

By My Lord I Will Lie

Forefather

Hark to this folk's decree
Spear and sword-edge we'll yield to ye
Here a good warrior stands
Sworn to steadfastly guard this ground

Brace, harness the wolf within
Faith, to flee is the gravest sin
By my lord I will lie
Clash, enemy striking forth
Hold, never give up the cause
By my lord I will die

Come, wave-wolves to war
Fare ye freely across the ford
Fate alone shall decide
Who shall master this battle site

Brace, harness the wolf within
Faith, to flee is the gravest sin
By my lord I will lie
Clash, enemy striking forth
Hold, never give up the cause
By my lord I will die

'Hige sceal þe heardra, heorte þe cenre,
mod sceal þe mare, þe ure mægen lytlað.'
- Battle of Maldon

(Thought shall be the harder, heart the keener,
Courage the greater, as our strength lessens.)

Then spoke the old man, shield raised to the sky
Shamed be the ones who seek to abandon the strife
Long I am lived, here I will stay
One with my lord, not turn away
Loud over the sword-play besieged warriors heard
Proud men inspired by the wise spearman's words
Long I am lived, here I will stay
One with my lord, not turn away
Here on the cold ground loyal in death I will remain

Brace, harness the wolf within
Faith, to flee is the gravest sin
By my lord I will lie
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