

26 Granville Place  
Portman Square

London

1 June 1888

Sir

May I ask you to look over the Lines on the  
other side, and do me the favour of saying whether they are  
suitable for music

I wrote them as an introductory Song to a  
Drama upon events in Scandinavian & English History  
- but as yet my daily duty has been too pressing to  
allow me to make any progress - but I hope to  
begin seriously in early winter.

According to our family tradition my  
Ancestors were Danes of Silke in Denmark  
and we have always been proud of our Norse  
blood and race.

I have waited long to find

Some one to consult to whom the Sea - was  
what it was to the Man who discovered America  
& to whom it was a Path to Fame & might for  
Ages.

My own Forefathers had the Sea Water  
in their blood. for I am the last of my Family  
All my Sisters were born in Australia - my Cousins  
in New Zealand and Tasmania & America -  
& my Brothers in their life time lived on it from  
China to Africa & Venezuela -

In Lincolnshire we have a Parish named  
Silke - Willoughby - from men of Silke and Wilbe  
in Denmark.

The next time you come to England I  
shall be gratified to see you. unless I can visit  
our old Home in Denmark - & then I will ask  
an introduction from you.

Very truly

Edward Grieg Esq

G. Brooks Silke

# The Viking - and the Sea.

Thou Viking path to fame and might  
We cleave thy coasts with laughter light  
Whilst thunders crashes worlds alight  
And lightning flashes day from night

Fiery surging Sea

In years long past when time was young  
Through Odins Halls the fate-word rung  
From Vala lips that Norse should be  
Lords of Earth, and Kings of thee

Dark foaming Sea

Wher'er thy restless waters roll  
From East to West from Pole to Pole  
Through Storm and Fight, thou boundless Sea  
Our path to Fame and Might should be

Till Ragnarok

Through Winter Darkness, Summer Light  
'neath Sun by day, 'neath Moon by night  
Our blood should gild thy waves in fight  
Our bones thy shores should silver white

Deep rolling Sea

O'er every ocean, every shore  
O'er battle roll, o'er tempest roar  
That word of Fate shall ring and soar  
Till thee and we shall be no more.

Earth girding, boundless Sea -

Brooke Silk

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