**A Thousand Year Old Riddle 1.5**

This riddle comes from an anthology of Anglo-Saxon poetry, collected in The Exeter Book and kept in Exeter Cathedral.

I'm by nature solitary, scarred by iron  
and wounded by sword, weary of battle.  
I often see the face of war, and fight  
hateful enemies; yet I hold no hope  
of help being brought to me in battle  
before I'm cut to pieces and perish.  
At the city wall sharp-edged sword,  
skillfully forged in the flames by smiths,  
bite deeply into me. I must await  
a more fearsome encounter; it is not for me  
to find a physician on the battlefield,  
one of those men who heals wounds with herbs.  
My sword wounds gape wide and wider;  
death blows are dealt me by day and by night.

Answer: A shield