

Another piece of dialogue of the same type is probably by the same poet:—

NICKAR (*Woden*). Who are they that are riding on Revil's
steeds [ships]
over the high billows, the sounding sea?
The sail-coursers are splashed with *foam*,
The wave-horses cannot stand against the wind.
REGIN. Here are we Sigfred and I on our sea-trees [ships]
We have a fair wind for . . .
The steep billows are breaking high over our bows.
The surge-coursers are plunging. Who is it that
asketh?

Western Wolsung Lay, 23-34.

In a later poem of the tenth century the wicking leader speaks:—

We were three brothers and sisters. We were deemed un-
yielding.
We went abroad; we followed Sigfred.
We roved about, each steered his own ship.
We sought adventures till we came east hither.
We slew kings . . . we divided their land.
Nobles came to our hands [did homage to us]—it betokened
their fear.
We called from the wood [inlawed] him whom we wished to
justify.
We made him wealthy that had nought of his own.

Greenland Attila Lay, 354-6.

Of the details of wicking warfare it is also possible to collect some information from our authorities. The regular formation of troops in wedge or line (*acies* or *cuneus*, as Tacitus gives it) was known.

The crew of a single ship seems to have been the tactical unit; these were massed in battalions or brigades under the banner of the earl or king to whom the fleet belonged. The captain of each ship led his