

Fifeldor

Forefather

In times of old beyond the sea
When Wérmund ruled the Angelcynn
To him was born a worthy son
That would in time a hero become
Raiders from the borderlands
English blood on Myrging hands
The time would come for swords to shine
The time would come to draw the line!

Fifelfdor! Where Myrging blood was poured
Fifeldor! Where Angeln was secured
Fifeldor! Where Offa made his stand
Fifeldor! To hold the English land

Dishonour plagued his youthful mind
A shameful act by his own kind
And spoke he not a single word
But still with time he would be heard
Across the Eider Myrgings came
Demanding that tribute be paid
(to their Swabian overlord)
The time would come for swords to shine
The time would come to draw the line!

At Monster-Gate the duellists met
A kingdom's fate in Offa's hands
With Stedefórst prepared to strike
Steel would soon shine bloody wet
Around the Eider saw the crowds
A nation saved - a hero made
Knelt Offa at the Eider's flow
And cleansed the blood from on his blade

"And sweorde merce gemórdre wid Myrgingum bi Fifeldore; heolden
ford siddan Engle ond Swófe swa hit Offa geslog"

[Translate to English: With his lone sword he fixed the border
against the Myrgings at Moster-Gate; ever since, the English and
the Swabians have kept it as Offa won it]