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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

Ragnarok

By HENRY KUTTNER

This is the time of the Norseman's doom, the day when the gods shall die;
 It is Ragnarok, and the Rainbow Bridge shakes to the battle-cry;
 Loki and Hel and Fenris-wolf howl at Valhalla's gate,
 And the gods shall go down (as the skalds have told),
 For the gods grow weak, and the gods grow old,
 Battling a tide that is bitter with cold,
 Battling a flood in spate.

Balder is gone from Valhalla Hall, and the apples of youth are dust;
 The thews of the mighty Thor are shrunk, and his hammer thick with rust;
 The ravens of Odin moan a dirge, and the mead in the horns is sour
 (Odin's mead in his drinking-horn),
 And the ravens of Odin softly mourn,
 And the gods shall go to the silent bourn,
 For the gods have had their hour.

Never again shall the Viking Jarls rise in their crimson wrath;
 Never again shall the ice-bound fiords open the dragon-path;
 The eye of the minstrel is dull and cold; his mouth is choked with a lie;
 The halls of the Norseman fall and rot;
 Shall the Æsir live when their faith has not?
 Nay! When the gods are all forgot,
 It is best that the gods shall die!