





all hardy heroes, since hence he was driven,  
shoved off in his ship from these shore in distress,  
steered straightway over the saltstreams, sped over the ocean,  
a wave-tossed wanderer winging away.

But now the man has overcome his woes,  
outpitted his perils, lives in plenty, lacks no luxury,  
has a hoard and horses and friends in the mead-halls.

All the wealth of the earth's great earls  
now belongs to my Lord ...

He only lacks *you*.

He would have everything within an earl's having,  
if only my Lady will come home to him now,  
if only she will do as she swore and honor her vow.

Other Anglo-Saxon/Old English poems: [The Ruin](#), [Wulf and Eadwacer](#), [The Wife's Lament](#), [The Husband's Message](#), [Deor's Lament](#), [Caedmon's Hymn](#), [Bede's Death Song](#), [The Seafarer](#), [The Rhyming Poem](#), [Anglo-Saxon Riddles and Kennings](#)