

A hundred thousand things, and each one good.

Thou art indeed a princess favoured high
Above all Erin's daughters, that to-day
Thou marriest him—a paragon of men,
So like Cuchulain, or some youthful god ;
Handsome as Angus Og, whom all the birds
Followed, and sang for very joy to see !
Lucky art thou, O princess, that O'Neill,
Though thrice commanded, sent no war-like
aid

To Brian at Clontarf—for Donough now—
Who in the coming week will be made king—
Has vowed to chasten the rebellious North,
And thy betrothal to the Tanist there
Declared invalid. That is how it comes
Thou art to wed to-day, and wed the Dane.
But let me speak of Thorstein. What a man!
He is beloved of all the warriors,
And worshipped by all women. Goes he out,
The children follow him along the street,
To play with him and hear his wonder tales
Of krakens, and of bears, and icy hills
That float upon the sea ! And stranger still,
When men are dying and the priest has giv'n
The last anointment and viaticum,
They call for Thorstein, and they hold his
hand—

For Death, they say, comes there not half so
fierce,
But mild and gentle, having fear of him
Who conquered Death upon the stricken
field !

Reinalt :—

Can this be possible ? I did not know
The war-tried vet'rans thus respected him.
Yet truly it was worthy of a god
To conquer panic as brave Thorstein did,
To turn and front the red Dalcassians,
Standing alone when all the North had fled