

SALUTE TO THE WARRIORS

Hai, ye warriors, ye who carve men
as others cut wheat.
Sword-swingers, berserker on your ships
and wild on the shore.
Hai, ye helm wearers, shield holders defending
our home, and peaceful sleep.
Soldiers, I salute the courage that gives me
leave to sing the more.

Time comes, that the scabbard
knows its meaning,
That ye'r mate knows ye'r ease.
Time comes, when fires glow
midst the singing,
When slaying gives way to mead.

Hear then the tales of ancient telling,
The stories of heroes loving.
Hear then the voices of legend swelling,
The words of poets roving.

For through our hands passes your life,
judged by the call for song,
Stands memory as slave unto time.
And through our hands are chantings shaped,
across the years so long,
And ye'r deeds are held fast in rhyme.

Give honor then, to those who wait
hungry for your return,
To the ones who guard ye'r names.
Give honor then, grace freely learn,
For the Bards will insure
Ye'r honor and glory remains.

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