

## 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  
Clash, enemy striking forth  
Hold, never give up the cause  
By my lord I will die