

## Boru's Coronation Verses

Two poems were presented for the day of the crowning of King Boru IV. The first was uttered by a seer:

Fate of kingdom || falls in kind  
Verthandi's eyes, || ever watchful,  
See doom is spelled || for dire days.  
The king is the land, || the land is the king!  
In crownless realm || wrack and ruin;  
Famine strikes, || strife shall rule.  
Wolves shall raid, || and ravens prosper.  
Yet saved is kingdom || if crown is offered  
To fated heir, || favored by arms.  
When king is named, || renewed will be kingdom.

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The Second was cried by the herald clearing the path before the prince:

One walks among you || whom Wyrð has favored,  
who follows the path || of forebears ancient,  
and has earned a home || at the hearth of his longfathers.  
Stout-hearted lord || of the steading of Raefen,  
wise ring-giver, || and warrior's muse,  
counselor of kings, || and cunning crafter.  
Well-studied in ways || of steel and slaying.  
Though stern with sword-brothers || who stand at his side;  
It is friendship and mirth || they find at his meadbench.  
In peace he is gracious, || a generous host,  
In war beloved || by wolf and raven  
for the harvest he reaps || in heads of the hunted,  
when sword sets free || the foemen's heart-tide  
for the gleanings of wolves, || and good mead of ravens.  
His strength, now pledged || to serve and to lead,  
with oath unbending || as binding of Fenris.  
Now comes the prince || to claim the crown!  
All greet the high lord || with his gold-gilt brow  
Render him honor, || the rightful heir,  
Boru Aelwyn, || Rex Meridies!