

Wulf and Eadwacer

It is as though someone gave a present to my people;
They will want to oppress him if he comes with a troop,
We are apart.

Wulf is on an island, I am on another.

That island is secure, surrounded by marshland.

There are cruel men on the island.

They will want to oppress him if he comes with a troop.

We are apart.

I endured far-wandering hopes of my Wulf;

When it was rainy weather and I sat, mournful,

Then the one bold in battle laid his arms around me,

There was joy to me in that, but it was also hateful.

Wulf, my Wulf, my hopes of you caused me to fall sick,

Your infrequent visits, a mourning spirit, not at all lack of food.

Do you hear, Eadwacer? Wulf carries our wretched whelp to the wood.

People may easily separate that which was never joined,
our song together.

Translated by E. Hunt, march 2022.