

¶ Paragraph 1

Lines 1-3 Narration Introduction

HARK! I will sword you a story from the lair of old days on the bloodied battlegrounds in the red spear-bladed fields of my land. Long live the King of Great Might! Lord rulers and knights loyal assemble subject at the wooden stout-built mead-hall for greatness of lore.

¶ Paragraph 2

Lines 4-11 The King's Announcement

O how Christ often shielded in majesty and glory forthright as ensample for renowned sword-bearers and shield-wielders to fight the good fight through the gauntlet of the night. The Son of Man who often reigned in sorrow is now seated set on his throne of glory omnipotent. Remember the great days of old upon the earth from whence our Lord wrought us forth that we might guard and keep watch. I bid thee as father of the nation pray God our people know peace and our land rests eternally. Believe me when I say under the glory of the throne in heaven that the darkest hell-uprising will have to come face to face with the force of us men on this middle earth-sphere plane and brace the blades of our victory. Remain here unto the last until each and everyone tither in and around us sits in meet at the great hall of our celebrations. Our swords sing of brute fight offs and sea monster fend offs as we bring in, send out and send off afar homeland on pilgrimage to the holy grail. Raise thy horn! He was a Good King!

Lines 12-14 The Land of the Living

Angel land was established on the one God sent to be King. The nation and its generations of kings and lords from red crosses to common folk all found inspiration from the legend and lore which sparked in their spirits as flint when the fury of fires were lit beacon across the land and the mortal fell bladed and ashen on glowing embers.

Lines 15-17 The King's Command

The blood on our doors has risen up to the stake architrave of our mead-hall bouldering spear-bogged borg. The spear-flags and sword-sheaths of our risen burg will always go forward and further on to meet and greet any borg invasion on our boggy rain-plains. Might the Lord of Life and Life-giving Glorious Ruler of Heaven who masters the living and the dead in righteousness equip us men the vigour and might and friends to slay fiends.

Lines 18-25 Beowulf

Beowulf was renowned throughout the kingdom as a sure-footed blade and wide-sprung heroic warrior who wielded vigour and might, a shielded offspring of the king and great son of sword and sight, as sure as steel put forth to shaft down asunder for the good of the gathering, a treasure chest himself and trove who bequeathed good cheer from the bosom of the father, one of great men who returned unto the greatest, a great comrade for the clad of the clan at even the slightest hint of fighting at war, a warrior who served and stood by, honourable life-blood of the nation.