

V.

BRUNNHILDE

THE sword that was broken is perfect: the hero is here
Be done with the dwarfs and be done with the spirit of
fear!

Hark! the white note of a bird; and the path is declared;
The sword is girt on, and the dragon is summoned and
dared.

Be down with the dragons! Awaits for the lord of the
sword
On the crest of a mountain the maid, the availing award.

The spear of the Wanderer shivers, the God is exhaust.
Be done with the Gods! the key of Valhalla is lost.

The fires that Loki the liar built up of deceit
Are the roses that cushion the moss for the warrior's
feet.

Be done with the paltry defences! She sleeps. O be
done
With he mists of the mountain! Awake to the light of the
sun!

Awake! Let the wave of emotions conflicting retire,
Let fear and despair be engulfed in delight and desire.

There is one thing of all that remains: that the sword
may not bite:

It is love that is true as itself; and their scion, delight.
True flower of the flame of love: true bloom of the ray of
the sword!
The lady is lost if she wit not the name of her lord.

Awaken and hither, O warrior maiden! Above.
The Man is awaiting. Be done with the lies! It is love.