

Anglo Saxons:

Look! There! Creeping down the river.
Take care! They're coming to attack.
Beware! The dragon's head is nearing.
The Viking warriors are coming back.

Look! There! A longboat in the water.
Take care! There's danger, that's a fact.
Beware! See the spiky helmets,
The Viking warriors are coming back.

They kill and steal and cause such fear,
They rip and cut and slash and spear,
They pillage, plunder, maim and maim,
Then jump back in their boats again.
They take our treasure, eat our food,
And burn the gardens that we grew,
Raze our buildings, England scarred,
Then back to Scandinavia.

Vikings:

See! There! A monastery unguarded.
Take care! There's sure to be a trap.
What's this? There's no one to prevent us,
The Anglo-Saxon monks are drawing back.

See! There! There's piles of golden treasure,
Rich fare! There's pickings to be had.
What's this? There seem to be no weapons,
The Anglo-Saxon monks are drawing back.

They work and pray and read and write,
Don't understand why they should fight,
They seem to think that they're exempt,
From all our conquering attempts.
They hide behind their holy walls,
And think that they have different rules,
But we don't care who we should kill,
As long as we should get our fill.

