



— “Stay here!” said Hengist, then with speed                    25  
 Towards the stranger spurr’d his steed;  
     “What brings thee here, Sir Knight,  
 “Who dar’st in my domains to bear  
 “A lance, and by thy haughty air  
     “Seem’st to demand the fight?” —                                 30

— “Long has my arm forgot to wield  
 “The sword, and raise the massy shield,”  
     Replied the stranger drear:  
 “Peace to this brown oak’s hallow’d shade!  
 “Peace to the bones which here are laid,                                 35  
     “And which we both revere!

“Know’st thou not Siegmar, Herman’s sire,  
 “That arm of steel, that soul of fire?  
     “Here is his grave. — My name  
 “Is Flavus — at that sound the woods                                 40  
 “With curses ring, and Weser’s floods  
     “My infamy proclaim!

“For such is vengeful Odin’s will  
 “And doom, that traitor-curses still  
     “Thick on my head shall be,     45  
 “Till from the blood of brethren slain,  
 “My gory hands and lance again  
     “I pure and spotless see.

“Still then, when midnight hours permit  
 “Pale spectres Hela’s realm to quit,                                         50  
     “I seek this hallow’d place;  
 “With tears bedew these crimson blots,  
 “And strive to wash away the spots  
     “No pains can now efface!” —

He ceased; when Odin’s eagle came,                                         55  
 By Odin arm’d with blasting flame,

And seized the phantom knight:  
Loud shrieks the spectre's pangs reveal'd,  
And soon a cloud his form conceal'd  
From awe-struck Hengist's sight. 60

— "Son!" said the chief, with horror chill'd,  
While down his brows cold dews distill'd,  
"Now take your sword in hand,  
"And swear with me, each drop of gore,  
"That swells your veins, well pleased to pour 65  
"To guard your native land!" —

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