

Duchy for Thora Heri

Hear me, kindred of Northshield,
Long shall we sing the glories of Thora,
Swift-footed warrior Queen,
Protector of the abode of birches,
Our guardian of Grace.

Our skalds will sing of this
Companion of the thirteen champions.
Watch the fire's glint reflect
on the golden and silver rings
She has placed on her people.

Our halls shall ring with her praise,
She who strides the shield road,
Sharp-bladed warrior and
Soft-voiced healer, both.
Raise your horns, and call her friend.

Let the bee's gift flow,
Fill the tables with good bread
And well-roasted joints.
Fill flagon and platter,
And feast in her honor.

This gold-tressed hall-wife,
Generous oath-binder,
Silk-draped, open-handed
Lifelong Friend of the Griffin,
Well-travelled child of the cold blue sea.

Sing her stories always, until the sun turns black
And the stars fade from the sky.
Our blooming Rose is granted leaves
From the sweet fruiting forest berries,
Know her now as Duchess Thora Heri.

So say Skio King and Aelina Queen at their Coronation in Nordskogen
As Spring wakes in Northshield, on April 19, Anno Societatis LIX.

Calligraphy and illumination by Mistress Tannis, words by Ollam Lanea

Sources:

The Skaldic Project: <https://skaldic.org/m.php?p=skaldic>

The Poetic Edda, trans. Edward Pettit, Voluspa and Gripisspa in particular:
<https://www.openbookpublishers.com/books/10.11647/obp.0308>