

Engla Tocyme

Forefather

Men of the sea, on the waves they did ride
Drifting towards their new dawn
Sailing forth with the wind as their guide
Fathers of a kingdom to be born

Their blood flows in me
Through their eyes I see
With their spirit I shall bring down my blade
I speak with their words
Their callings I have heard
For their honour I shall bring down my blade

Offa's sons, by the waters they fared
Gliding beyond Angeln's plains
Swiftly on to their fortune's ahead
Masters of a land to be claimed

"Hruron and feolion cynelicu getimbru somod and anlipie, and ge
hw r sacerdas and m ssep reostas betwuh wideum w ron sl gene and
cwielmde; biscopas mid folcum buton  nigre are sceawunga  tg d
re mid iserne and lige fornumene w ron"

Engla tocyme...