

I have travelled, the earth
I wondered, I encircled
I slept in a hundred islands
I have dwelt in one hundred forts

Is God in human image made birth?
There was a calling on the Creator
Until when the eternal should deliver
The gates roll back, far within

People were made, remade and made again
By the exhumed hearts, the trembling men

The Lord answered them
Through language and elements
Take the forms for the principal trees
Arranging yourselves in battle array

Of sages, in the primitive world
Between the knees of kings
Scattering spears not keen
From heaven when came

With pain at his hand, traced
The blood of men, up to our waist
With my sword, spotted with blood
In the presence of kings, we judge!

With my brothers, the great trees
We march together, hearts will freeze

The oak, quick moving
Life furze, to the combat
The alder-trees, the head of the line
The elm, with its retinue

Not from a mother and father was I made
As for creation, I was the making
Of nine forms of elements

Of the fruit of fruits
From the fruit of god, from the beginning
Of primroses and flowers of the hill

From blooms of woods and trees
From the essence of soil, was I made

Of the earth, of an earthly course
Of the mountain ice, and ice wind
From water of the ninth wave

Of the trees, of the old and wise roots
Those whom he had made