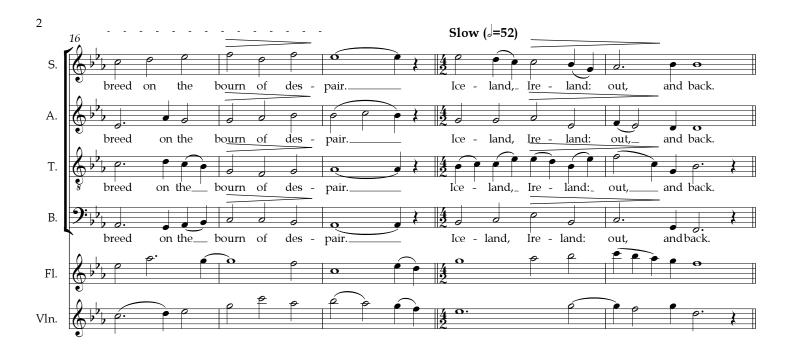
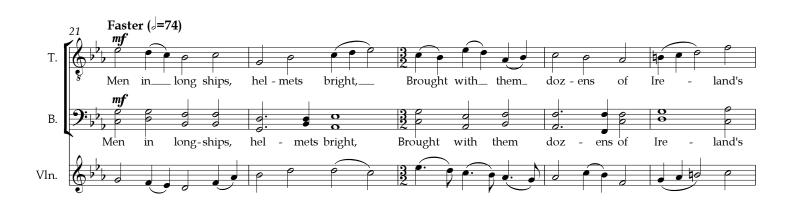
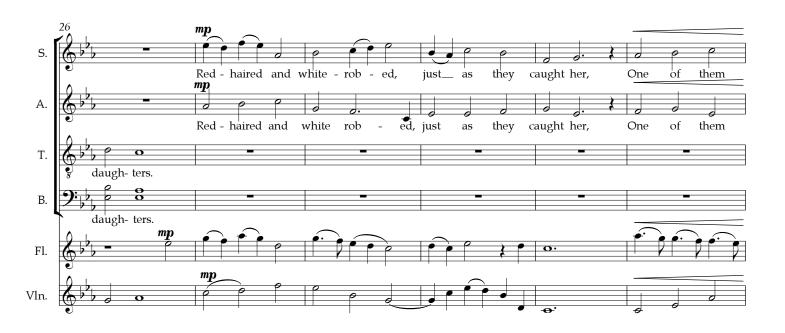
A little flock from Iceland:

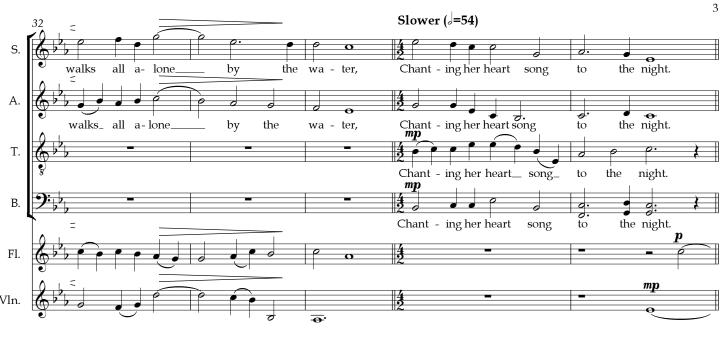


This edition may be freely distributed, duplicated, performed, and recorded.

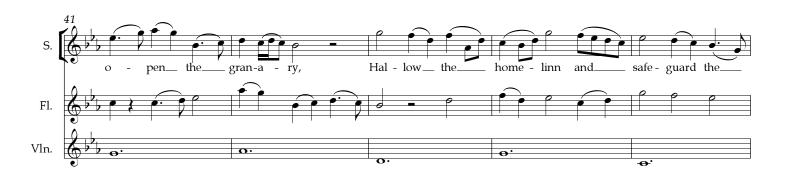
















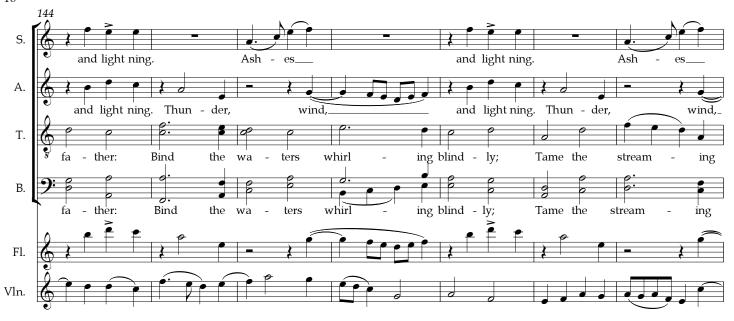


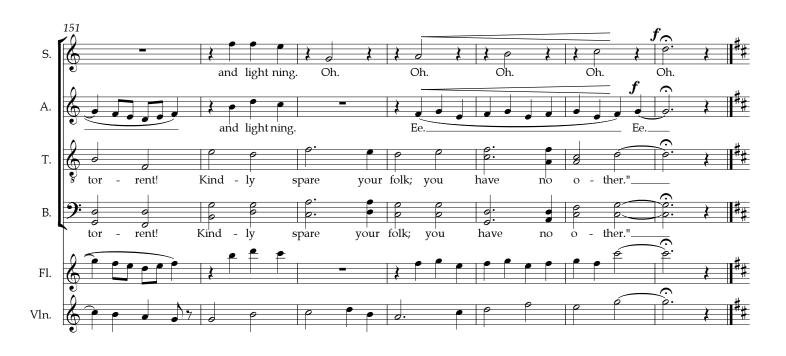




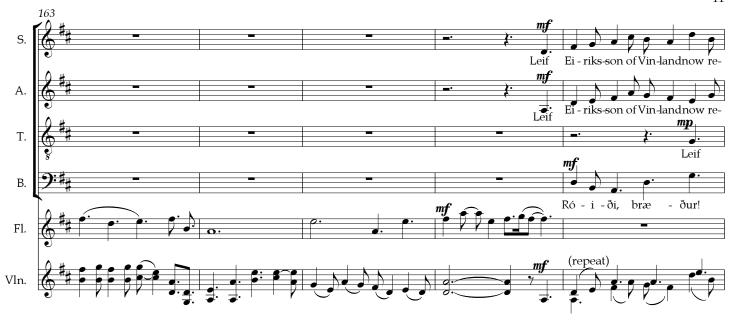


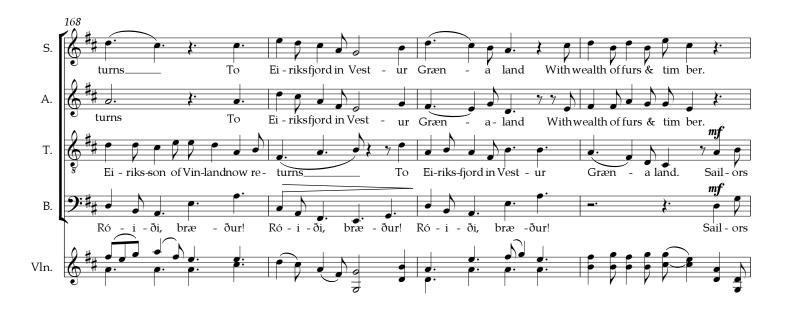


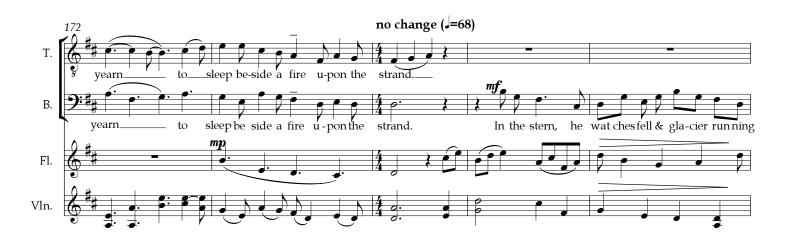






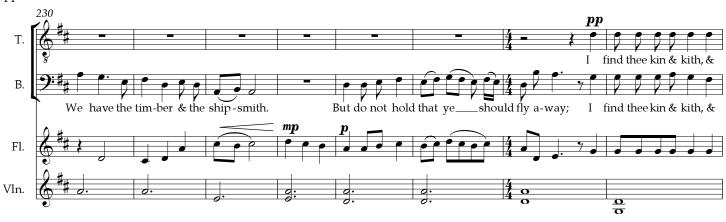




























A little flock from Iceland

I. Lón

Swans in Iceland: white on black.
Westward come wending, appearing in pairs;
Strong wing beats thunder in crystalline air;
Willfull to breed on the bourn of despair.
Iceland, Ireland: out, and back.

Men in longships, helmets bright, Brought with them dozens of Ireland's daughters. Red-haired and white-robed, just as they caught her, One of them walks all alone by the water, Chanting her heart-song to the night.

"Eala naofa: Tromhad annall!

Mine are the people that open the granary,
Hallow the home-linn and safeguard the eyrie.
Hear when I cry to you; come to me swiftly!
An cuidich sibh mi do comhall?
"Seek a swan without a wife:
Kelwyn mac Boynton, of husbands the best.
When he will once lay his head on my breast,
It's I will go swim with him, even to death,
Swan to be, beyond this life."

Swans in Iceland watch their star; Auger the season by scent of the beach-wrack. When the wind's northerly, ice in the grass cracks, Wheeling they climb away, coasting the sea track. Keening voices travel far.

Notes: Historical fiction. The wild swans that summer in Iceland migrate to the British Isles to pass each winter. Irish Celts believed that some swans were humans trapped by enchantment. Neolithic Britons may have believed that all swans had the souls of humans who had died recently. Here, an Irish slave woman in Iceland (~900 AD) appeals to the swans to find her dead husband. Her two lines in Gaelic are, "Holy swan: Come across!" and "Can you help me to fulfilment?".

II. Grímsvötn

Mountain of ice, beacon of white Standing alone in the Arctic darkness, Home to the swans flying, hope to the seafaring, Niflheim gleams in the morning light.

Up on the glacier the ground is grumbling; Krinkling cracks spring open quickly. Blocks of blue ice topple thickly, Grinding shards from bitter heights.

Swarthy mists in every cranney; Murky reeks of steam are rising From a gaping hollow waxing 'Round a seething tarn uncanny.

Now a groaning geyser opens; Red flame leaps to heat the oven; Loki strains; a chain is broken; Earth's blood-rush is awoken.

Ashes flying; wind arising; Thunder; spears of lightning crying: Hell and Muspell are surprising To the gothi skiing nearer.

"Othinn! Wise and just Allfather: Bind the waters whirling blindly; Tame the streaming torrent! Kindly Spare your folk; you have no other."

Notes: Historical fiction. Grímnir (the masked one) is a kenning for Othinn, father of the Norse gods. Grímsvötn (Othinn's lakes, or torrents) is a place on the Vatnajökull icecap where volcanic eruptions break through from below, creating boiling lakes which often break out to flood the countryside. A gothi was an Icelandic official who combined the functions of regional representative and pagan priest. In the last line he alludes to the fact that worship of Othinn has been declining, first in favor of Thor, and more recently in favor of Jesus.

22

III. Vestur Grænland

Leif Eiriksson of Vinland now returns To Eiriksfjord in Vestur Grænland With wealth of furs and timber. In the stern He watches fell and glacier running past To seek the floi where father's fires burn. They are alone. The shore is still and vast. There is a rock to larboard. Fleet and wary, He calls to tighten sail against the mast, Then takes the helm, turns to the wind, to tarry, And still with vision sharp he skries the sky: There is a wrecked ship upon the skerry. And all might see, as drifting draws them nigh, At least a dozen men; one woman's form: Norwegians all, if clothing does not lie. Then up speaks Leifur, with a welcome warm: "I guess ye'll deign to sail with us today! Drag up the wreck to keep it from the storm. We'll build another ship in some still bay; We have the timber and the ship-smith. But do not hold that ye should fly away; I find thee kin and kith, and herewith Bespeak my father's will, inviting thee To dwell and winter in our Brattahlith, The homely house beyond the western sea."

Note: A historical event from The Saga of the Greenlanders, which is also found in Eirik the Red's Saga. (However, I have expanded Leif's greeting.)

IV. Drangey

Bishop Guthmunder is rowing,
Muttering banns to bind his temper:
To feed the hungry he must harvest
Eggs and slippery svartifugi
From the cliffs and heaths of Drangey.
So. The men he sends to nest
And harry, taking ropes and timber,
Fall and die. The toll is growing.

He says: "This island is no seemly seat of elves, but moor of mórar, tangi of trolls, and geymir of the afturgangumenn.

By vald of Christ I'll rinse these ills, and then We may have peace, and end these wraithly tolls, So godly folk can gain what's good to eat."

Strung upon a rope that's blessed, Guthmunder climbs cliff and aerie, Singing psalms and water casting, Hallowing, for all time lasting. "Kria!" cry the terns; with fairy Arrows biting he is pressed. A mickle hand is stretched to give A snip, to drop the priest confessing To his doom. Some wilder-wight Uncorks his store of words on height: "Gvendur, Gvendur, stop your blessing! Even the evil need a place to live!"

Guthmunder climbs down again to shore. "Here is some uncanny Grettirsson Or outlaw with his house upon the isle. How can I cast the stone? I'll bide awhile." He says, and sits him down a time alone. His hood it hides him like a skin before.

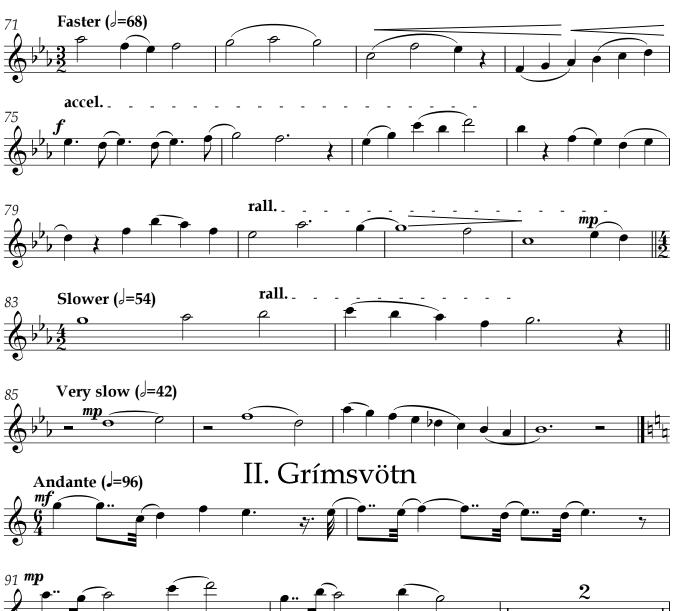
"Here at the worldes end, in this last bay, We'll leave a little haven on this rock For those old souls who spurn eternal life (except as worthy names in saga strife) Until Atlantic billows drown this dock And, like the sea-birds, all are flown away."

Notes: A historical event; the beloved Bishop Guðmunder Arason lived until 1273. (However, his speeches here are imagined.) Drangey was already famous as the last refuge of Grettir the Strong (ca. 1028~1031). A landscape-myth held that Drangey (Pillar-island) and its two basalt columns are the petrified remains of two trolls caught crossing the fjord with their cow at dawn. One of the pillars, undercut by waves, has since collapsed. Vocabulary: banns = prayers; svartifugi (svartfuglar) = puffins and guillemots; mórar = male ghosts; tangi = point of land; geymir = container or reservoir; afturgangumenn = the undead; vald = authority. The under-chant is in Old English, from The Blickling Homilies [971 AD], XVII, 108, where it follows the account of the vision of Saint Paul, of a wet icy hell in the north, where the unfortunate souls are suspended from cliffs:

Ac uton nu biddan Sanctus Michael geornlice þæt he ure saula gelæde on gefean, þær hie motan blissian a buton ende on ecnesse. But let us now earnestly ask St. Michael that he lead our souls into joy, where they may always without end rejoice in eternity.







4 Flut



