

## 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...