

The Ruin

Winterfylleth

Shattered by Fate! The castles rend asunder,
The work of giants moldereth away,
Its towers crumble,
Aqua Sulis, in ruin,
The mortar white with frost. The mighty men who built it, they of giants renown,
Departed hence, undone by death, are held,
Fast in the earth's embrace.
While overhead for living men,
A hundred generations pass. Long this red wall, now mossy gray, withstood,
While kingdom followed kingdom in the land,
Wide-wasting was the battle where they fell.
Plague-laden days upon the city came:
Yet the wall surrounded all with its bright bosom;
There stood the courts of stone.
Hence to reign hereafter, the Angle!
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