**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