

THE ANCIENT GODS ARE DEAD

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Jove rules no longer o'er the Olympian
plain,
Old ocean waits for Neptune's word in vain,
Apollo tunes no more his golden lyre,
Vesuvius trembles not with Vulcan's fire,
Mars captains not the armies of the world,
The sooty flag of Acheron is furled
And hell's grim guardian fled.

The ancient gods are dead!
Valhalla's kingly halls are vacant now,
Where Thor, the mighty thunderer, from his brow
Shot lightnings fearful toward the trembling earth,
And Odin held rude wassail, and wild mirth
Echoed from roof to roof, as went the feast,
Until the day dawned and the dazzling east
Made radiant Baldur's head.