

**KING HELGE;
ASLOG, PP. 16-106**

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King Helge; Aslog, pp. 16-106 by Frederick I. Winbolt

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KING HELGE

ASLOG

BY
FREDERICK I. WINBOLT



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1900

Preface

The two following short dramas are based upon the Norse Sagas, although I have departed to some extent from the original legends.

Those to whom these sagas are familiar will, I trust, forgive me for so doing, and I fully hope that others who make their first acquaintance with "King Helge" and "Aslog" through the medium of my writings, will not lose any of the charm of the primary version of the sagas.

I believe that I am not alone in finding a peculiar attraction in the old Norse legends, almost all of which have some fundamental, moral lesson to convey.

We gather from them that high principle and high-mindedness were by no means uncommon characteristics of the ancient Scandinavians, and we of to-day can learn not a little, perhaps, from their primitive ideas of honour and of right.

F. I. W.

Ye know how Thora e'er has held me back
When, as my love grew fainter in my heart,
I long'd to lead you forth to war again.
And this is the obstruction that shall fall
And ne'er again keep glory from my name ;
No longer shall such darkest shadows cast
Their gloominess upon the land we love,
While all the sunshine of true valiant deeds
Falls dazzlingly upon our enemies !

This woman's tongue of peace and cowardice,
For me and all my warriors shall learn
A silence that shall never broken be.
Unto the island where she once did dwell
Shall she return, and ne'er again be known
As the fair queen of brave and warlike Helge.
Before the sun is up to-morrow morn
Shalt thou, my Harald, sail with her away.
And thou shalt leave her on the lonely isle
Where we did find her. Then shalt thou return
And give thine aid and service to thy king.

Harald—My will, O King, takes ever form from thine,
And what thou askest of me shall be done.

(Enter Thora.)

Helge—I thank thee for the love thou bearest me,
But now I pray you both to leave my side,
And bid my courtiers go forth with you :
For there with looks which ill disguise her fear,
Stands Thora. And her eyes have sought me out
That I may know she would have speech with me.

KING HELGE

KING HELGE

HELGE,	.	.	.	<i>King of Denmark.</i>
ROLF,	.	.	.	<i>His Son.</i>
HARALD,	.	.	.	
TORSTEN,	.	.	.	
KING ADILS,	.	.	.	
THORA,	.	.	.	<i>Queen to Helge.</i>
YRSA,	.	.	.	

And I must now confess I love no more ;
For now my heart with sterner things is fill'd,
And love again can find no place therein
To wrap my high desires in slumber's cloak.
Now, hear me, gentle Thora, patiently,
And thou wilt see that wisdom crowns my speech
And the determination of my mind.
My love has died for thee, as I have said,
And if, throughout the years life holds for us
I kept thee ever by my side, in chains,
Each day to find their weight more terrible
More crushing on thy young and gentle heart,
No darkest dungeon could make life so black
Or give so foul an air for thee to breathe.
And therefore, honour tells me thou must go,
For thou shalt know no prison's atmosphere,
And happy hours thou yet again shalt find.

When first I saw thee on that pleasant isle
Thy sunny hours of life no cloud had seen—
And discontent was yet unborn in thee.
To that sweet land of peace shalt thou return,
And there shalt thou forget thy love for me,
That other joys may enter in thy heart,
And other blessings smile upon thy life
To give thee gladness by their kindly aid.
To-morrow morn before the sun appears
Shall Harald take thee from thy loveless land,
And sail with thee to yonder fairy isle,
Where no disturbances can e'er have place
To rouse thee from thy pleasant dreams of peace.

Does my command meet well with thy desire ?