

Wulf

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

For he is outcast.

Wulf is on one island      This island stands fast  
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.

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

For the bold warrior, who embraced

There was so much JOY in this

Wulf-oh my Wulf!

It is not for want of food

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

joined:  
In the story of us

assunder was never

T[w]o

-gether.