

Hounds and Ravens on the Field of Fire

Bold the hound-host // holding high ground
Facing red-eyed // ravens, reavers of souls
from flesh and bone // bane of earth-binding
On the field of fire // fighting as hell-hounds
And carrion crows // caught in chaos sounding.

High hound-head // he of flaxen frame
Frisian Ailgheanan is he // hero of the wasting
War-band. Now // with Hagan forward,
Advancing to flay // fierce feather-foe
Bearing high the // hard-steel,
Shining war-boards. // By their sides,
Fionn and Madach // made for battle
Burning armor, shields // swords yet thirsty.
Behind, Ciar and Itharnon // iron mete for raging,
Wroth to split skulls // spill the ravens' lifeblood.

Ebon flock advancing // adamantine mass descending,
Welsh-born Baron // Bold Gwydion foremost,
Beside, stout Simond // sword and shield at ready,
Heater's host invading // Ingelri swift striding,
Also boards of oval // Owen and quick Kenneth,
Line built on the center // shield of Dyfn dire,
The host of Tylwyth Madoc // men of iron,
Forward-thrusting // thirst for foe-blood yet unsated.

Burning is the field of // fire, fate's arena
Summer scorched // seared plain of death
Burning is the blood // of bold champions,
Chosen for this war-work. // wildly rush together,
Lost in lightning-blast of // longsword and spear,
Warriors locked in dire // death-dance, dueling,
Wedded doom continues // countered warriors wielding.
First die Dyfn and Ingelri // iron raven-host,
Spitted on the swords // of singing hounds-men.
Falling also, Fionn and // Hagan, Ciar and Madach,
Food for hungry blades // of Baron's kinsmen.

Warbands cleave, and // circle, watching, waiting,
Seeking open road // route to battle's victory.
Only Ailgheanan is // able yet of hound-host,
Shriven from his war-mate // mangled Ithanon,
Known before as Big // but now as leg-less,
Yet seek they ravaged // road to raven-ruin.

Leg-less also, Kenneth // quick-foot, foot-less,
Round him // host of ravens unconquered.

Outmanned hounds // hard by the raven-foe
Pressed, one unlegged, and // leader, dread
Lord of warcraft // watching, waiting,
Seeks opening to wage // war, bringing
Death-dance, rushing // raven board-men.
Madoc's Baron, swift // scorpion stinging,
Into fame's arena // Itharnon bringing doom
To Kenneth's doorway // dire maelstrom falls,
Hard on helm and // hauberk, hell's ruin
Of blood and bone // broken warrior cloven.

Ebon champion slain // shining ravens gather,
Stout board-men and // Baron, blasted by
Heat and fury // Forward thrust Ailgheanan
And Itharnon, // authors of feathered fall,
Brave Owen and Simond // stand, surety to
Baron's lifeblood // life-price falling due,
Each to quench the // questing foe-blades.
Bold Gwydion dances to // doom in heroes' hall,
All the feathered // fief-men, broken baleful
On the field of battle. // Bold hounds withdraw
Victors, yet dimmed by // daunt of Raven warcraft.

Bold the hound-host // holding high ground
Facing red-eyed // ravens, reavers of souls
from flesh and bone // bane of earth-binding
On the field of fire // fighting as hell-hounds
And carrion crows // caught in chaos sounding.

AEdwardus fecit

10/15/07

Edit. 1/21/08

For those who fought in glory on the field of fire, Tourney of the Foxes, A.S. XLI:

Hounds:

***Ailgheanan mac Sithigh
Ciar ingen Daire
Fionn O'Cinniede
Hagan das Wilterkind
Itharnon MacFolta, called Big
Madach of Stone Castle***

Feed the Ravens:

***Gwydion Braich Hir
Dyfn ap Meurig
Ingelri Kelvin
Kenneth Grey
Owen Cysc
Simond del Brokes***

Notes

Anglo-Saxon style poetry is alliterative style rather than a rhyming one; that is, the structure is based on repeating consonant sounds. Lines are divided into two half-lines separated by a slight pause (often shown either as an exaggerated space or two lines).

For more information, download the Anglo Saxon Poetry Guide located here:

<http://www.gemyndeseld.net/stories-by-the-hearth.html>

A celebration of the Madoc warband led by Baron Gwydion at the Tourney of the Foxes in A.S. XLI. It is yet another attempt at the Anglo-Saxon style.