1. Hasten, o sea-steed, over the swan-road, 
foamy necked ship o’er the froth of the sea! 
For Hengest has called us from Gotland and Frisia 
to Vortigern’s country, his army to be. 
We’ll take our pay there in sweeter than silver, 
we’ll take our plunder in richer than gold, 
for Hengest has promised us land for the fighting, 
land for the sons of the Saxons to hold!

2. Hasten, o fyrdmen, down to the river; 
dragon ships come on the inflowing tide. 
The lindenwood shield and the old spear of ashwood 
are needed again by the cold waterside. 
Draw up the shieldwall, o shoulder companions; 
later whenever our story is told, 
they’ll say that we died holding what we call dearest: 
Lands that the sons of the Saxons will hold!

3. Hasten, o Huscarls, north to the Danelaw; 
Harald Hadrada’s come over the sea! 
His long ships he’s laden with berserks from Norway 
to claim Cnute’s crown and our master to be. 
Bitter he’ll find there the bite of our spear points, 
hard ruling nordmen, too proud to die old. 
We’ll grant him six feet – plus as much he is taller – 
of land that the sons of the Saxons will hold!

4. Make haste, son of Godwin, southward from Stamford, 
triumph is sweet, and your men have fought hard, 
but William the bastard has landed in Pevensey, 
burning the land you have promised to guard. 
Draw up the spears on the hill-top at Hastings, 
fight ’til the sun drops and evening grows cold! 
And die with the last of your Saxons around you, 
holding the land you were given to hold.

Kurze Geschichte der Sachsen in England, ca. 430 bis 1066