

And forthwith out from Stane'sness
 the host stood to sea, fair and adorned with gold.
 Then Helge asked Heor-laf
 "Hast thou mustered the blameless host?"
 And the one king said to the other—
 "Long were it to tell over out from Crane-Eyre
 The tall-stemmed ships with their crews aboard,
 that sailed out from Iarrow Sound
 twelve hundred trusty men!
 Yet at High-town there lie as many again,
 the war-levy of a king. We must look for battle."
 The men furled the bow-awnings
 at the king's bidding, when the host awoke,
 and men could see the brow of day,
 and the warriors hoisted upon the yard
the striped canvas sail web,
and ran up to the mast head
 the woven target of war in Warin's firth.
 Then there came the oars' plash and the irons clash,
 clattered shield on shield—the wicking sound—
 With foaming wake under the crews there ran
 the king's fleet far out from land.
 It was to the ear when they came together,
 Colga's sisters [the billows] and the long keels,
 as if the surf were breaking against the rocks.
 Helge bade them hoist the top-sails higher.
 The seas held tryst upon the hulls,
 as Eager's dreadful daughter [the ocean wave]
 strove to whelm the bows of the helm-horses;
 but the heroes themselves Sigrun [the Walcyrie] from above
that battle-bold lady kept safe and their craft also.
 It was wrested by main strength out of Ran's hands
 the king's brine-beast off Cliff-holt,
 so that at even in Unesvoe
 the fair-found fleet was riding safely.
 But the sons of Gran-mere from Swarin's howe
off Harm mustered their host.
 Then made enquiry Godmund the god-born,
 "Who is the prince that steers the ship
 with a golden war-banner at his bows?
 No shield of peace methinks do I see in the van,
 but war-targets in a row wrap the wickings about."

Helge Lay, i. 80-127.