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SONG TO AEGIR.*

BY HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, WILLIAM II, GERMAN EMPEROR AND
KING OF PRUSSIA.

TRANSLATED BY DR. PAUL CARUS.

O Aegir, Herr der Fluthen,
Dem Nix und Neck sich beugt,
In Morgensonnengluthen
Die Heldenschaar sich neigt.

In grimmer Fehd' wir fahren
Hin an den fernen Strand,
Durch Sturm, durch Fels und
Klippe
Führ' uns in Feindes Land.

Will uns der Neck bedräuen,
Versagt uns unser Schild,
So wehr' dein flammend Auge
Dem Ansturm noch so wild!

O Aegir, Lord of billows,
Whom Nix and Neck obey,
See here this host of heroes
Bow in the dawn's first ray.

For fierce war we are sailing
Now to a distant strand.
Through storm, through rock
and shallows
Lead to the hostile land!

In case that Neck should threaten
Or that it fail, our shield,
Thy flaming eye protect us
In brunt of battle-field.

* Some time ago Emperor William II wrote a war song entitled "Song to Aegir," and set it to music. In giving shape to his sentiment he utilized Norse mythology as a vehicle of his thought, representing Aegir as the ruler of the deep, to whom the boisterous water goblins, Nix and Neck, are subject.

The poem breathes the warlike spirit of the ancient Teutons, and mentions the Norwegian hero Frithjof who on his dragon ship Ellida sailed the stormy sea, and successfully overcame all danger. The sportive children of Aegir dealt kindly with him, and though they put his courage to the test, let him reach his destined haven.

It may be redundant to explain that the Walkyrie, or as the Emperor calls her, "the shield maiden," is a personification of death in battle, and the embrace of these war genii means in northern mythology, to die the glorious death of a hero.

Wie Frithjof auf Ellida
Getrost durchfuhr dein Meer,
So schirm' auf diesem Drachen,
Uns, deiner Söhne Heer!

Wenn in dem wilden Harste
Sich Brünn' auf Brünne drängt,
Den Feind, vom Stahl getroffen,
Die Schildesmaid umfängt,

Dann töne hin zum Meere
Mit Schwert- und Schildesklang
Dir, hoher Gott, zur Ehre,
Wie Sturmwind unser Sang.

As Frithjof on Ellida
Sailed safely o'er the wave
The host, so, of thy children
Our dragon ship shall save.

When in ferocious combat
The battle hotter grows,
And Walkyries from heaven
Take off the stricken foes,

Our shields and swords shall,
clashing,
Down to the ocean ring,
High God, unto thine honor,
A hymn of praise we'll sing.