Wulf

To my kind he will be like prey,
They will hunt him down if he comes as he threatened,

For he is outcast.

This island stands fast
Wulf is on one island Defended by warriors I am on another baying for blood,
Set amongst the fens

Who will hunt him down if he comes as he threatened,

For he is outcast.

I have sat here grieving
for my wide-wandering Wulf,
when the r p
a o
i u
n r
e
d
as I wept
in his
For the bold warrior, who embraced me
strong arms

There was so much JOY in this but also HATRED for me

Wulf-oh my Wulf! my longing for you
has made me sick.

It is not for want of food but your seldom visits
That make my heart mourn.

Do you hear me, oh guardian of my happiness?
our wretched wolf-cub will be carried-off to the woods.

That which man so-easily split assunder was never
joined:
In the story of us
T[w]o -gether.