

But ere the tumult
Brooded and broke,
Flashed through the air
A traitor stroke.
Eumer, the envoy,
He, the wi'd Wessexborn,
He, the base Saxon,
Drew forth the quick knife,
Rushed on the King.
Out crashed the tumult then,
Up rose the warriors,
Brandishing torches,
While with a spring
Ere the quick death-stroke
Took the King's life,
Lilla, the churl,
One of the war-band,
Fell on the knife,
Staggered and sank,
Died, for his King.

Bravely the logs burned,
Brightly the flames danced
High on the wall.
Lilla, the churl,
Lay on the floor of the fire-lighted hall.
Knelt by his bosom,
Cofi, the priest ;
Silent, the warriors
Turned from the feast,
Gazing at Eumer,
He, the base traitor,
Closing upon him,
Burning to slay him,