

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]