

We Vikings

by Eirikr the Eager

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From over the seas we Vikings come,
to raid and plunder and pillage.
We come in the night, all stealthy and quiet,
and steal everything from your village.

Our ships we are told are quite fearsome to behold,
and turn your warriors bowels to water.
When we land in the sand, there is no-one at hand,
to defend the lambs from the slaughter.

Your ladies, they shiver, sometimes quite a quiver,
when they hear we Vikings are restless.
For they know we won't care if we mess up their hair,
and leave them all red-faced and breathless.

The sheep, they do bleat, when stolen from their sleep,
and the cows, I fear, give no quarter.
The hens, they cluck, when stuffed in a sack,
and taken back over the water.

At the end of the day, when there is no-one else to slay,
it's back to our ships we go brawling.
Drunk as a newt and weighed down with our loot,
you know we Vikings have come a-calling.