

**AH, WHAT RIDDLES
THESE WOMEN BE!**

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Ah, what Riddles These Women Be! by William Young

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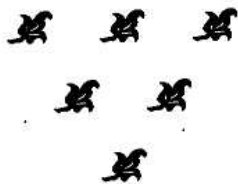


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“ Ah, What Riddles These Women Be ! ”

PROEM



DENMARK'S daughter was wooed and won
By Sigurd, the Jarl of Orkney's son;
And the ocean-rovers of West and East
Turned their prows to the wedding feast.

Kings, and Jarls, of the East and the West—
Vikings, out of the Jomsborg nest—
Norse marauder, and pirate Dane—
Lords of the mainland and the main—
Lords of the capes, and lords of the isles—
Storming over the trackless miles,
Bird-like, clangorous, wing and wing—
Storming, and wrangling, and ravening
In many a mid-sea fray, they came;
And as birds to the beacon's flame
Cluster out of the windy dark,
So, on banner and battle-mark,
Kite, and falcon, and sea-mew, there,
Drooped their plumes in the torches' glare—
Hung, and hover'd, as if in dread
Of the great War-Raven overhead.
—And there, while the harpers harp'd and sang,
And the sounding rafters above them rang,
The meats were hewn, and the mead was pour'd,
Till the ruddy faces above the board