

## THE SONG OF HAROLD HARFAGER.

THE sun is rising dimly red,  
The wind is wailing low and dread ;  
From his cliff the eagle sallies,  
Leaves the wolf his darksome valleys ;  
In the mist the ravens hover,  
Peep the wild-dogs from the cover—  
Screaming, croaking, baying, yelling,  
Each in his wild accents telling,  
“ Soon we feast on dead and dying,  
Fair-haired Harold’s flag is flying.”

Many a crest in air is streaming,  
Many a helmet darkly gleaming,  
Many an arm the axe uprears,  
Doomed to hew the wood of spears.  
All along the crowded ranks,  
Horses neigh and armour clanks,  
Chiefs are shouting, clarions ringing,  
Louder still the bard is singing,  
“ Gather, footmen—gather, horsemen,  
To the field, ye valiant Norsemen !

“ Halt ye not for food or slumber,  
View not vantage, count not number ;  
Jolly reapers, forward still ;  
Grow the crop on vale or hill,  
Thick or scattered, stiff or lithe,  
It shall down before the scythe.  
Forward with your sickles bright,  
Reap the harvest of the fight—  
Onward, footmen—onward, horsemen,  
To the charge, ye gallant Norsemen !

“ Fatal choosers of the slaughter,  
O'er you hovers Odin's daughter ;  
Hear the choice she spreads before ye—  
Victory, and wealth, and glory ;  
Or old Valhalla's roaring Hail,  
Her ever-circling mead and ale,  
Where for eternity unite  
The joys of wassail and of fight.  
Headlong forward, foot and horsemen,  
Charge and fight, and die like Norsemen ! ”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



*A woodland path, Binscarth.*