

Hrolfr, the Viking

Folkearth

Heir to the kingdom
Of the distant North
Exiled from the lands
Odin's eye surveys!

He turned to the sea
And high raised his sail
With sword and chainmaille
His kingly legacy!

He stormed the shores
Of Frankia's Britanny
No man could stand
Before Rollo's wrath!

Battle after battle
Normandy was forged
Under strikes of the hammer
Of the all-mighty Hrolfr!

Rollo was baptized
And wore a crown of gold
To stand as king again
As destined once he was!

But the ancient roots
Never left his pagan heart
In 926 he had a hundred Christians kneel
And severed their heads
As offering to the elder gods
Of Thunder, Blood, and War!

A year later he died
The duke of Normandy
Rollo the Viking
The first of the Norman horde!

William Longsword
His son, took up the call
And led the dragon ships
Anew to hither shore...