

## Brunanburh

Forefather

Our lord of warriors eternal glory won  
By the sword's edge at Brunanburh  
Smashed the shield-wall and drove them from the land  
The enemy doomed they fell and the field was dark with blood

Shot with spears, the crushed assailants fled  
In revenge we rode them down and the vanquished took to sea  
Edward's sons victorious in war  
Made mountains of the slain and the wolves and crows did feast

Great slaughter made and the fields of Britain tamed  
Lord of the fyrd, he fared north and he held his sway  
Mastery claimed and the hearts of the beaten shamed  
Engla Cyning - Rex Totius Britanniae!  
Legend made at Brunanburh

Mighty victory has no name  
In the shadow of Senlac's fame  
Words that glorify on a withered page  
Lost in the myth of a dark age

Ne wearð wæl mare  
on þis eiglande æfre gieta  
folces gefylled beforan þissum  
sweordes ecgum, þæs þe us secgað bec,  
ealde uðwitan, sibban eastan hider  
Engle and Seaxe up becoman,  
ofer brad brimu Brytene sohtan,  
wlance wigsmipas, Wealas ofercoman,  
eorlas arhwate, eard begeatan.  
[Old English recital from Battle of Brunanburh poem]