

THE NORSE BROTHERS

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The Norse Brothes by Elizabeth Still Harrington

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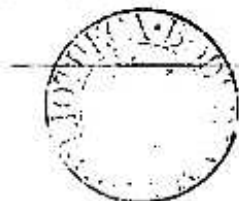
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ELIZABETH STILL HARRINGTON

**THE
NORSE BROTHERS**

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BY
ELIZABETH STILL HARRINGTON.



LONDON:
H. SOTHERAN & CO., 36, PICCADILLY, W.
1875.

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Dedicated

TO

**CHARLES AUGUSTUS
VISCOUNT PERSHAM,**

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE MOTHER,

ELIZABETH STILL HARRINGTON.

THE NORSE BROTHERS.



THE mighty Yarl, Rognald, surnamed "The
Rich,"

Wedded the daughter of a Saxon Prince,

By name Heldine, as proud as she was fair.

Two sons had they, who like their ancestors

Were trained to hardihood and manly sports,

And thus grew up to be their parents' pride.

No youths were seen in all the country round

To equal, or in beauty or in strength,
Harold and Oscar, heirs of the great Yarl.
One winter Oscar journeyed to the North,
As often he had done before, to hunt
The seals and bears, and further than his wont
This time he wandered in the glaring snow
Until his sight began to fail,
And then he turned. Alas, it was too late !
A merry youth, Oscar had left his home,
Elated by the danger and success
He hoped to meet in his bold enterprize :
But back he came, a blind and joyless man.

Heldine's distress was great, until the shock
Of this unlooked-for blow had spent its force,
And then, to reconcile him to his lot,
She strove to gather round her son such friends
As could by merriment beguile the hours.
But Oscar smiled no more, and ever sought
Some lone retreat where he could meditate
In peace, and school himself to bear his loss.
Harold meantime had with his father gone
A voyage to Normandy, and little knew
The great misfortune Oscar had befall'n.

Among the women of Heldine was one,
Old Gisela, experienced and shrewd,
Who seeing that all efforts were in vain
Her youthful master's sadness to dispel,
Approached Heldine one day and boldly
spoke :

“Lady, not many leagues from here there
dwells

A maiden, poor, but of such gifts possessed,
As richer dames might well be proud to own ;
The harp she touches with a skilful hand,
And has a voice sweet as the nightingale's ;

Thy son was wont to love such melody."

"Who is the girl? say on, my Gisela."

"They call her Kora, and her old nurse
says,

That she the orphan is of bold Rurik,
The pirate, who, thou knowest, in the spring
Died from an arrow wound upon these
shores."

"I do remember, my good Gisela;
Bid Wolf prepare two of my fleetest mules;
Bring me the maid with speed, and promise
gold,