

**SONG-MEAD; WITH
OTHER NARRATIVES
IN VERSE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649708116

Song-Mead; With Other Narratives in Verse by F. Scarlett Potter

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

F. SCARLETT POTTER

**SONG-MEAD; WITH
OTHER NARRATIVES
IN VERSE**

SONG-MEAD;

WITH

OTHER NARRATIVES IN VERSE.

BY

F. SCARLETT POTTER.

LONDON :

PROVOST & CO.,

36, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1876.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR PROVOST AND CO.,
36, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

CONTENTS.

—♦—

	PAGE
SONG-MEAD	I
PENELOPE	57
VOLUND	60
THE BURDEN OF THE WILLOWS	87
THE VOLSUNG TALE	93
LE CHEVALIER MALHEUREUX	133
JUNTERON	141
THORMOD THE SKALD	151

SONG-MEAD.

AN echo from far ages, and the tale
How Odin won that Mead from whence is Song,
Which gods desired, and from the Jotun-land
Brought it through many perils and much toil
To give delight in Asgard, and to men.

Now there was rest in Asgard, peace and rest,
Because the ancient labours of the gods
In shaping order from the formless waste
And idle chaos of the prime, were done.
Asgard, their own, their city, which they loved,
Was reared in beauty, filled with stately homes,
Gold-shingled, lofty-chambered, meet for gods ;
And fenced so well that of the Jotun race—
The ancient, evil people of the prime,
Lovers of darkness, enemies of law,
The Giants, haters of the holy gods—
None might come near to work it any ill.
And the Mid-earth was finished, meet for man,

Made goodly for his profit and delight
With hills, and plains, and streams, and greenery :
And Man, their pet and plaything, whom they made
The last, and loved the most of all their works,
Was simple yet, reverent, and full of trust,
Nor by much folly moved them yet to scorn,
Nor vexed them by much stubbornness as yet :
So there was rest in Asgard, peace and rest.

And all the stately being of the gods
Moved smoothly, orderly, and knew no change ;
For day by day in Valhal they held feast ;
And day by day passed to their seats of doom,
Ranged circle-wise beneath the holy ash,
Great Ygdrasil, the first and best of trees ;
And held, their wont, the Council of the Gods.
Thus every day was as its fellows were,
Full of unruffled calm, and ordered ease,
Which good, too great, brought evil at the last,
For sameness cloyed them, and grew wearisome ;
Till they, amid the glory of things done,
Half wished the toil of doing theirs again.

This Odin saw, and seeing this, was sad ;

And musing on it from the doom-stead clomb
To Hlidskialf his high seat, from whence are seen
All things done everywhere beneath the sun :
For thus he thought, " If Kvasir might return
To Asgard, with his wisdom and his lore
To charm the gods, this evil should have end,
And weariness be known no more in Heaven."

For none were like to Kvasir, and his birth
Was marvellous as he, and thus it fell ;
What time the Vanir feasted with the gods,
For memory of that fellowship and feast,
Kvasir was made by all the immortal powers
There gathered ; and each one had striven his
best

To mould him cunningly in heart and brain.
And when their work arose, a living man,
All revered the being they had made,
Such miracles of wisdom were his words.

So none were like to Kvasir. None could ask
Question so subtle but that he could give
A wise and ready answer ; whilst all lore
Seemed waiting at his lips, there to receive

Eloquent utterance. And for this the gods
Delighted in him whilst that he abode
In Asgard : but long since had Kvasir gone,
Sent forth by Odin, journeying in Mid-earth,
To speak of wisdom to the sons of men :
And he returned not.

Therefore, seeking him,
Odin looked forth from Hlidskialf, and his eye
Ranged through all Midgard, which mankind call
Earth,

And all the haunts of men, but found him not ;
Then turned towards distant Utgard where it lay
Skirting far off the limits of the world
Beyond the girdling ocean, a waste land
Of strange and evil powers who hate the gods,
A dim land, full of shadows, vague, unknown,
Not subject to the gods : and there at last
Upon the coasts of the Black Dwarves he saw,
Girt by the dusky people of the land,
A speck, and knew it Kvasir.

Then he said,
" Alas, in vain may Kvasir to the Dwarves
Speak words of wisdom, for they will not hear
Nor learn, nor profit ; evil are their hearts,