

The Fields of Reckoning

Winterfylleth

Learned we in former-days,
Of glory-blessed heroes,
The thegns of the Lord,
Their force did not fail,
In the war,
When banners clashed together. Illustrious men upon the earth,
Bold folk-leaders on the fields of reckoning
Doughty Warriors, Battle-Brave!
When shield and hand defended their crown.
When all man's land was wound in murder,
The enemy's deceit was rife within the kingdom.
On the dwelling-place of mighty men,
Homeland of heroes. They of true spirit!
Neither bread, nor water for men,
Consumed they, blood and skin throughout the nation,
The flesh-homes of foreign-coming men,
Such was the peace-less token The violence of the wretched,
That the enemy, sword-grim and sad-minded,
Destroyed the sight of th eyes,
With the point of spears.
Then they strove against incursion,
Swiftly under shield,
Bristling with spears,
Enraged ash-bearers,
Corwards the flight's flame!
One and all, together, for home!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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