

And, again, another passage by the same poet runs :—

There are turning hither to *our* shore lithe keels,  
ring-stags [ships] with long sail-yards,  
many shields, shaven oars,  
a noble sea-levy, merry warriors.  
Fifteen companies are coming ashore,  
but out in Sogn there lie seven thousand more.  
There lie here in the dock off Cliff-holt  
surf-deer [ships] swart-black and gold adorned.  
There is by far the most of their host.

*Helge Lay*, i. 197-206.

The following piece of dialogue between the hero, Helge, and the Walcyrrie, Cara, is also characteristic :—

CARA. Who are ye that let your ship ride off the shore?  
Where, warriors, is your home?  
What do ye wait for in Bear-bay?  
Whither are ye bound?

HELGE. It is Hamal that lets his ship ride off the shore.  
We have a home in Leeseey.  
We wait for a fair wind in Bear-bay.  
Eastward are we bound.

CARA. When hast thou wakened War, O king,  
and sated the birds of the sister of Battle?  
Why is thy mail-coat flecked with blood?  
Why eat ye raw meat, helmed?

HELGE. That was the last deed of the Wofling's sons  
west of the main, if it like thee to know,  
when I *slew Beorn* in Woden's grove,<sup>1</sup>  
and fed the eagles' brood full with my spear-point.  
Now I will tell thee, maiden, why our meat is raw ;  
We get little roast steak at sea, maiden.

*Helge*, iii.

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<sup>1</sup> Brage's grove is exactly equivalent to Woden's sacred wood,  
or Odinson island.