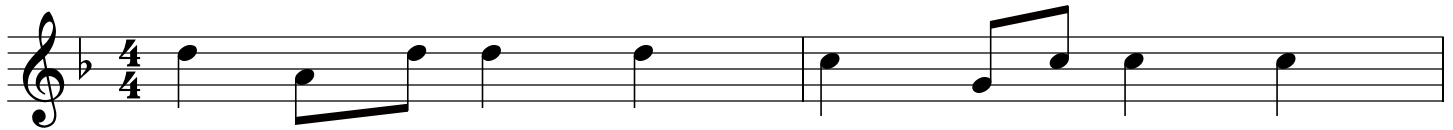


Song of the Shield-Wall



Has ten, O sea steed, o ver the swan road,



Foam y necked ship o'er the froth of the sea!



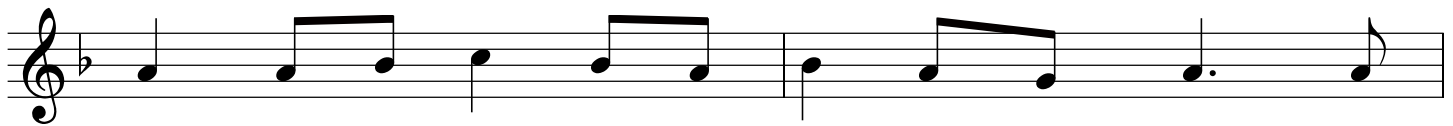
Hen gest has called us from Got land and Fri sia to



Vor ti gern's coun try, his ar my to be.



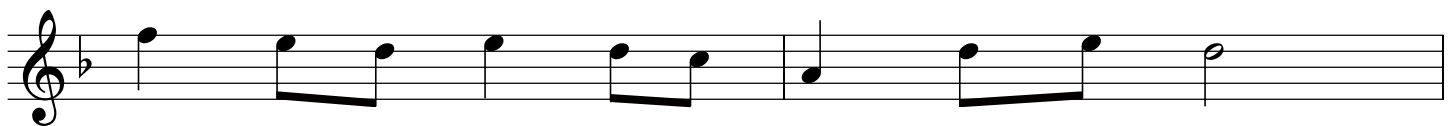
We'll take our pay there in sweet er than sil ver,



We'll take our plun der in rich er than gold, For



Hen gest has prom ised us land for our fight ing,



Land for the sons of the Sax ons to hold!