

THE VIKINGS

THEIR long ships, hungry for the sportive wave,
Lay on the beach; and so they left their fields.
And ringed them with a thousand brazen
shields,
Then sought the Orkney coasts where wild seas
rave
And tempests roar o'er many a Norseman's
grave!
Thence down on Britain's fertile shores they
swept,
Where goodly towns and shires their prowess
wept,
While golden spoils they took, and trappings brave.

Raid after raid on England's strands they made
And Ireland's plains; but soon the reckoning
came,
When Brian in his tent at Clontarf prayed,
And his brave army, like a searing flame,
Smote them and hurled them from fair Erin's
shore
And whelmed their raven flag forevermore!