

COMING OF THE FROST-GIANTS

The bugles of Autumn have blown from the west,
And summoned her weary children to rest,
Glad that their task is done.

The leaves have danced to a glorious sleep,
With a golden pall o'er the woodland sweep,
To dream of the summer gone.

The traitorous mists spy the mellow land,
And the call runs back to the northern strand,
"Come and the battle is won."

Then the Ice-king shakes his hoary locks,
The Frost-giants rise from their barren rocks
To challenge the reign o' the sun.

The cruel Minir with fiery breath
Leads the grim legions of cold and death,
The realms are overrun.
And the subject streams are bound with a chain.
The stoutest efforts of Asgard are vain,
To liberate even one.

And loudly from Niffleheim blows the blast
Proclaiming: "Dead Ymir will rest at last,
For his vengeance has begun."
Now sadly rides Hermod from Hela's shore,
Balder the Beautiful will reign no more
As god of the Summer Sun.

—J.R.H.F.