,  
Till at length they filled the chasm.  
From Ginunnagap to South stretched  
Fiery Muspelheim the glowing,  
Brilliant, radiant, brightly glittering,  
Flames and spark shone, lively jewels,  
Rising, falling, wreathing, whirling  
To the Southward from the Chasm.

## IV.

Lo ! the glittering sparks shoot Northward  
Out of Muspelheim the fire-home ;  
Shoot aloft and rushing downwards  
Touch the deathlike cold-bound ice-waves.  
In a moment melts the ice-face,  
Shakes cold Niflheim all strangely.  
Hark ! the Echoes wake astonished ;  
Hark ! a footfall and a voice,  
Ymir wanders through the dimness,  
Tall and crooked, a monstrous giant.  
None can tell you how he breathed first,  
None were there to see his birth-throes.  
All one knows is when the fire-flakes  
Touched the ice then sprang up Ymir,  
First of all created beings.  
Scanning slow the dim horizon,  
Wand'ring hungry mid the icebergs,  
Now the giant sees Audhumla,  
With full udders, welcome lowing :  
Great Audhumla, first of cattle,  
Fat in spite of lack of pasture,  
Lowing mid the dismal shadows.  
Straight the cow moves slowly forward,

Breathes upon him with sweet fragrance.  
Quick he lies along the snow face,  
Lays him down and drinks the bitter  
Milk Audhumla has provided.  
Licks the cow the salty frost-rime,  
Drinks the Giant of the cow's milk :  
Mists and snow-storms whirl and wreath them :  
So the two exist together.

## V.

Once the cow with patient labour  
Sought a meal afresh one morning :  
Found hoar salt upon the ice-plain.  
Once she licked, and out there issued  
Golden hair, all bright and sunny,  
Making Ymir lower his eyebrows,  
Frown, and curse the coming Hero.  
Twice she licked, and now the shoulders  
Broad and comely rose up slowly,  
Shaped as his, but far more beauteous.  
Scowled the Giant and prepared him  
Straight to mar the handsome Hero.

Thrice she licked—Bur stood all glitt'ring  
 In his beauty strength and splendour,  
 Ymir gazed and cursed and hated.

## VI.

Bur the Hero now created  
 Bör a comely son to talk with.  
 Ymir too made sons and daughters,  
 Hoping now to slay the Heroes.  
 Then began that endless warfare  
 Twixt the giants and the Æsir\*  
 Ending not till Ragnarok † come.  
 Bör now seized a witching maiden  
 Fairest daughter of the Giants :  
 Bore her home to make his housewife,  
 Strangest Union since creation.  
 Eldest son of Bör was Odin,  
 Nobler son of noble father,  
 Odin—God—and wise Allfather.

H. L.

\* Æsir, *i.e.*, Heroes.† Ragnarok, *i.e.*, Armageddon, the last great fight.

F

*ARABIAN CHIMES.*

SCHEHERAZADE, Hail !  
With thy thousand stories,  
Gemmed with Eastern Glories,  
Fair Arabian, hail !

Deceived Shahriar, hail !  
Thy cruelties the cause  
Of tales of loves and wars  
One and a thousand, hail !

By memories wondrous aid at home  
In Baghdad and the East ; I roam  
Through Indian nights full of burning stars,  
In rose-scented gardens, past forty jars,  
With their forty groans and one sweet slave :  
By Alladin's lamp and the genii's cave ;  
Haroun Alraschid and fair Princesses ;  
The beautiful Persian Nouredin caresses.



I have sailed the seas with Sailor Sindbad  
Seven several times : and the history sad  
I know full well of the little hunchback  
Of the vizier punished, who caught paddiwhack ;  
Camaralzaman's sweet Amours  
With the Princess of China, "love's epicures."  
Ah ! the sunny east is the land I love  
The land all other lands above.  
And nought shall cure me of dreaming dreams,  
But my lady's eyes where the love-lore gleams.

H. L.

*THREE MUSES AND MERCURY.*

1.

"COME ;" said Clio, muse of politics,  
Follow where I lead :  
"No," I answered, " Muse of many tricks,  
" I should ne'er succeed."

2.

Uranía, handmaid of science,  
Next persuasive speaks :  
I refused, for I've no reliance  
On who book lore seeks.

3.

Rapt Polymnia, muse of Fantasy !  
Ah ! 'tis thee I love :  
Dreaming dreams in silent ecstasy  
All the world above.

4.

Mercury, God of thieves and debtors !

Moderns call thee trade :

Dragged, unwilling, in thy fetters,

King o'er me thou'rt made.

H. L.

*Printed by A. Ireland & Co.  
Manchester.*













