

Song of the Shieldwall

T: Malkin Grey (Debra Doyle)

M: Peregrynne Windrider (Melissa Williamson)

The musical score is written on four staves in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some lines ending in a double bar line. Chords are indicated by letters (Am, G, Em, Dm, C) above the staff. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

Am G Am G Am

Ha-sten, o sea-steed, o - ver the swan-road, foa-my necked ship o'er the froth of the sea! For

Em Dm Am G Am

Hen-ge-st has called us from Got-land and Fri-sia to Vor - ti-gern's coun-try, his ar - my to be.

Am C G Am

We'll take our pay there in swee-ter than sil-ver, we'll take our plun-der in ri-cher than gold, for

Am C G Am C G Em Am

Hen-ge-st has pro-mised us land for the figh-ting, land for the sons of the Sa-xons to hold!

1. Hasten, o seasteed, over the swanroad,
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.