

64m175

Compare with Gray's
Descent of Odin

Edda

75.

Vegtamskviða

Water mark 1846.

complete

#22

Ballad

"What Man is He" 11.

Complete unpublished.

"The lay of Veqtam"

printed in George Borrow's

Ballads of All Nations, edited

by R. Brimley Johnson.

p. 132-134.

22

4 pp

150.00 net
H. S. S. Ballad

The Lay of Veglam

—

What man is he
Unknown to me,
Who drowns with might
My sleep affright,
Winds & waves have roar'd,
And rains & snows pour'd,
Above my bed -
I've long been dead.

With subtle might
The sea with freight
Blows us by night
The sea by day
By snow and ice
I long have lain

I'm Veglam's child
Am Maltham's child,
I come from far -
To me declare
For whom so bright
Your board is dight -
For whom foam high
The waves do spy.

Now first

Heard

Of Balder dead
Thou sees the mead
The drunks of poise -
On shield he lies;

Behold
The heart that's dead
The heart that's dead
For funeral feast

The Ossifall
Beware his fall;
I speak with pain,
I'll slumber fair.

The god you're full
The gods' mouth all

Thou'lt sleep anon
There's one thing one
All-kennor dear
Of mee I'll hear:
Who'll prove on plain
From life and joy
And Odin's boy!

I hope no more
The more must show
The more must show

health

See Hagg near
The fatal spear
Of Balder he
The bang shall be
From life and joy
And Odin's boy
I speak with pain
I'll slumber fair.

hateful

health

Thou'lt sleep anon
There's one thing one
All-kennor dear
Of mee I'll hear.
Who'll revenge call
For Balder's fall,
And Balder's foe,
On head shall throw?

Thou'lt sleep to d

Primer an hie
shall Odin bear
Whore sets the sun -
The avenging one
He round shall roam
His head and comb
I'll Balder's foe
On head he throw
I speak with pain
I'll slumber fair.

about his
the more

Thou'lt sleep anon
There's one thing one

All-honor dear
Of thee I'll hear
Who be the maid
In yonder glades
Their looks who bear
And cast in air?

I wish to know
Do thou meet show.
I am who may be
For months I see
besides
top

Black and woe!
No return thou,
Shou Oain art
Of fainter heart
No prophetic
Art thou I judge,
Shou mother old
Of sure and told!

scumbles

Thurte

Home Oain ride
And quiet bid
Again no might
No sleep shall fright
Till Lok awakes
His chain shall burst
And darkness fall
Shall cover all.

He Oain home
For himself room
No my no power
shall wake me more.

back down

64m175

The Laws of Vegetation