

**IN THE VALHALLA,
AND OTHER POEMS**

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In the Valhalla, and other poems by James Young Geddes

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JAMES YOUNG GEDDES

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AND OTHER POEMS**

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AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

JAMES YOUNG GEDDES,

AUTHOR OF

"The New Jerusalem," "The Specter Clock of Algh," &c.

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*O, friend, were strike sail to a free! Come late
not greatly, or sail with that the seas.—Eucroon.*

*I KNEEL beside the swelling sea
To set my little bark adrift,
But small impada it weeds from me,
Then for itself the bark must shift.*

*O, little bark, that brov'at the sea,
On board thee I have placed my best,
In hope some hearts akin to me
May give thee anchorage and rest.*

*Yet ask I not for forwarding gale,
For steadless track on glassy sea;
Thou for safety must stak or sail
With an o'rail in prayer from me.*

*And if amid the ocean's drift
A swift rejected thou shalt be—
A thing the winds have backward whiffed
The wrecking of the wretched sea;*

*So be it: nobler barks than thee
Have foundered in a freshening gale,
The searching wrath of storm and sea
Discovering worthless spar or sail.*

*Yet ere my bark floats from my vice,
Whate'er the issue be to me,
Detectors of the false and true—
I hail you friends, O Storm and Sea!*

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∞ P O E M S. ∞



In the Valhalla.

ONCE in dreaanland by the spirit led beyond the body's
thrall

Stood I in the hallowed precincts of a vast cathedral hall,

Where the sunlight through the windows, brightly stained
in gold and red,

Fell in aureoles of glory on the statues of the dead---

Dead whose names are graven deeply on the world's scroll of
fame ;

Mighty men of deathless valour, mighty men of deathless
shame.

Sages, heroes, warriors, statesmen, men in art and science
great ;

Poets, minstrels, and musicians, ancient kings in robes of
State,

Stood upright or lay recumbent, with their hands upon their
breast,
As awaiting an awakening from their unperturbed rest.

O, I felt so weak, unworthy, 'mid these mighty ones of
earth,
Dreading lest the lurking Presence should arise and drive
me forth—

That dread Presence which subdues us in the sepulchre
abodes,
Where in holy shrines and temples are the gods and demi
gods.

But a feeling of oppression came upon me as I gazed
Where the sculptor's subtle fingers had these images
upraised;

The oppression of the silence, like a suffocating snow,
Brooding as the silence brooded o'er the world in embryo.

Imaged all like to the Godhead, only I could utter prayer,
In that silent congregation not a single worshipper.

O ye faces, wan and ghostly, with the lifeless, stony stare,
Not another bosom throbbing with a hope or a despair.

O the folly, O the madness, when the living soul is fled,
To revive the outward huskings in this mocking masquerade.