

## EADWINE THE KING



Eadwine the King,  
King of Northumbria,  
He the wise overlord,  
Lord over all,  
Sat once at meat  
In his fire-lighted hall.

Bravely the logs burned,  
Brightly the flames danced,  
Flickered and wavered  
High on the wall.  
Ruddy the meat showed  
Red in the fire-glare ;  
Broad were the platters piled  
Brown with the venison,  
Capon and hare ;  
Deep were the cups of brass  
Filled to the brim,  
Round and well hollowed out,  
Frothed at the rim,  
Waiting for warriors  
High to uplift them,  
Singing their war-songs,  
Shouting their battle-hymn.

Thus in the firelight,  
Waiting for torches,  
Sat the great overlord,  
King of Northumbria,  
Eadwine the King.  
Through his tired brain  
Weary thoughts fluttered,