



### BETWEEN THE AGES

**G**ONE is the spirit of old  
With the thirst for the strife;  
Gone is the fierce and the bold  
From the midst of our life;  
Gone is the spirit of old.

Hushed is our wild battle-cry,  
Feared anear and afar;  
Never the forests reply  
To loud pipings of war;  
Hungered the dun eagles fly.

Where are the gods that were ours,  
Iron Odin, and Thor?  
Fled this soft region of flowers  
That their souls must abhor?  
Where are the gods that were ours?

Vainly I murmur and moan  
For their dances and feasts.  
Seated upon their high throne  
Are the Babe and his priests,  
Claiming the world as their own.

Psalms from the penitent cells  
Fill the indolent day ;  
Tolling of numberless bells  
Calls for ever to pray.  
Rudely my spirit rebels !

O for the pipe and the sword,  
And the banners of fight !  
Weary their chants and their Word  
That I know not aright !  
Thor, give me Thor for my lord !

Better to strive in the field  
Ere all war-pealings cease ;  
Better to die than to yield  
To a Child-king of Peace,  
Better to die in the field !

NIMMO CHRISTIE.

