

Stonehew's Saga

Hear now the raven song bold in the evening
Singing the brave deeds of Stonehew Bloodaxe.
Stonehew the poet, Stonehew the craftsman,
Stonehew the lightning in the storm of Odin.

Hear now his word fame spoken by many,
How his gold buys swords for the King of the realm.
Many are gifted by Stonehew the open-hand,
Many are the friends who now fight at his side.

Stonehew, the mighty, reciter of sagas,
Facing down Kings in the heart of the battle,
While smiting them down with fear at his words,
He smiles with pleasure as his red sword drinks.

Stonehew, the bearded, proud in his war cloak,
Garbed in the finest with weapons the best.
Bold are the colors in all of his raiment,
Bold as the deeds of which the skalds speak.

Stonehew, the laughing, with brimming mead horn,
Dancer at revels long into the night.
Lustful of loins and lustful of spirit,
Envied by all men who hear of his deeds.

Stonehew, the metal-smith, crafter of armor,
Forger of weapons cunningly wrought.
Maker of brooches and beautiful objects;
Skilled of hand and skilled of eye.

Stonehew, the honest, speaker of truth,
Follows the laws of his ancestors' making
Payer of wergild when offense is given,
Keeper of promises--no falsehood is in him.

No Viking who ever rode the steed of the billows
Has more respect from his friends or his foes.
Stonehew, the well-loved, with heart gold as Sif's hair.
Honor him now as we wreath him in Laurel.

by Mistress Rosemunde of Mercia on the occasion of Stonehew's elevation.