

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 an  
d the Swabians have kept it as Offa won it]