

**Ædward**, an adaptation of portions of *Beowulf* as translated by JRR Tolkien

Hear me! We have heard of Madoc's heroes, ancient warriors and the glory they cut for their land, swinging mighty swords

How Ædward made soil of soldiers from every land, crowds of captives he'd beaten on the field.

He wrote the history as he made it, a world-worn man, but made his own fate, lived to be loved and much honored.

First steward of Madoc, wherever the hills would take them his militiamen marched, returned with honor and in glory.

There was a grand Baron! And he gave them more than his glory, he gave them tradition, and heirs well made by knightly learning.

Ædward Warrior-maker, by whose name spearmen were allowed to fight

Ædward teacher, who to a million learned scholars was a keeper of knowledge

Ædward ring-giver, who saw to it all young women of his land married with their own wealth

Ædward bard maker, ensuring the tales be told

Ædward spear-point, first to stand for his Right

Ædward patron, ensuring no young man in his land hungered who would work

Ædward King-host, providing a home for the Ancient Crown of Orlando rested upon a fine bed

Ædward livery maker, whose very own chair-skin still adorns new warriors

Ædward humble, who told his young heir that all was done in joy and to woo

Ædward husband, whose wooing worked, to gain the hand of magnificent Margala

Ædward alleged, resembling a boisterous baron of Brughundy, shrouded in mystery

Ædward Knight, K being the highest capital

Ædward legend living, whose tale is still written

Ædward friend

Of this man I speak, from this man I descend, to this man I raise a cup.

All hail Ædward

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--Knut Bjornsson