So! The Spear Danes in days gone by

And the kings who ruled them had courage and greatness.

We have heard of those princes' heroic campaigns.

There was Shield Shafson, scourge of many tribes,

A wrecker of mead-benches, rampaging among foes.

This terror of the hall-troops had come far.

A foundling to start with, he would flourish later on

As his powers waxed and his worth was proved.

In the end each clan on the outlying coasts

Beyond the whale-road had to yield to him

And begin to pay tribute. That was one good king.

Glossario: Spear: Lancia; rule: governare; campaign: campagna militare; scourge: flagello; wreck: sfasciare; mead-benches: tavoli; rampage: fare incursion; foundling: trovatello; flourish: avere successo, fiorire; wax: crescere; worth: valore; outlying: lontane; beyond: oltre; whale: balena; yield: cedere

The Hot Gore

Everybody gazed as the hot gore

Kept wallowing up and an urgent war-horn

Repaeated its notes: the whole party

Sat down to watch. The water was infested

With all kinds of reptiles. The were writhing sea-dragons

And monsters slouching on the slopes by the cliff,

Serpents and wild things such as those that ofent

Surface at dawn to roam the sail-road

And doom the voyage