While William Morris was creating the narrative poem based on his translations of the Icelandic tales of Sigurd the Volsung, in the 1870’s, groups of Scandinavian settlers were encouraged to come to New Zealand as part of a grand scheme of borrowing money from Britain to develop the new world country for further settlements. These immigrants were to clear and fell some of the densest bush remaining in the hinterland of the North Island for road, rail and the concomitant communications that would follow. They came willingly, anticipating better lives for themselves, although the reality was disappointing at best and devastating at worst. While the footprint of their efforts is still evident, and the towns and even cities they created, including Palmerston North and Eketahuna, are flourishing, the immigrants have become invisible, no more remembered than the nameless chain-gangs of prisoners or the unemployed, who took over their effort and continued with progress in the early 20th Century, on land that had been bought cheaply from the indigenous Māori. But what intellectual footprint did they leave this inhabitation? What stories and links with stories did they bring, coming from the great Viking traditions of Saga and Skald? This chapter will consider the stories brought and left by the Scandinavians and their small, flickering presence in New Zealand poetry, song and story.