

Heavy his heart was
With troubles unuttered.
Set down untasted,
The beaker of brass ;
Grown cold and wasted,
The food on the platter.
So in the red light
Sat the great lord,
Sickened with slaughter,
Weary of warfare,
Tired of the sw.

Heavy his heart was,
Troubled his life,
For once more at Eastre
News from the outworld
Reached him of strife,
Of pillage and plunder,
Murmurs and moanings,
Doubts of the High Gods,
Gods of the Thunder,
Woden and Thor.
Merged with his dreaming,
Troubling his mind,
Tales of the "white bread,"
Tales of a White Christ
Martyred and innocent,
Gentle and kind.

Should he believe them,
Should he accept Him,
What would he gain ?
Feared he the quick knife,
Feared he the death-stroke,