

I yield thee all Northumbria's realm,
The choicest of my land:
Lay down thine arms, disperse thy host,
And clasp a brother's hand."

4. But Tostig turned to Norway's king,
"Behold my friend!" said he,



The parting of Harold and Tostig.

"What is thy monarch's boon for him,
If such his gifts to me?"
—"Thus Harold answereth Norway's lord:
Troubler of earth and wave,
Just seven good feet of English soil,
I yield thee for a grave."