

# Alias Ela - Pearl - 27 March A.S. LV

She is the voice on the wind--the verse--  
The scop whose lyre calls us to the hearth,  
Her stanzas shaping the land.  
Melody's lift and rhythm's drop she marks.  
Call her untangler of tongues,  
Wrangler of sheep,  
Spinner of yarns and tales,  
Weaver of cloth and truth,  
Embroiderer of silk and story--  
Lore-thane.  
Who is the scholar at the slate?  
The poet with her pen?  
The dyer at her vats?  
Students aid and drummer's muse?  
What more loyal friend to Caedmon and Gawain?  
What kinder ally to the wolf and mare?  
Who better to be draped in Pearls?

Ealawynn Maeru, bard and artist, called Ela by her friends,  
We recognize as a Companion of the Order of the Pearl,  
And grant her arms so blazoned:  
Vert, a horse passant contourny Or between three lozenges argent.  
Done by Anton Rex and Luned Regina  
From Stierbach's Walls where gates remain secure  
This 27th of March, Anno Societatis LV.

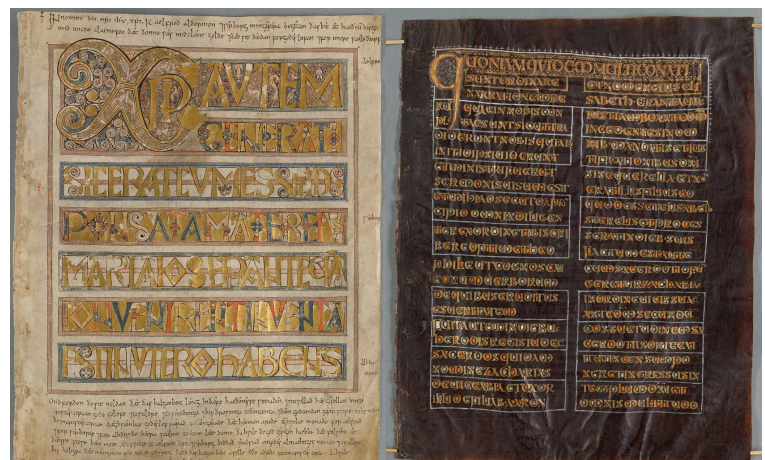
Calligraphy & Illumination by Lady Korrin Valrav  
Design by Bran Mydwynter  
Text by Ollam Lanea verch Kerrigan

## Scroll Exemplar

Codex Aureus  
Around 750 C.E.

<http://libris.kb.se/bib/17848380>

<https://www.wdl.org/en/item/17185/>



## Text Exemplar

Early 8th C.

The Song of Amergin seems to be 7th C. and Ela adores it, so I am going to use it as the basis. I think of her as a scholar, linguist, teacher, singer, weaver, spinner, needle worker--what am I missing?

Exemplar for text: Dan do Amergin/Song of Amergin from *Lebor Gabála* as recorded in Book of Leinster <https://celt.ucc.ie/published/G800011A/index.html> p. 49

Lanea wrote an English translation in 2017 and then riffed off that for the scroll text because Ela likes it.

Dan do Amergin

Am gáeth i mmuir. ar domni.  
Am tond trethan i tír.  
Am fúaim mara.  
Am dam secht ndírend. Am séig i n-aill.  
Am dér gréne.  
Am caín.  
Am torc ar gail.  
Am hé i llind.  
Am loch i mmaig  
Am briandai.  
Am bri danae.  
Am gai i fodb. feras feochtu.  
Am dé delbas do chind codnu.  
Coiche nod gleith clochur slébe.  
Cia on cotagair aesa éscai  
Cia dú i llaig funiud grene.  
Cia beir búar o thig Temrach.  
Cia buar Tethrach. tibi.  
Cia dain.  
Cia dé delbas faebru. a ndind ailsiu.  
Cáinté im gaí cainte gaithe. Am.

I am the wind on the sea--the depths.  
I am a wave storming the land.  
I am the roar of the Ocean.  
Mine are the seven antlers.  
I am a falcon on a cliff.  
I am the Sun's own tear.  
I am Beauty.  
I am a boar of fury.  
I am a salmon in a pool.  
I am a lake in a meadow.  
I am the Pinnacle of Poetry.  
I am the flaming word.  
I am the spear of the spoils-- War's work.  
I stoke the fire in the head.  
Who marks the path to the mountain's peak?  
Who invokes the ages of the Moon?  
Who guides the setting sun?  
Who leads the cattle from Temrach's abode?  
Who do Tethra's Sparkling kine adore?  
Which Poet?  
Who hones the sharpest edges, the fortress fosters?  
Who sings the Spear-Song, the Wind-Song, but I?