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The Allmuirigh

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THE ALLMUIRIGH

By BLIGH TALBOT CROSBIE

We made ourselves outward bound,
In our dragon-ship well-found,
And we hoisted sail from West-o'er-the-Sea ;
Wildered long in Aegir's realm,
Stood our Thorbion at the helm
Till we sighted cloudy fells upon our lee.

Sharp the wind in blue-striped sail,
Hissed the sea-fields 'neath the hail,
Smote, with gauntlet-bursting knuckles, smote old Thor ;
Barbed our dragon's jaws with ice,
Blared an orc upon us thrice,
And we felt the billows overshadowing frore.

Then the land shut out the blast,
And 'twixt leafy braes that cast
Deep reflections, now we're rowing up the fjord,
Rowing swiftly with the flood,
And the land smells warm and good,
And the westward sun is plunging in his sword.

Run now watchers o'er the sea,
Crying loud " The Allmuirigh !
Swims, 'twixt winking blades their dragon up the bay ! "
Then her wean the mother clasps,
And his sword the husband grasps,
And the priest his cup and platter hides away.

But shall bald-pate's tinkling bell
Scare away the raven fell ?
Or the brandished sword of youth his hunger foil ?
We will gather to the strand
All the fatness of the land,
And the naked Gall the glass-bright Gael shall spoil.

From their bawn, the bellowing steers
We will prick with pointed spears,
They shall jog their shaking flanks down to the shore,
And our teeth shall taste the fresh
Sap of lately-living flesh,
And we'll eat and eat, till we can eat no more.

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Oh, we'll wash our eyes in milk,
And our beards make soft as silk
 With brown mead, and in our bale-fire's booth of light,
Limbs unbraced, around we'll sprawl,
Till the Slain look from the Hall
 Saying, " Throbin's crew have feasted well to-night."

Then on fragrant heather laid,
Clasp shall each his captive maid,
 And her swelling breasts, 'mid tangling tresses tame ;
Valour needs no kindred speech
Heart of Irish maid to reach,
 And our lips from off their cheeks, shall kiss the shame.

Nor will Gael despoiled come near,
Quaking all in dens of fear ;
 They shall stand and curse our bale-fires from afar,
Like' wolves o'er ashes and bones,
They shall howl, and hurl grey stones
 At the waves that bear away our hull and spar.

Home again to stead and fire-hall
Heniker, blue-eyed, will bring us all,
 And our slaves shall bear our spoils, and to th' All-Thing,
'Rayed like peacocks, will we ride,
Men shall marvel at their pride
 Who to Ireland sailed with Thorbion, the viking.

Or should Ran, in her white-meshed seine,
Hale us down through the ghostly green ;
 When she spies the glittering heaps we have on board,
How she'll laugh at her good hap !
How her ivory hands she'll clap !
 For she loves, she dearly loves the Dragon's hoard.

Welcome will her daughters twelve prepare,
Freshest meat and oldest drink our fare,
 And 'neath emerald posts, on swan's-down quilts we'll rest,
Till uncurls the Midgard Snake ;
Only then our hearts shall ache,
 When a long-ship casts her shadow, sailing West.