

made poems, and of this poetry we *may* possess a few remains. The earliest is *The Song of the Traveller—Widsith*, the far-goer—but it has been filled up by later insertions. It is not much more than a catalogue of the folk and the places whither the minstrel said he went with the Goths, but when he expands concerning himself, he shows so pleasant a pride in his art that he wins our sympathy. *Deor's Complaint* is another of these poems. Its form is that of a true lyric. The writer is a bard at the court of the Heodenings, from whom his rival takes his place and goods. He writes this complaint to comfort his heart. Weland, Beadohild, Theodric knew care and sorrow. "*That* they overwent, *this* also may I." This is the refrain of all the verses of our first, and, I may say, our only early English lyric. *The Fight at Finsburg* is an epic fragment. It tells, and with all the fire of war, of the attack on Fin's palace in Friesland, and another part of the same story is to be found in *Beowulf*. It is plain there was a full Fin-saga, portions of which were sung at feasts. This completes, with those parts of *Beowulf* which we may refer to heathen traditionary songs, the list of the English poetry which we may possibly say belonged to the older England over seas. There are two fragments of a romance of *Waldhere* of the date or place of which we know nothing. In the so-called *Rune Song*—which, as we have it, is not old—there is one verse at least which alludes to the times of the heroic sagas. But the poems where we