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Poems

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The Fatal Sisters. An Ode.

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THE
FATAL SISTERS.
AN ODE.

NOW the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)

¶ Iron-fleet of arrowy shower

¶ Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Note—The *Valkyriur* were female Divinities, Servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Chooser of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valkalla*, the hall of *Odin*, or paradise of the Brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed Heroes with horns of mead and ale.

¶ How quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind them shot
Sharp fleet of arrowy shower— *Milton's Paradise Regain'd.*

¶ The noise of battle hurtled in the air, *Shakespeare's Jul. Caesar.*
Glitt'ring



Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a Soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and *Randver's* bane.

See the grieved texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made,) *M*
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping Warriour's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a Monarch bore,
Keep the tiffue close and strong.

Mista



Mista black, terrific Maid,

Sangrida, and *Hilda* see,

Join the wayward work to aid :

'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,

Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,

Blade with clattering buckler meet,

Hauberk crash, 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.

G

As



As the paths of fate we tread,
 Wading thro' th' enfanguin'd field :
Gondula, and *Geira*, spread
 O'er the youthful King your shield.

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.)

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



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.

G 2

Hail



84 THE FATAL SISTERS.

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'ft the tale,

Learn the tenour of our song.

Scotland, thro' each winding vale

Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed;

Each her thundering faulchion wield;

Each bestride her sable steed.

Hurry, hurry to the field.

T H E

