

ONTENEGRO.

where their sovran eagle  
 ir faith, their freedom, on  
 ht,  
 savage, arm'd by day and  
 rk; whose inroad nowhere  
 g passes, but his footstep  
 blood the Crescent reels  
 ht  
 untless hundreds, in prone  
 own the crags and thro'  
 .  
 ng peoples! rough rock-  
 warriors beating back the  
 m for five hundred years,  
 ra! never since thine own  
 ew the cloud and brake  
 .  
 race of mightier moun-

VICTOR HUGO.

na, Victor in Romance,  
 f phantasmal hopes and  
 ench, and Lord of human  
 rd whose fame-lit laurels  
 reaths of all that would  
 t, their claim to be thy

BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.

735

Weird Titan by thy winter weight of years  
 As yet unbroken, Stormy voice of France!  
 Who dost not love our England—so they  
 say;  
 I know not—England, France, all man  
 to be

Will make one people ere man's race be  
 run:  
 And I, desiring that diviner day,  
 Yield thee full thanks for thy full courtesy  
 To younger England in the boy my son.

TRANSLATIONS, ETC.

BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.

Constantinus, King of the Scots, after having  
 sworn allegiance to Athelstan, allied himself with  
 the Danes of Ireland under Anlaf, and invading  
 England, was defeated by Athelstan and his  
 brother Edmund with great slaughter at Brunan-  
 burh in the year 937.

I.

<sup>1</sup> ATHELSTAN King,  
 Lord among Earls,  
 Bracelet-bestower and  
 Baron of Barons,  
 He with his brother,  
 Edmund Atheling,  
 Gaining a lifelong  
 Glory in battle,  
 Slew with the sword-edge  
 There by Brunanburh,  
 Brake the shield-wall,  
 Hew'd the lindenwood,<sup>2</sup>  
 Hack'd the battleshield,  
 Sons of Edward with hammer'd brands.

II.

Theirs was a greatness  
 Got from their Grandsires—  
 Theirs that so often in  
 Strife with their enemies  
 Struck for their hoards and their hearths  
 and their homes.

<sup>1</sup> I have more or less availed myself of my  
 son's prose translation of this poem in the *Con-  
 temporary Review* (November 1876).

<sup>2</sup> Shields of lindenwood.

III.

Bow'd the spoiler,  
 Bent the Scotsman,  
 Fell the shipcrews  
 Doom'd to the death.  
 All the field with blood of the fighters  
 Flow'd, from when first the great  
 Sun-star of morningtide,  
 Lamp of the Lord God  
 Lord everlasting,  
 Glode over earth till the glorious creature  
 Sunk to his setting.

IV.

There lay many a man  
 Marr'd by the javelin,  
 Men of the Northland  
 Shot over shield.  
 There was the Scotsman  
 Weary of war.

V.

We the West-Saxons,  
 Long as the daylight  
 Lasted, in companies  
 Troubled the track of the host that we  
 hated,  
 Grimly with swords that were sharp from  
 the grindstone,  
 Fiercely we hack'd at the flyers before  
 us.