

Have we not served them?  
What have they brought  
But warfare and weeping,  
Murmurs and moanings,  
Pillage and plunder,  
These Gods of the thunder,  
Woden and Thor!  
So—from to-day,  
Eating the "white bread,"  
Taking the White Christ,  
Lo—I have done  
With praying to false Gods,  
Woden and Thunder!  
Gods of the people,  
Of murder and plunder!"

Steady the King stood,  
Lifting his right hand,  
Facing the war-band,  
Fronting the warriors  
Baulked of their feast,  
When from his place rose  
Coifi, the priest.

"Well have you spoken,  
Eadwine our King.  
I, too, am weary,  
Weary of smiting,  
Sickened with fighting.  
Give us the "white bread,"  
Give us the White Christ,  
Gentle and kind.  
Too long have these false Gods  
Troubled my mind."