

Breathed his last in my grip without visible wound,
And ofttimes, while tracking wild beasts in the snow,
I have crushed the white teeth of the lynx with a blow.

These pastimes were only the frolics of youth,
For manhood's ambition too trivial, forsooth;
War now is my passion. I gloat o'er the fears
And curses of multitudes, mingled with tears,
I love the fierce soldiery, bounding in arms,
Who gladden my soul with their shouts and alarms.

When the onset is glowing 'mid powder and blood,
And the rage of the fight, like a turbulent flood,
Sweeps hurriedly onward the warrior and horse,
I rise in my might, and, directing its course,
I fearlessly plunge in the ranks of the brave,
Like a sea-bird that swoops on the dark-rolling wave.

Like a reaper alone 'mid the ripe waving corn,
I stand, while the squadrons in battle are torn,
When the roar of my voice is but heard to resound,
Their yells in the echoing thunder are drowned,
And my hand, like some rigid, hard-knotted, old oak,
Unarmed batters armour with death-dealing stroke.

Stark naked I fight, for so dauntless I feel,
That I scorn the protection of iron or steel;
I laugh at your warriors, and void of all fear,
Carry nought to the fray but my tough ashen spear,
And this helmet so tight that ten bulls, stout and
strong,
If well yoked together, might drag it along!