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### **Poems**

**Gray, Thomas**

**London, 1770**

The Descent of Odin. An Ode, (From the Norse-Tongue,) in Bartholinus, de causis contemnendae mortis; Hafniae, 1689, Quarto.

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THE  
DESCENT of ODIN.  
AN ODE,  
(From the NORSE-TONGUE,)

IN  
BARTHOLINUS, de causis contemnendæ mortis ;  
HAFNIÆ, 1689, Quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUTR, &c.

G 3



THE  
DESCENT OF ODIN.  
AN ODE.

(From the Norse-Tongue)

IN  
THE  
MUSEUM OF THE  
LITERARY AND ARTS OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON.  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.  
1881.

Urbis Quirini Alida Cantu, No.





THE  
DESCENT of ODIN.

A N O D E.

**U**Prose the King of Men with speed,  
And saddled strait his coal-black steed ;  
Down the yawning steep he rode,  
That leads to <sup>s</sup> HELA's drear abode,

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<sup>s</sup> *Nifheimr*, 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.

G 4

Him



88 THE DESCENT OF ODIN,

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.  
Onward ſtill his way he takes,  
(The groaning earth beneath him ſhakes,)  
Till full before his fearleſs eyes  
The portals nine of hell ariſe.  
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,  
By the moſs-grown pile he ſate ;  
Where



Where long of yore to sleep was laid  
 The dust of the prophetic Maid,  
 Facing to the northern clime,  
 Thrice he trac'd the runic rhyme;  
 Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,  
 The thrilling verse that wakes the Dead;  
 Till from out the hollow ground  
 Slowly breath'd a fullen found.

PR. What call unknown, what charms presume  
 To break the quiet of the tomb?  
 Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,  
 And drags me from the realms of night?

Long



Long on these mould'ring bones have beat

The winter's snow, the summer's heat,

The drenching dews, and driving rain!

Let me, let me sleep again.

Who is he, with voice unblest,

That calls me from the bed of rest?

O. A Traveller, to thee unknown,

Is he that calls, a Warrior's Son.

Thou the deeds of light shalt know;

Tell me what is done below,

For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,

Drest for whom yon golden bed.

PR. Mantling

Pr. Mantling in the goblet see

The pure bev'rage of the bee,

O'er it hangs the shield of gold ;

'Tis the drink of *Balder* bold :

*Balder's* head to death is giv'n.

Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n !

Unwilling I my lips unclose :

Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey.

Prophetess, arise, and say,

What dangers *Odin's* Child await,

Who the Author of his fate.

Pr. In





PR. In *Hoder's* hand the Heroe's doom :  
 His Brother sends him to the tomb,  
 Now my weary lips I close :  
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Prophets, my spell obey.  
 Once again arise, and say,  
 Who th' Avenger of his guilt,  
 By whom shall *Hoder's* blood be spilt.

PR. In the caverns of the west,  
 By *Odin's* fierce embrace compress,  
 A wond'rous Boy shall *Rinda* bear,  
 Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,  
 Nor

Nor wash his visage in the stream,  
 Nor see the sun's departing beam;  
 Till he on *Hoder's* corse shall smile  
 Flaming on the fun'ral pile.  
 Now my weary lips I clofe:  
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Yet a-while my call obey.  
 Prophetefs, awake, and fay,  
 What Virgins these, in speechless woe,  
 That bend to earth their solemn brow,  
 That their flaxen tresses tear,  
 And snowy veils, that float in air.

Tell



Tell me whence their sorrows rose :

Then I leave thee to repose.

PR. Ha! no Traveller art thou,

King of Men, I know thee now,

Mightiest of a mighty line—

O, No boding Maid of skill divine

Art thou, nor Prophetess of good;

But mother of the giant-brood!

PR. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,

That never shall Enquirer come

To



To break my iron-sleep again ;  
Till † *Lok* has burst his tenfold chain.  
Never, till substantial Night  
Has reassum'd her ancient right ;  
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,  
Sinks the fabric of the world.

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† *Lok* is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches, when he shall break his bonds ; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear ; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies : even Odin himself and his kindred-deities shall perish. For a farther explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755, Quarto.

THE



To read my non-sequitur;

Their last part is worth a look.

Love, all's well, and all's the same.

# THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THESE ISLANDS

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

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