

"ENGLISH FOR TODAY" ANAGRAMMED

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O, Lady of the Rings,
angry is the flood
of the godly rains.

Sing, earthly food,
the old fairy song
of deaths in glory
and of ghostly ire:
Oh, fine, glad story!
Sing of hearty old
hay in gold forest,
of earthly doings.

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Thorny leaf-god is
trying falsehood,
saying of the Lord,
"Oh, flag-shorn deity,
fair, honest, godly,
find a ghostly ore.
Go in sadly for the
holy, fading store
of Heng's idolatry--
ye short, final god,
ye god in Hal's fort."

* * * *

Oo, filthy dangers:
lot of gray fiends
(no frail gods, they!)
O, feary old things
tangle fishy rood
or things of delay...
Great shiny flood
of deathly rings, O,
groany flies. Doth
agony slide forth?
Ay, of reign'd sloth
on oft-grisly head.

* * * *

Dashing o'er lofty
Helga, stony fiord,

go, fly; dash to Erin.
A filthy Norse god
told ye of sharing
not his faery gold
(nor his fealty, god)
Halo design: Forty
rays of gold, thine.
No hastily forged
soft Rhine gold, ay.

* * * *

Lo, yon far-sighted
Hal, go for destiny,
lad of the Yorings.
Fey lad, soon right
danger of thy soil
(Thin greasy flood,
oo, frightens lady).
Thy foils do anger
to holy griefs, and
O, thy dragon flies!

O foil thy dangers.
Honor ladye's gift
of deathly ring. So
half go in, destroy
gory fiends. O halt.

Yon glad hero's fist
doth slay foreign
red-hay footlings.
For eighty lands, O
hoist yonder flag.
Go, harloty fiends;
they sin, fool, drag.

* * * *

The foreign lady's
fading sorely. Hot
old nights of years
ago on dirty flesh.

O, dirty flash! Gone
is the angry flood.

Yes, lad, fight on, or
 (dying foe's harlot)
 lady goes forth in
 glint of day. Shore
 of ghostly Ireland,
 O, fiery ghost-land
 of Nils' gory death;
 of Hal destroying
 so dearly. Night of
 safety -- or holding
 only a doe's fright.

*Delay, soon fright,
 gorily done shaft!
 Lady on foe's right:
 Is glory honed aft?
 O son, dearly fight
 honey-soiled graft.*

* * * *

*Flag death's irony
 of angled history.*

*Oh, first lady gone;
 sly, foreign-oath'd
 royal fight's done.
 O, shed faint glory.
 Gay honor stifled,
 Slighted on foray.*

* * * *

*Dire oaths of Glyn
 had foes rot, lying.
 Dying hero floats:
 Hades' fool, trying...
 Do ye signal forth
 to a horde's flying?*

*Nay, god lifts hero
 Idly forgets? Ah, no.*

*Ho, yon glad strife
 so loth, gay friend,
 sooth'd angry life.
 Earth fools dying:
 So faith, glory end.*