

Folkearth, Remember Hastings

No paler a star than Luna herself
Arose beside Venus when night settled in;
The eye of the heavens o'er Hastings beholds
The Norman and the Saxon lying side by side,
Drenched in red blood, still clinging to their swords,
They fought for the dominion of Albion's lands.
Yet who proved the strongest, hardly a man can tell;
Whose God prevailed? Christ or the Old Faith?
The days shall come, the nights shall pass
And the grass will grow on the mounds, alas!
The wind laments across Hastings' vale,
It still remembers the sound of swords being crossed,
The poignant yells the sound of fury, the fire and the blood!
And though centuries may pass,
And tall on Hastings grow the grass,
Remember that terrible day of swords,
Remember the warriors whose lives were lost -
Remember Hastings and shed a tear for it's ghost!